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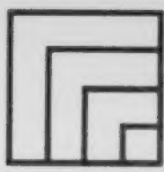
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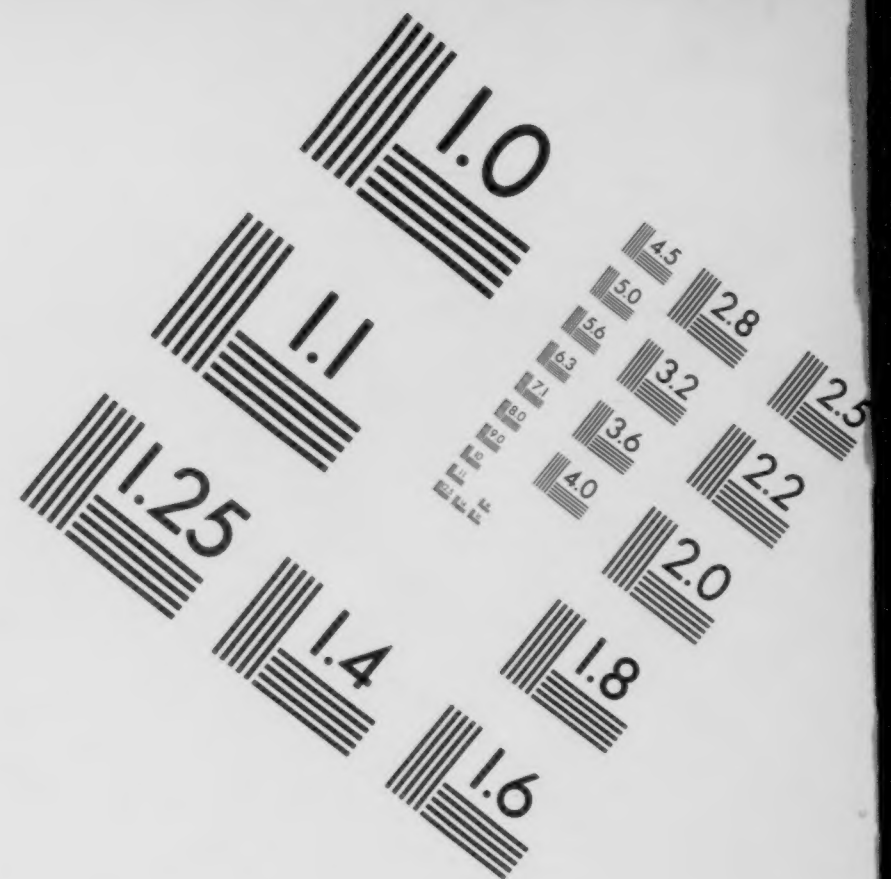
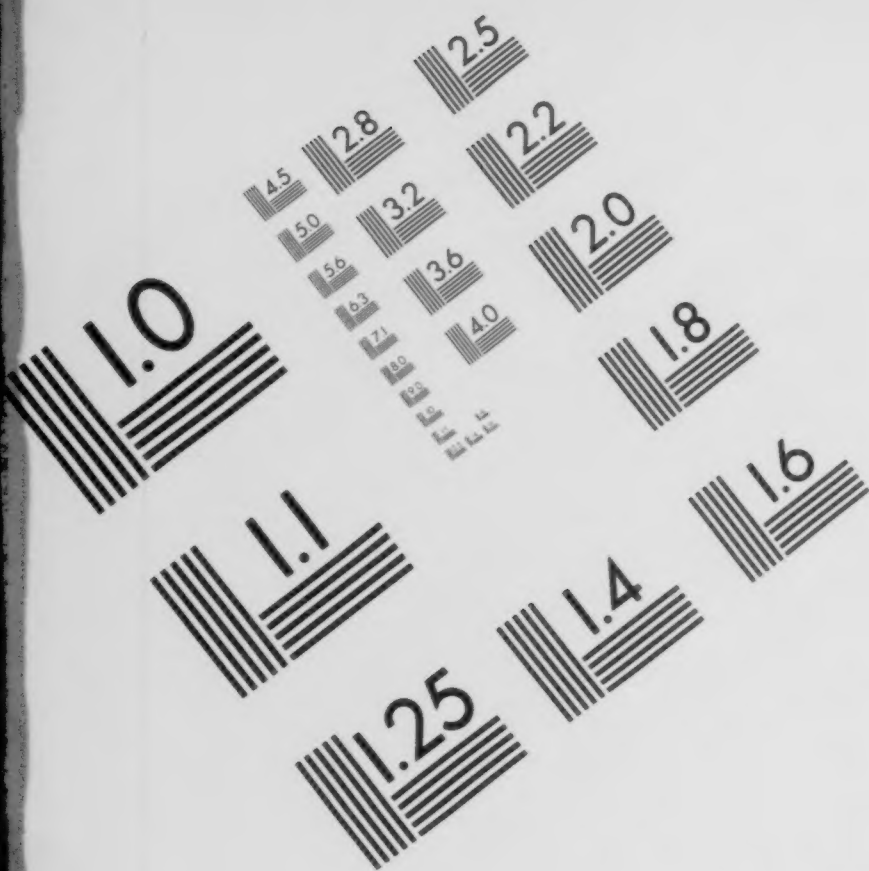
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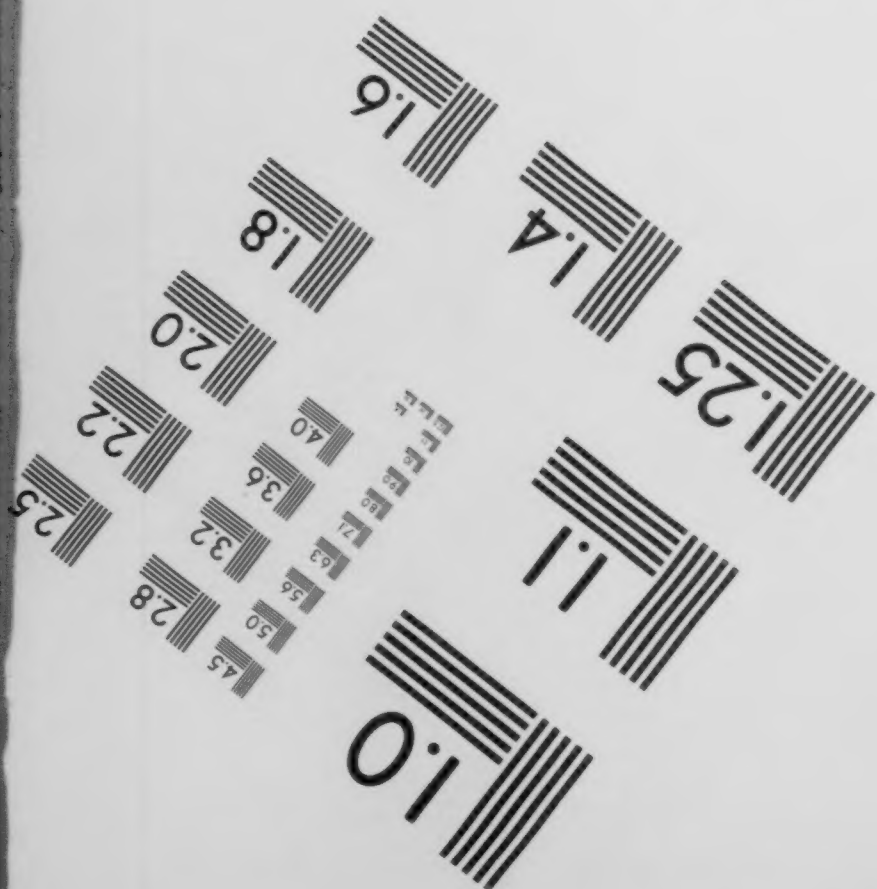
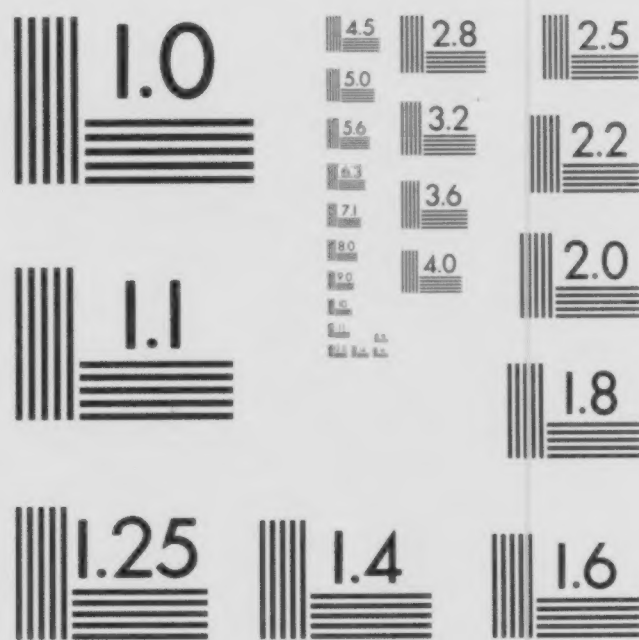
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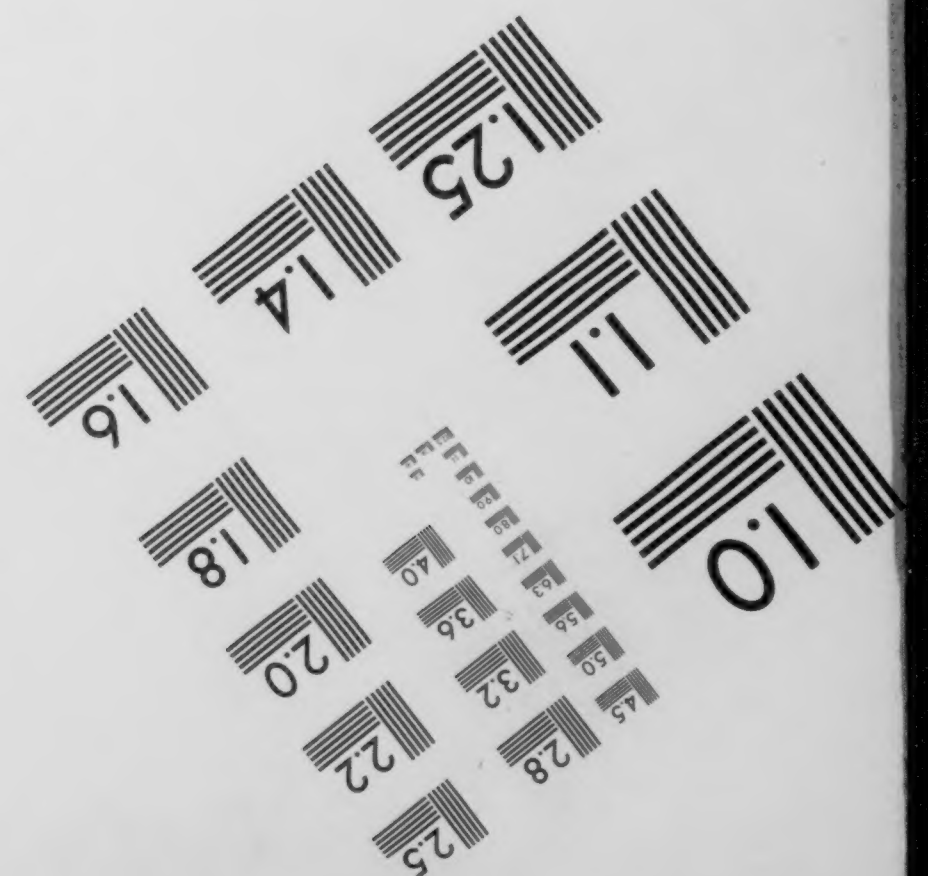
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LATIN LITERATURE

VOL. I.

A HISTORY
OF
LATIN LITERATURE

FROM
ENNIUS TO BOETHIUS

BY
GEORGE AUGUSTUS SIMCOX, M.A.
FELLOW OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES
Vol. I.

NEW YORK
HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE

1883

PREFACE.

AN ideal history of anything would tend to be a history of everything; whether the primary subject were letters, institutions, manners, wars, or arts, the same figures, the same facts would present themselves over and over again in slightly different lights. In illustrating a truism, one period or one subject is as good as another. Take the days of Domitian. His colossal equestrian statue, the Hercules which held the dessert of Vindex, the sculpture gallery of Vopiscus, which were celebrated by Martial and Statius, all ought to find their place in a perfect history of arts, of manners, or of letters. Was Domitian's effigy less ridiculous than the Duke of Wellington's? Was Vindex the happy possessor of an original of Lysippus inherited from Sulla, and Hannibal and Alexander the Great? Was Statius enthusiastic over a collection of skilful reductions from ancient masterpieces or a collection of audacious forgeries that professed to be original models? It is hardly his fault that we have to guess; contemporaries knew. Again, take Roman law; it would find a place in a history of Roman style, of Roman science, of Roman society, for jurists developed a style of their own, elaborated their science for its own sake, accommodated its matter to the movement of society and the needs of

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the day; but the monuments are hopelessly defective. Almost all the positive law of the great writers of the second and third centuries is lost; we have only two elementary treatises, both mutilated, and the miserable fragments of the Digest selected, not because they were representative, but because they could be clipped to fit into the motley mosaic. The laws of the republic have perished, from the twelve tables downward. The great lawyers of the republic hardly wrote at all; the great lawyers of the early empire were superseded. Once more, a history of Roman grammar ought to include a history of Roman schools and schoolmasters from the Decemvirs to Cassiodorus, which would be equally interesting to the student of literature, of manners, and of institutions; for the teaching of grammar up to a point which often varied was endowed in various ways. But here, too, the greater part of the evidence has disappeared. Most of what we know of the Latin grammarians is in the shape of glossarial notes reduced to the curtest shape by the laziness of successive copyists; the rest is partly a few minor treatises of good times, preserved quite at hap-hazard, and rather more extensive treatises of worse times, preserved because they were written last; partly meagre biographical notices due to writers increasingly inclined to abbreviate. We ask almost in vain what books the grammarians of a given day read, how much of their reading they communicated to their pupils, or, indeed, to anybody but their note-books.

True, matters might be worse: there are no such deplorable gaps in Latin literature as in Greek. The loss of the lyric poetry of Lesbos outweighs the loss of all

the dramatic poetry of the age of Augustus, of almost all the tragic poetry of the age of Nero and Vespasian; the New Comedy is better worth regretting than the *comœdia togata*, and the mimes of Sophron than the mimes of Laberius. We can spare the predecessors of Livy better than Philistus, Ephorus, and Timæus, or even Theopompus, and the gaps in Polybius may be set against the gaps in Tacitus.

Still, we can follow the movement of Greek literature, as a whole, more easily than that of Latin.

Hardly any period of Greek literature, except that between the death of Cimon and the death of Demosthenes, is so well known as the periods of Latin literature from the death of Sulla to the death of Augustus, from the death of Nero to the death of Trajan; but at Rome all is darkness before and between and beyond, till one comes to the days of Diocletian. Even the days of Augustus are full of insoluble problems. What were the tragedies of Varius or the comedies of Melissus, the freedman of Mæcenæ, like? We are just told that Melissus tried to reproduce the tone of a better society than his predecessors; we cannot tell, if he was ever acted, how his plays were received, whether they had more literary value than "Caste" or "Ours." Did Horace, in his satire on legacy-hunters, imitate the "Necyomantia" of Laberius, as we happen to know that Theocritus imitated Sophron? What was Augustan oratory like? Even Antiphon is an intelligible personality, while Cassius, Messalla, and Pollio are names, and nothing more. Before Ennius we hardly know whether there was a vernacular literature at all, whether the Fauni and Carmentes were, as Professor Nettleship

has suggested, its official guardians, or whether they were supernatural beings who inspired it.

There are other difficulties less directly due to our ignorance. How shall we separate what belongs to biography, what belongs to philosophy, what belongs to history in the narrower sense from what belongs to literature? The history of the talent of Tacitus is complete without the history of his career, even if we guess that his enforced compliances under Domitian imbittered him. Can we say the same of the talent of Horace? Can one judge fairly of the intention, the good faith, the effectiveness of speeches like Cicero's and apologetical memoirs like Cæsar's without some appreciation of the political situation? If political historians have done something less than justice to Cicero, something else than justice to Cæsar, can one take the political history for granted? Can one even take for granted the convenient classification of orators as adherents of assumed aristocratical and democratical parties? Can one discuss the method of Lucretius's philosophical poem, or even Cicero's philosophical tracts, without trenching a little upon their matter? We need a further knowledge of early Roman history to form an adequate opinion of the unconscious hypocrisy of Livy, who neglects, to an extent we do not know, the real springs of affairs—of which we generally know just as much as he allows us to guess—in favor of all sorts of imaginary motives, coined sometimes in the interests of edification, sometimes in the interests of family or national vainglory.

When we come to the fourth century and to a literature mainly Christian, it is far more puzzling to draw

the line between the history of literature and the history of theology than it was before to draw the line between the history of literature and the history of philosophy. Professor Ebert, in his history of Christian Latin literature, cuts the knot by excluding dogmatic theology and admitting everything else. Such a rule excludes a book as well worth reading as the "De Trinitate" of St. Augustin, and includes the dreary chronicle of Prosper, and other chronicles more dreary still. It tells us much more of St. Jerome as a continuator of Suetonius and Eusebius than of his quaint and passionate controversies, which never had the misfortune to become text-books in Carlovingian or mediæval schools.

Of course, it is a confession of defeat to despair of organic unity and fall back upon a sort of comparative portrait-gallery, or rather, perhaps, one should say, a series of sketches, now slighter and now fuller, contrasted ill or well, with more or less of background to throw them up. Even then it is not easy to settle the question of scale. Some of my readers may think that overmuch space has been given to a writer like Horace, because the historian found him sympathetic; to a writer like Ovid, for an opposite reason, because it seemed necessary to sample a large assortment of wares repeatedly if it was too difficult to analyze them; while a writer like Quintilian may have received less than his due because the form of his work is hardly separable in any degree from the matter, and it seems as if any space reserved for him would be absorbed by a colorless, unprofitable *précis*.

My original aim in writing was to do something towards making Latin literature intelligible and interesting

as a whole to the cultivated laity who might like to realize its literary worth, whether they read Latin or no. It seemed impossible to do this in any adequate measure within the limits of a hand-book for beginners. Hand-books for advanced students exist already, but their necessary severity of method reduces every author to a skeleton, and almost excludes literary criticism. Perhaps one may hope that even scholars familiar with the masterly outline of Bernhardt, and the rich storehouse which we owe to the self-denying diligence of Professor Teuffel, may find these volumes serviceable in their way. My own obligations are greatest to Professor Teuffel, from whom (and in a less degree from Professor Ebert) I have borrowed largely for details in the chronological tables which have been prefixed to each volume in order to compensate, in some measure, for any want of precision in the text.

My best thanks are due to the Rev. R. L. Clarke, of Queen's College, Oxford, and to my brother, the Rev. W. H. Simcox, of Weyhill, who have read the proof-sheets and enabled me to correct many inaccuracies, also to the Rev. Sir G. W. Cox for much valuable advice. I am also indebted to a very suggestive paper by Professor Nettleship, upon Roman satire, and to the author of an article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, who convicted Aulus Gellius of boasting that he had picked up on a second-hand book-stall the erudition he really owed to Pliny.

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Rome founded	? 753	
Accession of Numa . .	? 713	Salian song (only known in fragments). Liturgy of Arval brothers (preserved in an inscription of A.D. 218).
Tarquin expelled . . .	? 753-512	Leges Regiæ (in fragments).
	505	Treaty with Carthage (translated by Polybius from the inscription ac- cepted by <i>him</i> as contemporary).
	320	Decree to reassure the people of Tibur, who imagined they were suspected of an intention to revolt: from an inscription not contemporary, found at Tibur; formerly in the Barberini collection, now lost.
L. Cornelius Scipio Bar- batus, consul	298 circa	
	? 280-150	Epitaphs of the Scipios.
L. Cornelius Scipio, son of above consul . . .	272	Livius Andronicus came to Rome.
Naval victory of C. Duil- lius	260	Columna Rostrata. The inscription is an ancient restoration, and is now defaced in several places.
	? 254	T. Maccius Plautus born.
	244	Lex Silia de Ponderibus (on weights and measures), quoted by Festus.
	243	Lex Papiria de Sacramento, providing that the city prætor on coming into office should hold an election of three officials, charged to see that all liti- gants should pay into court the sums they staked to be consecrated (<i>i. e.</i> confiscated) if they failed to make good their plea.
Close of the first Punic War.	241 240 239	First play performed at Rome. Birth of Q. Ennius.
P. Cornelius Scipio Afri- canus born	235	Cn. Nævius first exhibits, according to A. Gellius.

	B.C.	
M. Porcius Cato born	234	
Hannibal besieges Saguntum	219	Birth of M. Pacuvius, sister's son of Ennius.
Hannibal crosses the Alps	218	
Battle of Cannæ	216	Q. Fabius Pictor, the historian, is sent as ambassador to Delphi.
Oppian law passed to forbid women to possess more than half an ounce of gold jewelry	215 210	
Defeat and death of Hasdrubal at Sena Gallica.	207	First known play of Plautus, the <i>Stichus</i> . Thanksgiving ode by L. Livius Andronicus, who also wrote (a) abridged translation of the <i>Odyssey</i> ; (b) tragedies— <i>Achilles</i> (fr. <i>Karkinos</i>), † <i>Ajax Mastigophorus</i> ¹ (<i>Sophocles</i>), <i>Armorum Judicium</i> (<i>Æschylus</i> and <i>Sophocles</i> ?), * <i>Equos Trojanos</i> ² (? <i>Sinon</i> of <i>Sophocles</i>), <i>Ægisthus</i> , * <i>Hermione</i> (<i>Sophocles</i> ?), <i>Andromeda</i> (? <i>Euripides</i>), * <i>Danaë</i> (? <i>Sophocles</i>), <i>Ino</i> (? <i>Æschylus</i>), <i>Tereus</i> ; (c) comedies— <i>Gladiolus</i> (perhaps an historical play), <i>Ludius</i> , <i>Verpus</i> (or <i>Virgas</i> or <i>Auriga</i>). Editions: all fragments—H. Düntzer, Berlin, 1835: fragments of plays in O. Ribbeck, <i>Scenicae Poësis Romanorum reliquiae</i> , Berlin, 1871, 1873: fragments of tragedies are explained in "Die Römische Tragödie im Zeitalter der Republik dargestellt," O. Ribbeck, Berlin, 1872.
	205	Death of P. Licinius Crassus Dives, a celebrated orator.
	204	Ennius comes to Rome.
M. Cornelius Cethegus (whom Ennius praises as an orator) is consul	203	
Battle of Zama	202 199	Cn. Nævius dies in exile: he wrote (a) History of the first Punic War in Saturnian verse (the first two books treated of the mythical history of Rome and Carthage); (b) tragedies—* <i>Andromache</i> , <i>Danaë</i> , ³ <i>Equos Tro-</i>

¹ Plays where the Greek original is extant are marked with an obelus.² Plays possibly repeated by later writers are marked with an asterisk.³ Plays possibly based on an earlier Latin work are printed in italics.

	B.C.	
		<i>janus</i> , <i>Hector Proficiscens</i> (? <i>Astydamus</i>), <i>Æsione</i> (? <i>Philocles</i>), <i>Iphigenia</i> (<i>Euripides</i> and <i>Sophocles</i>), <i>Lucurgus</i> (? <i>Æschylus</i> and <i>Polyphradmon</i>), on the Thracian legend of <i>Bacchus</i> and his enemies; (c) historical plays— <i>Clastidium</i> , on the conquest of Cisalpine Gaul, <i>Romulus</i> , perhaps <i>Lupus</i> , <i>i. e.</i> <i>Alimonium Romuli et Remi</i> ; (d) comedies— <i>Acontizomenos</i> (the javelin trick like the Chinese knife trick), <i>Agitatoria</i> , <i>Agrypnantes</i> (the <i>Wideawakes</i> ?), <i>Appella</i> , <i>Ariolus</i> , * <i>Carbonaria</i> , <i>Chlamydaria</i> , * <i>Colax</i> (the <i>Flatterer</i>), <i>Commotria</i> (the <i>Waiting-woman</i>), <i>Corollaria</i> (which turned upon a garland), <i>Dementes</i> , <i>Demetrius</i> (<i>i. q.</i> , ? <i>Diobolaria</i>), <i>Dolus</i> , <i>Figulus</i> , <i>Glaucoma</i> (in which some old man had dust thrown in his eyes), <i>Gymnasticus</i> , <i>Lampadio</i> , <i>Leo</i> , <i>Ludus</i> (perhaps rather <i>Lupus</i>), <i>Nagido</i> , <i>Nautæ</i> , * <i>Nervolaria</i> (in which some one was bound), <i>Pælex</i> (the <i>concubine</i>), <i>Personata</i> (which turned on a mask), <i>Projectus</i> (an abandoned child), <i>Quadrigeni</i> , <i>Stalagmonissa</i> (either on an earring or a slave named <i>Stalagmus</i>), <i>Stigmatias</i> (on a slave who was branded), <i>Tarentilla</i> (the scene or the heroine came from <i>Tarentum</i>), <i>Technicus</i> , <i>Testicularia</i> , <i>Tribacchus</i> , <i>Triphallus</i> , <i>Tunicularia</i> . The text of the authors who quote these plays is uncertain, as often to leave it doubtful whether a play belongs to <i>Livius</i> or <i>Nævius</i> or <i>Novius</i> . Editions—all the fragments by E. Klussman, Jena, 1843. Punic War, H. Vahlen, (Leipsic, 1853). Plays—O. Ribbeck.
Battle of Cynoscephalæ, end of war with Philip.	197 196	Birth of Terence; death of M. Cornelius Cethegus.
	195	Speech of Cato in defence of the Oppian law.
Battle of Magnesia	190	Alleged date of interview between P. Cornelius Scipio Africanus and Hannibal, recorded by Acilius Glabrio.
Campaign of M. Fulvius Nobilior, patron of Ennius in Ætolia	189	

	B.C.	
	186	Senatus Consultum de Bacchanalibus, known from a copy found at Teriolo in Calabria, now at Vienna.
M. Porcius Cato, Censor.	184	Death of Plautus; Stichus (from Menander), 210 B.C., Miles Gloriosus (from the Alazon of Menander), performed 204 and 186, Cistellaria (uncertain original), 199 B.C., Persa, 196 B.C., Aulularia, after 195 B.C., Mercator, not before 195 B.C., Asinaria (from the Onagus of Diphilus), 194 B.C., Curculio, after 193 B.C., Rudens (uncertain original), 192 B.C., Pseudulus, after 192 B.C., Truculentus, 190 B.C., Bacchides (from Menander, with additions), 189 B.C., Poenulus (from Menander), Casina (from Diphilus), before 186 B.C., Trinummus (from Philemon), 186 B.C., Epidicus in present form, after 165 B.C. Other plays of uncertain date recognized by Varro are the Amphitruo (of uncertain origin), Menæchmei, Mostellaria (from the Phasma of Menander), Capteivei, Vidularia: the latter has been lost. L. Ælius Stilo recognized twenty-five plays as genuine, probably including those marked below in quotations, of which the Conmorientes is attested by the prologue of the Adelphi, the Saturio, and Addictus, by Aulus Gellius, VI. iii. 4 (on the authority of Varro), as written, like another play (not named), in the miller's shop. Ritschl thinks the following may be the nineteen plays about which Varro hesitated on the ground that the style was like Plautus's: "Saturio," "Addictus" (on his own experience as a bankrupt?), Bæotia, Nervolaria, Fretum, Trigemini, ? Acharistio Astragalizontes, Parasitus Piger, Parasitus Medicus, "Conmorientes" (from Diphilus), Condalius, Gemini Lenones, Feneratrix, Frivolaria, Sitellitergus, Fugitivi, Cacistio, Hortulus, Artemo—all most likely stock plays, more or less touched up by Plautus when revived. Other plays attributed to Plautus are "Colax," attested by the prologue of the Eunuchus, Carbonaria, Acharistio, Bis Compressa, Aruns, Agroecus,

	B.C.	
		Dyscolus, Phlegon, Cornicula, Colcestis, Baccaria, Cæcus, vel Prædones. There is no satisfactory edition of Plautus later than that of Gronovius, reissued by Ernesti, 1760 A.D.; Weise's edition (Leipsic, 1847) has been generally condemned. Ritschl's three editions, one mostly posthumous, are all incomplete; so is the smaller edition of Fleckeisen, which is based upon Ritschl's. The MSS. fall into two families, one represented by the Ambrosian palimpsest, the rest represent the Calliopian recension, undertaken at the end of the fourth century A.D.
Hannibal dies at the Court of Prusias . . .	? 183	
P. Scipio Africanus in exile in Campania . . .	181	
Istrian campaign celebrated by Ennius . . .	180	Birth of Lucilius.
	170	Birth of L. Accius, or Attius, the tragic poet, son of a freedman of Pisaurum.
Cato speaks in favor of the Voconian law, which restricted women's right to inherit . . .	169	Birth of Tiberius Gracchus. Death of Q. Ennius. The Annals form eighteen books—I. to death of Romulus; II. Numa, Tullus, and Ancus; III. the story of the Tarquins to the end of the monarchy; IV. the history of the Republic till the capture of Rome by the Gauls; V. the Samnite Wars; VI. the war with Pyrrhus; VII. first Punic War; VIII. IX. war with Hannibal; X. XI. war with Philip; XII. uncertain; XIII. XIV. war with Antiochus; XV. the war of Fulvius in Ætolia, and the death of the elder Africanus; XVI. in honor of the Dentor brothers, who distinguished themselves in the Istrian wars; XVII. XVIII., a continuation to 174 B.C., with an autobiography. The last three books seem to form an appendix, the death of Scipio being the original conclusion. Of the tragedies of Ennius, Alexander, Andromeda (? Athamas), * Hecuba, † Iphigenia, † Medea Exul, Melanippa, Telephus, † Andromacha Æchmalotis are taken from Euripides, so probably Nemea, Alcumæo, Athamas, Thyestes (greatly simplified), Cresphontes, Erech-

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		theus, Medea Atheniensis, and †Phœnissæ. Achilles was from Homer, and another from Aristarchus (an Alexandrine poet), the †Eumenides from Æschylus, the † <i>Ajax</i> from Sophocles. The Ambracia, an historical play probably on the capture of the town by Fulvius, possibly on the war with Pyrrhus, whose capital was there. The Cupuncula and the Pancratiastes are the only known titles of comedies. All the fragments, including the Satires and Hedyphagetica, have been edited by Vahlen (Leipsic, 1856), the dramatic fragments by Ribbeck, Scœnicæ Poësis Romanorum Reliquiæ.
Battle of Pydna; downfall of Macedonian monarchy	168	Cato's speech in defence of the Rhodians. Death of Cæcilius Statius. Of his known comedies, Andria, Androgynos, Chalcia, Chryseon, Dardanus, Ephesio, Hymnis, Hypobolimaæus (there seem to have been at least three plays under this title), Rastraria, Imbrii, Karine, Naclerus, Obolostates, Pausimachos, Philumena, Plocium, Polumeni (on the same plot as the Persa of Plautus?), Progamos, Synaristosæ, Synephebi, Syracusin, Titthe, are taken from Menander, Chrysis and Epicleos? from Antiphanes, Epistolographus from Posidippus, Epistula from Alexis.
	? 165	Aquilius, author of the Bœotia ascribed to Plautus.
	164	Birth of Papirius Carbo, the orator.
	163	M. Æmilius Scaurus, the orator and princeps senatus, born.
	161	C. Titius's speech on the laziness of the Senatorian courts.
	159	Death of Terence. The Andria from Menander's Andria and Perinthia, 166 B.C.; Hecyra from Apollodorus, according to Donatus, 165 B.C.; Heautontimorumenos from Menander according to the argument 163 B.C., repeated 146 and 138 B.C.; Eunuchus from Menander's Colax (prologue to Eunuchus), 161 B.C., Adelphœ from Menander, with a scene from the <i>συναποθνήσκοντες</i> of Diphilus, 166 B.C.; Phormio from the <i>ἐπιδικάζομενος</i> of Apollodorus, 159 B.C.; edited

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		by W. Wagner, London and Cambridge, 1875.
	155	Embassy of Diogenes the Stoic, Critolaus the Peripatetic, Carneades the Academic.
	158	Birth of P. Rutilius, a Stoic orator.
	154	Birth of C. Gracchus. L. Afranius born? Known titles of plays—(Togata), Abducta, Æquilia, Auctoratus, Augur, Brundisinæ, Bucco Adoptatus (? a transition to the Atellan farces), Cinerarius, Compitalia, Consobrini, Crimen, Deditio, Depositum, Divortium, Emancipatus, Epistola, Exceptus, Fratriæ, Ida, Incendium, Libertus, Mariti, <i>Materteræ</i> , <i>Megalensia</i> , Omen, Pantelius, Pompa, Privignus, Prodigus, Proditus, Promus, Perosa, Purgamentum, Repudiatum, Sella, Sorores, <i>Quinctia</i> , Suspecta, Talio, Temerarius, Thais, Titulus, Virgo, Vopiscus; fragments in Ribbeck.
	151	Cato's speech against Servius Sulpicius Galba. Galba's speech in his own defence.
	150	L. Titinius, a contemporary of Terence: the earliest writer of Comœdiæ Togata. The known titles of his plays are: Barbatus, Cæcus, Fullonia, Gemina, Privigna, Psaltria, *Quinctia, Veliterna, Insubra; fragments in Ribbeck.
Institution of Quæstiones Perpetuæ	149	Death of Cato the Censor. We have fragments or titles of ninety-three out of one hundred and fifty speeches which circulated in his name; six out of the forty which he made in his own defence: the most interesting fragments belong to the De Sumtu Suo, In A. Minucium, De Falsis Pugnibus, Suasio Legis Vconia, De Dote, Contra Ser. Galbam ad Milites, Pro Libertate Rhodiorum. All his speeches were edited in his old age. His "Origines," undertaken 174 B.C., were carried down to 149 B.C., to the prosecution of Galba, " <i>Qui diripuit Lusitanos</i> ," the first book dealt with Rome and its institutions, the second and third with the origins of all Italian states, the fourth and fifth with the first and second Punic

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		wars respectively; the last two are an after-thought. His chronology was without synchronisms; it was only by comparing his chronology with others that brought out that he fixed the foundation of the city 750 B.C. He wrote also <i>Ἀποφθίγματα</i> , after his study of Greek. <i>Præcepta ad Filium</i> , besides an encyclopædia of agriculture, soldiery, and oratory, included probably a <i>Carmen de Moribus</i> , in uncertain metre: the fragments are variously scanned, as Saturnian, or trochaic, or Sotadean. Editions: fragments in H. Jordan, Leipsic, 1869: the work "De Re Rustica," addressed to T. Manlius on a definite estate, in the first volume of Gesner's "Rei Rusticæ Scriptores."
	146	Capture of Carthage and Corinth.
	143	Birth of M. Antonius, the orator.
C. Lælius the younger, consul	140	Pacuvius and Accius each have a tragedy performed. T. Quinctius Atta. The known titles of his plays (<i>Togatæ</i>) are <i>Addictus</i> , <i>Ædilecia</i> , <i>Aquæ Caldæ</i> , <i>Conciliatrix</i> , <i>Gratullatio</i> , <i>Lucubratio</i> , * <i>Materteræ</i> , * <i>Megalensia</i> , <i>Nurus</i> , <i>Satura</i> , <i>Socrus</i> , <i>Supplicatio</i> , <i>Tiro Proficiscens</i> ; fragments in Ribbeck.
	139	Birth of L. Licinius Crassus, the orator.
Scipio Æmilianus before Numantia	134	First writings of Lucilius.
Capture of Numantia	133	Publication of the "Annales Maximi" in eighty books by Mucius Scævola, Pontifex Maximus.
Election of Tiberius Gracchus as tribune, who is murdered on his re-election	"	
Death of P. Scipio Æmilianus	129	C. Sempronius Tuditanus, the historian, is consul. Death of M. Pacuvius. <i>Armorum Judicium</i> (Æschylus), Teucer (Sophocles), Iliona, Duloresses (Chrysippus, Euripides), Chryses (? Sophocles), <i>Hermiona</i> (Sophocles), Niptra (the death of Ulysses, Sophocles), Pentheus, Antiopa (Euripides), Peribœa (? Euripides), Atalanta, ? Amphitruo, Medus, Protesilaus (Euripides), Paullus, an historical play; fragments in Ribbeck. The quotations from the Annals and

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		Satires are insignificant and uncertain.
	125	Hostius writes "De Bello Istrico," in three books.
	124	P. Sulpicius, the orator, born. C. Aurelius Cotta, the orator, born.
C. Gracchus is elected tribune	123	L. Cælius Antipater, the historian, is prætor.
C. Fannius is elected consul	122	His speech against Gracchus.
C. Scribonius Curio, the orator, prætor. C. Gracchus is slain	121	
	120	L. Calpurnius Piso, the annalist, is censor.
	119	L. Crassus, the orator, accuses Carbo, the orator, who commits suicide. L. Cornelius Sisenna born.
	114	Q. Hortensius, the orator, born. L. Crassus, the orator, defends Lucinia, the vestal.
	113	M. Antonius, the orator, defends himself on a charge of incest with a vestal.
	111	He prosecutes Cn. Papirius Carbo, who had been defeated by the Cimbri two years previously.
Cn. Pompeius born. Marius consul	106	M. Tullius Cicero and P. Canutius, the most eloquent speaker not of senatorial rank, born.
	103	Tereus, last known play of Accius. Death of Sex. Turpilius, author of <i>Boethuntæ</i> , <i>Canephorus</i> (from Menander), <i>Demetrius</i> (from Alexis), <i>Demiurgus</i> and <i>Epiclerus</i> (from Menander), <i>Hetæra</i> , <i>Lindia</i> , <i>Pædium</i> , <i>Thrasylion</i> , <i>Paratemnon</i> , <i>Philopater</i> (from Antiphanes), <i>Ictria</i> . Fragments in Ribbeck.
Consulate of C. Fimbria. Triumph of M. Antonius, the orator	104	P. Licinius Crassus speaks in favor of the Servilian laws.
	102	Death of Lucilius; birth of A. Furius, who celebrated the victories of Catulus.
Defeat of the Cimbri by Marius at Aquæ Sextiæ, by Marius and Catulus at Vercellæ	101	Novius, first known writer of Atellan farces ? 120 B.C. The titles known are <i>Agricola</i> , <i>Asinarius</i> , <i>Bubulcus</i> , <i>Bubulcus Cerdo</i> , <i>Dotata</i> , <i>Duo Dosenni</i> , <i>Eculeus</i> , <i>Fullones</i> , <i>Fullones Feriantes</i> , <i>Hercules Coactor</i> , <i>Maccus Copo</i> , <i>Maccus Exul</i> , <i>Milites Pometinenses</i> , <i>Mortis et Vitæ Judicium</i> , <i>Tabellaria</i> , <i>Togularia</i> , <i>Vindemiator</i> ; fragments in Ribbeck.
	"	

	B.C.	
	100	Birth of Lucretius. M. Antonius defends M. Aquilius, and resists Saturninus the tribune, who brought up old charges of misconduct in the Cimbrian war to damage a political opponent.
Consulate of M. Antonius, the orator . . .	99	
Consulate of L. Crassus, the orator, who carries the law against usurpation of Roman citizenship	95	M. Antonius defends Norbanus, who is prosecuted by P. Sulpicius Rufus for alleged misconduct.
	"	
	94	Death of Æmilius Scaurus. Death of Accius? Tragedies, Telephus (? Æschylus), Myrmidones (Æschylus), Epinausimache (? Æschylus), Nyctegresia (the tenth book of the Iliad), <i>Armorum Judicium</i> , Philocteta (Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were all used), Neoptolemus (uncertain), Antenoridæ, Deiphobus (both perhaps from Sophocles), Astyanax, Troades, Hecuba, Eurysaces (Sophocles), Hellenes (the fleet at Aulis from Apollodorus), Enomaus (Sophocles), Chrysippus, Atreus (? Sophocles), Pelopida, Clytemnestra, Ægisthus, Agamemnonidæ (? <i>i. q.</i> Erigona), Thebais, Phœnissæ (Euripides), Antigona and Epigoni (from Sophocles), Eriphyla (Sophocles), <i>Alcimeo</i> (Euripides), Alphisibœa, Meleager, Melanippus (Euripides), Diomedes, Athamas, Medea (? <i>i. q.</i> Argonautæ), Phinidæ (from an earlier stage of the voyage), Prometheus (Æschylus), Io (Chæremon), Alcestis, Amphitruo, Persidæ, Heraclidæ (Euripides), Andromeda, Minos, <i>i. q.</i> Minotaurus (Euripides), † Bacchæ (Euripides), Stasiastæ <i>i. q.</i> Tropæum Liberi—Prætextatæ; Brutus, Æneadæ sive Decius—Annales, Saturæ; insignificant fragments. Fragments of plays in Ribbeck.
Death of Crassus. Tribune and death of Drusus	91	Cicero takes the <i>toga virilis</i> ; writes his poems on Glaucus and Marius. Cn. Varius prosecutes M. Antonius.
The Marsic war begins .	90	Cicero translates the Phænomena of Aratus.
	89	L. Pomponius Bononiensis, celebrated 89 B.C., according to Jerome, as a writer of Atellan farces. The titles

	B.C.	
		known are Ætoli, Agamemno Suppositus, Aleones, Annulus Posterior, Armorum Judicium, Aruspex, Asina, Augur Bucco, Campana Capella, Citharistria, Dotalis, <i>Fullones</i> , Hirnea Pappi, Kalendæ Martiæ, Labicana, Leno, Maccus, Macci Gemini, Maccus Miles, Maccus Sequester, Maccus Virgo, Marsya Medicus, Panuceata, Pappus Agricola, Pappus Præteritus, Pappus Patruus, Philosophia, Præco Posterior, Piscatores, Pistor, Sponsa Pappi, Præfectus Morum, Pytho Gorgonius, Vacca vel Marsuppium, Verniones (? the slave-breeders), Verres Ægrotus, Verres Salvus. Fragments in Ribbeck.
Exile of Marius	88	Tribunate and massacre of P. Sulpicius.
Cinna is consul, and massacres the nobility, including M. Antonius, the orator	87	Birth of Catullus. Cicero studies under Apollonius Malo at Rome.
Return, 7th Consulate, and death of C. Marius	"	
	86	Sallust born. Cicero writes four books on rhetoric, of which the two now extant (<i>De Inventione</i>) form part.
	"	Hortensius defends Cn. Pompeius on a charge of embezzlement.
	84	Birth of Brutus. Cicero translates Xenophon and Plato; studies with Diodotus, the Stoic.
Sulla makes peace with Mithridates	83	
Sulla conquers Rome	82	Confiscation of the property of Valerius Cato, the grammarian and poet, and friend of Catullus. Cotta, the orator, returns to Rome. Varro of Atax is born. M. Cælius Rufus, the orator, born. C. Licinius Calvus, the orator, born.
Sulla's legislation	81	Cicero's first extant speech.
Sulla abdicates	79	Cicero travels in Greece.
Cæsar prosecutes Dola-bella	78	L. Cornelius Sisenna, the historian, is prætor. P. Rutilius, the Stoic and orator, dies. The works of Q. Claudius, L. Valerius Antias, C. Licinius Macer, and L. Cornelius Sisenna all belong to this period.
War with Sertorius in Spain	76	Cicero returns to Rome.
C. Aurelius Cotta, the orator, is consul	75	
	74?	C. Asinius Pollio, the orator and historian, born.

War with Spartacus. Lucullus relieves Cyzicus, blockaded by Mithridates	B.C. 73	Death of Cotta, the orator, and of C. Licinius Macer.
Defeat and death of Spartacus; Mithridates is driven into Armenia	"	
Pompeius and Crassus consuls. L. Aurelius Cotta, the brother of the orator, is prætor, and carries a reform in the law courts	71 70	Cicero designated ædile, prosecutes Verres.
	"	
	69	Cicero is ædile. Hortensius is consul.
	68	Cicero begins his correspondence with Atticus. M. Valerius Messalla born.
The Gabinian law gives Pompeius chief command against the pirates	67	Cicero elected prætor.
L. Roscius Otho carries a law reserving fourteen rows of seats for the knights. Manilian law, supported by Cicero, gives Pompeius command against Mithridates	"	
	66	
	65	Birth of Horace.
Cicero stands for consul. Agrarian law of Rullus. Conspiracy of Catilina	64	Cicero's speech in the White Gown against the coalition between Antonius and Catilina.
Cæsar contrives to have Rabirius Postumus accused of treason because he was suspected of being concerned in the death of Saturninus when tribune of the commons	"	
Alleged incest and sacrilege of Clodius	63	Cicero consul. Defends Rabirius Postumus and L. Muræna. Speaks against Rullus and Catilina.
Triumph of Pompeius. Q. Cicero sent to Asia as proprætor. Clodius is accused of incest	"	
Coalition of Cæsar, Pompeius, and Crassus	62	Q. Cicero is elected prætor.
	61	
	60	Cicero writes a poem in three books on his consulate, and a Latin memoir and a Greek history on the same subject. At this time Q. Ælius Tu-

	B.C.	
Cæsar is consul: is appointed to command in Gaul. Cicero refuses to act as his lieutenant or to serve on the Campanian Commission, whereon Cæsar procures the election of Clodius as tribune	59	bero, one of Q. Cicero's lieutenants, is engaged upon his historical work. M. Cælius prosecutes C. Antonius (Cicero's colleague four years before), who is unsuccessfully defended by Cicero.
Cicero is banished at the end of March. M. Cælidius is elected prætor	"	
Cicero is recalled, August 4; returns to Rome, September 4	58	Cæsar commences his Commentaries on the Gallic war when going into winter-quarters. P. Nigidius Figulus is prætor.
	57	On September 30 Cicero speaks before the Pontifices for the restoration of his house, consecrated upon the motion of Clodius.
	"	
Cæsar meets Pompeius and Crassus at Lucca, and arranges that each of them shall hold an important province for five years	56	
Crassus and Pompeius are elected consuls and carry out the arrangement	55	Death of Lucretius, whose works were published after his death; best edition by H. Munro, Cambridge. Best MS., Leyden A., ninth century.
Cicero sends his brother to serve under Cæsar in Gaul	"	
	54	Calvus accuses Vatinius, who is defended by Cicero. C. Asinius Pollio prosecutes C. Cato, who had been tribune 56 B.C. Possibly in this year Catullus dies. The poems to Lesbia seem to fall into the following order—61 B.C., Metellus (Lesbia's husband?) returns to Rome; Catullus translates Sappho, <i>Ille mi par esse deo videtur</i> ; 2, <i>Passer deliciæ meæ puellæ</i> ; then the intimacy in the house of Mælius, to which belong, 5, <i>Vivamus mea Lesbia atque amemus</i> ; 7, <i>Quæris quot mihi basiationes</i> ; then the quarrel: 8, <i>Miser Catulle desinas ineptire</i> ; 83, <i>Lesbia mi præsentem viro mala plurima dicit</i> ; 92, <i>Lesbia mi dicit semper mala nec tacet unquam</i> . Reconciliation: 104, <i>Credis me potuisse meæ maledicere vitæ</i> ; 107, <i>Si quidquam cupidoque optantique obtigit unquam</i> ; 109, <i>Jocundum mea vita mihi proponis</i>

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		amorem; 36, Annales Volusi, cacata charta; 60 B.C., the death of his brother; 66, 65, 68 a, Quod mihi Fortuna casuque oppressus acerbo; June 9, Veranni omnibus e meis amicis; 13, Cenabis bene mi Fabulle apud me; 12, Marrucine Asini. 59, June? death of Metellus; 68 b, Non possum reticere Dea qua Mallius in re; 3, Lugete o Veneres Cupidinesque; 86, Quintia formosa est multis: mihi candida, longa; 78, Gallus habet fratres quorum est lepidissima conjux; 98, 70, Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle; 72, Dicebas quondam solam te nosse Catullum; 35, Nulla potest mulier tantum se dicere amatam; 85, Odi et amo: quare id faciam fortasse requiris; 76, Si qua recordanti bene facta priora voluptas; 64, The marriage of Peleus and Thetis is assigned to this date. 56 B.C., 46, Jam ver egeidos refert tepores; 101, Arrival; 31, Peninsularum Sirmio insularumque; 4, Phaselus ille quem videtis hospites. Of poems connected with his quarrel with "Gellius," who did him harm with "Lesbia," 74, 80, 116 seem to date soon after his brother's death, 91, 90, 89, and 80 after his voyage in the east, 55 B.C. The poems on Aufilenus and Aufilena date from this year; also that on the second consulate of Pompeius; the poem on the prosecution of Vatinius is the latest we can date. Edited R. Ellis, Oxford.
Defeat and death of Crassus	53	Cicero is appointed augur.
Clodius is slain by order of Milo; Pompeius is appointed sole consul.	52	Cicero defends Milo.
	51	Cicero goes to Cilicia as proconsul. M. Hortensius defends Messalla.
	50	Brutus and Hortensius defend Appius Claudius. Sallust, expelled from the senate, devotes himself to history. Curio is tribune, and allies himself with Cæsar. Cicero returns to Rome.
Outbreak of the Civil War between Cæsar and Pompeius . . .	49	? Birth of Tibullus. Q. Cornificius (? Auctor ad Herennium) commands in Illyricum.
	"	

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Battle of Pharsalia, Aug. 9. Death of Pompeius, Oct. 6. Cæsar at Alexandria	48	Cæsar's Commentaries on the Civil Wars.
Cæsar subdues Egypt, March; Cæsar defeats Pharnaces, Aug. 2 . .	47	Hirtius de Bello Alexandrino.
Battle of Thapsus, April 6. Death of Cato . .	46	? Birth of Propertius. Death of P. Nigidius Figulus, a grammarian; he devoted himself to Pythagoreanism and the Mysteries. Vitruvius serves in Africa.
Battle of Munda, March 17	45	Death of Tullia, Cicero's daughter.
Death of Cæsar, March 15	44	June and July, Cicero goes to Sicily. Aug. 31, returns to Rome. From Sept. 2 to April 2 (43 B.C.) he delivers his Philippics. D. Laberius, writer of mimes: best known titles, Alexandria, Anna Perenna, <i>Aruspex</i> , <i>Aulularia</i> , Centonarius, Colorator, Necyomantia, Restio. Protest against being compelled to perform in person. In Ribbeck. Publilius Syrus, celebrated 44 B.C., no known titles; in Petronius we have a long fragment; we have also an anthology of proverbial sayings, all of which are attributed to him, and most may be taken from him or other writers of mimiambi. Fragments in Ribbeck.
Death of Hirtius before Mutina, April 27 . .	43	Sallust publishes his "Catiline." Birth of Ovid. Dec. 8, death of Cicero. The lost poems "De Glauco" in trochaic tetrameters, "De Mario" in hexameters, 91 B.C.; translation from Aratus, of which we have large fragments, 90 B.C.; translations, mostly lost, from Plato and Xenophon, 84 B.C. Speech for P. Quinctius (on a dispute between partners), 81 B.C.; for Sex. Roscius Amerinus (accused of parricide in the interest of Chrysogonus, Sulla's freedman), ? and for L. Varenus, accused of assassination, 80 B.C.; lost speech for the freedom of a woman of Arretium, 76 B.C., for Roscius, the actor (who had taken a slave to train for the stage on condition of sharing the profits with his owner. The slave

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was killed and the partners had a long series of disputes about how the compensation was to be apportioned), 76 B.C.; against Nævius; fragmentary speech for M. Tullius, who brought an action for too forcible ejectment; speeches against Verres, of which two were delivered, five were composed after the exile of Verres, 70 B.C.; speech for Fonteius, proconsul in Gaul, for A. Cæcina (another case turning upon the degree of force allowable in an ejectment intended to raise a question of title), 69 B.C.; for P. Oppius, a quaestor of M. Cotta, who accused him of malversation and attempted assassination, 67 B.C.; for A. Cluentius, in danger of being convicted of poisoning, because universally believed to be guilty of bribery; for M. Fundanius (lost), and for the Manilian law, 66 B.C.; for C. Cornelius Gallus, accused of treason for a bill to deprive the senate of its dispensing power, oration in the White Gown, 64 B.C., in fragments. A speech in the senate (very fragmentary) against the law of Rullus; two speeches before the people on the same question; lost speech for Roscius Otho; for C. Rabirius Postumus (very fragmentary); on the disabilities of the sons of the proscribed, on his renunciation of a province; the four speeches against Catilina; for L. Muræna, 63 B.C.; for P. Sulla, accused of complicity with Catilina; for Archias, the poet, accused of usurping the privileges of a Roman citizen; speeches against Clodius and Curio, who had attacked him in the senate after the abortive prosecution, before Clodius had transferred himself to the Commons, 61 B.C.; for C. Antonius (unsuccessful and unpublished); for Minucius Thermus (unpublished); for L. Valerius Flaccus, 59 B.C. (in fragmentary condition); for P. Sestius, accused of violence because, as one of the tribunes who carried Cicero's restoration, he had surrounded himself with a body-guard; for Cor-

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nelius Balbus, accused of usurping Roman citizenship; for M. Cælius, accused, at the instigation of Clodius, of sedition in Naples; for Ascitius, accused of "prevarication," taking up a cause he did not mean to succeed, and attempting to procure the assassination of certain Egyptian ambassadors; on the Consular provinces; on the answer of the Haruspices, B.C. 56; the invective against Piso in the senate; the treatise *De Oratore*, B.C. 55; speeches for Vatinius and Gabinius, lost, with the exception of a fragment of each; for C. Rabirius Postumus, accused for receiving moneys which, according to the prosecution, Gabinius had wrongly extracted from Ptolemæus on his restoration—according to Cicero, did not nearly cover Rabirius's lawful advances to the king; for M. Æmilius Scaurus (the son of the famous *Princeps Senatus*), who was accused of extortion and cruelty in Sardinia: the cause was hurried on without evidence, to prejudice his election to the consulate: the speech survives in large fragments; the six books on the Republic, of which we have large fragments besides the *Somnium Scipionis*; speeches for Milo; the first (actually delivered) is only known from one or two quotations in Quinctilian; books of the *Laws* (of which we have fragments), 52 B.C. M. Cælius's letters to Cicero (*Ad Familiares*, lib. viii.) during Cicero's command in Cilicia. *Partitiones oratoriae*, *Paradoxa* (six rhetorical exercises on Stoic themes; in one he proves that Crassus was poor); *Laus Catonis*; *Orator ad M. Brutum*, speech for C. Ligarius, who had been left in Africa when the civil war broke out, and was attacked by another pardoned Pompeian for obeying the Pompeian governor; 46 B.C., thanks for the permission given to M. Marcellus to return to Rome, for King Deiotarus, accused of attempting Cæsar's life in Pontus; *De Consolatione* (on the death of Tullia, now

	B.C.	
		lost), <i>De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum</i> , <i>Academica</i> , 45 B.C., <i>Tusculan Disputations</i> , <i>The Nature of the Gods</i> , <i>Divination</i> , <i>Fate</i> (fragmentary), <i>Friendship</i> , <i>Old Age</i> , and <i>Glory</i> (lost), between January and the middle of July, 44; the <i>Topics</i> , and <i>De Officiis</i> , between July and the end of November, the <i>Philippics</i> between September 2, 44 B.C., and April 21, 43 B.C. The latest letter to Atticus dates from 44 B.C.: there are letters to D. Brutus, to Plancus, to Lepidus, and to Cornificius as late as May, 43.
Battle of Philippi . . .	42	
	41	Confiscation and restoration of Vergil's land. First <i>Eclogue</i> .
War of Perusia . . .	40	Ninth <i>Eclogue</i> .
	39	Horace's intimacy with Mæcenas begins.
	37	Varro <i>De Re Rustica</i> . Horace's journey to Brundisium. ? Death of P. Terentius Varro Atacinus. His <i>Bellum Sequanorum</i> and <i>Saturæ</i> are supposed to be early. His other works are <i>Argonautica</i> , <i>Ephemeris</i> , <i>Chronographia</i> , all probably translations from the Greek.
Defeat and flight of Sextus Pompeius . . .	36	
	35	Death of Sallust. The exact subject of his last work, the <i>Histories of the Twelve Years from the Consulship of Lepidus</i> , 78 B.C., is known from Ausonius, <i>Id. iv.</i> 62. It appears to have been a continuation of Sisenna.
	33	Commencement of <i>Georgics</i> .
	32	Death of Atticus.
Battle of Actium . . .	31	
The Temple of Janus is closed	29	This is sometimes assigned as the date of Pollio's publication of his history.
	28	Death of Varro. The fullest list of his writings is given by Jerome in his preface to Origen's <i>Commentary on Genesis</i> . He wrote 74 works in 620 books; we know the following: 6 books of pseudo-tragedies; 10 books <i>Poematorum</i> ; 2 <i>Orationum</i> , probably early; 4 <i>Saturarum</i> , 150 <i>Saturæ Menippeæ</i> (imitated from Menippus, a pupil of Diogenes, and from these

	B.C.	
		we have the largest fragments: one book, <i>τρικάρηνος</i> , dates from 64 B.C., and is an anticipation of the triumvirate; 76 <i>λογιστορικῶν</i> (essays on different subjects connected more or less closely with some well-known historical character), 56-50 B.C. 41 <i>Antiquitatum</i> : supplementary works <i>De Gente Populi Romani</i> : chronological. <i>Imagines</i> : 9 <i>Disciplinarum Libri</i> . A cyclopædia of the seven liberal arts, with medicine and soldiery added. 3 <i>Suasionum Libri</i> , political essays. All the above are lost. 25 books on the Latin Language, 44 B.C. 3 books <i>Rerum Rusticarum</i> , 37 B.C.
Expedition against Arabia	27	<i>Prop. iv. i.</i>
	26	Completion of the <i>Georgics</i> ; suicide of Gallus.
Second closing of the Temple of Janus . .	25	<i>Hor. Carm. II. xiv.</i>
Phraates expels Tiridates and endeavors to propitiate Augustus . .	24	
Death of Marcellus . .	23	
Conspiracy of Muræna and Cæpio, the brother-in-law of Mæcenas, against Augustus . .	22	L. Arruntius, the orator and historian, is consul.
Actual restoration of the standards taken at Cannæ; Tiberius in Armenia	20	
	19	Death of Vergil and Tibullus. Editions of Vergil, Conington: for the <i>Æneid</i> , Gossrau, who has used La Cerda largely. MSS.: a fragment of the Vatican, the oldest of the fifth century, contains good ancient illustrations. The <i>Codex Romanus</i> , of the seventh century? also in the Vatican, is complete and illustrated. Written by an ignorant scribe, and uncorrected. The <i>Palatinus</i> is of the fourth or fifth century: the best MS. is the Medicean, corrected up to the end of the <i>Bucolics</i> , by Turcius Rufus Apronianus Asterius, Cons. of 494 A.D. Tibullus Dissen. The MSS. are all late, and most interpolated.
Lex Julia de Maritandis Ordinibus	18	Alluded to by Livy, <i>Ep. lix.</i>
	17	<i>Carmen Sæculare</i> .

	B.C.	
	16	Death of Cornelia, celebrated by Propertius, and of Æmilius Macer. "Iliacus Macer," Ov. Epp. ex Pont. IV. xvi. 6.
Victories of Tiberius and Drusus over the Catti and Vindelici, also Clades Lolliana presupposed in the 9th ode of the 4th book of Horace	15	Death of Propertius. His first book was published 26 B.C. The poetical guide-book to Rome, from which we have fragments in the fifth book, was begun before the poet fell in love. V. i. 71 sqq. Most of the poems in the second and third books are early; <i>c. g.</i> , III. xxiii. is written just after the dedication of the temple of Apollo, Oct. 24, 28 B.C. The fourth book is composed 23 and 22 B.C. IV. iv., IV. xii. refer to the expedition against Parthia, 22 B.C. V. vi. refers to the fourth celebration of the Actian games, 16 B.C. V. xi. has the same date.
Tiberius is consul; Augustus returns from Gaul; Lepidus dies; Augustus succeeds him as Chief Pontiff. . . .	13	Fuscus and Arellius, of Asia, are celebrated as declaimers. Horace publishes the fourth book of Odes at the request of Augustus. Vitruvius writes after this year, when two stone theatres had been built in Rome.
	12	L. Cestius Pius settles in Rome.
	10	Verrius Flaccus is appointed tutor to the grandchildren of Augustus.
Death of Drusus	9	Epicedion by C. Pedo Albinovanus.
Death of Mæcenas . . .	8	Death of Horace. The Epodes seem to date between the war of Perugia, 40 B.C. (<i>cf.</i> Epp. vii. xvi.), and the conquest of Egypt; i. and ix. date from the war of Actium, 31 B.C. They were probably published 29 B.C. The first book of Satires was probably published 35 B.C. By 32 B.C. he had received the Sabine farm. The second book of Satires was probably published 30 B.C. The first three books of the Odes were published 24-23 B.C. The chief dates alluded to are the battle of Actium, I. xxxvii.; the illness of Mæcenas, and Horace's escape from the fallen tree, 28 B.C., I. xx., II. xii., II. xvii. The Arabian expedition, 27 B.C., I. xxix., III. xxiv. Cantabrian expedition and intended expedition against Britain, 25 and 27 B.C., I. xxxv., I. xxxvi., ? II. vi., ? II. xi., III. xiv. Dedication of the temple to Apollo on the Palatine, 26 B.C.,

	B.C.	
		I. xxxi.; Lib. III. i.-vi., circ. 26 B.C. ? Marriage of Marcellus, 25 B.C., I. xii. 45. Expulsion of Tiridates, 23 B.C., I. xxvi., II. xi., III. vii., III. xxix. First book of Epistles published after 21 B.C.; iii., viii., ix. refer to the Asiatic campaign of Tiberius, xvi. and xi. seem early. Carmen Sæculare and IV. vi., 17 B.C.; IV. ii., iv., ix., xiv., 14 B.C. Second Book of Epistles after 13 B.C. (when Augustus was Pontifex Maximus), and Ars Poetica. Death of M. Passienus, the declaimer.
	7	Birth of M. Annæus Seneca, the philosopher.
Tiberius retires to Rhodes	6	T. Albucius Silo, the declaimer, settles at Rome.
Banishment of Julia, the daughter of Augustus.	? 1	Suicide of Porcius Latro, the declaimer.
	2	Art of Love completed soon after this date.
	A.D.	
Recall of Tiberius. . . .	4	Death of Pollio. Fragments in H. Meyer.
Banishment of Julia, the granddaughter of Augustus	8	Banishment of Ovid. Close of the History of Pompeius Trogus.
	11	Death of Messalla. Fragments in H. Meyer.
	Circa 12	Gratius Faliscus and Manilius begin to write.
Death of Augustus	14	Tiberius confirms his nomination of Velleius as prætor.
	15	Romanus Hispo, the declaimer, who always liked harsh theses, takes to the practice of denouncing alleged state crimes.
	18	Death of Livy; best edition, Drakenborch. Death of Ovid; best edition, Burmann, R. Merkel, Leipsic, for text; R. Ellis, Ibis. The date of the Heroides is uncertain. The Amores are said to have been completed 9 B.C. The Art of Love and its appendices were finished by 1 A.D. The Metamorphoses were not enlarged after his exile. The Fasti were revised and dedicated to Germanicus, 16 A.D. The Ibis and the first two books of the Tristia date from 9 A.D.; the remaining three were completed by 12 A.D. Probably the first books of Letters from Pontus were sent

	A.D.	home in 16 A.D. with the Fasti. In the last letter he enumerates his contemporaries, including "Rabirius of the mighty mouth," who wrote upon the war of Actium.
	22	Death of Fenestella, the grammarian. Death of Aetius Capito, the liberal and imperialist jurist, the rival of Antistius Labeo, the republican and pedantic jurist.
	24	Cassius Severus in exile.
	25	Haterius Agrippa, the so-called orator, is consul. Death of Cremutius Cordus, the Stoic orator and historian. Banishment of Votienus Montanus.
	27	Suicide of Votienus Montanus in the Balearic Isles.
Fall of Sejanus	31	Completion of Velleius's history.
	31	Phædrus, Prol. iii. 41. Valerius Maximus finishes his Collection.
	34	Death of Mamercus Scaurus.
	39	Death of the elder Seneca, who wrote a large and admirable historical work which his son did not edit. Rhetorical works edited by Bursian, 1855.

LATIN LITERATURE.

INTRODUCTION.

LATIN is the language of Latium, the rolling plain round the Alban hills. These hills were recognized from very early times as the centre of the Latin nation, whose older settlements were close to the coast. It became the language of the western half of the civilized world, because it was the language of Rome; and Rome seems to have become the mistress of the world by reason of its important position on the lower Tiber, at the meeting-point of the people of the Alban hills, the people of the central mountains, and the strange people who held the valley of the Arno and the heights around it.

Both the Alban hills and the central mountains were settled by branches of the Aryan race. Among the Alban hills, such Aryans as entered Italy by the western coast would meet those who entered it by the eastern passes. This may explain the fact (upon which Niebuhr founded an elaborate theory, now universally abandoned, and never yet refuted) that the people of the Alban hills, who called themselves Latins, were nearer the Greeks in many ways than the people of the central mountains, who called themselves Sabines, Samnites, or Saunites. It is a plausible conjecture that these latter stood specially near to the Aryans now known as Celts, whose first seats were on the Danube and its tributaries, and who held their ground longest on the great rivers of Southeastern and

Central France, and in Ireland, and to the west and northwest of the central range of Britain.

The Etruscans, or Rasena, as they called themselves, do not seem to have been Aryans at all. The ancients were acquainted with two accounts of them: neither account had been tested—both were sometimes uncritically combined. According to one, a race, alien to other Italian races, had entered Italy from the coast, having sailed from Lydia, which was occupied in historical times by a Semitic race. According to the other, the Rasena were akin to the Rætians, who in the days of Augustus held the passes of what are now the Grisons and the Tyrol, as the Rasena had once held the plain of the Po round Mantua. Hence we should naturally infer that they crossed the Alps before they crossed the Apennines; but the ancients held that their settlements in what is now Tuscany were more ancient, as they were more important, than their settlements on the Po. The two stories do not exclude each other; but those who admit both must give most weight to the second. Whatever their origin, the Etruscans, whom the Greeks called Tyrrhenians, appear in history as rivals of the Greek colonists in the western sea, and as diligent importers and continuators of certain archaic forms of Greek art.

The Italians were much more backward than the Greeks, for their land is turned to the west—to Spain, to Gaul, to Africa, which could teach them nothing; while Greece is turned to the east, to the coasts along which the civilizations of the Nile and the Tigris spread through so many channels. Besides, the country itself is far less stimulating to its inhabitants: compared to Greece, Italy is a continental country whose inhabitants communicate more easily by land than by sea, except in the two extreme southern peninsulas, which characteristically were occupied by Greek colonies whose earlier development was more brilliant than that of the mother country.

Hence, perhaps, the mythology of Italy is even more rudimentary compared with the mythology of Greece than the mythology of Germany compared with the mythology of Scandinavia. It is at least a curious coincidence (since the

Some contrasts of Italian and Greek culture.

archipelagoes of Greece, Scandinavia, and Polynesia have all a rich mythology) that such mythology as Italy had settled chiefly in the Campagna, which may almost be called an archipelago above water. The later Romans were familiar with Sabine spells, but not with Sabine legends.

The intellectual development of Italy was backward, like the imaginative. The equable fertility of the land was itself a hinderance. As far back as we can form any conjecture, the bulk of the people were shepherds or husbandmen; we cannot trace a time like that reflected in the Homeric poems, when high-born men of spirit went roving in their youth by land and sea, and settled down in their prime with a large stock of cattle and a fair stud of horses, to act as referees in peace and leaders in war to the cotters around. Gifts came to them from the cotters and from passing traders; minstrels were welcome at their courts; altogether they lived a life of more ease and splendor than we can imagine in primitive Italy.

Other differences less intelligible to us were not less weighty: the volcanic character of the western plain of Central Italy, the want of a fall to the coast (which caused some of the water-courses to form marshes, and made the Tiber a terror to the Romans for its floods), told in ways as yet untraced on the character of the inhabitants. For one thing, the ancient worship of Febris and Mefitis indicates a constant liability to fever; then the air of Greece is lighter than the air of Italy, and this may be the reason that it was more inspiring. The breezes of the hill-side are to primitive Greek poetry the breath of wise maidens who bring the glorified past to mind; the early sages of Italy met their inspiration where water babbles in a shady glade, or leaps down a rocky dell. The Greek needed no sedative except solitude to lull the natural man to a half-sleep and let the singer awake; the Italian was more sensuous or more frivolous. His musings needed the hush and the shadow, while it was only for prophecy that the Pythia needed the vapor of the sacred cavern—as bewildering, as exalting, as the heavy air of a crowded church. An inspiration not unlike that of Delphi, but less

ethereal, dwelt in "the house of echoing Albunea" by the falls of Anio, and many of the spots where sulphurous vapors rise through the ground were reckoned oracular. The Italians were not long in reaching the stage at which women are more idealist than men; the Sibylline books appear in Italy earlier in proportion than the prophecies of Bacis and other male prophets in Greece. So, too, the wailing woman keeps her place at Roman funerals; while in historical Greece the haughty smiles of Sparta and the decorous silence of Athens take the place of the loud laments of Helen and Andromache. Such traits are a sign rather that Italian men were lacking in ideality than that Italian women abounded in it.

Italian indigenous literature was of the very scantiest; its oldest element was to be found in hymns, barely metrical, and so full of repetitions as to dispense with metre. The hymns were more like spells than psalms; the singers had an object to gain rather than feelings to express. The public hymns were prayers for blessing: there were private chants to charm crops out of a neighbor's field, and bring other mischief to pass against him. Such "evil songs" were a capital offence, though there was little, perhaps, in their form to suggest a distinction whether the victim was being bewitched or satirized. The deliberate articulate expression of spite seemed a guilt and power of itself. Besides these, there were dirges at funerals, ranging between commemoration of the deceased and his ancestors, propitiation of the departed spirit, and simple lamentation. There were songs at banquets in praise of ancient worthies. Cato had heard them, Cicero regretted them with a fervor that imposed upon Niebuhr. The songs themselves can hardly have been better than the epitaphs of the Scipios. The elegance of the material monuments shows the influence of the new culture, so that it is likely the verses—some of them a survival from days when Rome had no literature—are a very favorable specimen of the oral compositions out of which they grew. We find no trace of any poet who composed what free-born youths recited at feasts; probably they extemporized without training, and attained no mastery. If a nation has strong mil-

Indigenous
elements of
Italian
literature.

itary instincts, we find legendary or historical heroes in its very oldest traditions; if a nation has strong poetical instincts, we find the names of historical or legendary poets. In Italy we only meet with nameless fauns and prophets, whose inspired verses were perhaps on the level of "Mother Shipton." For it is not likely that the Italians had as much poetical talent as is now diffused among their descendants, whose literary poetry has always been exotic,¹ though their popular poetry is full of feeling and delicacy.

The traditional comic drama was indigenous in Italy. The tricks and jests of a limited number of strictly conventional characters cannot have had a wider range than that of a harlequinade, which is the lineal descendant of the native Italian drama. Such as it is, it has always been a very vigorous form of art. After the Renaissance it gradually spread over Europe; it is an interesting question whether it did not influence Greek literature through Epicharmus, who may very likely have found something like it at home in Sicily.

Besides these rudiments of literature, the Romans, and no doubt the other Italians, had some kind of annals, beginning, perhaps, with a bare record of prodigies. The Romans had from a comparatively early period a written code of laws and an elaborate system of legal pleading, full of needless technicalities, which were long the secret of the patricians, and even after their publication had to be observed with the most minute and wearisome exactness. This, of course, was a check upon judicial oratory, and political oratory was restrained by respect for authority, which forbade any speaker to address his peers in the senate, the assembly, or the public meeting² without the formal sanction of the convener.

The curious feature of Latin literature is that it is in its best days a Roman literature without being the work of Romans. From Ennius to Martial, a succession of writ- Latin literature in relation to the city Rome—"Urbanity."

¹ The "Divine Comedy" is a weighty but a solitary exception.

² Summoned by tribunes and other magistrates to work up public opinion in favor of a particular measure.

great writers of Athens were Athenians; great Greek writers who were not Athenians did not owe their reputation to Athens, unless they were rhetoricians or philosophers. In the Middle Ages poets scarcely fixed themselves at a single centre: they and their reputation travelled together. Even then one notes that Florentine poetry was founded by natives of Florence who passed their lives there. When we come to the modern literatures of England and France, we find, as might be expected, that the capital collects most literary men (though there are exceptions, like the Pleiad in France and the Lake Poets in England); but the capital itself is not barren. In Germany the same holds good of a number of local capitals.

One reason of this peculiarity may have been that Rome as a city had never much life of its own; it was the seat of an aristocracy who owed their importance to its value as a commercial and then as a military centre, and to the hereditary temper fostered by the actions which the possession of such a site made possible or desirable. It was never a town of sailors or of artisans: its rulers had dependants, but not workmen; and their own life was too difficult and absorbing to leave any surplus energy for literature, while at the same time their faculties were sufficiently stimulated to make them eager and intelligent critics. In the history of Latin literature, at any rate from the time of Lucilius, Urbanitas is more important than "Atticism" ever became in Greek. A writer could not really succeed without the style of a well-bred man about town; the opposite to this was not, as a rule, "provinciality," but "rusticity." It does not seem as if "urbanity" necessarily included any idea of culture or distinction or refinement; it was a quality which a buffoon might possess in perfection: what it excluded was clumsiness, obscurity, saying what need not be said; what it implied was being in complete possession of what one had to say, and completely appreciating the intelligence of one's public. At this point "urbanity" comes nearest to "Atticism;" but an Athenian public was much quicker withal, and more fastidious, than an Italian, and would certainly have been impatient of Cicero's prolonged "urbanity," which the Roman public of his day enjoyed till the end.

Down to the days of the Empire "prolixity" was not a word of blame; on the contrary, we find phrases like *verbis prolixissimis gratias egit* (where *prolixissimis* might be exchanged for *amplissimis*), the idea being that to develop a subject at the greatest length possible is an appropriate way of showing respect to the subject and to the person addressed—an idea which, since the Renaissance, has had a very considerable influence on Italian eloquence. Nor, indeed, has Italian literature ever aimed at terseness and brevity, except when its centre was the Florentine republic, and during the earlier period when it was the organ of the opposition of epigrams carried on by an indolent and fastidious aristocracy and their literary retainers under the Claudian and Flavian emperors.

After we have analyzed the meagreness of its original elements, after we have recognized the complacent amplitude of its later development, we have still to remember that Latin literature is classical as Greek literature is classical. The general level of finish, elegance, and richness is higher, though the masterpieces are less exquisite, less supreme, as well as less original. Where Greek literature fails, it is apt to become dull and empty; where Latin literature fails, it is apt to become heavy and florid. Even the greatest Greek writers are not free from incompleteness and obscurities, which show that the writer's grasp, not merely of his subject, but of his own conception, is imperfect. Even a great Latin writer is seldom in such close, direct, penetrating contact with his subject as a great Greek writer or a great modern writer, but he is in much more complete possession of what he has to communicate about it. A Latin historian, for instance, never makes us say, as modern historians make us say, that we cannot see the wood for the trees; he hardly ever makes us say, as a Greek historian makes us say, that he shows us a brick for a house. His representation may be superficial, but it has the completeness of view which results from standing far enough off to get things into focus. One effect of this is that, as compared with the literature of independent Greece, Latin literature is reflective and sentimental. It still deals with genuine perceptions and emotions, but there is an

added sense of what it looks like to experience them; the representation is in only mediate relation to the experience, and in immediate relation to the writer's thought about it. This is a point of analogy with the English literature of the first half of last century; another is that in both to think about experience and express one's thoughts has still the interest of novelty for the writers and their public. Consequently there is no need to go beyond what is common and general in experience. Both, even at their highest, are content with an exaltation in degree of what is familiar in kind; and this marks off both from modern literature, which tends to seek out what is rare and singular in experience, which, being unfamiliar, has to be thought out before it is intelligible. A cognate tendency of modern literature is to make a more or less imaginary experience serve as foundation for ideals. Classical literatures go back to an heroic age in search of something grander and simpler than the present age supplies; romantic literatures go back in search of the picturesque: in this, as in much else, Vergil is a precursor of the modern and romantic spirit.

But Vergil is an exception; and, in the sense in which "classical" is opposed to "romantic," Latin literature as a whole is more classical than Greek. The revolt against "classicism" is also a revolt from Latin literature to Greek, if the revolter be able to study both. And Latin literature is eminently classical in the primitive sense of the word: its representative writers fall into fixed "classes;" each has his well-marked rank; it is a literature of fixed standards fit to become the foundation of an æsthetic tradition. Its generality, its clearness, its finish, and its dignity are all elements which give it a permanent educational value, and make it interesting to races and generations very different from those which originated it. English literature is hardly likely to fill the same place in the training of the communities which owe their civilization to England as Latin literature has filled in the training of the communities which owe their civilization to Rome. So far as this space is filled by English literature, it is mainly filled by "classical" writings like those of Pope and Macau-

lay, which come in this way to have a greater relative importance than they have for the cultivated public at home.

A literature may be classical without being supremely excellent; a literature may come near to supreme excellence without being classical. The test of supreme excellence is the admiration and delight of sane, well-trained minds of very high calibre. Tried by this test, it would be impossible to set the "Duchess of Malfy" or "Vittoria Corombona" below "Phèdre" or "Britannicus," or the "Golden Ass" below the fables of Phædrus. Yet Racine and Phædrus are both classics in a sense that Webster and Apuleius are not. Phædrus, at any rate, is a classic simply in virtue of his generality, his rationality, his clearness.

This reflection explains the impatience with which many æsthetic critics are apt to approach Latin literature. Generality, clearness, rationality, are not attractive literary qualities to a cultivated class weary of old traditions, pining for fresh, strong, highly specialized emotions. The appetite for subtlety is at its height; the clearness of Latin literature readily passes for shallowness, while the simplicity of Greek literature is pardoned for its directness and intensity.

On another side Latin literature is classical, as opposed to romantic: it is an eminently social literature—the work of men who wrote under a strong regard for all that tends to promote fellow-feeling among mankind. Romantic literature is eminently personal—as personal in the expression of moods of passionate sympathy with the many or the miserable, which can seldom be permanently felt, and never generally felt, as in the expression of solitary rapture in the presence of inorganic nature. In both there is always a touch of revolt against the concrete claims which society as it is requires us to enforce and accept by turns.¹ Latin literature throughout assumes and enforces social rights and duties: even in the malcontent literature of the Claudian and Flavian period there is

¹ The proper effect of public spirit and generosity is not so much to lift a man above being occupied with either set of claims as to make him magnify the claims others have upon him and minimize the claims he has upon others; but, after all, both sets of claims are correlative.

far less freedom of discussion than in the Greek literature of the Attic and Macedonian period, though that is less bitter. In fact, Greek literature is the expression of a social life never perfectly consolidated; while Latin literature is addressed to a society solidly constituted, though out of much less genial elements. For one reason or other, the Italian household discipline was much stricter than the Greek; while there was much less intercourse between men, except at rarely recurring festivals. The occupations of agriculture, at once more absorbing and more profitable, left no leisure for the elaborate system of musical and gymnastic training which more than anything else gave its peculiar character to the civilization of historical Greece.

Italian civilization was comparatively advanced long before Italy had a literature worthy of the military, commercial, and political position of the race. The training, the temper, the opportunities, which literary display requires, were all absent alike. On holidays, better food, more drink and company, than common made merriment enough; on great days the State provided tumblers and horse and foot races; and at any feast those who wished could provide a masquerade for themselves, and bandy satirical impromptus.

Accordingly we find that, while the great epochs in the development of Greek literature correspond to epochs in the internal development of Greek civilization, the epochs in the early development of Latin literature correspond to the successive stages of the intercourse between Italy and Greece. In the royal and early republican days this intercourse *may* have been more frequent than afterwards, when the seaward pressure of the tribes of the Southern Apennines had separated and weakened the Greek towns which, in the first quarter of the fifth century B.C., seemed likely to Hellenize the two southern peninsulas of Italy and the space between them. But all is uncertain about this intercourse: we never know whether we are dealing at second-hand with the conjectures of the first Latin writers after its renewal, or with more or less distorted echoes of theories which the Greeks mistook for traditions.

Latin literature as dependent on Greece: its epochs.

Certainty begins when the Greek towns on the Campanian coast, hard pressed by the Sabellians, who had established themselves in the plain, threw themselves into the arms of Rome, after some appeals to the Sabellians, who were still descending from the hills. Few, if any, of these towns shared the literary movement of Greece, but the familiarity which leading Romans gained with the new clients of the State made it easier for the culture of the great Greek cities of the south to take full effect after the conquest of Tarentum. Thenceforward Rome was full of Greek slaves and Greek refugees, anxious to avail themselves of their one superiority. For some time it was uncertain whether the process of Greeks learning Latin or Latins learning Greek would prove the more important. It was not impossible that educated Latins would be simply Hellenized, as Macedonians had been, and address their first literary efforts to the great Greek public, which was quite willing to be informed of the character of the State then rising into consequence in the West. As yet the Roman public made no demand for literature of a kind which Romans of position could think it worth while to satisfy. As late as Lucullus and Cicero, Roman nobles still wrote historical works on their own life and times in Greek. As late as Horace Roman men of letters were still tempted to continue Greek literature in Greek, instead of trying to naturalize it in Latin. The two conditions which made Latin literature possible were, first, the stimulus to national life during the two great Punic wars, which carried many Italians beyond the bounds of Italy, and widened the national horizon without transferring the centre of national interests; and, second (and this was even more important), the good-will with which for about a century the public received the efforts made to amuse or educate it by Latin adaptations or imitations of Greek plays. This literature was carried on by men in a lower social position than most Greek writers. The social equals of the old Greek writers wrote nothing at Rome during this period, or else wrote Greek. But they were not indifferent to the vernacular literature: they patronized, criticised it, read it perhaps more easily than its Greek originals, which, if they knew them, they thought in-

comparably superior. Their disdain might have killed Latin literature; but vernacular text-books were needed for the literary and rhetorical education which came into vigor just as the dramatic poets (and the public) were getting tired of their poetry. All who profited by this education were familiar with the analysis of literary effects in their own language, and naturally turned to their own language if they wished to produce literary effects of their own. Soon, too, composition took the place in Latin education which music had held in Greek; and although the composition which it was imperative to practise was in prose, composition in verse was practised also (and in its turn became imperative, though not before the future of Latin literature was fixed), because the pupils in the course of their education read a great deal more verse than prose. Indeed, much Latin poetry bears traces of this training; something like a glorified school exercise seems embedded in not a few passages in Tibullus, Propertius, and even such a great writer as Juvenal.

During the last century of the republic, especially after the reforms of Sulla, the influence of education was reinforced by the influence of foreign travel; for Romans of rank who had to visit the Eastern provinces often entered into intercourse with the literary celebrities whom they found there. The first travellers were men of mature years, fixed tastes and position, and at most condescended to hear a philosopher. But when the senate regained for a time the control of the law-courts, it became possible for governors to take young men of good family in their train, who often thought that to prosecute their education was to further their career. Even when the courts were no longer exclusively filled by senators, the fashion lasted until it became a custom to reside in Athens or some other Greek town, simply for the advantage of lectures, at an age when literature was more interesting than philosophy.

It was this change which brought the Romans into contact with contemporary Greek books, for while they stayed at Rome nothing later than Menander was imported for their benefit. Alexandrian literature seems to have proved more stimulat-

ing than the Greek literature of the prime. The literature of the Scipionic age was simply dependent on the literature of the Attic age. It is characteristic of the poetry of the Augustan age to look back from the Alexandrian age to the pre-Attic age. Thus Vergil reaches back through Nicander to Hesiod, through Apollonius to Homer; Tibullus reaches back through Callimachus to Mimnermus. Horace is more original; he owes nothing of his framework to the Alexandrines, but he embroiders the simple strains of Lesbos with Alexandrian subtleties. Ovid borrows his framework, at least in his serious writings; but the tone of them is half due to Roman fashionable society, half to a shallow but not insincere romanticism which turned fondly to the simplicity of the past. The contrast between past and present plays a larger part in Roman literature than in Greek, for in Greece there was never enough accumulated wealth to make the surroundings of life consistently elaborate. Even Theocritus does not dream of readers who all live in palaces, or of cities where there are more splendid buildings than the temples. Of course travelled *literati* are apt to be denationalized, especially when the public has retained a prejudice in favor of homespun poetry; but the immense improvement in public affairs during the early part of Augustus's reign delayed any schism between the literary class and the community at large. When the impulse which Augustus had given was spent, and it was plain that any further improvement must come from a better adjustment of the machinery of administration, not from fresh moral efforts on the part of the population or their leaders, the literary class soon got to be as isolated from the rest of the population as the Accademie Della Crusca and Degli Arcadi during the Spanish domination in Italy. The tendency to literary stagnation was even stronger in the second century than in the sixteenth. There was less publicity, and, outside Italy, very little literary activity. The decline was retarded partly by the irritation with which the senatorial families and the provincials who recruited the order regarded the progress to a centralized monarchy and the objectionable incidents of an inevitable process; partly by the gradual spread of Latin civ-

ilization in the western half of the Empire ; so that fresh races were continually coming forward to appropriate a culture which they had not created or exhausted. At first the new recruits paraded at Rome. Seneca, Lucan, Tacitus, Martial, represent almost all that is excellent in the literature of the Silver Age, and they are all Spaniards ; and it is hardly fanciful to say that the epigrammatic grandiloquence and the elaborate courtesy anticipate something of the character of Spanish literature when Spain was a great power. After the middle of the second century, the supremacy passes to Africa ; the great writers are Apuleius and Tertullian, perhaps St. Cyprian. Here we can hardly ascertain the influence of race : such modern African literature as exists is Arabic ; and few Arabic scholars know Latin literature well, while few Latin scholars know Arabic at all. It may be observed, in passing, that the Egyptians regard Barbary as the land of enchanters and enchantments, and that the founder of the Hanbalite, the strictest of the four orthodox schools of Islam, was a puritan countryman of Tertullian. In the fourth and fifth centuries there are two changes to note : most of the great writers are religious, and superior to their predecessors both in style and matter ; on the other hand, the language appears to have come to a complete standstill. Up to Apuleius both syntax and vocabulary are still in movement ; the natural way of turning a sentence or a paragraph varies. But the complete exhaustion of the capital as a literary centre, which was the natural result of the ascendancy of the army and of the administrative system introduced by Diocletian and perfected by Constantine, naturally threw the provincial teachers on the fundamental classics. Fourth-century prose is in the main a more or less corrupt following of Cicero, though St. Jerome is a conspicuous if doubtful exception, and Martianus Capella an exception less doubtful, if less conspicuous. Fourth-century verse is founded upon Vergil and Ovid, with slight traces of Horace and Martial. This is plainest in Claudian, the greatest poet of the century. He is a happy accident, an offshoot of the poetical school of Egypt which chanced to bloom in Latin rather than in Greek. But the great western seat of

pure literature during the latter half of this period was Gaul, whose political activity was manifested by the number of pretenders who rose and fell there. Ausonius and Sidonius Apollinaris have much of the spirit of French literature of society ; and, trivial as they are, they have cleverness enough to show that if the frontier had been effectually guarded, Gallic society would never have sunk into barbarism.

The last epoch of Latin literature that we have to examine is that of the Ostrogoth rule in Italy, which revived the intellectual industry as well as the political importance of the Roman nobility, the only trained body of administrators available. The works of the period which have most interest and value are the literary recreations of old men. That old men should amuse themselves with literature was not new ; it was new that literature should be left to them. Like the literary movement in Gaul, the literary movement in Rome came to a violent end. Theodoric's character broke down with his constitution, the Ostrogoth kingdom never recovered itself ; and as its decline tempted the ambition of Constantinople, Italy was exposed to a series of devastating campaigns which did far more mischief than the raids of the fifth century. Even then a recovery was possible, but the ruin was completed by the mismanagement that permitted the invasion of the Lombards. St. Gregory, the only considerable writer after that calamity, manifested an intellectual activity worthy of his ecclesiastical energy. His voluminous works lie beyond our limits ; their chief literary merit is their style, which some think better because more consistent than that of the great fathers of the fifth century, who are never clear whether they are to imitate the classics or the translation of the Bible. For St. Gregory the question is practically decided ; his vocabulary and his syntax are still pure Latin ; there are Latin analogies for what is incorrect tried by the standard of Cicero or Livy ; but the structure of his sentences is no longer determined by Latin precedents. The logical arrangement has superseded the rhetorical : what has to be said is said simply and directly, without any of the laborious parade of demonstration and antithesis which we still find in St. Augustine.

Such eloquence as remains is a matter of feeling rather than of skill: in such an age a writer must be reckoned eloquent if he is copious, and St. Gregory is earnest and pathetic as well.

Latin literature does not begin with ballads; the scanty legends of the prehistoric past were never, that we know of, worked up by primitive minstrels into anything the least like Lord Macaulay's superb lays. We do not even know that there was a time when they were told as continuous stories in unsuspecting good faith.

The actual beginning of Latin literature: Livius Andronicus, Nævius.

The tradition seems to have been fragmentary and conjectural; it attached itself to places and sites. The Sister's Beam seems to have kept the story of the battle between the Horatii and Curiatii alive; every generation who passed under the Beam had to hear the legend of how the surviving champion did penance there for slaying his sister, who reproached him with the death of her lover. So, too, the legend of the devotion of the hero who leaped with horse and arms into the gulf was only remembered because Curtius's Pool was shown in the Forum. Much of the legends of the reigns of Tullus Hostilius and Ancus Martius is a collection of precedents, and this guarantees that the stories are in a way trustworthy. The tradition of the colleges of heralds and pontiffs, though sure to be much perverted by later practice, had more chance of retaining a hold upon facts than the rumors of the people; but it was even further from literature.

When literature comes to deal with the early traditions, it is impossible to say how much is due to Greek models. Is the story of Sextus Tarquinius at Gabii copied from the story of Zopyrus at Babylon? Do Brutus and his cousins journey to Delphi because the first literary historians were familiar with the name of no other oracle? The visit can hardly be a fact—it would have left some memorial at Delphi; and if the oldest legend knew of a visit to an oracle, there were oracles at Cumæ and Præneste. The oldest legends of all do not seem homogeneous. Æneas and Anna Perenna seem at home in Italy as water deities; Æneas is transformed in or into the river Numicius; Anna is identified with a spring. One of the first reflections that the Greeks and Latins made on the renewal

of their acquaintance was that Æneas of Latium must be the same as Æneas of Troy. Anna was easily understood to be a Carthaginian name, and then the tradition that Carthage was founded a little before Rome led to a tale of Æneas's visit to Carthage on his way to Italy. Afterwards, chronologists reflected that Alba was much older than Rome, and that Rome was not founded till some centuries after the fall of Troy, and interpolated a line of Alban kings (perhaps not wholly the coinage of their own brains) as well as they could between Æneas and Romulus. Here, at last, we come to a figure that may be said to live in popular tradition, though the death of Romulus is suspiciously like the death of Renulus, an earlier scion of the line of Æneas who died by the thunder which he had imitated. Even the story of the twins nursed by the wolf is not so well attested as to exclude a growing suspicion that it is rather an imitation of the story Herodotus tells of Cyrus being nursed by a bitch than a genuine popular tradition. In general, Roman legend seems to be the affair of antiquarians, men like Cato and Varro; it is only later that poets like Vergil and Ovid utilized the materials thus collected to their hands. There is no reason to suppose that Ennius possessed at first hand greater treasures of tradition than were within the reach of Vergil. His "Annals" were venerated as a great national monument, but they were not popular in the sense that the poems which have come to us under the names of Homer and Hesiod were in Greece; it is doubtful whether they were even so popular as the poems which the Alexandrian *literati* collected into a cycle.

The true cradle of Roman literature is the theatre and the school; and it is in connection with these that we must say the little that can be said here of the precursors of Father Ennius. There were two elements in the earliest Roman drama—the solemn mimic dance that came from Etruria, and the farcical scenes of daily life, already mentioned, which seem to have been most at home in the Oscan¹ speech and

¹ The Oscans seem to have been Sabellians who settled early and peaceably on the lower Garigliano, and the coast south of the Pomptine Marshes.

country. The latter dealt with stock persons and situations, like the Italian harlequinades, which still kept the stage against literary comedy in the eighteenth century. The characters were free to extemporize, for the story contained nothing that they could spoil. Incidentally this led at Rome to a special division of the art: according to Livy, the Atellan farces (so called from a little town where the scene was always laid) were first imitated and then monopolized by youths of good family, who, having no poet over them, requiring no dresses but what they could provide for themselves, no scenery, and no music, were perfectly independent, and so maintained their self-respect. They kept that particular form of farce to themselves because they did not wish their persons or their performances to sink to the level of ordinary players, who were either slaves or hirelings, incapable of military service or civil rights. It is not unlikely that this form of art may have grown on another side into the "Rhithonian tragedies," which were a burlesque upon tragedies, and may, for all we know, have been acted by the same companies as the *Atellanae*. If so, we should be able to understand why the *Rhithonicae* differed from the *Exodia*, which were also very often burlesques. The name implies that the *Exodia* were of the nature of an after-piece; the *Rhithonicae*, like the *Atellanae*, were an independent entertainment. Both have many points of analogy to the satyric drama of Athens, though neither can be shown to have been directly derived from it, and neither attached itself so closely as the satyric drama did in its origin to the comic side of the legend of Dionysus. If Livy is to be trusted, there was a closer relation between the satyric drama and Roman satire, which grew, as he says, out of the jests which revellers bandied about at festivals. Only, when these jests began to receive a literary polish, no company at Rome was bold enough to rehearse them in public; and so written satires were from the first written to be read, and naturally tended to drop the dramatic form which we shall see was not unfrequently employed at first.

The literary development of vernacular farces will occupy us later; it attained most importance after the literary imitation

of Greek comedy had run its course. The serious drama which was developed out of the mimic dances of the Tuscan actors passed from the first under Greek influences. Most likely the stories which the dances illustrated were Greek from the time they were first introduced into Rome; at all events, the first written pieces were taken from the Greek; and even when the Romans took up national subjects, the treatment was still pretty closely conformed to Greek models, and it was not uncommon to appropriate large portions of Greek plays.

The first Latin playwright, the first schoolmaster who taught Greek literature, was Titus Livius Andronicus. He was a native of Tarentum: he came to Rome as a slave, and employed himself after his emancipation as a schoolmaster and an actor. In the latter capacity he originated the curious division of labor whereby one actor, commonly himself, danced and acted, while another, whom the audience were not supposed to see, sang the words which he would have sung himself if the exertion of singing and dancing at once had not been too overwhelming. Such a device implies that the public came for the spectacle, and held the pantomime more important than the song; so it is not strange that the plays of Livius Andronicus should have been very meagre, and that the dialogue should have been very little above the level of stage directions, just serving to explain to the audience what was going on. Besides plays of mythology, plays of Greek life, plays of contemporary Roman history, he wrote an official thanksgiving for a happy turn in the war with Hannibal. Perhaps his most considerable work was a school-book, an abridgment of the "Odyssey" in the saturnian metre, which served as a class-book and to give some notion of the story, though hardly any of the poetry. The fragments that we have of it are like the explanations that an impatient teacher might give to an impatient pupil. For instance, "Homer" enumerates the provisions with which Circe furnishes Ulysses for his voyage, while Livius tells us that they (Circe's handmaidens, whom "Homer" names) brought good things to the ships, and ten thousand things else were put aboard the same. Per-

haps his choice of metre may be taken to imply that the saturnian was a hexameter pure and simple, neither dactylic nor trochaic, nor anapæstic nor iambic, though more nearly trochaic than anything. Still, it is curious to find a very smooth quatrain ascribed to him by Terentianus Maurus, who gives a specimen of his own in the same very elaborate metre:¹ especially as Terentianus tells us that he quotes later writers by choice, because they were more accurate in their versification; and it is not easy to see why Terentianus or any one else should have been at the pains to modernize a quatrain of Livius.²

His successor, Nævius, wrote in saturnian verse as a matter of national pride. Latin was his mother tongue: he was a native of Campania, then thoroughly Latinized, and he resented the progress of Greek at Rome with all the pride of a Campanian. One might almost gather from his remains that a superb and reckless character served him instead of literary talent, as it afterwards served Alfieri; though he, with a great literature behind him, had opportunities for cultivating fastidiousness which Nævius had not. Nævius was fastidious by nature: he despised everything, from the Metelli to the starveling Greeks who were weaning his countrymen from their native speech; yet his great poem was addressed to Greeks. It was an epic on the origin of Rome and her recent achievements in the first Punic war: it told exactly the two things that foreigners would most want to know who were becoming curious about the city which had conquered Sicily. Cicero has preserved a specimen of his narrative, which deals with the battle of Ægusæ, and probably does him full justice, as Cicero, who undervalued nothing in Latin literature, ventures to compare it with Ennius. We find plenty of fire and fulness in the fragment, no relief or climax—in a word, nothing artistic in execution or intention. To judge by the fragments, the national epic was not superior, if it was equal, to the spirited

¹ The miurus, consisting of hexameters, with every other line ending in an iambus instead of a spondee.

² Consequently, the reading or the good faith of Terentianus has been called in question.

adaptations of Greek plays, of which Nævius produced several. His true glory is not to be the last surviving representative of an imaginary popular literature uncorrupted by Greek, but to be the precursor of Ennius and Accius, of Varius and Vergil.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

ENNIUS: THE "ANNALS."

THE position of Father Ennius in Latin literature seems at first sight decidedly in excess of his performance. Throughout the republican period he was recognized as the great Roman poet. Cicero appeals to him as *summus poeta*. Lucretius speaks of the doctrines of the world to come which he has enshrined in everlasting verse. Vargunteius lectured on him to large audiences; Vergil imitated him to commend his own poems to a *populus Ennianus*. Silius in all probability imitated him too, partly in honor of Vergil, partly because he found him a useful guide. The poets of the Augustan age in general acknowledge Ennius's great position, though sometimes perplexed and irritated by it. The nearest approach to an explanation which they reach is given in Ovid's neat epigram—

Ennius ingenio maximus, arte rudis.

Quintilian is more sober and solid, if not so clear, when he compares Ennius and the other luminaries of the Scipionic age to the venerable trees of a sacred grove that have lost their beauty but are impressive still. The public could only respect what their fathers had admired and enjoyed; the change was in the public, not in Ennius and his contemporaries: so far the metaphor is inexact. Nor can we altogether explain the change by referring to the finish and refinement of form of the great works of the Augustan age, as if these had created a taste which the founders of Roman literature were too untrained,

too inexperienced, to satisfy. Ovid's antithesis makes us think of works like "Voluspa" or the "Nibelungenlied," where there is much imagination and passion, but not the instinctive or acquired skill to express them in a way permanently delightful. We should think it overstrained to say that Cædmon was of the greatest in genius though rude in art, and yet Cædmon did as much for the poetry of English religion as Ennius for the poetry of Roman history.

The fragments of the "Annals" are enough to enable us to judge of the poetry of Ennius, and certainly our first impression is wonder in what sense he is a poet at all. We naturally think it the business of a poet to transcend experience, to carry us to a world lit up by

The light which never was on sea or land,

or else to see something in experience which we did not see till he showed it. But the imagination really has a function which is quite as indispensable as these; to conceive consciously of ordinary life, especially worthy life, as a whole, without idealizing it in any way, is really an exercise of the imagination. Experience is successive and simultaneous, and is generally fragmentary too; and memory in its spontaneous action is more fragmentary still. Imagination is needed to make experience a whole, and this kind of imagination Ennius possessed in full measure. He lived in a time which was great, and knew its greatness, and was glad to see itself mirrored in the pages of one who understood and appreciated all that was best in it with a manly, generous, disinterested sympathy.

Quintus Ennius was not a Roman or even a Latin; he was born at Rudia, in Calabria, a town which Strabo reckoned Greek, B.C. 239; he believed himself to be a descendant of Messapus, the king or the patriarch of the land; he said that he had three hearts¹ because he knew three languages—Latin, Oscan, and Greek. Oscan influence has left no traces that we can identify in his poetry; but Greek culture had come to him more easily than to later Roman poets and been more

¹ The distinction of head and heart, which Plato uses as if it were familiar, does not appear in Latin literature even much later than Ennius.

intimately appropriated. He took up the ideas and theories which were current among the Italiote and Siceliote Greeks without much discrimination, or the need of it. In him the mystical and rationalist tendencies were still at the early stage of development in which they only represent the emotional and the speculative side of the same eager curiosity. This is illustrated by his feeling about dreams—a point always attractive to the gifted minds of a primitive people, and therefore possibly to the commonplace minds of an instructive people. He does not doubt their importance. His great work began with a dream in which Homer appeared to him, as Hector appears in Vergil to Æneas, and, as critics seem to agree, revealed to him the secrets of the life to come. The dream of Ilia which served as a prototype of the dreams of Dido is too like a real dream to be dismissed as a poetical machine. The numerous dreams in the plays translated, with more or less change, from the Greek serve to show the other side of the question. Though these are still treated seriously, we meet already with the reflections that because some dreams are true all need not be, and that dreams frequently contain nothing but a confused medley of the experiences of waking life; but this does not exclude a recognition of the special clearness of the perceptions which come in sleep when the limbs are at rest. Even here criticism comes in: the revelations in the visions of the night are the reward of the diligence of the day.

If the escape which dreams offer from the limits of commonplace experience is less complete than it seems, the escape which diviners and soothsayers of all ranks offer is no better than a cheat. They promise riches to others and have nothing for themselves, except what the dupes of their promises give. They have missed their own path in life (for they are no better than beggars), and yet they undertake to show others the road to fortune. The panegyrist of Scipio who went up to the Capitol to converse with Jove had no quarrel with the mystical temperament; he was content that

Each should see according to his sight.

But it offended his masculine common-sense that weak and

greedy or timid natures should try to get more than their share of good things by the help of more or less conscious impostors. Another point at which he came into collision with contemporary pietism was the question of a particular providence, which he rejected on the strength of the broad fact that it by no means always goes well with the good, or ill with the bad. The substance of the popular religion was left nearly untouched by these audacities; for what the people really believed in was the ritual, which proved its value by experience, having been established because it contained anticipations of sound empirical rules of hygiene and the like, and maintained because it fostered a serious, cautious, and attentive spirit. Besides, when speculation begins, it is still felt to be a luxury, and is not mistaken for a necessity by those who indulge in it: they are on their guard against the harm they might do by setting a fashion it would not be well for all to follow.

Ennius's own philosophy was very simple: it consisted of the belief that he had passed in his own person through all experience that interested him—a belief which we find in Pythagoras and Empedocles, perhaps in Buddha, and later in the Welsh poets of the sixth or seventh century; of a recognition of the large element of nature-worship which had inspired the popular mythology; and of the adoption of a conjecture with which the opening of intercourse with India had inspired a clever Greek. The chief objects of worship in India had been deified men; there were legends of the death of gods in Greece. When the two facts were brought into combination, it was a plausible conjecture that the anthropomorphic mythology of Greece was really history in disguise. We are told that Ennius not only translated the work of Euhemerus, but extended it; and that Lactantius, who reproduced Euhemerus's story under the impression that he was refuting paganism, seems to have quoted Ennius. It is inferred that we may find this extension in the adventures of Saturn from his dethronement to his settlement in Italy, which Lactantius gives. This need not exclude Mommsen's view, that the history up to the death of Romulus, at any rate, may have been influ-

enced by the Euhemerism of Ennius. Such speculations, when used, were not unfavorable to religious fervor. Apotheosis seemed the sublimest goal of aspiration for the poet and his friends: to climb within the regions of the host of heaven was the reward for noble deeds. If Jupiter had won his godhead by going five times over the world, establishing his friends in kingdoms and taming barbarians, it was the easier to worship him and believe that he had put off his mortality to put on the glorious life¹ of the glow overhead which all call upon as Jove, the life of air and cloud and wind and shower and sunshine which is called "the father of help" "because it helps mortals." Such rationalism may end—it generally does—by lowering both the conceptions that are brought together, but it begins by heightening both.

Ennius only came to Rome in middle life, and was not at first a Roman citizen: he became so by being placed on the rolls of a colony conducted by a son of Fulvius Nobilior, under whom he had served in Ætolia. Even after this he was poor, for Cicero tells how merry he was under the double burden of poverty and old-age. Though poor, he did not think austerity necessary to dignity. He died of gout at seventy. He had said, long before, he was never a poet but when he had the gout: he translated a Sicilian cookery-book and a Greek work on the extreme of voluptuousness. His great work was produced at intervals, as a war occurred in which a patron distinguished himself. Its successive instalments are the fruit of the brightest intervals in the life of the father of Roman letters, when he could escape from the drudgery of his work as a schoolmaster and playwright to the freedom of a parasite. He had no sordid desire to make a profit of his patrons, for whom he glorified and transcended the festal songs in praise of men of old. He has drawn his own portrait as the model client with great insight and perhaps a little garrulity, and it is noticeable that there is not a utilitarian trait in the picture. There is nothing to show that the client makes himself of use to his patron in any way. His value to the patron is that he is absolutely safe with him, and

¹ Aspicere hoc sublime candens quem invocant omnes Jovem.

absolutely at ease; he can tell him anything good and bad; he can share his avowable and unavowable pleasures with him; all his secrets will be kept, nothing will ever provoke the good client to be thoughtless or spiteful: the good client knows when to speak and when to hold his tongue; he is always pleasant and has plenty to say, and can be entertained; he can follow up his patron's ideas at the right time, but he is not talkative; he has old-world knowledge of all kinds, but it is buried in his mind; he does not overwhelm his company with precedents.

It is curious to turn from this picture of discretion to the grand self-assertion of Ennius's claim to be hailed as the poet¹ who reaches to mortals the fiery cup of heartfelt song. The contrast seems rather characteristic of the Italians, and occurs again and again in Latin literature; in Greece boastfulness and prudence do not seem to go together. Pindar perhaps is an exception, but even Pindar praises himself less directly and less audaciously than Ennius. Another great poet of whom Ennius reminds us is Milton; there is the same late maturity, the same manliness, if not the same austerity and purity. And there is the same transition from the romantic interest in poetry to the ethical and political interest. Nearly everything that is strictly poetical or imaginative in the "Annals" belongs to the earliest books. It is not merely that the outline of the story ceases to be poetical: such a picture as the goddess swimming swiftly over the tender marge of gloom might have been introduced anywhere, but in fact it comes in the first. There, too, we have the first appearance of the "azure meadows" of the sea; in the second we have the really exquisite line—

Olli respondet suavis sonus Egeriai,²

where one wonders if *sonus* is really used for *vox*, or whether Ennius wished to suggest that the favored king heard the

¹ Enni poeta salve qui mortalibus
Versus propinas flammeos medullitus.

² Egeria answered him with soothing sound.

voice of the nymph in the sound of the fountain. In the dream of Ilia we may notice the pleasant willow beds, and the "new places" over which the fair man of the dream hurries the dreamer, for the combination of two different kinds of imagination: and we know that the description of the fall of Alba suggested many traits in the fall of Troy. In the war with Pyrrhus there are one or two well-known grandiloquent passages, and an amusing sneer of the demi-Greek at

Stolidum genus Æneidarum
Bellipotentes sunt magis quam sapientipotentes,

which suggests an inquiry whether Lucilius would have considered *sapientipotentes* a legitimate Latin compound. We know that he criticised another phrase which passed almost into a mannerism with Ennius. Both in the "Annals" and in the tragedies we find more than once the metaphor of bristling arms: one line in which it occurred ended with

splendet et horret.

Lucilius suggested that the line should read

horret et alget,

implying that nothing but a strictly intransitive use in connection with cold was permissible. Perhaps his criticism suggests that Ennius's metaphor was taken from the play of light upon the weapons, which gave him the impression of shivering. There is no trace of this in Vergil, who adopted the metaphor and handed it on to a long succession of poets. Another metaphor of Ennius which Vergil adopted too has been less fortunate:

Florentes ære catervas

has found no imitators outside the literature of the Latin lands, and it is only Vergil's imitation which has preserved to us the knowledge of Ennius's *floros*, a formation which has to be excused by the remembrance that Ennius was a Calabrian poet.

In spite of these questionable audacities, it is clear that Ennius valued style and art as highly as the poets of the Augustan age. When he begins his own cursory narrative of the first Punic war, he says that the story has been told already—

Versibus' quos olim Fauni vatesque caneant
Quum neque Musarum scopulos quisquam superarat
Nec dicti studiosus erat.

And Cicero, who has preserved the boast, seems to admit that though ungraceful it was not unjustifiable. What is perhaps more remarkable, a Greek rhetorician of the second century was struck by the sonorous pomp and strength of his hexameters. It is true that the metre is imperfectly mastered: there are spondaic lines like

Olli respondet rex Albai Longai,

which recall the old saturnian rhythm, unless we are to assume that its prosody was much more fixed than is probable. And even when the dactylic movement is unmistakable, the want of practice makes itself painfully felt; he writes with as little restriction as Homer, and he is far from having Homer's resources. Such a line as

Aspectabat virtutem legionis' suai

is very far from being an extreme instance of the harshness of Ennius: it is at least as hard to scan as an average English hexameter. A fairer example of Ennius's latest manner may be found in the description of the tribune in the Histrian war:

Undique conveniunt velut imber tela tribuno,
Configunt parmam, tinnit hastilibus umbo
Ærato sonitu galeæ; sed nec pote quisquam
Undique nitendo corpus discernere ferro.
Semper obundantes hastas frangitque quatitque.
Totum sudor habet corpus, multumque laborat,
Nec respirandi fit copia, præpete ferro
Histri tela manu jacentes sollicitabant.¹

In the main, these lines are a free and vigorous translation of

¹ All around the weapons came in upon the tribune like a storm. They pierce his buckler: the boss rings with darts with bronzed clang in his helm. But yet no one prevails among them all to cleave his body with steel. Evermore he shatters and shakes off the wave of lances. All his body is in a sweat; he is sore put to it; he has no leisure to draw breath. The Histrians troubled him with winged steel, casting darts from their hands.

Il. π 103 sq. The double ablative in the second and third lines is an immature construction: even in English the boss of a helmet ringing with darts with bronzed clang is awkward. On the other hand, the fifth line is fine and original, though not quite consistent with the statement that the tribune's shield is pierced with darts. A similar incongruity occurs in Ennius's adaptation of the simile of the στατὸς ἵππος: he adds the trait of the horse foaming, which implies that he is balked and restrained while stimulated to violent action.

With all its incongruities, the "Annals" of Ennius was the work upon which his reputation rested. His comedies were rated very low in antiquity. Volcatius, a grammarian of the seventh century of the city, who drew up a list of ten comedians in order of merit, placed Ennius at the end of it, and only placed him there in honor of his antiquity; which is more remarkable, as he placed the haughty and free-spoken Nævius, an earlier writer than Ennius, and one whose comedies are otherwise unknown, above Terence. Ennius's tragedies were better esteemed, though both Pacuvius and Accius were held to have surpassed him. Still, for us the history of Latin tragedy begins with him, as for us the history of Latin comedy begins with Plautus.

CHAPTER II.

LATIN TRAGEDY UNDER THE REPUBLIC.

ACCORDING to an ingenious theory set forth by Ladewig in a programme published thirty years ago, the Latin drama began with translation, at least with paraphrase, and in Ennius hardly ever got beyond this, while Pacuvius and Accius emancipated themselves. For instance, he observes that if Ennius had treated the legend of Antiope as Hyginus said he did, Cicero must have been wrong in saying that Pacuvius's "Antiope" was a translation of the "Antiope" of Euripides. It is a fair reply that Hyginus was at least as likely to be mistaken in the name of the poet as Cicero in the nature of the play, though it does not seem to have been noticed on either side that a line of Pacuvius's play,¹ which Persius paraphrases, is plainly taken from Æschylus, whom Euripides is not known to have copied. This is nearly decisive against the literal truth of Cicero's statement. It may possibly be true in the main; it would be like Persius to sum up Pacuvius's imitation of the shabby pathos of Euripides in the one epithet *verrucosa*, as if she had been covered with warts in consequence of the ill-treatment on which Pacuvius had dwelt at length; it would be as like him to use this coarse epithet to express his sense of the roughness of the play, or of the incorrectness of Pacuvius's language, who, since Cato calls a hill *verruca*, may have made his heroine fly to her sons *per verrucosa loca*.

Most of Ladewig's instances are as doubtful as the "Antiope," and he never carried his system beyond the first sketch. In philology theories which are put forward with an insufficient foundation of knowledge seem harder to revive than theories

¹ Antiope ærumnis cor luctificabile fulta.

Εἰσὶν στεναγμοὶ τῶν πόνων ἐρείσματα.

of like character in natural science. For in natural science materials accumulate far more rapidly, and a problem can be reopened as often as fresh evidence has been made accessible; in philology a theory which takes into account all the evidence, without forcing it, may easily establish itself in permanent possession of the field. The accepted theory upon which the lost tragedies of the republic have been reconstructed in outline is, in the main, the work of two men—Welcker and Ribbeck; and the younger of these, though often differing in detail, consistently treats the former as his master, and adheres to his method. This method is so adventurous that it is fortunate that it has been applied by scholars of remarkable sobriety of judgment and of unwearied diligence in collecting materials. It is substantially this. We know from Cicero and elsewhere that more than one famous Roman play was in the main a translation from a definite Greek original; it may therefore be assumed, when there are any fragments of a Latin play which appear to be translated from a Greek play, the whole play was a translation from that Greek original. Consequently, it is possible to reconstruct the Greek play (if, as generally happens, it is lost) and the Latin by piecing the fragments of the two together. When the fragments, Greek and Latin, leave the outline of the play uncertain, recourse is had to Hyginus, a grammarian of the reign of Augustus, who wrote a hand-book of mythology, and sometimes, at any rate, drew his materials from Greek plays—or from their arguments, which are not quite the same thing. It is frankly admitted that Hyginus had other sources; that there are lines in the Greek fragments which the Latin writer could hardly have used; that there are lines in the Latin fragments which could hardly come from the Greek; and, lastly, that in a certain number of plays different Greek sources were used. But none of these admissions are held to shake the assumption that, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, the Latin poet was translating the Greek, or at most paraphrasing him. The assumption is worked out with so much detail and so much patience and so much learning that it is hard to remember it as an assumption, and that the consent of scholars, which rewards the skill employed in

illustrating it, cannot give anything like the certainty which would be given by the recovery of a single Greek or Latin play fulfilling the anticipations of the method. This, again, would be very much less decisive and satisfactory than the recovery of the whole lost literature.

We are fortunately able, in some measure, to test Cicero's statement that the "Medea" of Ennius was a verbal translation of the "Medea" of Euripides. To a critical reader it was something less, to a sympathetic reader it may have been something more. How much less and how much more will be clearer after we have noticed some fundamental changes both in form and spirit which distinguished Latin tragedy as a whole from Greek. One important change was the suppression of the choral dance, which followed the removal of the chorus from the orchestra to the stage. The change dates from the first days of the literary drama at Rome, and there were better reasons for it than the fact that the senate wanted the space. The choral dances and the choral rhythms were too national to bear transplanting well; and Euripides had pretty well eliminated them from the later tragedy of Athens; while the monodies to which he gave such great development were very near akin to the *cantica*, which were as old as any element of the Roman stage. The lyrical function of the Latin chorus, when there was one, was to supply *cantica* to be sung by many voices. Besides, Euripides had changed the function of the chorus in another direction: he had made it the confidant of the protagonist, and the theory of Latin tragedy quite accepted the change. Horace has the air of expressing a commonplace when he tells us that the chorus ought thoroughly to sustain the part of an actor: it is obvious that an actor ought to be on the stage. The chorus in plays like the "Ajax" or the "Eumenides" would be more naturally placed on the stage than in the orchestra. The danger of overcrowding the stage was easily met by enlarging it beyond Greek precedent. It is true that the Greek arrangement was more picturesque. When the chorus was placed between the audience and the actors, upon lower ground than both, the actors could turn to the chorus without turning away from the audience. The open-

ing scene of the "Œdipus Tyrannus" would lose very much of its dignity as a spectacle if the king were thrust back to the far end of the stage, or had to make his way to the front through the crowd of his suffering subjects, instead of simply coming out of his palace as he does in Sophocles, and speaking to the people whom he finds in front of it.

The metres of the Latin chorus were much simpler, and seem to have fallen into stanzas which were repeated without variation, when the writer aimed at any regular structure. Perhaps it was commoner to have no structure at all, but to link lines together in the fashion which the Greeks called monostrophic. To a certain extent it was a compensation for the monotony of the choruses that the dialogue was more varied than in Greek; for trochaics were much more freely employed, partly, perhaps, because the undue preponderance of spondees in iambic trimeters required to be corrected by the more rapid movement of the tetrameter.

The energy of the tetrameter is congenial, because energy is the prevailing note of Roman tragedy. All the subtleties of character and situation which culminate in Sophocles, all the subtleties of discussion and passion which culminate in Euripides, evaporated; moreover, the circumstances of Roman life excluded the spiritual interests of Greek tragedy. In the fifth century B.C. in Greece, life was very uncertain, full of examples of brilliant ruin. In the time of the Punic wars, when tragedy took shape at Rome, there was nothing to suggest any limits to the efficacy of courage and conduct: there was much to foster sobriety, nothing to foster awe. Roman tragedy developed into something not unlike the higher kind of melodrama—the expression of strong, manly feeling and of vigorous common-sense, so combined as to unite the maximum of excitement and edification.

Subject to this, it might be said that a play of Ennius was generally a play of Euripides simplified and amplified. It contained as much of Euripides as he understood sufficiently to commend to his countrymen; it contained, also, an exposition of all that he had thought or felt in reading it: the thing to be said is commonly taken direct from

Ennius.

the Greek, but Ennius says it in his own way. For instance, in his "Medea" the nurse of Medea begins the play, as in Euripides, with regretting the Argonautic expedition as the origin of her mistress's trouble. But in Euripides she wishes that the Argo had never sailed through the crashing rocks; in Ennius she wishes that timber to build the Argo had never been cut, and considerably informs the audience that the Argo was so named because the chosen men of Argos sailed in her. So, again, when Medea comes forth to address the dames of Corinth, in Euripides she begins simply "Dames of Corinth," but Ennius begins "Puissant illustrious Corinthian dames;" and in the next line or two his wish to raise the tone of his original carries him into downright mistranslation. Then in the scenes between Jason and Medea all the subtlety and finesse of Euripides is replaced by direct passionate emphasis. Where the Jason of Euripides parries Medea's appeals to his gratitude with a leisurely, roundabout reference to the power of Cypris, the Jason of Ennius delivers himself of the retort, at once fierce and pragmatic,

Tu me amoris plusquam honoris servavisti gratia.

Always, whenever the writing is meant to be intense, the plays upon words of all kinds multiply; nor is this to be set down to mere bad taste. Alliteration and assonance seem to be natural luxuries of primitive speech when it becomes more vehement. They are almost an attempt to make the stutter of passion articulate; or, rather, when passion has found a tongue the note first struck goes on sounding of itself, and then the artist who has struck a note that pleases him holds it as long as he can. In Ennius and other early writers the artifice, to call it so, is exaggerated into a vicious and provoking mannerism; although it often produces a legitimate effect, as in the vigorous trochaic lines in which Medea announces more plainly than in Euripides her intention to slay her children and bring punishment on Jason, banishment on herself. In Euripides she is thinking and feeling aloud; in Ennius she has thought and is telling the result. Ennius found the process by which her decision was reached thought out for him, and

lived with men who still decided silently. On the other hand, Euripides, whose audience were familiar with the legend, generalizes his traditional subject; he makes it a vehicle for the discussion of the recurring tragedy of a cast-off wife. For Ennius this general problem had little interest; the disintegration of the family had scarcely begun, though the burden of keeping it up was felt already. His main concern was to familiarize his audience with an exciting legend of an alien race and a distant time. The pragmatism, though always present, does not affect the conception of a subject as a whole; it shows itself in a constant tendency of the characters to say something edifying whenever occasion can be found or made. For instance, in the "Eumenides," one of the two plays which we know Ennius took from Æschylus, the speech of Orestes about the time for silence and the time for speech becomes didactic in the translation, while the blessings which the Eumenides promise when propitiated are amplified in a rather earthly-minded way.

Most of the plays of Ennius belong to the Trojan cycle; of these the "Iphigenia" is noticeable because a strong scene is introduced from Sophocles, though most of the play is taken from Euripides, who, of course, could not borrow from his rival. Of the plays outside the Trojan cycle we may mention the "Erechtheus" and the "Melanippa." The former was certainly a translation, with little change, from Euripides; and, like Euripides, Ennius made the mother who gave her daughter for her country more courageous and devoted than the father. In the "Melanippa" all the perplexities mentioned above are at their height, and so is our dependence on the doubtful help of Hyginus. The subject is interesting. The wise wife of Æolus, the wise daughter of Chiron, was the organ of some of the boldest scepticism of Euripides, and in both plays much turned upon the question what was to be done with her children, who had been nursed by a cow, as the twin founders of Rome were nursed by a wolf. Were they to be burned as monsters to purify the land, or was theirs a case for rational explanation? In both cases the same explanation had to serve. Poseidon had been too strong for Melanippa,

as Mars had been too strong for Ilia. The polemic is not against supernaturalism, but against superstition. Melanippa is imprisoned at last until she can burst the rock which shuts her in; but her mother appears in glory and promises deliverance. Ennius's rationalism is never carried through.

Tragedy passed from the hands of Ennius to those of his sister's son, M. Pacuvius, who continued the work of his uncle in other directions too. He wrote satires, which shall be treated with the other miscellaneous works Pacuvius. of his uncle when we come to speak of Lucilius. According to one account, where the reading is, to say the very least, doubtful, he wrote Annals too. In addition to this, he was a painter. His life was long, but it does not appear that it was very productive; he wrote very much less than Ennius, and does not appear to have had to work as a schoolmaster. Perhaps we ought to esteem his artistic performances, like those of Leonardo da Vinci, as the occasional exercise of a man of the world who practises difficult accomplishments conscientiously.

It is certain that he and Accius were the two tragic poets who excited most literary interest at Rome. Cicero at first seems an exception to the caprice which rested the fame of Ennius on his "Annals;" but when Cicero praises Ennius's translations of fine Greek plays, he is really influenced by the same loyalty to the language which makes him read and recommend poor Titinius's translation of the masterpieces of Sophocles, although even Cicero could not quote Titinius as he quoted Ennius. But when the Romans compared their own stage with the Greek, they thought of the learned Pacuvius and the lofty Accius, and in later days of Varius, whose "Thyestes," according to Quintilian, was worthy of the best days of Greece. The admiration for the older dramatists was perhaps better founded as well as more spontaneous. The period between the victories over Syria and Macedonia and the Social War, during which Pacuvius and Accius chiefly worked, was really more favorable to tragedy than most other periods of Roman history. The old national discipline still existed; its authority was not questioned; it was still in a sense obeyed,

but the virtue was gone out of it. Life was becoming dark and hard, and Roman tragedy was a dramatized sermon on the characteristic Roman virtues, which had been most vigorous when they could be practised in silence, but were still practised sufficiently to be preached effectively.

There was still a public interested in prudence and virtue, while the most powerful and most successful individuals had already learned to make their way to the highest places in fashions that could not be avowed. And this public listened with interest both to the counsels of prudence and virtue and to the description of the sufferings of heroes who had found these counsels unprofitable to themselves. Another point which aided the achievements of Accius and Pacuvius was that a real literary knowledge of Greek was still rare: if there had been a large public capable of enjoying their originals and comparing them with the copies, the copyists would have been depressed. As it was, they undertook the work of reproduction and adaptation with a fervor proportionate to their interest in Greek tragedy.

It is difficult from the fragments and notices to ascertain in what the superiority of Pacuvius and Accius over Ennius lay. The fragments of the plays of the Trojan cycle of Ennius are certainly fresh and brilliant compared with anything of his successors that has come down to us. To be sure, they are selected partly for their merits as well as for their *à propos* by an admirable judge of style; but it is still curious that Cicero had nothing so good to select from Pacuvius or Accius. It is possible that the real advance was that the later poets were able to keep on a higher level, and that Ennius was often bald when he was not passionate or, in his sober-hearted way, imaginative. It is also possible that the speculative interest was more completely subdued to the dramatic; although we know that Pacuvius introduced riddles pretty freely, which is a sign that the dramatic movement cannot have been very active, and his verses are overloaded with long words—especially words like *teneritudo*, which have no foundation in the general usage of the language. In fact, it scarcely seems as if he had been, or been esteemed, a poet of

genius: his praise was that he was "learned." He introduced all kinds of little-known legends to his countrymen; he travelled freely beyond the Theban and Trojan cycles; and even when within them he brought forward the tales that were new. Even after Ennius, it was impressive to be told that Æter was the father and Earth the mother—all the more perhaps because this was put forth quite simply and without enthusiasm.

In general, he seems to have refined upon Ennius rather than introduced any new spirit into poetry; he was the smoothest and most careful in his metres of the classical tragedians; he continues all the discussions of Ennius. He is not tired, as we have seen, of the physical philosophy which Ennius first introduced; in his "Chryses," if Ribbeck be right in thinking he followed Sophocles in the plot, it is significant that the passage which described the ether as the beginning and end of all things should present so many parallelisms to a passage in Euripides on the most fruitful of all physical themes—the marriage of heaven and earth. Another point in which he imitated Euripides was in introducing Orestes as a beggar, for the story simply required that he should land by some accident or other on the island where Chryses was priest, and be preserved by Chryseis, who recognized in him the brother of her own child by Agamemnon. Perhaps it is an advance upon Ennius that, where Ennius denies Providence, Pacuvius denies fortune; it is admitted on both sides that there is no perceptible connection between men's lot and their desert; and the only question is whether this result is due to a blind power, or is to be conceived as the uncaused issue of accident. Pacuvius inclines to the latter alternative. His view differs perceptibly from the high fatalism of Æschylus or even Sophocles. They treat calamity as something mysterious and inevitable, incurred either by the sins of the father visited upon the children or by a taint in the nature of the sufferer himself. In Euripides this doctrine has lost as much in depth of meaning as it has gained in breadth of application. It resolves itself simply into the statement that circumstances are beyond our power, and this is made the foundation for a tearful view of life; even heroism where it appears (and it generally ap-

pears among the weak ; indeed, it would be hard to find a real hero or heroine in Euripides, apart from his one male and many female virgin-martyrs) is something to be cried over rather than to be imitated or even admired with hearty cheerfulness. This kind of pathos was anything but Roman. The vigor of national life was still unimpaired by the obvious inequalities of fortune, and it is not surprising, therefore, to find that even Sophocles is not manly enough for Pacuvius. In the "Niptra" of Sophocles the dying Ulysses did not exert any self-control when there was no more use for it. Pacuvius, whether he borrowed from Sophocles or Apollodorus or aimed at originality, was resolved that his Ulysses should be heroic to the end. His comrades rebuke him for the first and mildest expression of feeling, and remind him of what he has borne as a pledge of what he can bear. At last he is perfectly calm, and can rebuke others for giving way to wailing, which should be left to women. Looking to the very Roman character of the alliterative caresses of the serving-maid, who recognizes her unknown master by his scars as she washes his feet, it is possible that Pacuvius made the opening scene softer than the Greek, as he made the last scene sterner.

Pacuvius seems to have been given to accumulate horrors in a mechanical way to compensate the want of natural pathos or supernatural awe. Madness plays a great part in his scenes ; the Bacchic frenzy is introduced in the "Peribœa" (which dealt with the restoration of Æneas by Diomed on his return from the war of the Epigoni) and in the "Antiopa," as well as in the "Bacchæ." It is to be remembered that Pacuvius was a contemporary of the Bacchanalian excitement in Italy. He declines to take a mystical view of it : in Euripides, Dionysus himself is the prisoner of Pentheus ; in Pacuvius he is replaced by an insignificant Acœtes. On the other hand, Pentheus is haunted by the Furies, which is an addition to Euripides.

There is a general desire to complicate the story. In the "Antiopa" there was not only the Bacchic interlude, but a long debate between Zethus and Amphion as to whether the speculative or practical life was better, besides the proper sub-

ject—the deliverance of their mother from the oppression of Dirce. In the "Dulorestes," according to the most recent theory, there was an elaborate underplot about Electra's marriage with Æax (one of the sons of Caphareus, who destroyed the Greek fleet on its return from Troy by false beacons), besides the main subject of the matricide. In the "Electra" of Euripides the heroine is married already, and her sufferings serve to fill up the measure of her mother's crimes without complicating the action. Nor is it certain that the authorities were wrong who hold that the "Dulorestes" contained the most famous and effective passage in Pacuvius, the contest of self-devotion between Orestes and Pylades. If so, Pacuvius brought together in one play three subjects, any of which would have been enough for a play of Sophocles. After this it is not strange that the "Armorum Judicium" carries on the story to the funeral of Ajax, though Æschylus was content to end his play with the contest for the arms of Achilles.

The frenzy of Hesione may have done something to complicate the plot of the comparatively simple play which told of the return of Teucer and his banishment by Telamon. The despair and rage of the old man, under a calamity which broke down his faith in everything, were very effective ; the dispute between father and son was interesting to an audience who lived under the *patria potestas*, and it was part of rhetorical training to commit it to memory. The conflict between youth and age appeared in another form in the rivalry between Hermione and Andromache, which formed the subject of another play.

Pacuvius himself lived to be old, and had the good fortune to be honored by his successor as he had honored his predecessor. Accius introduced himself to Pacuvius with his first play, which the elder poet approved as admirably fiery, though harsh and obscure. The younger said these were faults which time would mend, and it was better to start with too much impetuosity than too little. The promise was hardly fulfilled ; Accius was never as finished a versifier as Pacuvius : we should not have guessed from his fragments that he was regarded as "loftier" than his "learned" prede-

Accius.

cessor. The polemic against soothsayers reappears without change or progress; the parade of alliteration reappears too; verbal distinctions after the manner of Prodicus or Ennius are elaborated with sophisticated precision. There is the same striving after superior manliness; the Philoctetes of Sophocles, like his Ulysses, has to take lessons in self-control before addressing a Roman audience. Perhaps Accius is a shade less sceptical, a shade more romantic, than Pacuvius. In his fragments there is no trace of the polemic against Providence; one of his characters even expresses a firm belief that there is no human virtue without the help of the immortal gods. This is the first sign of the pietistic reaction which henceforward accompanies almost every political revival at Rome. Again, in the "Bacchæ" of Accius there are some sounding lines on the revels of the Mænads, which perhaps anticipate something of the modern passion for nature. The passion for the past of Rome was more to him. His "Prætextæ" (in which the characters wore the Roman official dress) were apparently his most famous works; at least, they stood out more from his other writings than those of Nævius, Ennius, or Pacuvius. They seem to have been superseded by Livy, as the few historical plays of Greece were superseded by the historians and orators: they were so completely forgotten that we do not know how much of the story of the fall of the Tarquins was included in the "Brutus." Horace is almost the only writer who expresses a critical interest in the "Prætextæ" as a whole, because he approved all experiments tending to independence of Greece. After all, he only says they did not deserve the least share of such praise as was due to the old poets.

With Accius Roman tragedy terminated: perhaps it was a form of art only suitable to untravelled poets. Ennius, indeed, had served out of Italy, but that was when Roman literature was young and when criticism was still a thing of the future, except so far as each poet sat in judgment on his predecessor. Writers who had seen Greek dramas performed in Greek theatres, or even writers whose acquaintances had travelled in Greece, could not approach the work of adaptation with enthusiasm; and though the theatre continued to flourish,

this was due to the reputation of individual actors, which rose as the *equites* insisted on having special places assigned to them. There were no great Roman actors before Roscius and Æsopus, and it is only when the tradition of the stage has been handed down through a long series of actors that the reigning actor encourages poets to supply him with new parts. Besides, learning and philosophy were beginning to be studied for themselves, and the stage could no longer monopolize intellectual life. Satire had begun to compete with it already as an expression of the reflections of cultivated men; and Lucilius criticised Accius on the strength of superior "urbanity." But although there was an end of tragedy, there remained "a mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease," and who, as it happened, wrote tragedies, very much as the Marquess of Wellesley wrote Latin elegiacs. Tragedies had formed a large part, if not the largest, of the reading of a Roman noble who felt at all inclined to practise eloquence; and to compose a tragedy was a natural employment if he cared for literature for its own sake. Down to the close of the Republic this movement seems to have got more and more active, till at last Quintus Cicero, in his winter-quarters, turned out four tragedies in sixteen days. Of course they must have been very characterless and probably very slipshod paraphrases from the Greek; but even so, they are a marvellous proof of facility almost worthy of his brother. Quintus Cicero was enterprising as well as fluent; he experimented upon two satiric dramas of Sophocles: his brother disliked the result, whether because the satiric drama itself was objectionable or because Quintus had made the playfulness of Sophocles grotesque. Julius Cæsar the elder, who had weak health, wrote tragedies which the grammarians occasionally quoted. According to Cicero, they were like his speeches, "smooth without strength." The last of the line was the "Ajax" of Octavian, which, in the words of the author, "fell upon the sponge."

In the latest plays whose fragments have reached us, the language and the versification are decidedly archaic in character, and the same may be said of Cicero's translations from Greek plays which he introduces in his philosophical works.

The metre and syntax are not perfectly fused; words are put where the metre requires, not where the natural structure of the sentence requires; and the sentence itself is kept upon a level of artificial simplicity, just as it might be in a modern ballad. This may be tested very simply in two ways: we may compare Cicero's iambics with his prose; or, if this is unfair, we may compare his iambics or those of Julius Cæsar with the fragments of Crassus, who was an elder contemporary of Cæsar, and preceded Cicero by a whole generation: and compared to the verse of either, the prose of Crassus is finished and modern.

Immature or affected as it was, republican tragedy never became so empty or so preposterous as the tragedies written simply for recitation in the imperial period, which were eaten up by rhetoric, and in the judgment of Quintilian were very inferior, so far as plan and structure went, to the elder drama, which had its life on the stage, and, at the worst, always succeeded in telling a story and placing possible human beings before the audience.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY LATIN COMEDY.

LATIN comedy was much more a national form of art than tragedy: a half-trained public prefers amusement to elevating excitement. Besides, even the latest literary comedy of Greece was nearer than Greek tragedy to the popular impromptu performances that grew up independently in Greece and Rome, and this made it easier for Roman imitators of Greek comedy to keep close to the popular source. The company were still very familiar with the poet and the public when the leading dramatist was Plautus, whose popularity survived him in a way that preserved and corrupted his works. They long remained in the hands of the players, who originally purchased them, and until the time of Varro did what they liked with them.

When Varro began his examination of Plautus's writings, he found a mass of acting editions of popular plays, all under his name, which seems to have had a higher commercial value than Shakespeare's in the reign of James I. Only six or seven spurious plays were fathered on Shakespeare by the booksellers:¹ forty-two were fathered by the players on Plautus, or so Varro believed. Besides these, there were nineteen that might be genuine, and twenty-one that were above dispute. The twenty-one "Varronian" plays were preserved into the Middle Ages, but the last two disappeared altogether, and the quotations of grammarians show that even existing MSS. of the rest are incomplete. Ritschl has traced the lacunæ and transpositions in them to accidents which happened partly to the oldest MS. we have, the Ambrosian palimpsest, and partly to the lost archetype of that and the Calliopean

¹ Interested mistakes in the matter were easier, because there are faint traces of a certain Plautius, whose name on his pieces would only appear in the genitive, and so be undistinguishable from that of Plautus.

recension, from which last all the other MSS. appear to be derived.

All the "Varronian" comedies seem to belong to Plautus's later years; none can be dated before 202 B.C. (552 U.C.); and he died at the age of seventy, 184 B.C. (570 U.C.). Cicero tells us that the "Pseudulus" and the "Truculentus" were works of his old-age. According to tradition, he came to Rome to work for hire in a mill, and meanwhile wrote plays with such success as to set up in trade with the proceeds. When his business failed, he returned to the old combination of taskwork, and wrote hurriedly in order to bring in money fast. None of the plays which have reached us look as if the writer was growing old, though, if the accepted dates can be trusted, they are all the work of a man over fifty; but it is to be remembered that a comic writer could hardly do his best during the war of Hannibal. Plautus, we know, was an Umbrian; and if we suppose that the Celts and Sabellians only parted company on the threshold of Italy, we shall be tempted to fancy that Plautus in Rome was almost like an Irishman in London, undertaking hard work and at the same time keeping up high spirits. The prevailing mood of his comedies is a combination of gayety and grumbling; the gayety is a matter of temperament, the grumbling comes of reflection upon the course of things. Sons are extravagant, wives are querulous and overbearing; the most thrifty cannot keep out of debt. Obviously hard times had left their traces behind them, and even on holidays Plautus's public could not forget their dull lives.

Plautus does not draw from life at large; he keeps mostly within the narrow circle of the New Comedy, which finds all its interests in the passions of a few years, and seldom the best years of life. At Athens, when the New Comedy arose civilization was exhausted; and the competition of well-to-do young men with soldiers of fortune, in amours, which observers could hardly admire, was almost the only subject sufficiently exciting for poetical discussion. At Rome serious matters, which were shortly discussed in society, were not yet ripe for the irresponsible discussion of the comic stage. The intel-

lectual range of Philemon and Menander was as wide as that of Euripides, and their emotional range was nearer his than we should judge by their imitators. The range of Latin comedy as we know it is decidedly narrower; the one element upon which it fastened was the element that came into daily Roman experience—the discord between father and son, master and slave, husband and wife, which was the result of the passions of the young.

Plautus treats the matter lightly, without caring to make things end well. Young men will be young, but they cannot be young forever; a stage of life that has to be left behind may be wound up anyhow; the poet is not anxious that every Jack should have his Jill. His lover—one cannot speak of a hero in Latin comedy—when he marries at all, has to take a wife of his father's choosing as often as not; if he is left in possession of his mistress at the end of the play, there is seldom a prospect that the possession will be permanent. The lover always means well, but Plautus never makes him interesting: even the helpless maiden fallen among thieves is a more respectable figure, though she reluctantly anticipates that circumstances will be too strong for her lover's protection and her own dispositions to virtue. But Plautus spends more pains and more sympathy upon the slave who helps the lover; the spirit of gay bravado in which his slaves treat the tyranny under which they live is the nearest approach to an ideal picture which he ever draws. He is fond of insisting upon the greater freedom with which they were treated in Greece and Africa, and even other parts of Italy.

As the slave is Plautus's favorite, the matron is his pet aversion. Matrons did not visit theatres, so attacks on them did not divide the audience; the law of property gave a woman who had brought a dowry with her so much power that husbands fretted under it; the harshness of the times, perhaps we should say of the race, which had long been used to a narrow life, made it difficult for man and wife to grow old together peaceably. The contrast of the sexes strikes Plautus as more unmanageable than the contrast between youth and age; writing when he was old himself, he could understand the old

man who liked to have his youth over again by helping the young.

More than once the strict and the indulgent elder debate on the stage the proper way to treat youth, and Plautus is always on the side of indulgence; only he is inclined to insist that, when an old man is indulgent to himself, at any rate he shall not be found out. Half the fun of the "Menæchmi" is that Menæchmus of Epidamnus, who is always robbing his wife to make presents to his mistress, has to do penance for his own misdeeds and for the feats of Menæchmus of Syracuse, who cheats his brother's mistress out of his brother's presents, and is constantly being mistaken, to his own great profit, for the unlucky brother whom he set out to seek. Instead of drawing the obvious inference, when he finds himself involved in a protracted case of mistaken identity, that the long-lost brother must be close at hand, Menæchmus of Syracuse only thinks how to get off clear with his booty, which properly belongs to his sister-in-law. Even when the brothers meet after a series of adventures amusing and not unnatural (if Menæchmus of Syracuse had not been looking for his brother), they do not know one another. The slave identifies them, and is so proud of his acuteness that he will not allow either to speak except in answer to his questions. The meeting itself happens by accident when it is time for the play to end. In most of Plautus's other plays the plot is still more random; half his plays are really a parabasis; some character or characters are on the stage, and the plot, or what there is of it, having supplied them with something to say, has to stand still while they talk at the audience, air their views, and make jokes. In a play like the "Stichus," which, according to Ritschl, is unusually well preserved, and according to Weise is plainly spurious, there is scarcely a plot at all; one is tempted to see a transition to the *mimus*. The scenes succeed each other without connection, and disappear without consequence. Two sisters are married to two spendthrifts, who have gone abroad to make their fortune. The father thinks of taking them away from their husbands and making better matches for them; the sisters are alarmed at the prospect, but at the first coaxing

the father gives way. They send a parasite to the port for news; the confidential slave announces the return of the husbands, who have made their fortunes, and prove the genuineness of their reformation by flouting the parasite, while the slave is rewarded by being allowed a day's holiday to feast with a friend and their common mistress. It is true that the scenes in which the sisters appear are pretty, and the parasite is as laughable as his name.¹ Even where there is plenty of action there is less than in the Greek original; Terence in the "Adelphi" appropriated a scene and a set of characters which Plautus had not used in the lost play of the "Conmori-entes." Probably the "Persa" is an amplification of half a Greek play, for when Sagaristio comes on to borrow money to help a friend, we expect to hear of his master's love affair; but nothing comes of the loan and we hear nothing of the love affair. The diminution of action is compensated by an increase of bustle; Plautus is quite equal, as we see in the "Rudens," to spinning out "touch if you dare" through one scene of horseplay, and "move if you dare" through another. There is plenty of coming and going even in the "Stichus." Plautus everywhere justifies the boast of his admirers that he "hurries" after the pattern of Epicharmus of Sicily. Only the hurry is at the expense of progress: whoever comes with a message has to announce an intention of knocking; whoever hears a knock has to take a line or two to ask or guess who the visitor can be. When one of the characters is on an errand, he talks to himself all the way; if another sees him, he tells the audience he must listen and see what the first is after; and then comes a barren and lively scene of double asides. The comic business leaves no room for the orderly development of the story. In the "Casina" the denouement is announced as ready to be accomplished behind the scenes without having been prepared on the stage; though the play must have been shortened by the sacrifice to decorum which Plautus made, by leaving the son all day in the country that he might not come into collision with his father, who was his rival.

¹ Gelasimus.

A carefully prepared denouement implies a story with some serious interest, and all Plautus's stories are farcical. The "Menæchmi," which perhaps has the best story, turns on mistaken identity; the "Aulularia," on the successes and failures of a miser in hiding a pot of gold; the "Mostellaria" is about a counterfeit ghost; in the "Asinaria" a man plots to cheat himself, or rather his wife, out of the price of some asses, to get pocket-money for a joint love affair of himself and his son. Such plots are suitable to a company too intimate with the audience to lose themselves in the story. Plautus is audaciously frank, and puts the joke in the "Critic" that explanations are for the audience, not for the actors, both ways; sometimes the characters make explanations that the audience need and they do not, sometimes they postpone explanations for which they are eager because the audience knows all. When a slave is hatching some device as simple as the conspiracies that Euripides had an odd taste for weaving on the stage, some crony bids us remark his acting—"he is as good as a slave in a play." Too often the slaves' jokes are grimmer than this: they jest on the cross as their family grave. Even the parasite is a little bitter in his justification of his career. We get purer fun out of the Eastern swaggerers who boasted of their position in the military service of Egypt or Syria. The Persian reminds us a little of the "king's eye" in Aristophanes; and we are reminded of Aristophanes again¹ when another soldier tests the credulity of the pander with a monstrously exaggerated description of a quail fight, where the quails figure as winged men who are caught with birdlime. This is nothing to the glorious history which the Boastful Soldier makes of picking up his parasite when he was being teased by a hornet—as he puts it himself, "saving him in the battle of Wretchedhovelland, where his highness Apbullybuttock Mauroy Fitzbourdonneur des batailles commanded in chief in virtue of his descent from Neptune."² Even when

¹ "Pæn." ii. 26 sq.

² Hornets were supposed to spring from horses, as bees were supposed to spring from bulls; and Neptune was the creator of the horse, and so, at one remove, of the hornet.

the soldier in his own person is respectable, the parasite cannot prove his acquaintance with him better than by fathering a monstrous romance upon him about a solid statue of pure gold seven feet high, which he is going to erect in honor of his exploits in subduing the Persians, Paphlagonians, Sinopeans, Arabians, Carians, Cretans, Syrians, Rhodia and Lycia, Eathardia and Drinkhardia, Nightmarewarria and Amazonia, Fleetlandia, and Libya and all the coast of Browbruiseria, single-handed within twenty days.¹

One finds the same riotous merriment in the "Amphitruo," which is taken up with the misadventures and mischief-making of the king of gods in masquerade. There is nothing like it in any Greek play that we know; the ill-luck of Bacchus in the "Frogs" comes nearest; but there is much less story in the "Frogs" than in the "Amphitruo," and the indecorous mishaps of Bacchus on his way to the Shades have nothing to do with the selection of a successor to the throne of tragedy. But all the confusion between Mercury and Sosia, and the more important mistake of Jupiter for Amphitruo, are of the substance of the play in Plautus. One might fancy that we have at second-hand a solitary specimen of the "Tragœdia Rhinthonica," as we have a solitary specimen of the satyric drama in the "Cyclops" of Euripides. In any case, Plautus shows a good deal of his special humor in the way he dwells on the comic amazement of Alcmena's waiting-woman when Jupiter first reveals his glory, and in the way that Mercury and Sosia sneer at their masters, who have much less importance for the business of the play than they have. The irreverence is not meant for profanity; the bluff good-humor of Jupiter's final explanation to Amphitruo is not what we should

Quemne ego servavi in campis Gurgustidoniis,
Ubi Bombomachides Cluninstaridysarchides
Erat imperator summus, Neptuni nepos?—*Mil. Glor.* I. i. 13 sq.

Quia enim Persas, Paphlagonas,
Sinopeas, Arabas, Caras, Cretanos, Syros,
Rhodiam atque Lyciam, Perediam et Perbibesiam,
Centauiromachiam et Classiam Unomammiam,
Libyamque et oram omnem Conterebroniam,
Subegit solus intra viginti dies.—*Curc.* III. 69.

expect from an unbeliever; and there is not a trace in Plautus of the polemic against soothsayers and omens which is so prominent in Ennius and his successors. In no sense is Plautus a revolutionary writer; he believes in prudence and respectability; his very slaves preach, and sometimes, like the slave in the "Menæchmi," practise, them simply as a matter of foresight, because one's interest and one's reputation last, and one's pleasures do not. Besides, a convinced preacher of conventional morality has always the resource of censoriousness, and a dramatist can always raise a laugh at the expense of a degenerate world. Plautus's conception of morality does not rise very high; he scarcely emancipates himself from the antithesis between duty and pleasure, which coincides with the antithesis between business and love. He is aware, however, that a well-brought-up young man is really happier while he continues dutiful than when he has launched himself on the inclined plane of idleness, love, and debt. His highest flight perhaps is the "Captivi," where, as he boasts in his prologue, all discreditable motives are carefully avoided, and the result is a rather tame contest of self-sacrifice between two model young men who are prisoners of war, with their ransoms already arranged, and play Orestes and Pylades over the question which is to take advantage of the devotion of the slave who has a safe-conduct to fetch the ransom, and is willing to let his own master change clothes with him so as to be free and safe a week sooner. The slave runs a little risk, but not much, and the substitution leads to some amusing situations of a semi-farcical kind; but the play, though noticeable for its intention, is not one of Plautus's best. He succeeds better in the "Trinummus," the oldest extant version of the legend of the "Heir of Lynne;" where, beside the desperate prodigal, we find a model young man, happy in a virtuous love, with whom Plautus is so well pleased that he strains probabilities a little to let him love in his own class. This is an exceptional picture: what is really commoner according to Plautus is a certain degree of generosity and faithfulness among women; and in this he is faithful to the tradition which the New Comedy inherited from Euripides. All his

characters depreciate women; his women depreciate themselves; and yet his best women are better than his best men, unless we count his best slaves.

Cæcilius Statius, one of the three greatest comic writers of Rome, is only known to us by fragments, of which the most extensive are preserved by Gellius. Volcatius puts him at the head of his canon, above Plautus, who came second, and Terence, whom he placed low; in Horace's time Cæcilius and Terence were recognized as equals; Cæcilius excelled in "gravity," as Terence excelled in "art." It agrees well with this that Gellius, who quotes Cæcilius to illustrate his inferiority to Menander, observes that half a dozen lines of Menander, which are quiet and matter-of-fact, are turned into four which have a look of tragic solemnity. Perhaps we may guess that Menander's gentle irony was replaced by outspoken bitterness, which need not have excluded the comic vigor. There was a whole side of Menander which Terence did not give, and for this perhaps Cæcilius gave the best equivalent possible. He was coarse, but this was not wholly a loss; the contemporaries of Wycherley admired him for his utter frankness and plain-dealing, and these were really inseparable from the brutalities which shock posterity. Cicero still speaks of Cæcilius with respect as an effective writer whom it is well for an orator to study, in spite of grave grammatical imperfections, excusable in one born and bred beyond the Po. It is likely, under the circumstances, that Cæcilius was of Gallic descent, as Statius is a slave's name: and after the days of Cicero his linguistic imperfections weighed more heavily upon him; for Quintilian, who takes a severe view of Latin comedy in general, treats his reputation as obsolete; nor, as we have seen, did he fare much better when the antiquarian revival of the second century was busy with his name.

He did not succeed upon the stage as spontaneously as Plautus, who could profit by his experience as an actor, while audiences were impatient of Cæcilius till the fine performances of Ambivius Turpio converted them. Still, his plays had enough literary merit to gain a position for their author, which

made his approbation a valuable introduction for Terence, who gave him his first play to read.

His method seems to have been half-way between the method of Plautus and that of Terence; he did not deliberately seek, as Plautus did, to be amusing by confounding or contrasting Greek and Roman manners; he did not set himself, like Terence, to get rid of everything in the original which did not correspond to Roman usage. His characters are not exactly Romans with Greek names, but they are Romanized in their tone of feeling and speech. They do not seem to be changed deliberately: the author probably aimed at making his adaptations as close as possible.

It is easier to judge Terence than either of his predecessors; we have all his work as he left it; although he translated ninety Greek plays, chiefly from Menander, he only adapted six to the stage. He died young, and was not very successful as a playwright. His reputation spread gradually from the circle of the younger Scipio to the grammarians of the seventh century of the city, who drew up the notes from which Varro compiled the "Didascalia." When Cicero and Cæsar, with the prestige of their genius and position, took up the cultivation of the Latin language as a fine art, Terence became generally popular. The reading public had been gradually educated up to his level of refinement and elegance and cosmopolitan humanity; the play-going public no longer went to see what new plays an author could provide for them; they went to see what a famous actor could make of old ones. Such readers and such audiences forgave Terence for being only half a Menander, because he was a lover of pure style.

Compared with his predecessors, he has less freedom and originality and more pretension; he is much more of a translator than Plautus, probably than Cæcilius, and much more inclined to treat his work as a fine art. He does not think it impeaches his originality to borrow from the Greek; he is very jealous of any imputation of borrowing from the Latin. Audiences always wished to hear something they had not heard before, and were impatient of being referred to the

sameness of the characters and incidents of the Greek drama. Wittily as Terence urged the plea, he felt the force of the criticism, and put many Greek plays under contribution for the six that have reached us. But here he came in conflict with another prejudice; a certain old poet, Luscius Lavinius, or Lanuvinus, whom we only know from Terence and his commentators, told the public, to Terence's great annoyance, that "it was not proper that plays should be muddled up together;" though Nævius and Plautus had used two Greek plays for one Latin, they had not done so upon system, and very likely their stricter successors had not done so at all.

Narrow as the range of the New Comedy was, it was too wide for Terence; he shrank from the romantic element which was certainly there, and laughed very properly at the clumsy attempt of Luscius to convey it by scenes where an enamoured young man fancied his mistress a hunted hind taking refuge in his arms. Then he was afraid of everything in Greek life which would be improbable at Rome, of the good-humor of a crowd that would make way for a slave in a hurry, of the irregularity of a court where the defendant could make a speech in favor of his claim to keep a treasure before the plaintiff had made his in favor of his claim to recover it. He was much too fastidious to explain the different customs of different countries with the freedom of Plautus, and so he had to limit himself to so much of Greek and Roman life as coincided or corresponded exactly. Naturally he laid himself open to the charge that he did not know Greek life, though he professed to represent it, and it seems he felt it, as he travelled in Greece to study Greek ways on the spot towards the close of his short life.

One result of this is a tendency to double the plot; there are almost always two pairs of lovers, and only one looks to marriage, or rather attains to it, for the catastrophe by which one of the heroines turns out to be an Attic citizen is often unexpected and un hoped for, like the intervention of a *deus ex machinâ* in Euripides. In all the plays except the "Heautontimoroumenos" (and perhaps the "Hecyra") there are scenes and characters which did not belong to the Greek original, which furnished the main plot. In the treatment of

the main plot there are changes; what passes upon the stage in Menander is turned into narrative, or, as at the close of the "Hecyra," we learn that the necessary arrangements will be finished behind the scenes. Now and then we notice that the opening scene, as in the "Andria," has no influence on the play which it serves to introduce. In this case we know that the opening scene is taken from another play of Menander's, the "Perinthia," which Terence, perhaps too fastidious, took for a mere repetition of the "Andria." So too, when we know that in the "Adelphi" a scene from Diphilus has been inserted in a play of Menander, it seems possible to detect a slight incoherence in the different stages of the quarrel between the lover and his natural enemy. But all such criticisms are suggested not by the look of the plays as they stand, but by our extraneous knowledge; and, considering this, we have only the more reason to admire the great neatness and skill of Terence's workmanship. Varro, who could compare him with Menander, remarks more than one change that he took for an improvement; for instance, in the "Eunuch" the confidant is introduced to save the audience the fatigue of listening to a soliloquy, and the opening scene of the "Adelphi" struck Varro as better in some undefined way. More doubtful changes were the alterations of the names of the persons in the drama, to make them, as it seems, more obvious clues to the characters; the attempt to make the metres more lively by passing to and fro between the iambic trimeter and the trochaic tetrameter; and the conversational redundances retained on a reduced scale from the days of Plautus. The characters find it hard to begin talking quietly; they have to hail each other, and to spend some lines looking for each other, when both are in full view of the audience. If it were not that Terence has often to apologize to his audience for allowing his characters to stand still and talk quietly, we might perhaps think that these devices for promoting tame bustle were, after all, a survival from the slow stateliness of the Attic stage. Apart from this, Terence is not so terse as the Greek writers whom he follows; pure and beautiful as his Latin is, its clauses are a little more solid, not to say cum-

brous, in their structure. In one thing, perhaps, his language gives him an advantage: famous lines like

Amantium iræ amoris integratio est,

and

Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto,

have more weight and point than their Greek equivalents.

One notices another difference—the view of marriage is harsher. In the "Andria" the father discusses his son's love affair with a confidential freedman instead of with his wife, as in Menander. A Roman was more at ease with a freedman; but the freedman's despairing ejaculations look as if they belonged by rights to the mother. Terence quotes matronly goodness as one of the commonplaces of the stage, but he makes no use of it himself. By a similar inconsistency he treats a stolen love-match as a thoroughly blissful consummation; while old men, it seems, are invariably impatient of their wives, and a marriage arranged in the ordinary way is an appropriate punishment for a wild young man, as we see in the "Heautontimoroumenos," where both the young men are married at the end of the play to reward one and punish the other.

In the "Adelphi" there is more than one sign that Terence is afraid of his original. Demea does not really exaggerate the strictness of average Roman respectability, and consequently Terence is resolved that, though the play on the whole condemns him, the last scene shall justify him, and convince heedless youths that, if their fathers treat them harshly, it is for their good in the end. The speech in which he sets forth this theory falls very flat, and the proposal to marry his brother to an old woman is turned into a trap, because the brother naïvely objects to the age of the bride. In the original, Demea's conversion to the doctrine of indulgence was sincere though tardy, and his zeal to outdo his brother in generosity was a well-meant and not misplaced contribution to the general jollity with which the play doubtless ended in Greek.

It is curious that the "Hecyra," a far bolder play than the "Adelphi," is not watered down in any way, especially as its

relation to the Greek is uncertain. According to the "Didascalica," it is taken from Menander; according to Donatus, from Apollodorus. Menander's *ἐπιτρέποντες* seems to have been similar in subject; and if it was drawn upon freely for the *ἡθοποιία* (which includes both the drawing of individual character and the general tone of feeling), we should be able to account for both traditions, and should have more reason to admire both the courage and the tact of the author. From one end to the other the play is a protest against conventionality; all the relations are false, and all the conduct is true; the characters misconceive the situation, but, given their conception of it, they behave perfectly. All the proprieties of Greek life are accepted and respected, only it is shown that the assumptions about character which they act upon are quite unfounded; all the antagonisms which propriety takes for granted, and sets itself to regulate, are present, but they are overcome by good sense and good feeling in the most unlikely places: one finds a courtesan upright and generous; one finds (what, according to Donatus, was quite as marvellous) a mother-in-law affectionate and a daughter-in-law dutiful.

Perhaps in virtue of these paradoxes the "Hecyra" is the most cheerful of Terence's plays, for, though he is quite free from bitterness or cynicism, few writers give a sorrier report of the world. It is almost impossible to care for anybody in his plays but the unprotected *ingénues* in ambiguous positions, who hardly ever appear, and yet interest us so much more than their lovers. These hardly ever know their own mind, and are in a state of abject dependence upon their slaves, whom they bully at every moment of difficulty. The old gentlemen are no better; they are made up of querulous, crabbed self-will, or else of cautious, sceptical good-nature, and recover their missing daughters without any sign of feeling except a little irritation with their wives for not having carried out the infanticide as ordered.

Next to the *ingénue*, the best character we meet with in Terence is the serviceable rogue, who has come to the end of his means and lives by his wits, and never does an ill turn except to an oaf. He differs a good deal from the parasites of Plau-

tus, who are chiefly humorous by reason of their insatiable hunger. The parasite whom Terence copied more closely from Menander has a taste for luxury in general, and hugs himself on the discovery that it can be enjoyed without submitting to insult. It is needless, he thinks, to offer one's self indiscriminately as the butt of prosperity, when it pays better to dupe credulity, to play upon suspicion, to flatter vanity.

There is the same contrast in the treatment of the soldier, who is often the patron of the parasite and the rival of the lover. Plautus's soldiers are made up of cowardly braggadocio or manly frankness; in Terence the braggadocio is much less exuberant, the cowardice less outrageous, the affectation of military prowess subtler. Instead of boasting of his exploits, the bravo gives himself the air of military instincts; when he is setting his slaves to break open a door (from which he retires at the first challenge), he talks as if he were manœuvring an army. His parasite, instead of entertaining him with a fabulous list of killed and wounded, demurely observes in answer to a platitude that he never meets him without going away the wiser. He does not even venture to congratulate his master on his prowess as a toper, in which Menander's bravo surpassed Alexander the Great. The slaves, too, are toned down like the parasites; they bring out the fact that their young masters are unreasonable and cowardly, and their old masters as stupid as they are suspicious, without indulging in eloquent buffoonery about the material incidents of their own lot. The pander also ceases to be a buffoon; instead of flouting the lover boisterously as in Plautus, he is as polite and reasonable as a tyrant in Euripides, who explains in the most affable manner that he only acts in defence of his own interests, and has no pleasure in gratuitous cruelty.

Terence's relation to the society of his time explains both his refinement and his lack of popularity. He was not, like his predecessors, a native of Italy (for Cisalpine Gaul was practically, if not politically, a part of Italy), he was not even of Aryan race; he was of mixed African and Phœnician blood, for his good looks prove that he cannot have been a pure negro. These made him a pet of the younger Africanus and

other nobles of the period, who took some share in the composition of his plays. He boasted of their help; his rivals taunted him with it. Modern critics have thought that they corrected his style, but this would have been a laborious task, and its uniform excellence proves rather that he profited by the good company he certainly kept. It is more likely that his distinguished friends liked to air their good writing, and good sense, and good feeling, and knowledge of life, by filling up one or more of the scenes of a play which had been already arranged by Terence. When a young writer in France works with one or more veteran playwrights, the actual dialogue is left to the novice. We may be certain that the young nobles did what they liked, and were thanked and praised by the author, who had to do the rest.

The result of the whole was much more acceptable to a cultivated circle which anticipated the judgment of posterity than to the public of the day, who missed their own likeness and their own grievances; "comity" and "sweetness" were for their betters; for themselves they preferred "salt."

The next stage of literary comedy at Rome is more imperfectly known. It began to manifest itself even before the time of Terence, but its great representative was

Afranius.

Afranius, who flourished a whole generation later. As Terence had reached the point of working on the common element of Greek and Latin life with Greek characters, and had reached the utmost possible perfection of style and plot and sentiment on these terms, it only remained to treat the same element a little more realistically with Latin characters.

Ambivius Turpio, the same whose acting saved a play of Cæcilius Statius, had shown the way, but there are few remains of his plays. Hostius, who seems to have succeeded him, is extensively quoted by grammarians, but literary writers do not speak of him as Horace and Quintilian do of Afranius. The dependence on Greek comedy was not thrown off by the transfer of the scene from Greek towns to Latin towns. When Horace says that in the opinion of many the toga of Afranius fitted Menander, this means that Menander's speeches came very well from the characters of Afranius.

Though they wore the toga, they belonged for the most part to the lower orders: they were either Latins, or Romans who were below equestrian rank. To bring knights and senators on the stage would still have been inconceivable at Rome; and, apart from this, the humors of the Latin towns were supposed to be ridiculous at the capital. The titles show that the scene of the story, if not of the action, commonly lay there. It is obviously impossible to reconstruct the story to the same extent that has been done for Latin tragedy, as the plots were fictitious, not traditional, and there were no Greek parallels in an equally fragmentary state to eke them out with. Here and there two or three scraps of the dialogue throw enough light upon each other to make out a piece of the story by, but this may belong just as well to the underplot as to the plot. The fragments make a more definite impression in another way. Afranius seems to be rather a superficial realist explaining to his public the ins and outs of a shabby world of which they all know something, so that each could recognize and applaud the trait that corresponded to his own experience. The jollity of Plautus seems to be passing into voluptuousness; the subtle kindliness of Menander is replaced by a sickly sentimentalism. This last seems to have been the reason that Afranius did not become a school-book, in which case his works would have reached us. It was, of course, difficult to go on idealizing the love affairs with which Plautus and Terence dealt to the extent to which Plautus and Terence idealize them; the position of Aspasia or even Lais was impossible at Rome. Such passions as the passion of Catullus for Lesbia, and even Propertius for Cynthia, appear at a later stage; and in the interval it was natural for poetry and life to go further and fare worse, all the more because, as Plato points out in the "Symposium," friendship, even when perverted by passion between a man and a boy, does not interfere with a man's ordinary interests to the same extent as "love" in the sense of the New Comedy. As the *comædia togata* was always more or less a *comædia tabernaria*, it naturally prepared the way for the transition to the period when the stage was practically abandoned to the Atellanæ and the Mimi, and comic writers had to adapt themselves to the conditions of a lowered form of art.

CHAPTER IV.

SATIRE.

ROMAN satire was the last fruit of the age of the Scipios. At first, in the hands of Ennius, it seems to be poetry at large; it covers the whole range of Horace's satires and epistles and of the fables of Phædrus. According to the general opinion, he wrote six books of satires, and of these the best known by the fragments that have reached us is the third, devoted to the praise of the elder Scipio. Hence come the passages of self-praise, one of which was quoted above,¹ and here we may suspect a dialogue. Scipio seems to address the poet in the first, and the poet to answer in the second. The metre in both seems to be iambic, but most of the fragments are hexameters, and there are four very smooth trochaic tetrameters on the great calm which fell on nature when the gods took council to give Scipio the victory. Scipio himself was introduced addressing Rome. Ennius, too, put on record his belief that such exploits could not be worthily sung by any writer but Homer. There is a lively fragment of the sixth book, which treats in satirical style, in trimeters, the disgust of the host whose guest has too good an appetite.

Of the other fragments the most important cannot be placed. One is an amusing jingle upon the word "frustra"—in vain—to the effect that it is lost labor to take a man in who takes in your intention to take him in. We learn from Quintilian that Ennius wrote a dialogue between "Life and Death," which figured in his satires, and from Gellius that he gave a version of the fable of the farmer and the lark who only flew away when the farmer began to reap himself. Here, too, the form is more or less dramatic: the greater part of the fable passes

¹ P. 27.

in dialogue between the lark and her young. There is nothing in the tone of the fragments of the satires to distinguish them from the "Protrepticon," or book of good advice, except that we know that the satires were more or less dramatic. In fact, it would fit all we know of the latter to suppose that they were a kind of closet drama, without plot, dealing with most of the interests of the stage drama, in a spirit rather lighter than tragedy and more serious, perhaps, than comedy; and this agrees with the tradition of the Romans themselves, who always hold that satire originated in the license of festivals.

There is little to be said of the satires of Pacuvius, except that they seem to have been imitations of his uncle's, like his continuation of the "Annals," and the fragments doubtfully attributed to Accius (though the MSS. fluctuate between many names, including those of Cæcilius and Lucilius) need not be discussed.

The later shape of Latin satire—the satire of Horace, Persius, and Juvenal—owes its origin to Lucilius, who was born 574 u.c. (St. Jerome placed his birth thirty-two years too late, having pitched upon the wrong Albinus and Calpurnius, by whose consulship his birth was dated); he died 652 u.c. He was a Campanian, like Nævius, born at Suessa Aurunca, and served, thirty years before his death, in the campaign of Numantia under his friend the younger Africanus; he died at Naples, and was buried at the expense of the public. He was of good family, for on the mother's side the great Pompey was descended from his brother or sister, and in his own lifetime he was in a position to acquire the house built at the public expense for Antiochus Epiphanes when a hostage at Rome.

He wrote thirty books of satires; probably each book included more satires than one. It is agreed upon all hands that the first twenty were written entirely in hexameters, and that the thirtieth was in hexameters too; the fragments of the twenty-second are in elegiacs; the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh were in trochaic tetrameters; the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth, if we can trust our authorities, were a medley of iambic and dactylic and trochaic metre in the old style. The

twenty-sixth book has a separate preface, in which the author wishes for readers cultivated enough, and not too much; and it has been conjectured that the last five books are earlier than the rest, although the argument on which most stress is laid admits of being retorted; and it is just as likely that Lucilius started a new form of art while his energies were fresh, and fell back upon old ones when they began to fail.

We are told that he learned from Rhinthon the notion of a comedy in hexameters, and it is quite certain that he was the first to make satires a systematic criticism of literature and life. The one element upon which he seems to rely for amusing his reader is that he always shows that somebody else is wrong. It is impossible to detect any charm in his fragments; yet we learn that late in the Empire those who could read nothing else made a shift to read him, which is perhaps as severe a criticism of contemporary taste as if there should come a time in England when nothing was readable except "Gammer Gurton." When we try to guess at what his attraction may have been, we come upon two things. He was perfectly frank, never afraid of saying plainly what he had to say; and, as Persius tells us, there is always a public to applaud anybody who taunts a man with one eye for not having two. Moreover, he was the earliest writer that we know of since the days of the nineteenth dynasty who saw that macaronics would be amusing; and his reliance upon this primitive artifice was all the more effective because it was as naïve as that of his unknown Egyptian prototype. Then, too, his immense facility was not lost upon his public. A man who can dictate a couple of hundred Latin hexameters in the hour without shifting his weight from one foot to the other is always a remarkable phenomenon, though no dozen lines saved by accident from the shipwreck awake the grateful regrets of posterity. As often happens, we owe the neatest specimen of his skill to Cicero, who tells us how Lucilius made Scævola greet Albucius, who carried Hellenizing too far (Cic. "Fin." i. 3, 8):

Græcum te, Albuci, quam Romanum atque Sabinum,
Municipem Ponti, Tritanni, centurionum,
Præclarorum hominum ac primorum, signiferumque,

Maluisti dici. Græce ergo prætor Athenis,
Id quod maluisti, te, quum ad me accedis, saluto.
Χαῖρ', inquam Τίτε! λictores, turma omnis, cohorsque
Χαῖρε, Τίτε, hinc hostis μὴ Albucius, hinc inimicus.

One remembers that Scævola was a man of good family, and it is a fair joke, though a cheap one, that he gives Albucius credit, if he would only take it, for being on a level by birth with the most respectable and eminent centurions, instead of which he has too meanly condescended to naturalize himself at Athens (which, no doubt, was proud to be permitted to confer its citizenship on a popular outgoing proprætor), and thereby lost the friendship of Scævola and ranked himself with prospective enemies of the Roman people.

The other good fragments are as hard to place. Here is a definition of Virtue:

Virtus, Albane, est pretium persolvere verum,
Queis in versamur, queis vivimus rebus potesse:
Virtus est, homini scirei quo quæque abeat res:
Virtus, scirei, homini rectum, utile, quid sit honestum;
Quæ bona, quæ mala item, quid inutile, turpe, inhonestum:
Virtus, quærendæ finem re scire modumque:
Virtus, divitiis pretium persolvere posse:
Virtus, id dare quod re ipsa debetur honori;
Hostem esse atque inimicum hominum morumque malorum,
Contra defensorem hominum morumque bonorum;
Hos magnificare, his bene velle, his vivere amicum;
Commoda præterea patriai prima putare,
Deinde parentum, tertia jam postremaque nostra.

Here is plenty of the redundancy that Horace disliked in his predecessors, and, after all, it is only in the last two lines that we get anything beyond illustrations of the tautological proposition that virtue consists in doing right, respecting the rights of wealth and office, seeing the right view, taking the right side. If a "public spirit" in the puritan sense is virtue, his general experience is that a selfish spirit prevails, and with it a base belief that money makes the man.

The direction which he gave to satire was a voluble and outspoken criticism of everything sacred and profane, the whole public and literary life of the time. The first two books

are held to have contained invectives against luxury, and perhaps a description of a tavern brawl. In the third there was a great deal about his journey to Sicily, with plenty of passing attacks on contemporary poets. The fourth was an attack upon the rich, put perhaps mainly into the mouth of Lælius. The fifth, we know, made fun of rhetorical artifices, and the sixth of the shabby ways of the rich and the noble. The seventh and eighth appear to treat of the many quarrels of the two sexes. The ninth was full of grammatical criticism, and also contained the original of Horace's immortal colloquy with the bore. The tenth book set Persius upon attacking the world, under pretence of attacking himself. The eleventh dealt with the lax discipline of the young nobles in the campaign of Numantia. The twelfth is held, on very slight evidence, to have been devoted to the stage. The thirteenth and fourteenth were on elaborate cookery and on ambition. The later books, especially the seventeenth and perhaps the fifteenth, criticised Stoicism and mythology. The eighteenth and nineteenth had much to say on avarice, and the twentieth on superstition in low life and luxury in high. The elegiac satires were devoted to love, and the last five are chiefly remarkable because they often brought up the question between old and young, man and wife, father and son, which we are familiar with in Latin comedy. His favorite method, upon the whole, seems to be parody. For instance, in the first book he gives us a council of the gods upon the lot of man, and wishes that men had been properly represented at an earlier meeting, for then they would all have been gods too, of the highest rank, choosing their personality according to taste. Apollo objected to be called beautiful, because it was treating him like a pet boy; but this is a mild piece of audacity compared to the insinuation that the gods have taken an unfair advantage, and carried their measures by a stolen division in a thin house. He has plenty of jests at superstition, but they none of them cut very deep. When he tells of the formidable bugbears instituted by a Faunus or a Pompilius Numa, at which one of his butts trembles, and takes it for an omen to look upon (just like children before they can speak, who be-

lieve every brazen statue is a live man); of men as silly who take feigned dreams for truth, and believe that there is sense in brazen statues, though it is just like a gallery painted in perspective outside a house, all feigning and no truth—he does not really commit himself against the popular creed; he only satirizes the predecessors of the class who spread the fame of winking Madonnas and the like. Again, it takes little audacity to tell us that the Cyclops in Homer two hundred feet high, with a stick bigger than the mast of any vessel, is a fictitious monster. There is not a hint of the thorough-going discussion of providence which we find in the tragedians. His political criticisms are equally superficial; he stops at a quæstor being “a man who skulks from the day, a shady character, just that sort;” or at the nuisance of having a prætor on his hands, “who himself is enough to turn him inside out;” or at the early reputation of Opimius, the father of the friend of Jugurtha, who, when young, was too pretty for his credit, and mended both ways afterwards; or at Gaius Cassius, the man of all work, the thievish auctioneer with the big head, who was made heir by the judgment of Tullius to the exclusion of everybody.

The poetical criticism is often painstaking; for instance, a dozen lines are devoted to a distinction between poetry and a poem. A poem is but a small part of the poetry of a poet. The poetry of Homer is above attack, though it is possible to pick out a line or a thought for blame. And most of his criticism is of the same painstaking, pettifogging kind, dealing with strictly grammatical points, often mere minutiae of prosody, like the puzzle which the Romans were not tired of long after the days of Lucilius, that the Greeks could change the quantity of the first syllable of *Ἄρης*. It is true that Lucilius seems duller and paltrier, because he has been principally quoted by grammarians, often at second-hand. On the other hand, it is to be remembered that many of them quoted from some selection which would include his best works, and that he would have been quoted by other writers than grammarians if he had been generally quotable. He wrote, however, for the public of his own day, and had no pretension to perfect purity

of style: he said that he wrote for the people of Tarentum, Consentia, and Sicily, none of whom knew the best Latin. In general, he was indifferent to his own reputation, and immortalized his own amours while satirizing those of other men. He told his readers almost all that he knew of himself, from the adventures of his journey to Sicily to his refusal of different lucrative speculations in public contracts. It was of a piece with this that he was quite indifferent to style, and filled up his lines freely with stop-gaps, though Quinctilian did not endorse the severe criticism of Horace.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY ROMAN HISTORY.

ROMAN history begins with the "Annales Maximi," and they begin—when they were finally published by Quintus Mucius Scævola, in 133 B.C., in eighty books—with the foundation of the city. That Scævola discontinued them ^{The} "Annals." was a proof of his tact, which Cicero praises upon the authority of other writings in the custody of the pontiffs; he saw that the collection was growing too bulky to be continued. It is not clear when the Pontifex Maximus began to keep a record of the events of each year upon a white board in his official residence; that he had done so for some considerable time before the series was closed by Scævola is proved by the testimony of both Cicero and Servius; both also agree that there was some kind of publication of the record, but their agreement goes no further. According to Cicero, the Pontifex waited till the year's record was complete before he exposed it at the door of his house; according to Servius, he put up the blank-board at once, at the beginning of the year, and added the events as they occurred, so that the record served some of the purposes of an official newspaper. Each year's record was laid up in the house of the Pontiff for future reference, and was accessible to the public. Of the two, Servius is likelier to be right as to the practice which prevailed when the "Annals" were discontinued. It would be hard to understand what the publication at the year's end can have come to, and whether last year's news was left to edify the public for a twelvemonth. We have no authority whatever to tell us when the publication in any form began; and the first publication may have been intermittent. There was not, and had never been, any reason for keeping the citizens in ignorance

of current history, as there was for keeping them in ignorance of legal proceedings and of the calendar; in which last the college of pontiffs had a special interest, because they were able to manipulate the machinery of intercalation so as to lengthen or shorten the terms of office, as might suit their friends. Still, the official publication of events was of a piece with the publication of the "*Legis Actiones*" and the calendar by Cn. Flavius, and a publication which gratified curiosity is not likely to have been earlier than a publication which was almost indispensable to daily business. It is even doubtful whether the annual register of events was separately kept, before it was separately published, though our authorities assume that both the compilation and the publication went back to the commencement of the Republic, if not to the foundation of the college. Beside the "*Annals*," the pontiffs had two sets of records in their possession—the "*Libri Pontificales*," which were a manual of rules and ceremonies, and the "*Commentarii Pontificum*," which were a collection of the cases which the pontiffs had had to decide from time to time; among these would be included the prodigies which had occurred and the rites recommended to avert their effects. These would include everything that the pontiffs required for their own use; as they had the control of the calendar. The State might have required them to register the names of magistrates, and the official who had to do this would naturally add short notes of whatever struck him as important.

It is certain that any annals which had been kept before the Gallic invasion perished when the city, with the exception of the Capitol, was captured; nor were any measures taken to restore the loss. The military tribunes collected the laws and treaties which had survived, and restored copies of those which had been lost, but we hear nothing of any endeavor of the pontiffs to do the same. The confusion of the earlier *Fasti*, which more than once provokes Livy to outbursts of despair, proves that the early part of the "*Annals*" of the Republic did not rest upon anything so certain as a record kept from year to year by the Pontifex Maximus, and restored at once after the fire.

Yet there are many passages in the second book of Livy which seem to imply that materials were used for the reconstruction of the "*Annals*" quite as trustworthy as those available for the beginning of the "*Saxon Chronicle*." Wherever the events of the year are compressed into two or three lines, it is a presumption, not that the entry is necessarily correct, but that it represents the sober belief of well-informed officials, and is not necessarily corrupted by anything but simple errors of memory; though it is impossible to read any military history without seeing that this of itself is a fruitful source of error. And it was, of course, a more fruitful source of error when writing was so rare as we know it to have been in the beginning of the Roman Republic. When it was the duty of the highest official (consul, dictator, interrex, as the case might be) to drive a nail into the door of a temple on the Ides of September, it is obvious that this was the only way to inform the community at large of the passage of time, of which they were in danger of losing count; and as September, if no tricks were played with the calendar, was the unhealthiest month in the year, it was quite intelligible that, if an especially unhealthy September followed the accidental omission of this precaution against losing count of time, some punctual persons should think that an offence had been committed against some deity, who had to be propitiated, and even that enough people should be affected by this scruple for the public health to improve perceptibly when such scruples were appeased. Still, there is no reason to suppose that the practice of writing was ever confined to the pontiffs; whatever records they kept, it is likely that the records of private families went back as far. But these would be from the first much worse authorities: they were the expression of individual or family pride; and assuming that they did not begin with the beginning of the family, the beginning would be completed by a free use of imagination. A family which had kept records for two or three generations, and wished to carry them back to its reputed founder, would have a fragmentary legend of the intervening stages; and whoever undertook to piece the fragments together would hardly know whether he was remembering or inferring

or inventing. And the first record would receive continual additions, for a legend grows rapidly where it has some framework to give it coherence, and would spread through the clients of a family to the people and become the source of new confusions.

The Valerii and Fabii seem to have contributed largely in this way to Roman history, especially the latter; for we hear of their actions even when not in office, and it is seldom that either of these houses are in office without something more interesting happening than in ordinary years. Still, it would be a mistake to set down all the details in early history to this source. We hear much of heroes like Cincinnatus and Coriolanus, who did not belong to families that played a great part for many generations. We have, too, copious legends to illustrate the relative position of dictator and master of the horse, and the history of Mælius does not owe much to the household records of the heirs of his destroyer, for it is not even clear whether Q. Servilius Abela, who struck the decisive blow, was in office, or simply a private citizen zealous in the cause of authority. Moreover, it is certain that the beginning of all cannot have been recorded by the families of the Republic, and the legend of the beginning of all was comparatively full. It is quite possible that it was first written down by Greeks. Plutarch speaks of Fabius Pictor following Diocles of Peparethus in his account of Rhea Sylvia's twins, and Diocles of Peparethus would follow the story current in the Greek towns of Campania or Tarentum, which would be a distortion of the popular traditions of Rome. Another reason to suspect Greek influence is that all the history of the younger Tarquin is so like the history of a Greek tyrant, and that the treason of Sextus at Gabii might almost be copied from Herodotus, though how such anecdotes get repeated, with variations, from one period to another and one nation to another has still to be explained.

Whatever the sources of the "Annals," their manner was studiously plain and archaic; so that Cicero, who generally was disposed to venerate antiquity, complains again and again of the mischievous precedent, which later historians imitated

too closely to please him, even after Cælius Antipater had set a new one.

The first two Roman historians, Q. Fabius Pictor and L. Cincius Alimentus, wrote immediately after the war with Hannibal; towards the close of which Cincius, who had ^{Fabius; Cin-}been commanding as proprætor in Sicily, was taken ^{cus.} prisoner, and had an interview with Hannibal, and received information from him as to the forces with which he crossed the Alps. Both wrote in Greek, and neither made very much use of the "Annals." Dionysius, who almost always quotes them together, says that they told the legend of the foundation of the city pretty fully, and that they also told fully what they had been personally concerned with, while the long interval was filled by a cursory recapitulation, which need not have been cursory if they had gone regularly through the "Annals," using all the materials at their disposal to amplify them. Fabius, at least, must have had access to family archives going back to the first days of the Republic; and, in fact, it was the possession of these, as well as the recent achievements of his great kinsman, which led him to continue in a new way the work of his ancestor, the first Roman painter. Neither seems to have been equal to a critical narrative of even contemporary events—the testimony of Dionysius is to be taken strictly of what came under their personal knowledge. Cincius, although he was able to question Hannibal on some important matters, was capable of following a Greek historian who had attached himself to the fortune of the great adventurer, and apparently retailed all the incredible gossip of his camp-followers; for then, as now, southern countries were hotbeds of rumors, where malice and the love of excitement engendered an odd mixture of suspicion and credulity, which led Polybius to parody Plato, and despair of history till men of affairs became historians, or historians became men of affairs.

Fabius was translated by another Fabius about a hundred years after his work was completed, and otherwise seems to have been little read. His Greek cannot have been delightful; his legends were more picturesquely told, though it may be with less sincerity, by Ennius, who was a classic down to

the Augustan age. The history of the Republic was told at greater length by later annalists, and he does not seem to have thought of dwelling on the numerous points of constitutional history on which Niebuhr wished to make him an authority. Although he did commit himself to a theory of the number of the tribes under Servius and the number of able-bodied citizens at the time of the original constitution of the centuries, he is never quoted for antiquarian details, which were only collected upon a large scale in the seventh century. He gave the legends of the foundation of the city and of the monarchy more simply than some of his successors, who, however, agreed with him in the main outlines. It is generally thought that the very full account which Dionysius gave of the education of the sons of Rhea Sylvia is supplemented from without, but it had not yet been adorned by the sacrifice of the mother and her marriage to Father Tiber. Again, his narrative of the House of Tarquin was quite unperplexed by artificial chronology; he made Aruns and Tarquin the proud sons, not grandsons, of the older Tarquin, whence it naturally followed, as Dionysius pointed out, that Tanaquil must have been a hundred and fifteen years old when her heart was broken by the death of Aruns, always assuming that the "Annals," as they finally existed, were trustworthy. Fabius, as the oldest writer, seems to have been used with a certain predilection by Dion.

Acilius Glabrio was another writer of the same period, who was quæstor 551, and wrote a history in Greek; which may be explained by the fact that he was interpreter to Carneades and the other philosophers who came with him to Rome. As he must then have been at least seventy years old, it is obvious the knowledge of Greek was rare. He is the authority for the legendary interview between Hannibal and Scipio at Ephesus, which took place 560 U.C., whence it is inferred that he carried his history at least to that date. He is quoted also for the fact that several of Hannibal's prisoners tried to evade their parole, and for the rather improbable statement that the censors contracted to have the sewers cleared and repaired at the expense of 240 talents; and for a rationalistic legend of the origin of the Lupercalia,

C. Acilius
Glabrio:
P. Cornelius
Scipio.

which commemorate the way Romulus's companions ran about naked after supplication to Faunus to find their missing cattle. He is also the earliest Roman writer to deal in precise and monstrous numbers. He makes C. Marcius, who rallied the wrecks of the army of the Scipios destroyed in Spain by Hasdrubal, storm two camps—one by day, one by night—put 37,000 to the sword, take 1530 prisoners, a great deal of spoil, and a silver shield of the weight of 138 pounds. It is obvious that here we have a story exactly like those that were circulated on the French side during the war of 1870, inserted by a grave official, twenty years after the facts, in a history addressed to the civilized world. It does not originate even in the gossip of the camp of Marcius; it is made up of contemporary and distant rumors of what Marcius was doing. One Roman historian who wrote in Greek still remains to be commemorated; he was P. Cornelius Scipio, the son of the elder Africanus, the adoptive father of the younger, who wrote a history which Cicero had not seen, for he does not give the subject; but he vouches for the fact that it was written very sweetly.

Cato was as original in history as in oratory. He rebelled against the trivialities of the "Annals" with their recurring records of scarcities and eclipses, and he determined to write instead upon the *Origines* of the Roman world. His work was divided into seven books; and, as we know from Fronto that it had passed through the hands of the grammarians who divided Nævius into seven books, it has been conjectured, though with little certainty, that Cato's work was not divided into books by the author. The work was influenced throughout by Cato's preoccupation with Greece. He disliked the Hellenizing party among the high aristocracy, and he protested with energy and temporary effect against the introduction of Greek philosophy as a fatal solvent to the Roman theory of discipline and civil duty. But he was far from indifferent to Greek culture: he learned Greek himself in his old-age; in his speeches he was given to figures of rhetoric; in his history he seems to have been set upon showing that the Latins were genuine Greeks of an older and more uncorrupted stock than the degenerate Greeks of contemporary

Cato and his
imitators.

Hellas. The aborigines, whom the Phrygians found in the land when they came with Æneas, were Greeks, and spoke Æolic. The amiable Plutarch fairly pointed out that if the Greeks were to be expected to believe this story of a prehistoric migration from their own shores earlier than the Æolic or Doric or Ionic migrations which they thought they knew, it was only reasonable that some Greek evidence should be produced in support of it; but the absence of such evidence itself suggests that the stories must have had some foundation in local traditions. How slight the foundation might be is shown by his inclination to identify the Sabines with the Lacedæmonians, on the ground of the simplicity of manners which prevailed among both, and the similarity of certain unnamed institutions. He is the oldest authority we have for the poverty and frugality of the Sabines. It would be interesting to know whether the economic changes which followed the war of Hannibal told differently upon the region of the Apennines and upon the region of the coast. We know that the small farmers, who had nothing to depend upon but their homesteads and the labor of their families, were ruined; while large farmers like Cato himself, who had efficient slave gangs, were making money and perfecting their system of cultivation. The grazing tribes of the highlands, on the other hand, were simply cut off from many, if not most, of their former sources of profit, especially as the Greek towns of the south, with which they alternately traded and fought, were impoverished and reduced to political insignificance.

He is also our oldest authority for much of the detail of the war between Æneas and Turnus and Mezentius, which he relates with a naïve absence of effect. There is no attempt to concentrate the interest such as we find in Vergil; there is no real victory for Æneas at any time, and the foundation of the Trojan settlement in Latium is really the work of his son. In the legend of Romulus and Remus he is the authority for Faustulus and Acca Larentia. After the monarchy his narrative became much more summary; he protested against the uncertainty of the "Annals" and the vanity of noble houses by omitting all names in his history of the Republic, while

his own performances were narrated at length, and even his speeches inserted. There can be no doubt that his narrative was very uneven in the distribution of the matter. For instance, the story of a tribune who sacrificed himself and the four hundred men under his command, in order to cover the retreat of the consul and his army from an unfavorable position, is told in full, because Cato thinks the tribune and his four hundred are fully equal to Leonidas and his three hundred at Thermopylæ. It is characteristic that he congratulates himself and the reader that the valiant tribune survived his command, having fainted under his wounds, and being found among the dead, as he lived to earn new distinctions and decorations in future wars. A Spartan of the age of Leonidas would have felt himself disgraced for life, but Cato was not sensitive to the point of honor; he was at once thoroughly conscientious and vainglorious. He began his histories with the aphorism, which always sent a thrill through Cicero, that great men owed the world a reckoning for their leisure as well as for their work: this was implying at starting that he too was great, and he praised himself quite as lavishly and less ingeniously than Cicero. His services in the campaign of Thermopylæ were set forth with no squeamish reticence about the effusive self-gratulation with which he repaid himself for them. Cato is the first Roman of really high character whom we have reason to accuse of vainglory. Being a self-made man who had pushed his own way to the front, he had no respect for any of his contemporaries. That he attempted no chronology in the Early Republic is less revolutionary than it looks. He only carried to its logical issue the method of all the early Latin historians. Every Roman historian began with the foundation of Rome, and then has very little to give till he came to the Samnite wars, or an even later period. Cato's originality was that, as a native of one of the oldest and proudest of the Latin towns, which was also among the first to be forcibly incorporated in the Roman State, he gave the origins of all or most Italian states, and that he omitted entirely the mass of meagre and uncertain padding which most writers before and after thought it necessary to interpolate.

The whole work consisted of seven books, and was carried down to the accusation of Galba for his cruelties in Lusitania, 603 u.c., which the author inserted a few days before his death. Another speech of Cato's, for the freedom of the Rhodians, delivered in the year 586 u.c., was inserted in the fifth book: so it appears that the last two books dealt with the events of nineteen years at most, and there is a good deal of opinion in favor of the view that the first five books, at any rate, were published separately. The third book still dealt with "origins" in the strict sense, for we are told that Ameria was founded 964 years before the war of Persius. In the same way, he doubtless fixed the date of the foundation of every city; and, though he did not profess to give the succession of events precisely, acquired a high reputation as a chronological authority. It appears that he quoted little from Greek writers, and so did not pose for learned, but he inquired diligently into institutions and local traditions. He had much to say about Spain, where he had served with success, and also about the war in Macedonia; the fourth book contained the first Punic war; the fifth contained the second, and much else.

Cato was imitated by Cassius Hemina, who treated of the second Punic war in the fourth book of his "Annals," the latest quoted, and had much to say, not only of other Italian towns besides Rome, but of trees and other points of natural history. Lucius Calpurnius Piso, who was censor 634 u.c., wrote also seven books of "Annals" from the foundation of the city to his own time. Livy and Dionysius quote him in the early history, generally in support of some rather dull bit of rationalism. He, like Cassius, is a good deal quoted by Pliny: fortunately we are able to judge of his style, which Cicero thought meagre, by two specimens preserved by Gellius. He had none of Cato's pretensions to eloquence, and he was not on the way to the elegant Latin of the age of Cicero and Livy. Even among his contemporaries he must have affected simplicity which seemed delightful to antiquarians. Here is the shorter of the two:

Eundem Romulum dicunt ad cœnam vocatum, ibi non multum bibisse quia postridie negotium haberet. Ei dicunt Romule, si istuc omnes homi-

nes faciant, vinum vilius sit. Is respondet, immo vero carum, si quantum quisque volet bibat, nam ego bibi quantum volui.

The influence of Cato is still traceable in C. Fannius, quæstor u.c. 615 and prætor 617, who adopted his new fashion of inserting speeches in the history as well as the letters of C. Gracchus, his friend; and in C. Sempronius Tuditanus, consul 625, who followed Cato's antiquarian tendency, telling us about the foundation of Caieta and the institution of market-days and tribunes of the commons. He is the oldest authority for the legend of the death of Regulus, which he gives in a very unimpressive form. Regulus, it seems, believed that he was poisoned and sure to die when he exhorted the senate not to consent to an exchange of prisoners, and so his sacrifice came to nothing. He goes on to add that on his return the Carthaginians would not allow Regulus any sleep, and says nothing of other tortures. Plutarch was under the impression that Tuditanus was a principal authority among the writers he had consulted about Flamininus, the conqueror of Philip.

The first historian after Cato who had any intention of style was Cælius Antipater, of whose person little is known except that he heard the anecdote about C. Gracchus dream-
ing of his brother, while Gaius was still alive. He Cælius Antipater. was regarded as the most painstaking writer on the war with Hannibal, having used the works of his Greek followers, and was patronized rather contemptuously by Cicero, while his rhetorical account of Scipio's passage to Africa aroused Livy to one of his rare and mild outbreaks of criticism.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAST POETRY OF THE REPUBLIC.

THE deaths of the younger Gracchus and the younger Scipio made a considerable change in the conditions of Roman literature. Hitherto it had been in the hands of the clients of an aristocratic circle; Ennius was the friend of the elder Africanus, Terence and Lucilius were the friends of the younger; and it was part of the dignity of Pacuvius to be the successor of Ennius—part of the dignity of Accius, who over-lived the good days, to be the successor of Pacuvius; even Terence appealed to the memory of his predecessor Cæcilius. But the liberal circle of the nobility is henceforward only represented by good-natured egotists, like Lucullus, and, to a certain extent, Sulla, who had no literary influence except upon their Greek family philosophers, physicians, and grammarians, who encouraged them to write their memoirs in colloquial Greek. And there was as yet no public to take their place. The theatre was still alive, although it was rapidly passing into farce, for which educated men were willing to write brilliant dialogue; but there was no audience for such works as the "Annals" or the "Satires" of Ennius. And the large horizons which seemed to be open while men like the Africanus guided the State were closed; petty intrigue and factious violence at home, and doubtful and inglorious conflicts abroad, had taken the place of the glorious strife with Carthage, of the profitable enthusiasm to liberate the Greeks of the Levant by substituting the authority of the Senate for the dominion of

the successors of Alexander, and of the noble leisure filled with dreams of Greece.

There came a period of some forty years when poetry was in abeyance, and grammarians flourished instead. The liberal nobles had set a fashion of culture which gradually diffused itself. Learned Greeks who found themselves at Rome, like Crates Mallotes, the ambassador of Attalus, or who had been attached to great houses, became each the centre of a circle of his own. They were known as *literati*; they lectured upon the writings of their friends, reading them aloud and interpreting them. In this way Archelaus lectured on Lucilius to Pompeius Santra, and Philocomus to Valerius Cato; as Vargunteius had lectured on Ennius. Later on, men of good Italian family were willing to teach what they knew, like L. Ælius Stilo, who accompanied Q. Metellus Numidicus into exile, and Servius Clodius. The time was still distant when it was a matter of course for every boy of gentle birth to study under a grammarian till he was old enough to study under a rhetorician. For grown men the forum supplied the place both of literature and journalism; and oratory developed rapidly. The general level of speaking rose, though there was no orator of such a natural genius as the younger Gracchus. One form of the poetical tradition maintained itself. Men of rank still amused themselves with erotic or satirical quotations at their feasts, and the grammarians who read poetry and taught the rules of metre occasionally practised them.

Besides, the course of history had familiarized the Romans with Greek philosophy, and Greek philosophy had begun to adapt itself to the demands of Roman piety. Panætius, the family philosopher of the younger Africanus, had adopted the orthodox doctrines of omens and oracles instead of the consistent and simple fatalism of the earlier Stoics, who held that man did not need to be warned in advance of the decrees of destiny in order to prepare his heart to obey them.

At the same time, their Levantine protectorate had brought the Romans into contact with a new aspect of Greek mythology. Hitherto they had only known the classical legends of Homer and the tragedians, the legends of Argos and Attica, of

Thessaly and the Troad. But every island, every hill-top on both sides of the *Ægean* and far inland, had its legend: every rock that was a little like a human face in the twilight was some victim of enchantment turned to stone. These legends were often little but repetitions of more famous ones; but they were racy of the soil: the imagination of the common people, doubtless assisted by the invention of a few, had put the story into shape by degrees: and in more than one town the process was only just finished when the learned poet—*Callimachus* or *Philetas*—pounced upon his prey. The business of a poet was to know as many and as fresh legends as possible, and either pick them out for picturesque treatment one by one in graceful little poems as tender as possible, and on no account tedious; or else they might link all the stories they knew together, or remind the reader of more than they told. This last view of the poet's mission generally puzzled the reader, who found *Lycophron* obscure not so much because he was crabbed as because he was learned, and could designate everybody by an epithet which was an allusion to a legend saved from oblivion; and describe everything in a vocabulary which had put every Greek locality and every Greek book under contribution for quaint, sonorous words which seemed expressive to their first discoverer. The poets of the days of Augustus had learned that *Lycophron* was a beacon to be avoided; but in the days of *Cicero* he still seemed a guiding star to be followed. The "*Smyrna*" of *Cisena* was as learned and difficult as the "*Alexandra*" of *Lycophron*. *Cicero*, with his habitual good-sense, began upon works of *Aratus*, a poet who had written on astronomy and the weather, setting forth the signs of change and the natural calendar kept by the stars—which for country folk was more convenient than the civil calendar, in which there was a perplexing series of compromises between lunar months and the solar year. And the civil calendar, even if it had been as intelligible as *Julius Cæsar* made it, would still be a tax upon memory, especially between the *ides* and the *calends*, while the constellations could always be watched, and if any one forgot there were neighbors who could remind him. There were other subjects besides astronomy

equally suitable for didactic poetry, which still in Alexandrian hands was devoted to the learned conservation of folk-lore. The poet went out to gather up information about fishing or gardening or simples among fishermen, gardeners, and herbalists, just as other poets collected local legends in out-of-the-way places. They adorned what they collected in both cases by their own book-learning; but there was no attempt to revive the reflected poetry of *Xenophanes*, *Parmenides*, and *Empedocles*. The learned poets, for the most part, were sceptical; they shrank from great works. Their coryphæus, *Callimachus*, pronounced a great book a great evil. They were quite content to leave speculation to philosophers, who, in turn, were more and more inclined to criticism: as the great systems were already completed; and the greatest of all, the system of *Aristotle*, was left like a deserted fortress. The official representatives of *Aristotle* were content to elaborate the doctrine of the conduct of life and the conditions of happiness; while all the speculative parts of his system, having served as a starting-point for science, were neither affirmed nor disputed. The transcendentalism of *Plato* had shared the same fate, except among the learned Jews of Egypt: the only difference between the heirs of the Academy was whether they were to ally themselves with men of the world against the dull, pretentious dogmatism of the Stoics, and furbish up the sceptical side of the Socratic method, or whether they were to ally themselves with the Stoics, and ransack *Plato's* stores of eloquence to rebuke the low and worldly views of the Peripatetics. Here, too, Roman influence made itself felt; the number of Romans of rank of all ages who wished to "hear" the reigning philosophers in Greece were inclined to prefer a teacher who was edifying. The Romans were as far from scepticism as from science: the one question for them was how to attain a blessed life, free from prejudice or passion. Even this, of course, required some theory of the world in which they lived; and as *Plato's* tentative physics had died with him, and the physics of *Aristotle* were only studied by specialists, they were thrown back on the primitive speculations of the Italian and Ionic schools by the stagnation of contemporary Greek

thought. These were, moreover, naturalized in Italy by a tradition going back to the days of Ennius, if not further. There was a similar interregnum in Greek poetry between Euripides and Menander, and it was due to similar causes.

LUCRETIVS.

The transition from the tragic poets to Lucretius is like the transition from Euripides to the New Comedy: there is a visible continuity of intellectual movement, but the movement is on a lower level; common-sense and the interests of private life replace public and heroic struggles and transcendental morality. Euripides coincides with the last struggles of Athens to maintain her supremacy; Accius coincides with the last days of decorous senatorial government: Epicurus and the New Comedy coincide with the tacit or avowed acceptance of Macedonian ascendancy, as Lucretius coincides with the tacit or avowed acceptance of the ascendancy of military chiefs. But for the Greek poets and the Greek thinker the period of defeat was a period of calm; for the Roman poet it was a period of struggle, the more passionate because all guiding authorities had collapsed.

The poem "De Rerum Natura" is interesting for many reasons—for none more than for the contrast between the author's temperament and his doctrine. The author is an ardent enthusiast who would fain be a devotee; his doctrine is the most thorough-going expression of homely, kindly, self-complacent, self-confident common-sense. Epicurus is the one truly positive Western thinker who constructed a complete speculative and practical code upon grounds level with the experience of ordinary people. Even then science was transcendentalist, and had reached positions which upon their face were paradoxical. The astronomy of the time was as much beyond a plain man who wished to judge by his sensations as the traditional orthodoxy. Both had to be received upon authority, if at all; and Epicurus wished every man free to judge for himself upon evidence drawn from familiar intelligible experience. Although the Stoics were beginning to anticipate

the concordat, not yet repudiated in Christendom, whereby the authority of science and tradition support one another, they were compelled repeatedly to fall back upon the madness of the many. Their theory, that strictly regulated activity is the end of life, is a theory for the few: for most who have to pass through life the value of activity is that it maintains life, which yields them nothing better than what Epicurus proclaimed as the end. Physical *bien-être* apart from misconduct always brings cheerfulness; and all the forms of activity which make life more complicated or more splendid are only possible, at least only rational, when unrewarded sacrifices are readily made. On the other hand, the deliberate limitation of desire which Epicurus preached is only possible to a class sufficiently educated to understand the argument in favor of listlessness; for otherwise men are the dupes of hopes which break their promise to the individual, and at best half keep it to the race. Lucretius himself never succeeded in reaching the passionless calm that he preached with an air of eager, vehement conviction, contrasting strangely with the good-humored, prolix complacency of his master. Little as we know of his life, we have no reason to doubt the tradition that it was stormy. Our main authority is St. Jerome, who is proved by Ritschl and Lachmann, to Professor Munro's satisfaction, to have copied the lost articles of Suetonius's "De Viris Illustribus." He tells us in his supplement to Eusebius that Lucretius committed suicide at the age of forty-four, in 56 B.C., having lost his reason by a philter; and that his poems, written in the intervals of insanity, were edited by Cicero. As Suetonius wrote nearly two hundred years after the facts, we have to rely upon the chance that the tradition of literary history, passing through few hands, was more likely to be right than wrong; especially as the reporters all cared for the subject. So far as the connection with Cicero goes, the tradition is confirmed by numerous coincidences with the "Aratea," and perhaps still more by the fact that Cicero wrote to his brother in winter-quarters in Gaul, four months after Lucretius's death, in terms which imply that both had read the poem: "Lucreti poemata ut scribis ita sunt, multis luminibus ingenii;

multæ tamen artis si eum inveneris,¹ virum te putabo; si Sallustii Empedoclea legeris hominem non putabo." No editor accepts the MS. reading of the letter. According to Professor Munro's almost certain restoration, the passage implies that the elder Cicero knew the book best, and therefore he, if either, was the editor; though it is curious that there is no other trace of the affair in his large correspondence. The only other relation of Lucretius to the political life of his time was his curious devotion to C. Memmius, who was prætor the year when Cæsar was consul first, and opposed him with energy that commanded the admiration of Cicero. This shows that Lucretius, like most other sceptics, was a conservative in politics. His devotion need not have been misplaced because Catullus, who followed Memmius to Bithynia in the hope of making money, gave frank expression to his disgust when disappointed. It was certainly exaggerated, for, though Lucretius did not live to see it, Memmius had serious thoughts of pulling down Epicurus's house, as he wanted to build himself, and positively refused to make the site over to the head of the Epicurean school; and finally died in exile, after an unsuccessful attempt first to sell himself to Cæsar, and then to outbid him in his promises to the democracy.

Lucretius himself is aware that Memmius is half indifferent to philosophy, and constantly presses the subject upon him; he is aware, too, that it is out of the question for such an illustrious person to stand aloof from public life.

Most readers of Lucretius's great poem will be more likely to agree with the younger Cicero than with the elder. The many flashes of genius that light up the first three books, at any rate, are more obvious than the art which should blend the whole poem into one. Its form is determined, not by any positive scheme of doctrine, but by a series of protests against

¹ MSS.: "Sed quum veneris." The editors had agreed to insert "non," and only differed as to whether it came before "multis" or "multæ." As emended the sense is perfectly clear. Cicero gives his brother credit for recognizing Lucretius's genius in the many splendid passages of his poem, hopes he is man enough to recognize his skill as well, and tells him he will sink below humanity if he can read Sallust's "Empedocles."

different forms of superstition. The fear of the gods is nourished by the belief that they made and rule the world, and so we have two books to set forth the theory of the origin and destruction of the universe borrowed by Epicurus from Democritus. The fear of death and of torment after death poisons life, and is a fruitful motive of crime; and so in the third book we have a polemic against the immortality of the soul and the clinging to life. Then, since apparitions are a support of superstition, we have a theory of perception to explain them away, and in connection with this a theory of imaginative passion, which concludes with a very vigorous denunciation of women. This occupies the fourth book, and then the connection becomes more and more fragmentary. Both astronomy and the history of civilization were strongholds of supernaturalism; the heavenly bodies were supposed to be the dwelling of higher spirits, the arts of life were supposed to have been revealed by gods or heroes who attained divine immortal life. These two topics, with the hidden connection which it is left to the reader to supply, fill up the fifth book; in the sixth Lucretius discusses all the occurrences which are interpreted as signs of the will or anger of the gods, such as magnetism, electricity, and pestilence. Of course, when we leave the polemical purpose out of sight, it seems as if electricity and magnetism belonged to the first two books, which treat of physics in general, and as if pestilence, like other forms of disease, ought to have been treated in connection with death in the third book.

Another defect which, like the inorganic arrangement, is due to the author's polemical ardor, is that he continually overstates his case. Every presumption that tells for him is an intellectual necessity in his eyes, every conclusion is enforced by iteration; and when a point is proved to his satisfaction, he tells us it is true twice over—"etiam atque etiam."

It cannot be counted as a defect that the author dutifully rejects astronomy, or rather regards it as a series of hypotheses each of which admits endless alternatives, all equally in harmony with facts. From a common-sense point of view, Epicurus was right in classing astronomy with atmospheric phenom-

ena, under the head of meteorology, the doctrine of things over our heads. No theory of either could be verified; it was impossible to mount up into the sky and look. The telescope did not yet exist; minute accuracy of measurement was impossible; the close correspondence between calculation and observation, which makes modern astronomy so convincing to the laity, was only represented by approximate predictions of eclipses. It was only after Kepler that the geocentric hypothesis became decidedly less plausible than the heliocentric, and when Lucretius lived it was still possible to hesitate whether there might not be a new sun every morning, and a new moon every night, or at any rate every month.

A less justifiable omission is that we have no theory of human nature. The supremacy of pleasure is repeatedly stated as something self-evident, and there is not even a definition of what pleasure means—whether it is to be conceived as consisting in enjoyment or in ease; though there is a constant lauding of simplicity, a constant polemic against the costly and clumsy luxury which turned many of the nobility into Epicureans because they were epicures. Again, the resolute and premature rejection of teleology makes much of the natural history meagre and unsatisfactory. It is quite possible now to maintain that teleology is superseded, at least for scientific purposes, by the growth of anatomical and physiological science; but while these were in abeyance it gave valuable aid, as supplying one class, at any rate, of moderately coherent and precise observations. Even now there are branches of botany, especially the doctrine of the structures which provide for cross-fertilization, which are nothing if not teleological. We know the use of the intricate machinery; we know next to nothing of the process of its formation. Aristotle represents a scientific advance upon Democritus, though he accepts the teleology of the Socratic school.

Where Lucretius succeeds is in showing that of the pre-Socratic philosophies, to which without notice he restricts our choice, the atomic philosophy of Democritus is much the most reasonable. For one thing, Democritus and Lucretius see clearly that no sensible substance is simple, since each enters

into many different substances, and must therefore be decomposable into as many different elements as different natures can assimilate. For instance, horses and oxen feed upon the same pasture; lions and men may feed upon the same ox; and this proves that such different creatures as oxen and horses, as lions and men, build up their bodies out of the same materials; and as lions can live upon different kinds of flesh, it cannot be replied that beef and grass are simple substances which form different compounds with different bodies. Every way Anaxagoras's theory, that every organized being is made up of some one elementary substance dispersed throughout nature and only reunited in that single species, is shown to be opposed to plain facts. And Lucretius is equally free from the bondage of the four elements, which came in with Empedocles and was accepted by Aristotle and most subsequent thinkers. He sees clearly that earth must be eminently decomposable; and though he nowhere says that fire is not an element, but one state of many elements, he sees that as fire it can only exist when it is actually burning. And he plays off Heraclitus and Empedocles against each other very cleverly, proving by the arguments of Heraclitus that the "elements" are not ultimate, since they pass into one another, and by the arguments of Empedocles that something permanent must be assumed under all the changes of phenomena if we are to guarantee the stability of the universe. There is a considerable deviation from Democritus upon the question whether the shapes of atoms were infinite or only the number of atoms of each shape. It might have saved Lucretius and his master some embarrassment if either had known the mathematical convention which recognizes infinities of different orders. But Epicurus and Lucretius (who argues the point with admirable vigor) felt the limitation of the actual world of experience too strongly to be inclined to admit that it could have arisen out of absolutely unlimited constituents.

Another strong point of Lucretius is his psychology. It is rudimentary compared to that of Plato or Aristotle; but he has a clearer grasp than either upon the obvious truth that our faculties are closely connected with our organization, and so

escapes the illusion of those great thinkers that the heavenly bodies were animated by higher intelligences, in virtue of the simple reflection that inorganic nature stands below organic. Only the backward condition of anatomy prevented Lucretius from anticipating the fashionable doctrine which practically substitutes the nervous system for the traditional conception of the rational soul. He insists upon the unequal distribution of sensibility as a proof that the soul is not equally present throughout the body, and is much impressed with the subtlety of a fourth nameless substance, which is the very soul of the soul. The other three components which he names are *fervor*, *spiritus*, and *aër*, and these are supposed to have their centre in the breast. They enter in different proportions into the souls of different animals; for instance, there is more *spiritus* in the soul of a lion, more *aër* in the soul of an ox. From these and other examples it is plain that he is thinking of the interaction of the heart and the lungs; only his apprehension of it is exclusively based upon the subjective feelings to which it gives rise. Consequently, he divides the process of respiration between two distinct principles: the act of inspiration, being the more conspicuously necessary of the two, is ascribed to *aër*; while the act of expiration, which is only noticed during vehement action, is ascribed to *spiritus*. As the nervous system is nowhere described, it is not strange that the central seat of life should be placed in the breast; for Lucretius did not care to depart from tradition gratuitously, and was anxious in every way to identify the principle of life and thought. The existence of some central seat is easily proved, since life and consciousness survive mutilation, and it takes time for the will to act upon the extremities. This last is mentioned in connection with the curious Epicurean doctrine of free-will. If everything is a compound of atoms falling straight through a void, which only differ in shape and density, it is possible to understand how they become entangled with one another into more or less durable shapes. It is hard to see how any of these shapes have the power of reacting from within upon the shapes that surround them. It would have been enough for the time to say that atoms were elastic, and therefore capable

of reacting in certain combinations almost as if they were acting of themselves. But Lucretius knew elasticity, at most, as a property of bodies of sensible magnitude, and was anxious, like his master, to save "free-will" in the transcendental sense, because it was important to them as practical philosophers to maintain that all men were really and truly able to act upon their benevolent precepts. So Lucretius accepts his master's device to make the motion of the atoms incalculable: instead of falling perpendicularly, it is assumed that some or all of them have an imperceptible deflection (which, being imperceptible, can never be disproved); whence it would follow that the bodies formed from these would have a proper motion of their own derived from the motion of the atoms forming them, and independent of the motion communicated by the impact of other bodies. No part of the system has attracted more ridicule in ancient or modern times, to say nothing of other objections: if consistently applied, the doctrine makes all exact science impossible. This is hardly proving too much from Epicurus's point of view. Such exact science as he knew struck him as "slavish," just as civilized industry strikes savages, who contemplate its results disinterestedly, and compare them with the laborious efforts required to begin to appropriate them.

When Lucretius is discussing the atoms and the void, he has, at any rate, the advantage of following a thinker who was in some sense in advance of his successors. Impressive as the discussion of immortality is, it is a loss that he so completely ignores Plato. The argument from the contrast between sense and thought, which is stated in so many forms in the "Phædo," is left untouched; the idea that a future life can be an object of even mistaken desire, which is so prominent in the early days of Buddhism, has not a trace in Lucretius. In his view either the future life is spent in hell among the torments of the poets, or else it is a life of endless transmigration, either, as Empedocles taught, through the whole round of being, or, as Plato was supposed to have taught, through a succession of human lives, each forgotten as soon as over. The answer to this is quite decisive. "First, if the changeless

immortal soul passes through so many bodies, how is it that it remembers nothing of its former lives? for such a change in the power of the soul as to cause all grasp of things done to fall away cannot differ very much from death; so there is no help but to confess that the soul which has been before has perished, and that which now is has been fashioned now. Besides" (and this argument against transmigration shows that Lucretius is as callous to the spiritualism of Aristotle as to that of Plato), "if the body is already perfect before the power of the enlivened soul is set within us just as we are being born and entering the threshold of life, it would not be fitting such a power should seem to have grown together with body and limbs in the very blood, but it ought to live alone in a cave to itself."

Of course, it is easily proved that Empedocles's theory of transmigration is impossible. Lucretius has only to show that the principle of heredity applies to all animals, and that the character of the soul would assert itself at the expense of the character of the race, if transmigration were possible. The higher side of the doctrine of transmigration did not appeal to Lucretius: the sense that the spirit has entered into all experience, that life is one throughout the world, was naturally strange to a poet who had apparently no conception of a permanent spiritual self, with a continuous inner life of its own persisting through all modes and circumstances. The only reality to him is the life of the moment: his feeling for that is penetrating and intense, but it only makes him anxious to preserve it from the contamination of hope and fear. The wide range of transformation which is present to his thought only leads to a certain recklessness of concession: very likely we have been before, very likely we shall be again; but, either way, it is nothing to us. If the same atoms, or atoms exactly similar to those which make up our bodies and minds, have entered and will enter into precisely similar combinations, we have no more need to think of what we shall be than to think of what we have been. There is some meanness in this; the writer cannot allow for our natural and wholesome care for what will never be matter of personal experience. A man's

dislike to the imagination of indignities which his corpse may suffer does not really imply a latent belief that he will feel them when they come. The revellers who lie at their wine with garlands shading their brows, and say, heartily, "We manikins have but a little pleasure here; presently it will be over, and we shall never be able to call it back again," do not really think, whatever Lucretius says, that they will be parched by tormenting thirst in the grave. The fear of never seeing home or kindly wife again is not a fear of pining after death for them. Lucretius allows that mourners are really sorry for the dead, not for their own loss: he asks what is there to lament in a lot that is only sleep and rest, and shows by his question that an artificial feeling may be as irrational as a spontaneous feeling. The triumph that death is nothing, and does not concern us a jot, comes oddly after a demonstration that the mind may die and be drowned in black lethargy while the body still lives. It is hard to judge just here of the argument, for there is a provoking lacuna whose length is uncertain, when Lucretius wins his easy victory over the perfunctory plea for immortality put forth in the "Republic." He sees the distinction, which Plato misses, between a fit of vice or folly, and confirmed mental disease which may permanently lower or destroy the whole life of the mind, so that instead of being free from the risks of extinction which affect the body, it has a special danger of its own, able to slay it while the body lives. This is a worthy sequel to the complacent inference that the lower forms which quicken, as Lucretius held in good company, out of the corruption of higher, must get their souls from the souls of the higher beings. Throughout, it is the author's object to represent our shrinking from death as a sort of unreasonable caprice, one of the worst effects of which is actually to make men sacrifice in order that their days may be prolonged in exile and other miseries, which might end at once if they would die. Obviously, Lucretius was one of the first to feel the passion for suicide which gathered strength through the death-struggle of the Republic, and reached its height in the halcyon days of Trajan. Another object is to justify nature against our de-

sires; and here Lucretius does not succeed. He does not perceive that our wish that the best moments in life should be eternal is one of the most natural things in the world, and that we do not contract our clinging to life by our own mismanagement. If we pass through life with no experience but desire and regret, this is the fault not of man, but of nature, whom Lucretius introduces to rebuke the disappointment of her dupes. Nature tells us that we have enjoyed all she has to give; and if this has satisfied us, it seems, according to Lucretius, we should be ready to go: if not, what is there to wait for? Nature, or rather Lucretius, is very sarcastic upon the impossible hopes, the preposterous ambitions, of the old; but these are a symptom, not a cause, of the reluctance to die which they serve to excuse. And, after all, criticism of such a purely animal craving is even more unconvincing than criticism of our natural craving for enjoyment, which Lucretius would have thought empty and unreasonable. To argue ourselves out of desires which may trouble us is generally to extirpate all desires alike; if desires cannot be conquered without arguing with them, it is better to endure them.

It is remarkable that there is one set of desires which Lucretius assumes to be above discussion: he takes for granted that as citizens of the State and as citizens of the universe we are concerned with what will never affect us personally. He regards the final catastrophe of the universe, to which Epicureans and Stoics alike looked forward, with spontaneous unfeigned fear, and only hopes that fortune (being too consistent to invoke the deities) may avert it as long as possible. He is very far from the temper of the Jewish king who said of the ruin of his realm and his house, "Is it not good if peace and truth shall be in my days?" Lucretius's feeling is rather that, as Rome and the world must end, we ought to resign ourselves to the end of our own lives: he wishes to prove that the world is so admirable that we ought to be satisfied with our share of it, and so perishable that we cannot complain that our own craving for immortality is futile. He is entirely without the idea of progress, which is all the more remarkable because he is entirely free from the superstition of cycles

through which prehistoric civilizations had arisen and disappeared and left no trace. He sees clearly that history had a beginning, and that the world must have had a beginning too; and in this he is better advised than Plato or Aristotle, who both leaned to the eternity of the world. On the other hand, they have a feeling for literature, for art, for institutions, which Lucretius lacks. His ideal is the legendary life of Otaheite; and the growing complexity of life, which is the clearest result of progress, is not attractive to such a temper, especially when activity is declining throughout the world.

The point at which Lucretius is most tempted to go beyond the limits fixed by his master is theology; and this, though one of the most ingenious parts of the system, was open to modification, because it had little connection with the rest. Neither Epicurus nor Lucretius ever seriously asks if the gods exist; they take that fact for granted on the faith of the general consent of mankind. And with this fact they take for granted the character of the gods as the best and most glorious beings imaginable, "enjoying life immortal at the height of peace," or, as Epicurus puts it more prosaically, "The best has no trouble of its own, and gives no trouble to others." Both respect the instinct of worship, if purged of irrational fears and hopes: and both ignore the fact that it is precisely these that keep alive the instinct in ordinary minds. This attitude at first may seem illogical, till we remember how exactly it corresponds to our own attitude to the ideal. We do not think it is exactly a creation of our own, and yet only a few enthusiasts hold that the actual world originates with it or is ruled by it, and all right-minded people like to dwell upon it and venerate it. How we come to elaborate ideals, or how we are trained to apprehend them, is such a difficult question that it is no wonder Epicurus and Lucretius cut the knot by assuming that we simply see the images of the gods as they are, just as we see the images of sensible things. Where one detects the incoherence of the conception is in the necessity of putting the gods outside the perishable material world. The tradition which it was wished to save had made the gods the highest inhabitants of the world rather than its makers or

even its rulers. It was to get rid of this last that Epicurus was induced to declare war against the natural explanation of the anthropomorphic ideals of Greece. He might safely have recognized that they were embodiments of natural forces or natural processes. If he had condescended to borrow from Empedocles as he borrowed from Democritus, he might have explained their immortality by the rival principles of love and hatred, showing that beings in whom the principle of hatred predominated were short-lived, and beings in whom the principle of love predominated lived long; while the gods were immortal because in them the principle of love had gained an entire victory. As it is, his belief in the gods is obviously a survival, gradually detaching itself from the main body of his belief. Lucretius is more strongly tempted to adopt the old Roman rationalism in the double form in which Ennius and his successors had embodied it; he can hardly keep from deifying nature, and hardly from deifying Epicurus. Here the temptation is so strong that he more than once salutes his teacher as very god, though he is so sure of his mortality that it is the climax of all his arguments to reconcile us to our own. The other temptation was less fundamental: the gods would still have been perfectly tranquil, if not perfectly motionless, if they had been identified with the ideal side of the beneficent processes of nature; they would not have been responsible for rewarding human merit or punishing human vice; they would have been free, too, from the endless whirl in which the one supreme god of the Stoics lived, for Epicurus and Lucretius were polytheists. In spite of his protests, he gives way more than once quite sincerely: all his concessions, it is true, are in the line of possible continuations of his system. Venus, the mother of the House of Æneas, the pleasure of gods and men, the power who keeps the world alive, before whom the winds depart, and the clouds of heaven flee at her coming, for whom Dædal earth sends up flowers in sweetness, the only lady who governs the nature of things, is really quite at home in the system of Epicurus; and Mars, "melting in her lap spell-bound by the eternal wound of love," is at once a picture too sincere to be conventional, and

a persuasive allegory of the way that grace subdues stormy strength into fruitfulness; and this last entered into the Roman conception of Mars. If one compares this description with the scene in the fourteenth "Iliad," between Zeus and Here, it is obvious that it is the Greek poet rather than the Latin who is playing with a conventional mythology.

Lucretius sometimes plays with mythology too, as in the famous passage on the round of the seasons. Spring and Venus go along; and Spring's harbinger, the winged West Wind, trips before; and beside his steps they find Mother Flora scattering flowers on the way before, to fill all things with choice colors and scents. Next in place follows parching Heat; and close beside are dusty Ceres and the yearly northern blasts. Then Autumn draws nigh, and Euhus Evian trips beside. Then other seasons and winds follow—high thundering Volturnus and the South Wind with all the strength of the levin. At last short days bring the snows and stiff numb cold, and Winter goes abroad; behind her follows Shivering with chattering teeth. This is quite in conformity to Lucretius's own theory, that all such allegory should be treated consciously as a mere ornament, separable from the substance of the work.

It is only in connection with Epicurus that Lucretius feels the necessity of invoking a higher power than man's to account for the effects which strike him with admiration; in general, he uses the conception of "nature" as easily and as vaguely as half-educated writers on the "scientific" side in modern times use the conception of "force." He finds it easy to personify "nature," and at the same time to remember that she has nothing but what we have given her; he is at least as much impressed by the fact that her power is limited both in extent and duration as by the fact that our power is overshadowed by hers. The flaming walls of the world are a boundary that nothing but the human spirit led by Epicurus and Democritus can pass. For Lucretius the sages are true ideals of blessedness and holiness; even when he refutes Democritus his decrees are sacred.

He follows Democritus closely and intelligently in one of the most thorough and ingenious parts of his book, which deals

with the phenomena of vision. All the arguments which prove that color is a "secondary property" of bodies are as old as Democritus; the sea, for instance, is dark in repose and white when lashed into foam by the wind, whence it is inferred with admirable boldness that even those bodies which always present the same colors to the eye do so because the arrangement of their component atoms is less variable, and so they are always affected in the same way by the light that falls upon them. But here the explanation stops short; if light is really colored, and different combinations of atoms reflect differently colored light, it is obvious that light ought to be altogether independent of the atoms, and of a separate substance and operation. But it is explicitly stated that the sky and all luminous bodies are composed of the lighter atoms, which separated themselves in the beginning from the grosser particles which formed the earth by a process like that by which the shining dew-drops mount up in the morning into air.

The theory of images given forth from objects is even more remote from our ordinary ways of thinking; it is harder to follow because it is not explained for its own sake, but as part of a polemic against superstition. The author spends more pains on what are now called optical illusions than on the common facts of perception. Then, as now, optical illusions suggested vague alarms about the superhuman powers with which they were supposed to originate. Lucretius arranges them in two classes: one includes the visions of sleep, trance, and delirium; the other includes such appearances as the mirage and the *fata morgana*. The former are explained mainly as confused reminiscences of real observations; it is the latter which (in default of familiarity with the phenomena of refraction) suggest the very curious theory that the images which bodies give off are capable of forming new combinations just as the atoms are, and that in this way we come to have ideas of centaurs and hippogriffs and other impossibilities. The apparent externality of mere subjective visions is very cleverly explained. Of course we can only judge of what enters the eye (and therefore it may be granted that space is full of unseen images), but there is always a reac-

tion¹ from within in the case of perception of real objects, and the analogy of this leads us to imagine that visions and dreams are external too. Perhaps also we ought to give Lucretius credit for his perception that the eye has some² power of instinctively correcting the illusion of distance in the case of elevated luminous objects; although the argument was never sufficient to bear out his theory of the size of the sun and moon.

One interesting feature of the fifth book in particular is the writer's keen sense of the continuity of celestial and terrestrial phenomena. This serves to cover the astronomical perversity of a system which refused to recognize a purely rational account of phenomena that could not be made objects of direct sensation. The sun looks small, and he is small, but that is no reason why he should not be able to light and warm the world. Look how many fields a little fountain will irrigate. Of course the fountain is fed: why not the sun? Again, why should there be more difficulty in a fresh sun being formed every morning than in all the periodical phenomena upon earth? There are fresh thunder and lightning pretty nearly every summer, fresh snow and hail pretty nearly every winter; every spring there are fresh buds, every autumn there are fresh fruits; every child has one set of teeth in so many months after birth, and another set so many years after. Of course most of these periodical phenomena are dependent upon the sun; but it is perhaps to the credit of Lucretius to have reversed the presumption that the sun is an independent source of light and heat. He will not even take it as proved that the moon shines by his light: it is quite possible she may, and turn the illuminated side in larger measure upon the earth day by day; but

¹ This reaction corresponds to the more precise observations of modern science upon attention to the muscular efforts which adjust the eye to objects.

² V. 566. In fact, Mr. Hamerton ("Portfolio," 1875, p. 77) has shown that most people suppose that the sun and moon look larger than they really do; that is, they think the sun and moon have the same apparent diameter as certain other objects which must obviously be estimated with reference to their habitual distance from the eye, at which distance, as can be proved by angular measurement, the apparent magnitude of those objects far exceeds that of the sun and moon.

it is just as likely that she rolls with a light of her own, and pays her debt to earth in changeful shining forms. There may be a dark invisible body that almost always partially eclipses the moon; or, granting (a large concession) that the moon is spherical, it may have a bright side and a dark side, and turn sometimes more of one and sometimes more of another to the earth. Besides, there may be always new moons as there may be new suns, and the argument is supported by the picturesque analogy of the procession of seasons quoted above. In dealing with astronomy, Lucretius's zeal to provide a large number of alternative theories is especially striking, because we are familiar with astronomy as the province where certain and exclusive truth is most surely to be found. Lucretius addressed a public who still found it hard to apply natural standards to heavenly bodies, and found it still harder to keep two views of the same subject in their minds at once. None of his numerous alternative physical explanations of celestial phenomena really exclude the supernatural theory they are meant to supersede. Any one of his conjectures about sunrise is plausible enough to justify disbelief in Phœbus Apollo; any one is quite compatible with a belief in the providential uses of sunshine. His belief in their adequacy is one proof more of his incapacity to imagine believers who found comfort in their belief, and of the extreme activity of his mind, that found it always easier to start a dozen hypotheses than to test one.

When Lucretius returns to earth, he is more fortunate; he coincides often with views which have been fashionable recently or are fashionable now. Thirty years ago it would have been reckoned to his credit that he thinks the first stages of evolution were much more rapid and much more imposing in their results than those that succeeded them (v. 799, 800). He imagined that each race began with giants, and gradually dwindled away; and that the earth too lost its fertility, so that the enlarged allotments of the later republic were inadequate to maintain such families as had thriven upon the small allotments of the good old days. Observations in Colorado and elsewhere prove that vegetables, the average size of which

appeared to be known, attain a gigantic development when introduced under favorable conditions to a virgin soil. If the analogy between the individual and the race is as trustworthy as Lucretius thinks, it would be safe to assume that the period during which a race survives its most vigorous manifestation is longer than the period during which it reaches it. With this view of evolution in general, Lucretius is able to explain the changes in human society without the conception of progress. According to him, the life of mankind was once rude and simple and easy; it gradually became elaborate and anxious; it exchanged the risks which affect individuals, such as homicide, perils from wild beasts, weather, and the like, for the rarer but more terrible risks that affect communities, such as war, famine, civil massacres, and pestilence. Men grow gentler as they grow weaker and the like. All these are interesting and plausible generalizations, and rather too discouraging in their tone to be quite compatible with the optimism (in our judgment) hardly separable from piety. They leave room for the euhemerism which turned mythology into an historical theory quite as plausible as most of the physical theories with which it had to be combined. At the same time, his criticism is not a protest. The tradition of energy and occupation is still too strong to be attacked. Instead of the contrast which Horace is so fond of between the simple pleasures of repose and the barren labors of ambition and avarice, we have the contrast between pleasures that are easy and cheap and those that are costly and disappointing. He lends no support to the gross love of eating, which, to judge by the comedians and satirists, was a very prominent feature in Roman life; whereas in Greece, after the Homeric age, eagerness as to the quantity or quality of food was somewhat discreditable, while drinking was idealized for the sake of the excitement that it promoted. Lucretius does not care for either form of animal enjoyment. He is remarkably bitter in his depreciation of love, and, what perhaps is curious, it is the ideal side of love which rouses his spleen: the animal appetite, if we could limit it to that, would give very little trouble if it did not give much pleasure. The strength of his feeling is to be measured by

the length at which he develops the subject, as an appendix to his theory of perception, for it is the image thrown off from the beloved and lodged in the eye of the lover that does the mischief.

Lucretius seems to think that philosophy can purge us of sentiment and restore the innocent pleasures of the Golden Age: in general, he does not go beyond the ordinary promise of ordinary Roman philosophy, that he can give strength and insight to lead the common life in a better way than others, and to attain inward peace. The temple of philosophy from which the sage looks down upon the wanderings of a world astray is, after all, a figure: the sage knows the way of life, simply because he knows that common existence would, upon the whole, be a pleasant thing if men could only clear their minds from idle fears and passions. In this, as in much else, Lucretius reminds us of Rousseau and Cowper. Lucretius's indignation against "religion" is very like Rousseau's indignation against "civilization" and Cowper's indignation against "worldliness." All three, at bottom, seem to seek nothing more than a peaceable development of their own nature, though each has a different transcendental theory to justify the modest demands of his character. All seek some external cause for the storms which disturb an inner life consumed by a fruitless aspiration after calm, which, so long as it is heartily felt, seems always to be the truest expression of the real self. Although persons in the position of Lucretius always exaggerate, it is probable that a vague anxiety about the inscrutable intention of higher powers was still a source of trouble in Italy. The only reason for doubting this is that a section (we do not know how large a section) of the upper classes had become sceptical. In fact, this would probably make superstition more formidable. The majority escape superstition best when their natural guides have a hearty practical respect for the religious tradition they have inherited; for then their attention is directed by minds more active than their own to the points at which the tradition is in living contact with experience. The "emancipation" of the educated leaves the uneducated to take refuge in those parts of the tradition which are furthest and

safest from experience; for their experience is narrow and their apprehension of it fragmentary; and whenever they are anxious or uncomfortable, they turn to old wives' fables for guidance how to put their fears and hopes into shape, unless some secular fanaticism takes the place of superstition. Then, too, all the idle brooding over a half-employed and less than half-successful life which tormented all Romans above the ranks of the peasantry (unless a strong turn for politics or money-making saved them) led in itself to meditations upon luck and ill-luck, and their conditions. And it is not surprising that Lucretius should have thought that the mischief was done by the theories in which such meditations issued, instead of by the temper that made such meditations anxious. This may seem a meagre justification for his passion, but a yoke which all have worn is never hated till some have broken it. The famous passage on the sacrifice of Iphigenia (in the preface to the first book) is not intended to prove that religion makes men miserable, or that every man who believes in "providence" is liable to sacrifice his daughter. It is intended simply to contrast the effects of "religion" with the claims, admitted to be superior, of "piety." Nothing is too horrible, according to Lucretius, to be done under a belief that uncontrollable, incalculable forces have to be propitiated. Due regard to human ties, due reverence to superhuman perfection, are only possible when both are disinterested—when we are able to watch the course of things understandingly, hoping and fearing nothing except from human efforts.

The sixth book is even more fragmentary than the fifth. It leaves off in the middle of a rhetorical description of a pestilence, which is evidently elaborated much more for the sake of ornament than for the sake of the argument that suffering in such calamities is distributed with little regard to equity. The magnet is examined through two hundred lines, because when Thales had once noticed some of its properties and inferred that it had a soul, and supported his impression that all things were full of gods, it figured in the first rank of popular science, and was probably the more attractive for its mystery; if the mariner's compass had been familiar for two

hundred years when Lucretius wrote, he might have been able to say no more about magnetism than other useful arts.

The discussion on thunder, on the other hand, was strictly obligatory. The Roman official religion was full of speculations about the meaning of electrical phenomena, and ceremonies to provide against their bad effects. Italians always have been constitutionally nervous about thunder-storms; and when public business was transacted in the open air, a thunder-storm was certain either to cut it short or lead to its being badly done. And the official doctrine was as vulnerable as it was obtrusive. The aruspices were already discredited; their mystery was a tissue of elaborate nonsense, with no visible relation to objective fact of any kind. Whoever chose to look might see that the thunderbolt fell at random—on the waste and on the temple, and on the dwelling of the righteous. A naturalistic account of the matter was evidently needed, and sure to be welcome; but Lucretius, like most of his successors, comes short of Aristotle's precept not only to set forth the truth, but also the cause of error. It would be an adequate explanation, if it were true, that the collision of clouds gives rise to a report which we hear on earth and call thunder; but the fact that conscious guilt cannot rest in such explanations needs to be explained in turn. The human mind is not an ultimate source of self-originated error, any more than of self-originated knowledge; its power of projecting its own alarms, its own unrest, upon a world above or a world to come is, like all its powers, a derived power—derived Lucretius does not tell us whence.

The poem is manifestly incomplete; it is not only that the sixth book is not finished, but that after the first two books the writer almost seems to have left his work in the state of a rough draught (*e. g.* v. 82-90; vi. 58-66). Ornamental passages are repeated in different places, sometimes entire, sometimes with omissions and insignificant alterations. There are additions, often of over a hundred lines (*e. g.* v. 110), which unmistakably interrupt the connection, though they make the treatment of the subject more complete. Besides all this, there is a large crop of interpolations, ancient and modern

(*e. g.* i. 40-49; iii. 806-818); some of which long held their ground, because they were so like Lucretius's own in their manner of insertion. The additions, of course, are intelligible enough; the repetitions of the ornamental passages show that they too are after-thoughts, and it would not be strange if poetical imagination was the last power to develop in Lucretius, as it was the last to develop in Dryden and Burke. These repetitions are a proof that his memory was weak; which is what might have been expected, considering that he has no sense of the continuity of the inward life. In the fifth book we have an extreme instance of the author's infirmity: he proceeds to prove the possibility of a new moon coming into existence every month, as if he had not proved the possibility of a new sun coming into existence every morning, by very much the same arguments, some seventy lines before. Even in the third book, the insertions do not fit their places, though they help the argument and do not disturb its framework, or mar the impressiveness of the sustained glow of passion and sarcasm which Lucretius pours upon the natural clinging to life to prove that it is condemned by nature.

The six books on the "Nature of Things" deserve more attention than they have always received, as a very fresh, vigorous, and earnest contribution to the formation of opinion; it is quite as able, as interesting, and as telling as many of the great books of the eighteenth century, which eighteen hundred years hence are likely to seem as preposterously incompatible with true knowledge as Lucretius seems now. The analogy is not exact: as a thinker Lucretius ranks with men like Vico rather than with men like Rousseau or Montesquieu; he gathers up much of the thought of the past, he anticipates much of the thought of the future, but he is not a leader or director of the thought of his own times. The only trace of his intellectual influence is the reaction from it in Vergil, who sets himself persistently to idealize all the laborious side of civilization, which Lucretius systematically depreciates. As a poet, too, he has had more fame than influence. He was praised and read, but not imitated as Vergil was; his thoughts and phrases did not pass current with posterity as Horace's

did. Manilius affected a few of his mannerisms; Vergil studied him as he did all his predecessors, but he imitated Ennius far more closely.

Passing from Ennius and Lucilius to Lucretius, we feel that he marks an epoch in versification. His lines have a power and a flow which those of his predecessors have not; perhaps we ought to take account of his having read Empedocles as well as Homer, for the movement of his lines is certainly more Greek than that of his elder contemporary Cicero, or his younger contemporary Catullus. When we compare him with them, we see that his metrical achievement, such as it is, lies off the path that led to Vergil. He is far from acquiescing in the principle which Cicero had clearly grasped, and probably discovered that the appropriate ending for a Latin hexameter is either a dissyllable or a trisyllable. Catullus, with some refinements which shall be pointed out in their place, accepts the rule of Cicero. But Lucretius seems to be fond of polysyllabic endings for their own sake: such lines as

Quæ mare naverum, quæ terras frugiferenteis . . .
In gremium matris terrai præcipitavit

are as deliberately introduced for effect as lines like

Funera Cecropia nefunera portarentur.

The termination of the fourth foot with a word is common to him and Cicero and Catullus, and is probably as much a matter of necessity as of choice; for to link the whole six feet always into one rhythm was beyond the power of poets who still had the tact to shun crudities like

Pendent peniculata unum ad quemque pedum
Pluma atque amfitapœ et si aliud quid deliciarum.

Perhaps Lucretius's predilection for sonorous endings makes him end the fourth foot with a word rather oftener than his contemporaries. Like them, when he has a dissyllable and a monosyllable to place after the cæsura in the third foot, he generally places the monosyllable first, while after Vergil the presumption is the other way. The metrical order in both cases seems to coincide more or less with the rhetorical; it

would disturb the flow of the older poet to write "terras quæ frugiferenteis;" to write

Arma virumque cano qui Trojæ primus ab oris

would cripple the eloquence of the younger: as it is, "Trojæ" seems too emphatic to be kept back.

Other metrical peculiarities of Lucretius, like his beginning the third foot with a word, and constructing the third and fourth feet upon the pattern which Vergil reserves for the fifth and sixth, are as likely to be due to the pressure of matter as to a perverse taste for archaism.

CATULLUS.

Catullus is in some ways the most enigmatical of the great poets. For one thing, we know very little of the order of his poems; he brought out his works himself in one volume, in an entirely arbitrary arrangement. He put the lyrics first, the long poems in the middle, and the epigrams in elegiacs at the end. Vorländer has collected instances where a poem on a different subject is inserted to give the reader a change. This is provoking, because the order of the poems, if we knew it, would throw light upon the meaning. Catullus is full of abrupt and violent changes of feeling, and their depth and sincerity are only to be measured by their durability. How often did he quarrel with Lesbia, and make it up again? how often with Furius and Aurelius? how much did he mean by his attacks on Mamurra and Cæsar? Is the smooth and monotonous epithalamium of Peleus and Thetis one of his earliest works or one of his latest? Is its disproportion to be explained by saying that the Ariadne episode was finished separately after the poet had read Lucretius?

Again, the dates of his birth and death are uncertain. There is a tradition that he died at the age of thirty, and the last events that he unmistakably mentions are the second consulate of Pompeius, B.C. 55, and Cæsar's first invasion of Britain, B.C. 55-54. The accepted chronology of Catullus's poems assumes that he died soon after; and unless his final quarrel with Lesbia left him in the condition of a more or less extinct

volcano, it is strange that, if he lived to see Vatinius consul in 48-47, he should not allude to any public event in the seven years between. On the other hand, Catullus thought it a duty to die, because Vatinius swore falsely by his consulate; and though he might have begun to clench his lies, "as sure as I shall be consul," when first put down for promotion, honest people were perfectly free to find him ridiculous, till he was actually consul. There would be more point in calling Cæsar "Romulus" after he received the formal title of father of his country. It is a less weighty argument that Catullus might have yielded to Cæsar with a better grace when Cæsar was master of the world. If Cæsar cared to dine with a man who he thought had branded his name forever by his lampoons at any time before he crossed the Rubicon, his object must have been to gain him; after Pharsalia, the same act could only have been a seal of pardon.

Catullus's place in literature is harder to determine than his place in chronology: he seems to have no precursors, and hardly any successors. All the poetry that can be said in any sense to belong to his school is included in the narrow circle of the appendix to Vergil. There is no sign of hendecasyllabics earlier than his in Latin, except a couple that are attributed to Nævius. What is more, we know of no great Greek writer whose hendecasyllabics were celebrated, though Sappho wrote in them. Again, there was no great Greek poem in galliam-bics, which is certainly the right name for the metre of the "Attis," though Greek metrists are inclined rather to treat it as a variant of the *Ionicus a minore*. In all this Catullus is much more original than Horace, who formed himself as a lyric poet on Alcæus and Sappho, with a distant imitation of Pindar. Like Horace, too, he stands apart from the literary movement of his day: the movement towards assimilating Alexandrine literature was begun, and in full force, and he is perceptibly aware of it and interested in it, and yet outside it. He translates the "Coma Berenices" for Hortalus, he translates later some other works which have not reached us, and sends them as a peace-offering to Gellius. He translates or imitates the idyl of enchantments from Theocritus, who also

supplies the model of an epithalamium—which, unlike the other, has reached us. Catullus even composes a very complete and musical miniature epic or heroic idyl—of the orthodox Alexandrine pattern—on the marriage of Peleus and Thetis. But none of these belong to his most characteristic work: none appeal to the inner circle of admirers, who are the best judges of a poet. There is no Alexandrian precedent for the hendecasyllabics or iambics, for the poems to Lesbia, or the Roman Epithalamium, or the "Attis." One might almost say that his attitude to Alexandrinism was like the attitude of Byron and De Musset to the phases of romanticism with which they were contemporary. All these, without surrendering themselves to the movement of their time, or really sympathizing with it, were enlarged and emancipated by it. Alexandrinism was unlike romanticism in many ways, and not least in this, that it laid too much stress upon form and plan rather than too little; but it was like it in two very important points, it was disinterested, and it was learned; it paraded the separation between art and life, and it carried its curious pursuit of the beautiful into the strangest and remotest regions. The "Attis" is a poem no Alexandrine could have written, but the legend it turns upon is a legend which would not have been thought fit for elaborate treatment, until the fashion set by Callimachus and his school. Hitherto Roman literature had lived upon Greek works, which, like those of Euripides and Menander, were deeply rooted in real life. The time had come for it to go further and fare worse. Catullus's pet abomination was a certain honest Taminus Geminus, a continuator or rival of Ennius, whose "Annals" were popular at the day. His own ideal is the compact, studied, memorable poem of his friend Cinna, which took nine years of labor, and was so full of learning that it required a highly trained grammarian to understand it, and earned a reputation high enough to discourage the modesty of Vergil. Neither Catullus nor Vergil was shocked by the subject—the passion of a daughter for her father; indeed, its morbid intensity commended itself to a school in search of new legends and strong emotions.

Catullus himself is the one great master of a certain kind of passion in Latin literature. There are many poets who had understood the passion of a woman for a man, and in this Catullus does not come short; his forsaken Ariadne may face a comparison with Vergil's forsaken Dido, for, after all, it was written first. But Catullus is the first poet to conceive a man's passion for a woman; and Propertius, his only successor, comes very far short of him. It is true that his passion is a little egoistic and brutal, and it proves what a new phenomenon it was, that it has no appropriate language of its own; when he wishes to reproach his mistress with the depth of the affection she has slighted, he can only say that he loved her, not as common men love women, but as a father loves his sons and sons-in-law. The explanation of this strange phrase may be found in another poem, where Catullus assures his mistress that the result of her faithlessness is, that he loves her more than ever, but that he bears her less good-will. It was this element of good-will which impressed him by its novelty; he was familiar with the idea of men's desire for women, and the resulting readiness to humor a woman's caprice; but the feeling which makes a man wish well to his mistress for her own sake was something quite unheard of: not unnaturally, as manners did not allow any virtuous maiden so much intercourse with young men as might lead one to wish to marry her, and the intercourse that was permitted was obviously selfish on the part of the women to whom it was permitted. The naïve enthusiasm for an attractive woman, which is more conspicuous in Plautus than in Terence, was completely worn out by the days of Catullus, who came so long after both. The beloved of the comic poets was always unmarried; the beloved of the elegiac poets (with the doubtful exception of Tibullus) is always married; and it is Catullus who set the fashion. His own mistress, according to ancient tradition and most modern critics, except Herr Riese and Professor Nettleship, was as celebrated for rank as for beauty. She was Clodia, the sister of the famous tribune, the wife and afterwards the widow of Q. Metellus Celer, consul B.C. 54. She was as fascinating and unscrupulous as her brother, and had no natural outlet for her energies. A Ro-

man matron of the Republic compromised herself by dancing or singing or talking too well or too freely, even in her own house. If she was not content to live ostentatiously for her husband, her children, and her spinning-room, she might renounce her reputation; an accomplished woman who liked to be a little notorious hardly found it worth while to be virtuous or even prudent. Lesbia showed no sign of prudence in her downward career, except quarrelling with her lover when her husband was by. She was at least ten years older than Catullus, and must have been very charming to intoxicate him so completely. There is no evidence that she was in love with him, though his devotion flattered her so far that she soothed him by promises of fidelity, never meant to be kept. She did not intend to be fettered in any way by her relation to him, even if she cared enough about it to wish it to be pleasant and kindly while it lasted. Catullus, on his side, did not feel bound to exclusive fidelity, and never imagined that a woman could owe any faith to her husband. If she cared to be true, she deserved the credit which the world would give her; but he did not hold that he was sinning himself or tempting her to sin. The real sin was to be false to her freely plighted oath to him, who loved her more than he had loved or could love any other woman. He does not believe that Jove laughs when lovers take his name in vain; and he expects the gods, whose name he has never profaned, to take his part and deliver him from his passion for a perjured woman. This stage was only reached by degrees. At first when he detected her escapades, he tried to think they were not many and that she was ashamed of them: he refused to think it was any shame to himself, when the news came to Verona that any gentleman who pleased might take his place with her at Rome. True, her infidelity made him miserable; and the distracting poems in which he analyzes his misery have no charm but their sincerity, and the unexhausted tenderness that made him ready to be reconciled when his mistress renewed her professions of regard. To the last he avoids direct reproaches in the poems addressed to her, though he speaks of her with asperity that passes more and more into vindictive bitterness. The immortal poems

on the sparrow and the kisses seem to belong to the early days of fanciful intoxication, which dies away into something better or something worse when lovers have had time to become intimate with one another.

According to most commentators, the affair began about or before 60 B.C.; according to Professor Munro, it was over when Catullus went to Bithynia three years later. This would carry the quarrel with Mamurra rather far back, as Catullus makes it a grievance that his Provincial,¹ or Provençal, mistress ventured to compete with Lesbia at Rome. The quarrel culminated when Mamurra came back with the fortune that he had accumulated as Cæsar's chief engineer to replace the patrimony he had squandered. His tastes for display were as vigorous as ever (Pliny tells us that he was the first private person who ventured to panel his own house with colored marbles), and he had laid himself open in his youth to the same kind of imputations as Cæsar. According to Catullus, Cæsar and Pompeius had ruined the world by a family compact, and there was nothing to show for it but Mamurra's fortune. The imputations on Cæsar's private life can only be half sincere; if there had been anything against him in his manhood, Cicero would have mentioned it; but the Italians were probably foul-mouthed because many of them were foul-living; the coarse jests at a triumph may have been meant to propitiate Nemesis, but they did not lose sight of probability. Cæsar's soldiers rallied him on the legend of Nicomedes; Tiberius's soldiers rallied him on his presumed fondness for drinking hard on the sly. Catullus lavished foul language upon his friends Furius and Aurelius as freely as upon Cæsar and Mamurra, or Gellius, a rival with Lesbia, whom Baehrens has proposed to identify with Lesbius (*i. e.* with Clodius), although he thought the latter worth propitiating, and graciously condescended to assure Cæsar that he did not care whether he was black or white.

Catullus is too self-absorbed to be amiable; he complains of almost everybody he comes in contact with: Cornificius neg-

¹ It is not clear whether *provincia*, xli. (xliii.) 6, means a province or the province of Transalpine Gaul before Cæsar's conquests.

lects him in his trouble; some other friend who is under great obligations, at least to Catullus's thinking, has deserted him in his pecuniary difficulties. Memmius, the prætor who took him to Bithynia, and brought back the original authority for the story about Cæsar, fares none the better upon that account; he is foully insulted, for no reason except that Catullus failed to make money with him. Cæcilius and Cornelius Nepos, Cinna and Calvus, Cato and Varro, are mentioned respectfully; Verannius and Fabullus, perhaps because they were less intimate with Memmius than Furius and Aurelius, are condoled with on the ground that they are sacrificed to unworthy rivals. He is always as ready to adopt his friends' quarrels as to quarrel with them himself. And his passionate lamentations on his brother's death—oddly enough always in connection with his visit to the grave in Troas—are full of a depth and sincerity which have no parallel in ancient literature.

It is characteristic of the fitfulness of Catullus that so many of his best pieces should be short—a cry, or jest, or a caress; and it is also noticeable that the affair with Lesbia seems to have left him very nearly heart-whole; the innocent merriment of his home-coming, in the odes to his villa at Sirmio and the pinnace which had brought him home, is not like a man whose heart was broken or breaking. Even before he got home, the spring-time, when his chief leaves the province, fills him with emotion; he takes wing in spirit for the famous cities of Asia, and his mind quivers beforehand with the yearning to roam. When he is back in Rome, he is equally gay: he rallies one friend on the secrecy in which he shrouds his love affairs, li. (liii.); he tells the story of his misadventure with the pert mistress of another, who would not let him brag in peace of Cinna's well-mounted litter, x.; he commemorates the pure, happy love of Septimius and Acme without the least *arrière pensée* of bitterness. There is only bitterness enough to be piquant in the brutal poems to a second mistress, xl. (xlii.), married, like Lesbia, and, like her, in possession of much of Catullus's writing; or in the farcical poem, xvii., in which he invites the "colony to duck an old gentleman" who got on badly with

his young wife. The most perfect, probably, of the longer poems is the Epithalamium of Mallius: it is remarkable for a curious union of gayety, tenderness, and enthusiasm. The poet has much to say that it would be enviable and natural if attainable to say now, and he has almost as much to say that a modern writer of the coarsest fibre would have felt himself forced to refuse. The sentiment, we might say, is almost exclusively the sentiment of the situation; the bridegroom is, for the moment, in love almost up to the standard of Mr. Coventry Patmore, and his antecedents are discussed with a cynicism which outdoes M. Dumas *filis*. The impatience of the spectators, who do not care to be kept waiting for the successive stages of the show, gets full play, and there is plenty of good-humored banter upon everything in its turn—from the expectation of the bridesmaids, whose own day will come, to the final recommendation to the new spouses to keep up an old family. Throughout, the whole is full of caressing diminutives; and there is a sort of eagerness—we cannot call it hurry—pervading the metre, which moves much more swiftly than in Horace, although Horace never dallies with his ideas as Catullus does. The praise of Hymen, for instance, with which the poem opens, tells us nothing but the most commonplace advantages of marriage, and stanza after stanza the poet bursts out with the question, Since these all come by the grace of this god, who can dare to liken himself to him?—an extreme and rare instance in Roman literature of the tendency of worshippers who have a choice of several objects of worship to set the one they select above all others while they are worshipping it.

The whole poem is full of pictures like the bride in her bower, shining as brightly as the white pellitory, or glowing as the yellow poppy, and the light of warm, tender desire through which they are seen doubles their charm. In his other Epithalamium, Catullus, who is probably translating or imitating a Greek work, takes matters still more simply; there is nothing of the Roman ritual of marriage, little of its social purpose: everything turns on the bare conflict of sentiment between the chorus of youths and maidens who dispute over

the bride. The maidens hold that when a maiden marries she is like a plucked flower that droops and is trodden underfoot; the youths, that a maiden unwed is like the vine trailing along the ground untended of swain and steer, while a maiden wedded is like the same vine trained to fruitfulness upon the stately elm.

The poem on the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis is the longest work of Catullus: it is a little over four hundred lines, much longer than any of the mythological idyls of Theocritus or Moschus—for one reason, because it is the only attempt of its author in that kind. It is divided into two nearly equal parts, the main story and the episode of Ariadne, which is introduced because it was represented upon the coverlet on the marriage-bed; just as in Moschus the casket of Europa is adorned with the story of Io: only Moschus, though by no means so great a poet as Catullus, has a sense of proportion, and remembers that Europa is his subject, and not Io. It is possible that if Catullus was following a Greek original he amplified it for the benefit of a public that knew very little of Theseus and less of Ariadne. But of two hundred and seventeen lines that are devoted to the coverlet, a hundred and eighty could quite well be spared by a reader who had the information which is contained in any dictionary of mythology. No part of the description of the coverlet would have to be omitted, and we should pass at once from the picture of the desolation of Ariadne to the picture of the jollity of her divine wooer, with his train of Bacchanals. The part which would have to be omitted is full, however, of splendid poetry; in fact, it has more movement and connection than the main poem, where one picture succeeds another without growing out of it. The opening passage about the Argo is irrelevant, or at least superfluous, and leads to nothing except anachronisms; for we cannot suppose that Thetis fell in love with Peleus when he sailed in the Argo, the first ship that ever sailed the sea, and that the marriage was postponed till Minos had established a maritime empire, and his vengeance for his son and the death of Ægeus and the perfidy of Theseus were an old familiar tale. Besides, how are we to believe that peo-

ple came from all Thessaly and Scyros to Pharsalus, only to go away again before the arrival of the gods, who alone are worthy to sit down at the marriage supper and hear the song of fate? Even when the gods arrive, Chiron and Peneus and Prometheus seem more important to the author than the Olympians. The protest against impiety is spirited, and might perhaps be taken as a reply to the Epicureanism of Lucretius. According to Lucretius, the blessed nature of the gods would be contaminated by any interest in human affairs. According to Catullus, it is only human guilt which shuts men out from the familiar intercourse with heaven enjoyed in days of old. The poet looks back with longing and regret to the times of the heroes, upon whom he promises to call often in his song, although the promise remained unfulfilled. The song of the Fates is solemn and dignified, but very inferior to the lament of Ariadne, which refers to the long quarrel of the sexes, treated more lightly in the second Epithalamium. Catullus had much experience of the quarrel, and probably Lesbia, when their passion had reached the stormy stage, took care that he should hear the woman's side of the matter. Theseus is perfidious much rather than ungrateful; Ariadne does not reproach him with having been saved by her, but with having broken his promise, or rather his solemn oath, to marry her. It is his perjury which brings down the curse upon him: he forgot Ariadne, and therefore Jove ordered that he should forget the token his father had appointed if he prospered in his errand; and so his father, thinking his son had perished, threw himself into the sea. Love, who brought the trouble upon her, is still a holy child, who mingles care with joy for men.

Protesilaus and Laodamia were parted because they did not propitiate Nemesis, and Catullus is careful to propitiate her himself. So, too, he winds up his poem on the tragicomical legend of Attis, who mutilated himself in haste only to repent at leisure, with the naïve petition that the lady of Dindymus will graciously vouchsafe to keep all her madness far from his house, and drive others to headlong courses, others to madness. The first reading of the "Attis" suggests

Gibbon's remark, that it is worth all the mystical theories of the legend put together; the second or third reading suggests that it is as artificial as any, and almost as heartless. There is a sob of true passion in the famous address to his native land, which furnished the key-note that is struck repeatedly in Mr. Tennyson's "Ænone."

Patria o mea creatrix, patria o mea genitrix,
Ego quam miser relinquens, dominos ut herifugæ
Famuli solent, ad Idæ tetuli nemora pedem;
Ut apud nivem et ferarum gelida stabula forem,
Et earum omnia adirem furibunda latibula:
Ubinam, aut quibus locis te positam, patria, rear?
Cupit ipsa pupula ad te sibi dirigere aciem,
Rabie fera carens dum breve tempus animus est.
Egone a mea remota hæc ferar in nemora domo?
Patria, bonis, amicis, genitoribus abero?
Abero foro, palæstra, stadio, et gymnasiis?
Miser, ah miser, querendum est etiam atque etiam, anime.

* * * * *

Egone deum ministra, et Cybeles famula ferar?
Ego Mænas, ego mei pars, ego vir sterilis ero?
Ego viridis algida Idæ nive amicta loca colam?
Ego vitam agam sub altis Phrygiæ columinibus,
Ubi cerva silvicultrix, ubi aper nemorivagus?
Iam iam dolet, quod egi, iam iamque pœnitet.¹

Even here the splendid epithets of the doe and the wild boar belong to Catullus rather than to Attis; and when we

¹ Fatherland, my fatherland, my mother who barest me, whom I, poor wretch, have left after the manner of servants who run from their lords, to bring my steps to the thickets of Ida, that I might be among the snow and the cold lairs of wild beasts, and go into all their hiding-places in my madness! Wherever, in what region, must I think thee set, my fatherland? My very eye desires of itself to turn unto thee for the short season that my spirit is clear of wild madness. Shall I be borne to those thickets far from my home? be away from my fatherland, gear, friends, parents? be away from market and ring, from race-course and playground? Ah, poor soul! complain again, poor soul! and yet again. . . . I to be called a hand-maiden of gods, of the household of Cybele; to be a Mænad? I a fragment of myself? I a man unmanned? I to dwell in the chill regions of green Ida, whose covering is of snow? I to spend my life under the lofty pinnacles of Phrygia, where the boar roams through the thicket and the doe haunts the glade? Now, now, my deed repents me; now, even now, it is my pain.

hear in the next line that the cry of Attis came from "rosy liplets," it is clear that the legend is being treated as Perugino treated the martyrdom of St. Sebastian—with a dainty curiosity not far removed from cruelty. The whole poem belongs to a very simple period of art, and so at first seems to be purely natural; but within its limits it is elaborately—over-elaborately—finished. All the primitive ornaments of alliteration and euphony are lavishly employed, and there are signs of affectation: the cry of Attis rises to the "twin ears" of the gods; Cybele, when she looses one of her lions to scare her wavering votary back to his duty, bids him "beat his back with his tail," which is simple enough, and to "bear his own blows," which is a conceit. The lion himself is the "left-hand foe of cattle;" he "calls upon himself in his fury; his spirit is stirred to speed: he goes, he roars, he bursts the brushwood with uncontrolled tread. But when he came to the moist region of the whitening shore, and saw tender Attis beside the flashing levels of the main, he made his charge: and Attis fled crazy into the wild woods." The whole poem is short, only ninety-three lines, and five of these are given to saying, "When the sun rose Attis woke"—"When the sun, with the radiant eyes of his golden countenance, looked abroad upon white heaven, hard earth, wild sea, and drove the shadows of night before the tramp of his fresh steeds, then Attis started. Sleep departed from him in swift flight, and the goddess Pasithea took him¹ trembling to her bosom." It is very pretty, fresh, and dainty, but cold and unreal. Why should Sleep fly trembling to the bosom of Pasithea? In Homer there is a reason: he has been deceiving Jupiter, and one is not clear whether the espousals of Sleep and the gracious lady of the fair fancies of night are older than the "Iliad"—and there they are only promised. What, again, is the sound of the feet of the horses of the sun? and the epithet is perhaps a little *recherché*. Vergil is far better—"When we feel the breath of the panting horses of the east." The words are all simple and natural, and the metaphor is at once delicate and true, where Catullus is forced, quaint, and, if suggestive, boisterous. Quaintness

¹ Or, as others read, "took him to her quivering bosom."

Catullus would hardly have thought a reproach; he was disgusted with the notion of what was common or homespun or commonplace: his favorite word of praise is "venustus"—full of the charm of Venus; and it is curious to find that he thinks it applicable to an unfinished poem of a friend's upon Cybele, a subject which might be thought to demand sublime or picturesque or romantic treatment rather than an exquisitely pretty one. When he wishes to give praise not quite so high, he speaks of what is "lepidus" or "bellus" or "facetus:" "bellus" is exactly "pretty;" "lepidus" is "elegant," with an added suggestion of kindly pleasantness; "facetus" wavers between "clever" and "amusing."

His own hexameters in the longer and more elaborate poem suffer from over-finish. The separate lines are happy and skilful—more skilful than any separate lines which had been written in Latin before; there is a curiosity in varying the construction and cadence, and an ingenious appreciation of the advantages of weak cæsuras. Even the mannerism of ending lines with a double spondee is probably suggested by the observation that when some pains were taken with the cæsuras in the early parts of the line, and the verse was carefully ended with a dissyllable or trisyllable, the fourth foot was apt to end with a word and to be a spondee. After lines like

Pars e divolso jactabant membra juvenco,

lines like

Pars sese tortis serpentibus incingebant

were a welcome relief. In the Epithalamium there are no spondaic lines, but Catullus is carefully on his guard against ending the fourth foot, which is still almost always a spondee, with a word except a monosyllable. The structure of the poem, short stanzas divided by the hymeneal refrain, excludes the more serious fault of the poem on Peleus and Thetis—a want of continuous movement, and the too obvious effort to gain effect by an accumulation of parallel details.

CHAPTER II.

ORATORY OF THE REPUBLIC.

THE development of Latin oratory was much more continuous than that of Latin poetry, and is much better known. For Cicero has traced its history from the earliest-recorded speeches to his own day with infinite good-will and a great deal of delicate discrimination, and has taken quite sufficient pains to mark the necessary abatements from his general tone of eulogy.

The external conditions of Roman oratory were practically fixed from the days of Pyrrhus to those of Cicero—the only important change being the institution of the standing court for the trial of provincial governors in 149 B.C., and the extension of this jurisdiction to murder, attempted murder, forgery, riot, undue electoral influence, under Sulla. Men had always spoken in the senate and in the forum, and in the forum they had spoken under very different conditions from Greek orators. At Rome and at Athens the theory was that all causes were determined by the sovereign people, and that all measures of legislation or administration were decided in the last resort by their votes. But at Athens the rule was that speeches on public affairs were addressed to the meeting that voted upon them: it was the exception when this happened at Rome. Again, at Rome the question of law was always decided by the authority of a magistrate in the presence of the parties and their supporters, and often of a crowd who shared their excitement; there was seldom much for the orator to do: shrewdness, intrigue, influence, had more to do than eloquence or argument in deciding what particular issue of fact should be raised to govern the legal issue. The opportunity of the orator came later, before the court that had to decide the

special issue of fact. At Athens the duty of the magistrate was purely ministerial: the whole merits of the case, whether of fact or law, came before the jury; and the jury was a body to be counted by hundreds—a large committee of the sovereign assembly. At Rome the question of fact was often referred to a single *judex*; and when the court was largest it was counted by scores. But the court was never the whole of the audience; generally it was the smallest part. Besides the parties and their friends, there were the loungers in the market-place, who gathered round any knot engaged in an interesting or amusing dispute. The larger the ring of such idlers any speaker could draw and hold, the greater his success: knowledge of the law, station, tact, and the like might win the verdict of the judge, but eloquence only could interest an audience; and success gained by eloquence was much more important to the orator than a success gained in any other way. Consequently, what told upon the audience was quite as important as what told upon the court, and much told upon the audience which did not tell upon the cause. There was the same tendency to irresponsible display in political speaking: the audience was commonly a mass-meeting convoked to support or oppose a particular measure; it was rare that any speaker addressed a meeting called by an opponent. The only scene of debate was the senate, and even there debate was beset by formalities: for one senator directly to reply to another was only tolerable when questions of personal dignity had been raised. As a rule, each senator gave his opinion in turn as called upon by the consul or other magistrate. In this way, men of consular rank, at any rate, had to speak whether they had anything to say or no; and even when the consulars had spoken, there was little chance that less dignified speakers would animate the latter part of the sitting. In the first place, they were not expected to speak at such length as the leaders, and there were a number of senators who would give a silent vote, and had still to be asked for whom they would give it. Even in the senate, too, there was a great deal of vague speaking, for no senator who was not a magistrate could bring forward any subject of his own motion: he had

to speak on such subjects as magistrates chose to bring forward: if other subjects struck him as more important, his only resource was, in speaking on the magistrates' motion, to give his opinion that they should be instructed to bring his own question before the senate on a future day. Even this, though permissible, was reckoned irregular, like the practice of personal altercation.

CICERO'S PREDECESSORS.

The records of Roman eloquence went far back. Cicero had read the speech of Appius Cæcus which decided the senate against treating with Pyrrhus, and he had read funeral orations older than the days of Cato. He did not admire either: he disliked the funeral orations, which were kept as the authorities and patterns for similar exercises in his own day, whereby history was increasingly corrupted. He was willing to believe that Appius must have been eloquent, since till he spoke the senate had been inclined to treat. He pays capricious compliments to the hypothetical eloquence of Fabricius, sent to induce Pyrrhus to restore his prisoners; of Tiberius Coruncanius, whose wisdom was proved by the "Commentaries of the Pontiffs;" and of M'. Curius, who overruled the illegal intention of Appius Cæcus to create two patrician consuls. There were other speakers who had a name for having carried measures or exercised influence. But the first speaker whose reputation was intelligible was M. Cornelius Cethegus, consul 203 B.C.; and his eloquence, which Cicero only knew by the report of Ennius, was chiefly an affair of voice and manner. His contemporaries called him the "fine flower of the people," "the marrow of persuasion," and spoke of his "mouth of honeyed speech." When he was consul the elder Cato was quæstor, with whom Cicero plainly feels that the history of Latin oratory really begins. There were a hundred and fifty of his speeches (unless Cicero confounded him with a grandson who left speeches in the same style) to be read in Cicero's day; and it amused Cicero to overpraise him. He compared his speeches to Lysias, and his history to Thucydides and Philistus; partly because Lysias

was the least passionate, the least ornate, of the great Attic orators, and among the most voluminous, and partly because the historical reputation of Thucydides and Philistus had been thrown into the shade by the affected sublimity of Theopompus. (Was Cicero inclined to resent the historical reputation of Sallust, who, like Theopompus, aimed at the sublime?) He liked also to illustrate Greek figures of rhetoric from the practice of Cato, who was really an ambitious and clever speaker,¹ with a strong taste for displaying his ingenuity, all the more pronounced because he had no real oratorical passion. The speech on the freedom of the Rhodians has been preserved in great measure by Aulus Gellius. It is a plea against punish-

¹ Fronto gives an amusing specimen: "Jussi caudicem proferri ubi mea oratio scripta erat. De eâ re quod sponsionem feceram cum M. Cornelio tabulæ prolata: majorum bene facta perlecta, deinde quæ ego pro republica fecissem, leguntur. Ubi id utrumque perlectum est, deinde scriptum erat in oratione: 'Nunquam ego pecuniam neque meam neque sociorum per ambitionem dilargitus sum.' Attat noli, noli scribere, inquam; istud nolunt audire. 'Num quos præfectos per sociorum vestrorum oppida imposivi, qui bona eorum, liberos diriperent?' Istud quoque dele: nolunt audire. Recita porro: 'Nunquam ego prædam neque quod de hostibus captum esset, neque manubias inter pauculos amicos meos divisi, ut illis eriperem qui ceperant.' Istuc quoque dele. Nihilominus volunt dici: non opus est. Recitato: 'Nunquam ego evectionem datavi, quo amici mei per symbolas pecunias magnas caperent.' Perge istuc quoque uti cum maxime delere: 'Nunquam ego argentum pro vino congiarii inter apparitores atque amicos meos disdidi neque eos malo publico divites feci.' Enim vero usque istuc ad lignum dele. Vide, sis, quo loco respublica siet uti quod reipublicæ bene fecissem, unde gratiam capiebam, nunc idem illud memorare non audeo, ne invidiæ siet. Ita inductum est, male facere inpœne, bene facere non inpœne licere." Cato had boasted of his integrity with success and acceptance, and naturally could not believe that he had done anything to disgust the public with the interesting topic. Since they found it tedious, it was obvious they had changed. When he found it necessary to defend himself again on the subject of his expenditure—for there were many who thought his extreme frugality mean—his first idea was to look over his speech that had succeeded before when his merits were fresh. He saw that it would not do to repeat his old boasts, and so he carried the figure of "pretermission"—saying that he would not say so-and-so—to a pitch of ingenuity beyond anything in the range of Fronto's reading. A modern reader—probably, too, a reader of the days of Cicero—would have been struck rather by the speaker's *naïveté* and his readiness to take liberties with his audience.

ing the Rhodians too severely for their presumed sympathy with Perseus in the last war with Rome. Cato maintains that it is unfair in such a case to take the will for the deed; the Rhodians had been trustworthy allies in their acts, and they did not deserve to lose their independence because they had proffered their mediation, and had not wished the Romans to conquer too completely. He illustrates this ingeniously with instances of cases where unpractical good-will is not rewarded and unpractical ill-will is not punished. He recurs to the same idea in his latest speech, when he prosecuted Galba for violating a convention with the Lusitanians because he suspected them of meaning to break faith with him. The illustrations are new; he tells the audience how absurd it would be for him to expect to be made pontiff or augur because he meant to become a great authority upon pontifical law or augury, and argues that it was as absurd to punish the Lusitanians for what they meant to do.

Most of the fragments of his speeches are in this vein of leisurely, antithetical argument: there is a great show of brevity, because there is little amplification, although there is always some parade and irrelevance. There is nothing of the easy flow of exposition that we find in the speeches of Lysias, who deliberately avoids display, and keeps as near as he can to the tone of refined conversation on matters of exciting business. Cato, on the contrary, likes to perorate. Here, for instance, is what he says when a Roman magistrate had the authorities of an Italian town publicly beaten for not providing him with a proper dinner:

Dixit a decemviris parum bene cibaria curata esse: jussit vestimenta detrahi atque flagro cædi: decemviros Bruttiani verberavere: videre multi mortales: quis hanc contumeliam, quis hoc imperium, quis hanc servitum ferre potest? Nemo hoc rex ausus est facere; eam facere bonis, bono genere gnatis, boni consulitis? ubi societas? ubi fides majorum? insignitas injurias, plagas, verbera, vibices eos dolores atque carnificinas per dedecus atque maximam contumeliam inspectantibus popularibus suis atque multis mortalibus te facere ausum esse: sed quantum luctum, quantum gemitum, quid lacrimarum, quantum fletum audiui. Servi injuriam nimis ægre ferunt: quid illos, bono genere gnatos, magna virtute præditos, opinamini animi habuisse atque habituros dum vivunt?

Obviously the orator is deliberately lashing up his own indignation, and the indignation of his audience, to divert attention from the question what was to be done with the authorities of a small town who neglected the rather onerous duty of providing for a Roman governor *en route*: if he was to have any control at all, he must be able to inflict summary punishment, and it was hard for him to dispense with the convenient fiction that he was at the head of an army able to deal with whomsoever he met under martial law.

Among his own contemporaries, Cato's fame for eloquence did not stand high: he was an able man, whose perseverance, cleverness, and bitterness made his speeches worth listening to, while his vanity secured their preservation. Other speakers had more weight and gave more pleasure. C. Lælius, the friend of the younger Africanus, was supposed to be the wisest statesman of his day; and his freedom from personal ambition and passion, and his readiness to take the second place, gave him a higher reputation than a more active politician could gain. His "mild wisdom" was long proverbial: he was supposed to be the only man able to influence his friend, who, without wishing to override the constitution, habitually set himself above it. Consequently, Lælius was asked to speak in all important cases, and took pains with his speeches, which had the merit of perfect purity of language, though that was less remarkable then than in later days. His speeches read well for their day, because he took as much pains in preparing them for publication as for delivery in the forum. The charm of his speeches was a kind of religious unction; nothing, says Cicero, could be sweeter, nothing holier. We have a specimen in the magnificent panegyric on his dead friend which he wrote for Q. Tubero, and which was imitated by Q. Fabius Æmilianus. "Needs must be," said Lælius, "that the empire of the whole earth should be where that man was: wherefore neither such great thanks can be paid to the immortal gods as ought to be paid that he, with such a mind and such a spirit, was born in this city out of all others, nor yet such moan and lament be made as ought to be made since he died of that disease, and was taken away in that same season, when to you

and all others who would have this commonwealth safe there was most need of his life, ye men of Rome." Cicero had trained himself to feel strongly about a speech on the sacred ceremonies of Rome, in which it was set forth what delight the gods took in wooden ladles and bowls of red Samian earthenware. Lælius's speeches were remarkably archaic compared with Scipio's. Cicero does not tell us whether this was because they were more accurately transmitted: the orations of Scipio doubtless found their way into the "*Annales Maximi*," but when that voluminous work was published, there had been time for a good deal of archaism to rub off. At the same time, the parade of ancient words, which it required training to use accurately, was itself a mark of education; and throughout the history of Roman eloquence there is a constant feeling that ordinary words are not good enough for oratory. Though Lælius was the more celebrated speaker, we have more quotations from Scipio. With one exception, they are not very remarkable. He was more shocked at the fact that five hundred free-born girls and boys learned to dance such dances as were performed upon the stage than we should have expected from one who, among his contemporaries, had a name for self-indulgence. His scorn for a certain Asellus, of which two or three specimens have been preserved, is not above the mark of other aristocrats of the period. One really characteristic phrase is quoted by Isidore of Seville: "Innocence brings worth, worth brings office, office brings command, command brings freedom." The feeling is that no Roman, till he had earned and held the highest office, had a right to feel himself free: not only the duty of obedience to the laws, but the more galling duty of deference to superiors, still lay upon him.

Both Scipio and Lælius owed their fame as orators to their position as statesmen and to their disinterested care for culture. Servius Sulpicius Galba, who belonged to an older generation, was a real orator: according to Cicero, he was the first Latin orator to undertake what only an orator could do—the first to introduce deliberate digression for the sake of ornament; the first to delight the mind, to move it, to raise his subject; the first to use "commonplaces" and topics of pity.

Apparently it was in this last that his real power lay: he had a hoarse, gruff voice, and he could make it sound as if it were thick with emotion. When Libo, with the support of Cato, impeached him for his treatment of the Lusitanians, he declared that the Roman people might deal with him as they pleased; he only trusted that they would have mercy upon his children and the orphan son of Gallus. He brought the children into court—a Greek practice that he was the first to introduce at Rome—and their tears mingled with his, and quenched the flame of popular indignation. Cicero tells us himself that his power lay in his natural dolorousness; he always felt his own case or his client's as a grievance, and the feeling was always contagious. He had the power of working himself into a passion in cold blood, as is shown in a story which Cicero tells on the authority of P. Rutilius Rufus. The farmers of the State pitch-works in the Forest of Sila were accused of allowing their slaves to commit murders upon respectable people. The case against them was strong, for Lælius, who spoke twice in their defence, taking especial pains, could obtain nothing better than repeated adjournments. After the second, he suggested that they should put the case into Galba's hands. Galba had only a clear day to prepare himself, and shut himself up in a vaulted chamber, with some slaves that could read and write, till the morning of the third day, and did not leave till he heard the consuls had come into court. In his excitement he had thrashed all the slaves to whom he had dictated his notes. He came out with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, as if he had been delivering a speech instead of preparing it. The speech was delivered amid continual applause. He complained so copiously of the hardship of keeping respectable men with such a charge hanging over them on mere suspicion, that the court forgot how unconvincing they had found Lælius's sober and elaborate argument that the suspicion did not amount to legal certainty. Neither this speech nor any of Galba's read well: they were old-fashioned compared not only with Lælius and Scipio, but with Cato. A verbatim report of them would have been disappointing, they owed so much to the voice and feeling of the orator; and he

did not take any pains when they were delivered to prepare them for publication: he had not yet reached the artistic fastidiousness of the age of Cicero, when every orator who took himself seriously thought that to work up a successful speech after delivery was the best way to improve himself. The only other contemporary of Galba who had any real reputation as an orator was M. Æmilius Lepidus Porcina. He was a little younger than Galba, and in his own day passed for a first-rate speaker, and in Cicero's judgment his speeches proved him a really good writer. He was the first Latin who had a sense of the easy flow of Greek and the value of a good arrangement of words: he wrote as if it were a fine art. It is a description of superficial graces. Galba's innovations had been more substantial, though equally artificial. Publius Crassus was apparently the best speaker of those whose reputation was due to their knowledge of law and their station and influence; he had married his son to Galba's daughter, and studied law with the famous Pontiff Scævola. A certain Gaius Fannius, consul 122 B.C., left a famous speech against the measures of the younger Gracchus. It was the best speech of the day which Cicero had read: it was the manifesto of the aristocracy, who, though they sometimes chose to represent themselves as champions of the Latin allies, affected to fear that if the Latins were enfranchised they would leave no room for the Romans at Rome. But Cicero makes a very lame reply to the suspicion of Atticus that the written speech was the work of C. Persius, who utilized all the suggestions of the nobility. Fannius himself was a tolerable speaker, and doubtless delivered an effective speech, which, when delivered, owed nothing to the help of Persius. Fannius belonged to an older generation than even the elder Gracchus, who, like C. Carbo, had studied under Porcina. Carbo, according to Cicero, was the great orator of his day: he praises both him and Tiberius Gracchus for their prudence and ingenuity and acuteness, while neither seems to have had any aptitude for purely literary display; which Cicero excuses in the case of Tiberius Gracchus on the ground that he was cut off before he reached his prime. Carbo lived long enough to give his measure: he

was the king of the courts, in spite of his want of political steadfastness. He was fluent and voluble, and had a good voice; he was sharp enough (this may be taken in connection with his want of political earnestness, for he only took up the democratic cause for popularity) and had abundant energy, and withal knew how to keep his audience in good-humor and amused: these last were his great merits—all the more important because the courts had just received the right of voting by ballot, and so were made comparatively independent of family and political influence. He was also painstaking in his preparation, and had the great virtue, in Cicero's eyes, of writing a great deal before he spoke. None of the other speakers of the generation were remarkable even in the eyes of Cicero. Scaurus, the famous *Princeps Senatus*, always spoke as if he were giving evidence, which answered better in the senate than in the courts. Rutilius, who was involved with Scaurus in a cross-action for electoral manœuvres, wearied the audience with his stoical precision.

Hitherto Cicero has been dealing with orators who only interested himself, as he is careful to tell us; for Brutus, with whom Cicero is supposed to be conversing, explains that he never read any of them. It appears from the admirable dialogue on oratory, generally ascribed to Tacitus, that most later readers were of the same mind as Brutus. Galba and Carbo are only mentioned to be depreciated; there was nothing in either of them that Cicero could imitate; even the eulogist of the ancients can find nothing better to say than that eloquence was in its infancy in the days of Galba and Lælius, and it was no wonder that their speeches left a good deal to be desired. The reputation of Cato, which Cicero was at such pains to foster—because, like himself, he was a new man from an Italian country town, and because his namesake deserved an indirect compliment—slept in spite of Cicero's pains: there is no trace of him in Tacitus or Seneca. He is not one of the classics of Quintilian. He was disinterred in the days of Gellius, who seems, like Cicero, proud of having discovered him.

For most people the history of Latin eloquence began with

Gaius Gracchus,¹ who certainly by all accounts was an extraordinary genius, though Cicero seems to put him below Carbo, on the ground that his style of speaking was better suited to public meetings than to law-courts. Again, he was a little offended at the entire absence of elaboration: he valued himself upon having carried the elaboration of every possible effect further than any orator had ever done, and he valued his predecessors as stages on the road to his own perfection. His own judgment on Gracchus is that there was plenty of superb beginnings, but nothing worked out as it should be. This is borne out to some extent by Tacitus, who says that, if the choice lay between the age before Cicero and the age after him, the *impetus* of Gracchus and the "maturity" of Crassus were better than anything in post-Augustan oratory. Perhaps *verve* in its highest sense would be the nearest translation of *impetus*. It was difficult for Gracchus to control himself: while he was speaking he ran up and down on the rostra; he was so apt to scream that he kept a slave behind him with a flute to give him a softer note. It was not that he was unfamiliar with rhetorical training; his opponents taunted him with the help he got from Menelaus of Marathus, which reminds us of another great orator, Mirabeau, who gave his secretaries heads from which they drew up the speeches that electrified France. He had seen the effect of rhetorical tricks at Rome. C. Curio had delivered an elaborate defence of Ser. Fulvius, accused of incest, full of all the flowers of Greek school-books, discussing the force of love, the inferences to be drawn from what slaves said or did not say under torture, or from the conduct of their masters in offering or withholding them, the weight to be given

¹ Tiberius Gracchus was still read in some form by Plutarch, who gives us the heads of his speeches on the agrarian law with much pathos on the homeless condition of the majority of Italians, who had not so much as a den or cave of their own like the wild beasts; though when they went to battle they were bidden to fight for their family shrines and tombs as if they had either. Plutarch was even more struck by the ingenuity with which he accumulated illustrations of the thesis that Octavius (a tribune deprived of his office on the motion of Gracchus because he would not waive his right to veto the agrarian law) had forfeited the immunities of an office which he had abused against the intention of the founder.

to local rumor—all topics too hackneyed for the days of Cicero, who could remember when the speech was in the hands of every schoolboy. Gracchus was too serious for such display; he disgusted Gellius by the simplicity with which he recounted outrages of governors on their way to their provinces, without even aspiring to the emphasis and amplification which Cato in his earlier day had reached. All he cared for in the way of ornament was splendid diction; all he cared for in the way of artifice was to coin aphorisms which would stick in the memory. We have very few quotations from his speeches; and if we had many, it would be impossible to judge of such a speaker by quotations. His speeches told by a fulness both of facts and of feeling which left no room for rhetoric. One or two phrases are full of passion, like the appeal¹ to the Ro-

¹ "Si vellem apud vos verba facere et a vobis postulare cum genere summo ortus essem, et cum fratrem propter vos amissem, nec quisquam de P. Africani et Tiberii Gracchi familia nisi ego et puer restarem, ut pateremini hoc tempore me quiescere ne a stirpe genus nostrum intereat et uti aliqua propago generis nostri reliqua esset haud scio an lubentibus a vobis impetrassem." He could count on some regard for his sacrifices, if he had asked for leave to save himself; he doubted whether they weighed enough with the Romans to carry his laws about the corn distribution and revenue-farming and the courts of justice. Even more celebrated was the outburst—"Quo me miser conferam? quo vertam? in Capitoliumne? at fratris sanguine redundat? An domum? ad matremne? ut miseram lamentantem videam et abjectam." Cicero thought so highly of these passages as to imitate both. The imitation of the first comes in the speech for Publius Sulla, acquitted on a charge of complicity with Catiline, which rested on no other ground than that he had stood for the consulship with Autronius, one of the conspirators, and, like him, was condemned for undue influence at the election. The imitations are instructive, for they show in what ways Cicero thought he could improve upon Gracchus. The prosecutor had chosen to assume that Cicero was making himself a king in Rome, and choosing at his will whom to protect and whom to destroy; so Cicero retorts that instead of taking well-earned repose he went on facing the dangers and duties of public life: so that a new turn is given to his claim to ease, or rather a new inference is drawn from it. "Ego, tantis a me beneficiis in republica positus, si nullum aliud mihi præmium ab senatu populoque Romano nisi honestum otium postularem, quis non concederet? Sibi haberent honores, sibi imperia, sibi provincias, sibi triumphos, sibi alia præclaræ laudis insignia, mihi liceret ejus urbis, quam conservassem, conspectu, tranquillo animo et quieto frui. Quid? si hoc non postulo; si

man people to rouse themselves, if they cared for him or for his sacrifices and his brother's.

His opinions made him permanently unpopular among the class of professional speakers who expected to rise to the honors of the State by defending men of station. It was not the rule to learn his speeches by heart, as men learned the peroration of the speech of C. Galba, son of the famous orator, who was crushed as an accomplice of Jugurtha. The eloquence of Drusus, who tried to carry out what was beneficent in the reforms of Gracchus in the interest of the senate, with the leave of the nobility, left no trace behind it. Cicero, who mentions every orator that he can think of, is silent about him, though he mentions P. Scipio, the wittiest speaker of the day, who died when he was consul, in the same year with Bestia, who was banished, to the great grief of Cicero, for treating with Jugurtha. He only spoke rarely. The great speaker of the time immediately after Gracchus was C. Fim-

ille labor meus pristinus, si sollicitudo, si officia, si operæ, si vigiliæ deserviant amicis, præsto sunt omnibus; si neque amici in foro requirunt studium meum neque respublica in curia; si me non modo rerum gestarum vacatio, sed neque honoris, neque ætatis excusatio vindicat a labore; si voluntas mea, si industria, si domus, si animus, si aures patent omnibus: si mihi ne ad ea quidem, quæ pro salute omnium gessi, recordanda et cogitanda quidquam relinquitur temporis: tamen hoc regnum appellabitur cuius vicarius qui velit esse inveniri nemo potest?" ("Pro P. Sulla," ix. 26). How connected and vigorous and varied this is compared with Gracchus! how much fuller, how much richer, for not a single detail is thrown away—each adds a new trait to the picture. Only Gracchus is thoroughly in earnest—his tragic words correspond to a tragic situation. It is the same in the "Pro Murena," x. 41: "Si (quod Jupiter omen avertat) hunc vestris sententiis affligeritis: quo se miser vertet? Domumne? ut eam imaginem clarissimi viri, parentis sui, quam paucis ante diebus laureatam in sua gratulatione conspexit, eandem deformatam ignominia lugentemque videat? An ad matrem? quæ misera, modo consulem osculata filium suum, nunc cruciatur et sollicita est, ne eundem paullo post spoliatum omni dignitate conspiciat? Sed quid ego matrem aut domum appello," etc. Murena, it seems, would have to go into exile: was he to go to the far east or to the far west? He had commanded in both; was he to visit either as an exile? In fact, he would not have had to go farther than Sicily or Greece, if he had to go farther than Naples. Here, too, Cicero is playing with a topic that was serious in the hands of Gracchus.

bria, a very passionate free-spoken partisan of the senate, whose character stood high enough to carry off his scolding way of speaking. It was impossible to find any of his speeches when Cicero wrote, some sixty or seventy years afterwards.

Fimbria was consul B.C. 104; five years later, M. Antonius was consul; four years later came the turn of Licinius Crassus. Antonius and Crassus were, in the judgment of Cicero, the Demosthenes and Hyperides of Rome. They were very nearly contemporaries. Antonius was born 143 B.C., Crassus 139 B.C. Antonius lived to perish in the massacre of Cinna, B.C. 87; Crassus died in peace 91 B.C., just before the outbreak of the Social War. He had been the first to make his reputation: two of his greatest speeches were delivered in his twenty-first and twenty-seventh years. Antonius is not thought to have spoken in public till he was thirty, and that in his own defence; while Crassus made his first speech against Carbo, who had deserted the popular cause without gaining the confidence of the nobility, though he had gone so far as to defend Optimus. Six years after, Antonius had the opportunity of accusing another Carbo, the unfortunate opponent of the Cimbri: three years later still they came into collision. Crassus had to defend Servilius, who was prosecuted for having been defeated by the Cimbri, because he had proposed a law to restore the control of the courts to the senate. The prosecutor, C. Norbanus, was himself accused of lowering the majesty of the State by raking up forgotten scandals: on this occasion Antonius defended him. But neither was a serious politician, and both respected the authority of the senate. Their object was to prove their own consequence in the courts, to make as many friends as possible, and to prove, if they pleased, that they could be formidable enemies. As the law-courts were the highest field of eloquence at Rome, and Antonius the greatest Roman advocate, he had to be the Roman Demosthenes, though Cicero was quite aware of his inferiority in all the imaginative and intellectual part of oratory. He wrote nothing: even his Latinity was questionable—at least, his vocabulary was not choice: as he always spoke extempore, he had no occasion or opportunity for rhetorical turns and devel-

opments. His praise was that he "thought of everything," caught all the points of a case at once, and conveyed to the court a vivid sense of all that told on his own side. He arranged his words and sentences with a sufficient eye to effect and emphasis, but did not care for elegance or dignity; in fact, his pursuit of rapidity made his sentences so full of short and open syllables that, in the judgment of severe critics who liked every phrase to be full and rounded, his style was hardly manly. This was corrected in delivery by his energy and enterprise: he astonished the court when defending Aquilius, who was accused of peculation after his return from putting down the servile war in Sicily, by baring the breast of the veteran and showing the honorable scars which covered his body. According to ancient tradition, the court knew he was guilty, but had determined not to encourage revolutionists by condemning him. When he himself was prosecuted under the law of Varius, he actually was seen to bend before his judges till one knee touched the ground. This was the more remarkable because he had boasted, in his defence of Norbanus, that he was only in the habit of descending to supplication on behalf of his friends. Apparently, Cicero thought the speech on behalf of Norbanus his best, for in his dialogue upon oratory he makes Antonius give a very complacent sketch of it, dwelling especially on his boldness in pressing home to the court how much Rome had been indebted in the past to politicians who could be called seditious. Though Antonius never wrote his own speeches, there was enough curiosity about them for some notes to be taken at the time, which, with the help of Cicero, kept a critical tradition about him alive as late as the third century.

Crassus had more vanity: he wrote down for the benefit of posterity the most successful passages in his speeches. He was a much more leisurely speaker: he was not ready to take up every case that was brought him like Antonius: he repented heartily of having been induced to prosecute Carbo. He took care never to have to defend himself, and he refused to defend Servilius, whose law he had advocated. Instead, he chose to be a witness for the defence: and in that capacity

he made a serious speech, denouncing the prosecutor, and describing the measures he had felt bound to take against him as consul. The speech was rather long for a witness, and decidedly short for an advocate, and Cicero admired it immensely; and as for the speech in favor of the Servilian law, which restored to the senate the right of trying senators, he always professed that it had been his mistress in the art of oratory. He especially admired the appeal to the people to deliver the senators out of the hands of the knights, so that thenceforward the senate might have no superior but the Roman people—who no doubt, as represented by the loungers in the forum, were almost as jealous of the knights as of the senate. Though there was a great deal of solemnity, Crassus seems to have jested even in this speech. C. Memmius, a famous opponent of the nobility, spoke against the bill of Servilius, and Crassus said he thought himself so tall that when he went down to the forum he stooped to pass under an archway. In the same speech he had told a perfectly imaginary story of how he found the walls at Terracina covered with L L L M M, and that it was explained to him they meant "*Lacerat laceratum Largi mordax Memmius.*" Apparently the jest, such as it was, succeeded. Oratory was still rather rudimentary: Cicero immortalized a little bit of cross-examination which would have fallen flat at the Old Bailey. A better specimen of his skill is found in his altercation with Brutus, the son of a famous master of law, who had got through his patrimony and then taken to the trade of accuser-general. Crassus had to defend Cn. Plancus against him, and both orators were much more occupied with one another than the case. Brutus had two men to read parallel passages from Crassus's speeches on the Servilian law and the colony of Narbo which did not agree very well together; Crassus retorted by having the opening words read from each of the father's treatises on law. Each began with an allusion to one of three estates which the father left behind him, all of which the son had sold. As he had sold his father's baths too, Crassus suggested that the only reason they were not mentioned in a fourth book was that Brutus was already too old to bathe with his father. In the same vein,

when Brutus said he was "in a sweat about nothing" (to indicate his contempt for the argument he was considering), Crassus retorted, "And no wonder: you're just out of the baths." In the same speech he took occasion, by the passage of a funeral of an old lady of the family, to apostrophize Brutus and ask what message he wished her to carry to all the illustrious dead of his house. In neither case was the audience offended by the discursiveness of the speaker. They liked to be entertained. When Scævola had argued in great detail that an heir who was to take under a will if another heir died a minor could not take at all, since the heir failing whom he was to succeed had never been born, Crassus began his reply by telling a story of a young man who was lounging by the seashore and picked up the thole-pin of an oar, and thereupon concluded to build a ship. Scævola had made as much out of as little: it would be intolerable tyranny to make every will of no effect if it was not drawn with all the technicalities a jurist thought desirable. The whole speech was in a vein of happy banter, though there were no separate witticisms which could be quoted. Cicero is the principal authority for the witticisms of Crassus. Tacitus prefers to emphasize the sure way in which he made his points when he had worked up to them; and Cicero, when he is bearing witness to the opinions of others, seems to say the same; for he tells us his strength lay in defining and explaining, and that he was more impressive than exciting.

L. Marcius Philippus was the most important of the contemporaries of Antonius and Crassus. He was free from anything like restraint or embarrassment, witty and ingenious without being exactly eloquent. Apparently in this he was surpassed by T. Albucius Barra of Asculum, the most eloquent Italian outside Rome, who often spoke at Asculum, and once had the opportunity of speaking at Rome against Servilius Cæpio. Cæpio's reply was written by L. Ælius Stilo, who has been mentioned already. He was one of the most accomplished men of his day, but Cicero will not allow that he was eloquent: he never spoke himself, but he wrote speeches for others to deliver, and wrote out the speeches of others. To Cicero's surprise, C. Aurelius Cotta, one of the best speakers of

the generation who were growing up when Antonius and Crassus were in their prime, thought it worth while to issue the works of Ælius as his own — although he himself was a vigorous speaker; and the pretty little pamphlets which Ælius made out of his speeches were smooth, but tame. He himself was an imitator of Antonius, and caught something of his energy; but he was even more meagre, and never rose to any ideal elevation, or opened large horizons to his audience. The successor of Crassus was less unworthy of his model. P. Sulpicius Rufus was, according to Cicero, the "grandest," the "most tragic" speaker whom he had ever heard. He excelled Crassus in passages like the improvisation on the funeral of the old lady of the family of Brutus. But he could never relieve an audience by talking quietly and good-humoredly about an unexciting side of a case. He, too, could not write his speeches; but he was more fortunate than Cotta, for after his death P. Canutius, the most eloquent of all Romans outside the senate, wrote speeches on his subjects, and, no doubt, introduced close reminiscences of his finest passages, so that it was necessary to state a generation after that Sulpicius had not written anything that circulated in his name. Another orator of the same generation was the elder Curio, who had a great name among some for the splendor of his diction and for the purity of his Latin, which he owed to having been brought up in good society, for he had no literary training in either Latin or Greek. C. Julius Cæsar the elder was also a witty and amusing speaker, whom it was always easy to listen to. No one spoke with such agreeable good-breeding, though his speeches never carried any weight. He died, like Antonius, in the massacres which followed the return of Marius.

Q. Hortensius, who was twenty-seven when this happened, had already distinguished himself as an orator, even under the rule of Cinna, when he was twenty-eight. For about sixteen years he was undisputed leader of the courts: after his consulship, 69 B.C., which followed immediately upon his abortive defence of Verres, he took less pains with his speeches, and fell off: and though when Cicero became consul six years later he felt that he had a rival against whom it was worth while to

exert himself, in Cicero's judgment it was too late to recover the lost ground. Still a speech in behalf of Messalla, delivered twelve years after, the year before Hortensius's death, had a considerable success: the verbatim report of it was published, and did the author credit, though his speeches, as a rule, were better to hear than to read.

The criticism of Cicero seems candid as well as elaborate; the great fault of his speaking was that it wanted force and seriousness. Cotta wanted "pomp," Sulpicius wanted "gentleness," Hortensius wanted "gravity." His voice and presence were admirable, and his ingenuity was inexhaustible; all his gifts were of a kind to make their fullest impression in youth. He was so eager and entertaining that the audience did not notice that he was irrelevant and diffuse, especially as he corrected the effect of the diffuseness by announcing beforehand the heads under which he intended to treat of the case. This was a novelty at Rome, like another device of Hortensius. Towards the close of a speech he used to recapitulate all that had been said on either side. With his admirable and singular memory, this gave him a great advantage, as he put his own coloring on arguments, which at the time produced their effect on the court, at a time when the court had half forgotten them. Another advantage his memory gave him was, that he could reproduce exactly what he had prepared at leisure. There were two schools of Asiatic oratory at the time, one of which relied on an ingenious multiplication of general aphorisms more or less applicable to the case; another depended upon vehemence and volubility. In both Hortensius was a master; and he had the peculiar grace that his irrelevant aphorisms and his empty phrases were always beautifully rounded, because he took such an interest in his profession that he was never weary of rehearsing. He never let a day pass without speaking in the forum or declaiming at home; very often he did both. The perfection of superficial polish, the readiness in retort, the animation, the abundance of words, and what did duty for thoughts, were all fascinating to the young, especially in a young man; while the elders from the first were inclined—if we may trust Cicero—

to think the display of Hortensius little better than pretentious rubbish. With all his diligence, he seems at no time to have had any literary or philosophical interest: he gained verdicts by adroitness and tact of statement rather than by playing upon the feelings of the court. When Cicero was, in his own judgment, at his best, in the four years between the speeches against Verres and those on the Manilian law and the defence of Cluentius, there was no speaker before the public with any knowledge of law or history, any power of digression, any art of raising a particular case into the sphere of general truth. Hortensius, who had never possessed this art, after two or three years of luxury lost, first, the art of rounding his phrases and picking his words, and then the power of pouring forth an endless stream of rapid speech. His ingenuity lasted better: he could always produce neat and well-framed aphorisms, but they were too ingenious for a speaker of his years, and they lost half their effect for want of being clothed in fluent, graceful language. Besides, the circumstances under which he spoke before his consulship suited him better. While the courts were in the hands of the senate, the majority of judges must have been young and idle men; it was enough to make Hortensius careless that a number of busy elderly men came to listen to him, who wished to understand causes and decide them, not to amuse themselves with them.

Cicero judges himself as well as his great predecessor; but while he dwells alike upon his predecessor's gifts and upon his zeal and diligence in improving them, he speaks only of his own natural defects—his scraggy neck, his weak flanks, his tendency to pitch his voice in a monotonous scream, and the like, as if it were unseemly to boast of his genius. He has no scruple in praising his own industry and his unusually elaborate and systematic training, which he owed partly to the fact that he grew up in the midst of the civil wars, and to his weak health. At the age of eighteen he served one campaign in the Marsian war; but from nineteen to twenty-six, at an age when Hortensius and Crassus had been already celebrated, he was quietly pursuing his studies, for the courts were not open: when they were open, he showed some skill and great boldness

for two years ; but on the abdication of Sulla the state of affairs at Rome was so unsettled that he might well have decided to resume his studies (as he did for the best part of three years), even if his health had allowed him to continue speaking.

CICERO.

The pre-eminence of Cicero in Latin prose is only to be compared to the pre-eminence of Phidias and those who worked with him at Athens in sculpture. He stands alone, above predecessors and contemporaries and successors: none approach him as Demades or Æschines or Hyperides approaches Demosthenes. Plato's art is as supreme and unequalled, and in quality it is rarer than Cicero's; but Cicero is always master of his subject, while it is an essential element of Plato's art to be always reminding us that it is still impossible for any mind to master such subjects as his; and nothing has been attributed on doubtful evidence to Cicero so brilliant as the "Greater Hippias," which the latest criticism refuses to regard as the work of Plato. There can be no question in such a case whether the supreme achievement is the result of circumstances or of a personal gift, and Cicero owed more to himself and less to his surroundings than most great Latin writers. All the great orators before him, with the exception of Cato, had been men of rank and family; and the oratory of Cato, though elaborate, pretentious, and clever, was still essentially plebeian; while the oratory of Cicero is full of an ideal dignity and nobility, which surpasses the tone that rank can give, because it proceeds from an honest enthusiasm for Roman institutions as they had been and might be. One must not imagine this idealism is insincere because it is inconsistent: in the orations themselves there is a difference of tone between the "Pro Murena" and the "In Catilinam," between the "Pro Cælio" and the "Pro Milone." Between the letters in general and the orations in general the contrast is greater; it is at its height in the letters to Atticus about the affair of Catiline, where he is always ridiculing the exaggerated way in which he thought it well to speak in public of the dangers he had saved the State from, and the services he

had rendered. It is a familiar observation that people who have had great experiences find it difficult when the experience is over to believe that they are the same: there is so much difference between what they thought and felt at the time and what they think and feel afterwards. In ordinary cases great experiences are rare, and the reaction after them is accomplished quietly; and it is only in looking back after some time that its whole extent can be measured. But a busy, exciting life like Cicero's is full of alternations of feeling which succeed each other too rapidly for one to chasten and subdue the other; instead, the effort to secure the continuity of life has to be given up: it is necessary to live in and for the moment, and an orator has to express all that he feels while he feels it. Here, too, we have to remember that Cicero was a self-made man, without the habits of caution and reticence which are hereditary in a business-like aristocracy. One finds the same defect in Canning and Brougham, whose eloquence raised them to a leading position in two opposite camps. Both lost the confidence of their colleagues through their want of decorum, while each had sympathies and interests in the camp of his opponents. Cicero, like them, is open to the charge of political tergiversation—to say the least, of political versatility. He has, however, an excuse which they had not: an English politician has to choose between two political confederations, with a stable organization and flexible traditions. This makes it natural to speak of Cicero as wavering between the aristocratical and democratical parties, especially as he speaks himself of the *optimates* and *populares* as dividing the public at Rome. In a speech delivered in the Roman forum the division was not irrelevant; but when we take history as a whole, we see that for any time after the Gracchi it was inadequate as an explanation of Roman politics. In the age of Cicero there were no less than five distinct forces in politics: the old nobility, enriched by several generations of high office; the mob of the capital, who, in virtue of the legislation of the Gracchi, continued to receive outdoor relief; the great banking and financial corporations, which dated from the time of Gracchus too; the notables of

the country towns all over Italy; the great general, or great generals, of the period, who had conducted several campaigns continuously. The action of the first three admitted of being calculated: as a rule, the nobility were always opposed both to the mob and to the equestrian order, which, as a political force, was under the control of the largest and most enterprising capitalists, who of course had no sympathy with government by mass-meetings, which was always apt to degenerate into downright brigandage when the promoters of a particular job obtained the temporary command of the streets and the assembly by employing gangs of hired ruffians. The notables of the country towns were uncertain in their action: some of them were affiliated to the trading corporations, others to noble houses; but, as a rule, they stood outside the passions and interests of the capital, and gave their wishes and occasionally their effective support to whichever cause or leader was for the moment safest and most respectable. If there had been a strict residential qualification for voting in the assembly, so that no man could vote in a tribe who could not prove that he habitually resided in the district of that tribe, the *Consensus Italiae* would have been a practical political force, for each district would have been virtually represented by its leading men. As it was, each district was represented by its permanent contribution to the population of the capital, and the *Consensus Italiae* too often expressed itself by crying in concert over shed milk. The great generals were always more or less outside the constitution from the days of the elder Africanus to those of Cæsar and Agrippa: no party could trust them entirely, and they could trust no party. Cicero's townsman Marius was, of all Roman politicians, the most uncertain. He owed his first election to the consulship to the popular disgust with the corruption and inefficiency of the noble commanders who had conducted the war against Jugurtha, which, oddly enough, came to a head just when there was a noble in command who was honest and efficient: he took the side of the senate, after some hesitation, in the sedition of Saturninus; but when the party of sedition was supported by the Italians, he placed himself at

its head, fell with it, and rose with it to his last bloody consulship. Sulla, whose personal *insouciance* made him in one sense the most disinterested of politicians, was the champion of the senate as an institution rather than of the nobility as a class: compared with Marius, he was liberal and progressive, and, it must be added, arbitrary. At bottom Marius was the more conservative, even the more constitutional, of the two; though he was more easily tempted to imperil legal order and the public interest, through personal vanity and class passion. Pompeius, though he appealed to the people to assure his independence of the nobles, wished to confirm his supremacy by getting the senate to recognize it as the only security for order; while Cæsar was content to carry his measures by the help of the votes of the people, and to ward off opposition by the influence of his army and his largesses.

Cicero's career was affected in various ways by the complications of politics. He was at once conscientious and ambitious; he shrank from doing harm himself and from abetting the misdeeds of others who were less scrupulous; he shrank equally from running risks and giving offence: he was always on the watch for opportunities of bringing and keeping himself before the public in ways that were safe and respectable, always trying to get credit with high and low, and at the same time to contribute to the real good of the State. His natural party were the Italian notables, the worthy middle class, who were politicians out of vanity and patriotism, and awarded their ineffectual approval in a manner that was generally equitable at the moment, though rather embarrassing in the long run, because they had no means of controlling their idols, and therefore felt no obligation to support any one in particular consistently. They were always true to Cicero, though their fidelity helped him little; and it may also be said that he was true to them. Unfortunately, he was already committed on many questions of persons and principle when Cæsar, the only one of his influential contemporaries who was morally or intellectually capable of appreciating him, thought the time had come to enter upon sustained and serious public action. And Cicero, though the purest of all the practical politicians of his

time, was not disinterested enough not to resent ill-treatment. After his return from banishment, he was not consistent as a supporter either of the senate or of Cæsar or of Pompeius, for all had treated him ill. Upon the whole, he was most intimately connected with Pompeius, whose general policy, though ineffectual and ill-considered and arbitrary, had an air of respectability which reinforced the ascendancy which his blameless private life and his military successes and his family connection had given him. After the death of Pompeius, Cicero's course was clearer: while Cæsar lived he accepted the clemency of the conqueror with such dignity as was possible; and after the heir of the dictator was at variance with the first lieutenant, who had usurped his power, he exerted himself, with admirable courage and ingenuity, to turn a Cæsarian quarrel into a senatorian reaction; and, imperfect and short-lived as the success of his endeavors was, he rendered a greater service to such republicanism as was possible than in any other part of his checkered career.

He was born at Arpinum, 106 B.C., just a year before Jugurtha was surrendered to Sulla; he was eighteen when Sulla was consul and drove Marius into exile. Cicero, a year before, had served in the army of Cn. Pompeius the elder as a comrade of the great Pompeius, who was nine months younger than himself. Three years before he had witnessed the attempt of Drusus to reconcile the senate and the people, and the sudden and violent death which rewarded it. During the stormiest years of all, which followed upon the consulship of Cinna, he was pursuing his studies, learning law from Scævola, and philosophy from the Stoic Diodotus, and rhetoric from the Rhodian Apollonius. Both the latter selections, if we are to call them so, are important; the first forms of contemporary philosophy and oratory with which Cicero became familiar were the severest. He exercised himself in arguing quite as much as in moralizing with Diodotus; for the Stoic was then the only philosophical school which had much faith in formal argument. The Peripatetics were mainly engaged in the communication of knowledge, and the Academics and Epicureans wished to establish their respective points of view by an ap-

peal to the facts which told for them. The Rhodians were at that time the only Greeks who possessed a school of practical oratory. Their independence and their commercial position gave importance to the practice of their courts, especially their maritime courts, where the cases argued were not of a kind to require or suggest declamation; while in the rest of Asia orators had plenty of opportunities of display and very few of speaking before an audience who had to take action upon their words, and consequently developed a style of speaking which was diffuse, showy, ornate, and irrelevant, and which differed from the oratory of the great Attic period in being in the hands of men who often had Syrian blood in them; so that it would be instructive, if it were possible, to compare their fine speaking with Arabic fine writing.

Cicero himself began to write early. He translated the poems of Aratus on the stars and the weather into hexameters during the first year of the Marsic war; even earlier, if his own recollections and the traditions which Plutarch collected can be trusted, he had written on the legend of Glaucus in tetrameters, and upon the consulship of Marius,¹ whence he quoted a passage about the conflict of an eagle with a dragon, in his treatise on divination, which may fairly be called fanciful and spirited. The metre in both is admirably smooth and finished for the period, and shows how Cicero had profited by the teaching of the poet Archias. The great fault is that the lines have no flow; each contains a separate instalment of the sense, and is, in a way, complete in itself. For instance, we never get an epithet in one line and the substantive to which the epithet refers in another; and almost every line ends, as a clause in sober, old-fashioned Latin ought to end, with a substantive or a verb or a participle: it is very rare to find a verb which belongs to the sense of one line standing by itself at the beginning of the next, which, after Vergil, is one of the commonest of devices for linking lines together. Besides his poetry, he translated several dialogues of Plato and the "Eco-

¹ According to Haupt, the "Marius" was later, and belongs to the period after Cicero's exile, when he was most inclined to commit himself to Cæsar.

nomics" of Xenophon, and paraphrased the Greek treatises on rhetoric, of which we have a fuller and more methodical digest in the four books of the "*Auctor ad Herennium*," to employ an indispensable barbarism.

The first speech of Cicero's which has reached us was that for P. Quinctius, delivered in the twenty-sixth year of his age—the same year that Pompeius extorted a triumph for his energy in pursuing the remnants of the party of Marius. In the year which followed, Cicero too had a triumph: he secured the acquittal of Sextus Roscius Amerinus, who was accused of parricide in order to secure Chrysogonus, Sulla's freedman, in the enjoyment of the property of Roscius's father. Sulla was still dictator, and Cicero speaks with ostentatious respect of his person, and abstains from fundamental criticisms on his policy; but still the speech is an astonishingly bold one, because the main line of defence is that his client is in danger of being sacrificed to the favorite of the dictator.

The next year Sulla abdicated, and Cicero went abroad after defending against Cotta the freedom of a woman of Arretium (another victim of Sulla's system?). He was very lean, and far from strong, and he habitually overstrained his voice—a natural error in a young man making his way as an open-air speaker. At Athens he came under the influence of Antiochus of Ascalon, who was guiding the Academy in the direction of rhetorical edification, after the excursion into the barren territory of scepticism, where Carneades and others had gone to gather weapons for the warfare against Stoicism, which was really one phase of the long conflict between "Hellenism" and "Hebraism." He also practised speaking with Demetrius Syrus, from whom he apparently learned less than from the Asiatic orators Menippus of Stratoniceia (who, he says, deserved to be called Attic if Atticism consisted in saying nothing inappropriate or ineffective), Xenocles of Adramyttium, Æschylus of Cnidus, and Dionysius of Magnesia. With these three he travelled for over a year in Asia, and he says they were glad to have him with them. His old teacher Apollonius gave him more lessons at Rhodes, trying to check his tendency to say too much, which would be more obvious

when he was speaking simply for exercise than when he had a real cause to plead. Cicero fully recognized the importance of this distinction: he is careful to tell us that Apollonius was a successful pleader. On his return to Rome, Cicero felt himself quite a new creature. He married Terentia, of whom we know little except that she was the mother of his children, and that he was on very affectionate terms with her, although he parted with her after thirty-two years of marriage, after his submission to Cæsar. We do not know whether he was provoked at her imperfect management of his embarrassed money matters during his absence with the army, or whether she was simply trying to him as he grew old and irritable, as all prolonged relations are apt to be. Very soon after the divorce he married his rich ward Publilia, of whose fortune he was trustee: very likely a girl of seventeen (who doubtless was proud of her intimacy with her famous guardian) had attractions of her own, independent of those of her fortune.

In the year after his marriage, Cicero, then in his thirty-first year, began his official career. He was elected quæstor by all the tribes, and accompanied Sextus Peducæus, the prætor, to Sicily. This was important, because the intimacies he contracted there led naturally to his being selected by the Sicilians to conduct the prosecution of Verres, an energetic underling of the conservative party, who was sent to Sicily under very difficult circumstances. Mithridates was not yet decisively defeated by Lucullus in Asia, Pompeius was carrying on a doubtful struggle with Sertorius in Spain, Spartacus was loose in Italy, the pirates were in command of the seas. It is not wonderful that in such a state of things Verres was instructed by all means to raise a large revenue in Sicily, for it was almost the only element of the system of finance unaffected by the calamities of the time, which increased the expenses of the State while diminishing its resources. Verres certainly did raise a large revenue, by deciding every point that could be debated between the tax-payer and the tax-farmer in favor of the latter, without apparent regard to equity or usage. He also enlisted the interest of a large and strong party in Syracuse and Messana, of which one was beyond dis-

pute the first town in the island, and the other either was, or might with a little encouragement be made, the second. He does not appear to have left any friends in the rest of the island, nor to have displayed any real vigor either in administering Sicily for its own benefit, or even in guarding it for the benefit of the Roman State. The island naturally was full of petty bitter feuds between cliques and individuals in each city, who were anxious, or might easily be encouraged, to fight out their quarrels by the help of the Roman governor. Verres was always ready to take a side in such quarrels, if he did not instigate them; according to Cicero, the side on which he meddled was always wrong. He collected works of art, and an obsequious provincial could not avoid presenting whatever the governor was supposed to desire. He strained and exceeded every precedent which regulated his personal emoluments. As might be expected from an administrator of the school of Sulla, he anticipated the frightful severities of the police of the Empire, in cynical defiance of the republican jurisprudence which had exempted all citizens not under military discipline from death or stripes.

No more convenient handle could be found for the party that declared that senators could not be trusted to try governors of their own order impartially; and Pompeius, who had returned from Spain the year before (B.C. 71), thought the time had come to atone in some measure for the severity he had shown to the surviving chiefs and adherents of the Marian party by sanctioning some relaxation of the restrictions laid by Sulla upon the whole body of the citizens. The tribunes regained the right of initiating legislation, and the knights and treasury officials¹ were admitted, the latter for the first time, to share the control of the courts with the senate (by the Au-

¹ The *tribuni æarii* were originally appointed to collect the *tributum*, each in his tribe, and act as army paymasters afterwards. The latter function was delegated to the quæstors, and the tribunes began to act as judges in the *præfectures* (the country towns without magistrates of their own); and as they were directly elected by the assembly, they were popular, and had the further advantage of judicial experience and a class interest separate from that of the "knights," who would be prejudiced against any governors who had defended the treasury from the tax-farmers.

relian law, proposed by L. Aurelius Cotta, one of the prætors for the year), in the year that Hortensius, the consul designate, threw up his brief to defend Verres. Cicero was then ædile designate: that Hortensius, an older and more famous speaker, did not venture to reply to him is generally taken as a proof that Verres was not only worse than the average bad governor of the period (which is very nearly proved by the fact that Cicero, who had never prosecuted before, thought it well, on moral and prudential grounds, to prosecute him), but so much worse than others that the leading advocate of the time could make no defence for him. This is far from clear. When Hortensius undertook the case, he did not know how strong the popular feeling for the Aurelian law was, nor even that the case would be placed in Cicero's hands; for the court, which had power to select the prosecutor, had to choose between him and Q. Cæcilius, who had been quæstor under Verres, and maintained plausibly enough that, having quarrelled with him, he was the proper person to expose his misdeeds. As Cicero was the choice of the Sicilians, the dimensions of the case would have been much reduced if the court had placed it in the hands of Cæcilius, who would have gratified the spleen which, no doubt, he really felt, and gained some cheap notoriety, which would have pleased him and hurt nobody. Least of all did Hortensius know that Cicero would treat the first great political case he had ever had to deal with in the business-like and self-denying way he did. Hortensius, no doubt, expected to hear a long rhetorical history of the whole of Verres's career up to the close of his Sicilian government, to reply to this at his leisure, with full liberty to multiply delays and pick out weak points till the broad facts of the case were forgotten. Cicero got up the broad facts, and evidence in support of them, with diligence and activity which at any time would have been remarkable, and which at that time were portentous; then he simply established them in court, magnanimously renouncing, for the sake of his clients, a great opportunity of endless rhetorical display. Cicero was ready, Hortensius was not; events were in favor of Cicero and against Hortensius; and Verres went into exile. The

ancients had two records of Cicero's pleadings—the report of the speeches which he actually made in court, and the edition which he published. We have only the latter. The first two speeches, especially the former, the *Divinatio* (as the speech was called whereby the court had to divine which candidate was fittest to be intrusted with the prosecution), are in the main what he delivered; though it is likely that the *Actio Prima*, which actually decided the case, was curtailed, so as to contrast yet more strongly with the five books of the *Actio Secunda*, in which, without fear of contradiction, Cicero set forth all that he and his clients believed of the turpitude of the Proprætor of Sicily. This proves, among other things, that Cicero, who was then thirty-seven, was not overwhelmed with business.

He was not disposed to adopt the rôle of protector-general of oppressed provincials. Next year he defended Fonteius, who, like Verres, had been three years in office, and was accused but not convicted. Cicero, of course, though his oration has only reached us in fragments, succeeds in giving the impression that it was not such a flagrant case; and the Sicilians were "allies" of the Roman people in a very different sense from the Gauls, who had not the same claims to be treated leniently on grounds of present prudence or historical equity. In the same year he pleaded the cause of Cæcina, who claimed to inherit an estate which a person whom he alleged to be the agent of the testatrix had bought in his own name. The case was mixed up more or less with politics. It was alleged that the plaintiff was disqualified, as a citizen of Volaterræ, a community disfranchised by Sulla, from pleading his title on the merits of the case: accordingly Cicero, while making a clear statement of what his side supposed to be the merits, rests the case upon a technical side issue—whether the defendant, in resisting the entry of the plaintiff in a way that went much beyond the customary process of ejectment, had not violated an edict of Dolabella, the prætor of the year, against "force committed with armed men."

Cicero's next political measure was as safe and popular as his prosecution of Verres. The command against the pirates, with paramount authority over all Roman governors within

fifty miles of the coast, had been conferred upon Pompeius by a law moved by Gabinus, which Cicero supported unobtrusively. As the measure succeeded admirably, Cicero, who had now been elected prætor, came forward with one of his most elaborate and splendid orations in support of the Manilian law to confer yet more extensive powers upon Pompeius for the war against Mithridates. Lucullus had proved himself quite capable of terminating the war to the public advantage; but an incompetent officer had been appointed to succeed him, and his control over his army had been already weakened by his unpopularity with the equestrian order. He had shown a too ostentatious preference for enriching himself and the treasury with the spoils of the enemy when expected to enrich himself and the revenue-farmers with the spoils of the allies—if, indeed, he did not find it a profitable bargain to protect the allies, while they discharged their strict dues to the State, and to trust for his reward to their liberality. Pompeius was appointed, and the appointment deranged everything. He was immensely the most important person in the State, and he was to be away for years with increased power and patronage and prestige of all kinds, and all the while he was to be without detailed knowledge of home affairs, without any constitutional or extra-constitutional means of giving timely effect to his opinion upon them. Of all who suffered from this abnormal state of things, none did so more severely than Cicero. In his year of office as prætor he delivered one of the speeches which he thought did him most honor as an advocate. Two years after, he thought his position entitled him to canvass for the consulship, especially as both his competitors were broken men. He now came for the first time into serious intercourse with Titus Pomponius Atticus, a famous banker and publisher,¹ to whom he had written two or three slight letters before about works of art for his villa of Tusculum; but when he came to stand for the consulship he was naturally anxious for the influence a banker could exercise over the nobles he accommodated. Cicero had resolved to stand as a conserva-

¹ This is the nearest explanation to be given of the position of a man who could always dispose of the services of a number of trained copyists.

tive: this point is emphasized repeatedly in his own speeches of the period, and in the candidate's manual which bears the name of his brother Quintus. This hardly amounts to an inconsistency: he had never been in the least a revolutionist, and to have dwelt upon his want of ancestry would have alarmed the nobility into a belief that his moderation had been a mask. Besides, one of his competitors, Lucius Sergius Catilina, was at that time the leader of the "popular" party: he was a noble who had been a passionate partisan of Sulla, and, having failed to enrich himself when confiscations were plenty, had become the mentor of an ever-widening circle of daring, well-connected profligates, who were convinced that the government was in the hands of an effete and incompetent clique, which would be easily swept away by the living forces of a needy and vigorous nation, if the latter had only the right men at its head. At one point Cicero thought of something like a coalition with Catilina, as a consequence of his aid in repelling a charge of *ambitus*. As it turned out, the nobility were glad to accept the "new man" of unblemished respectability as their candidate against two broken men of family. Cicero was elected with Antonius, and secured the obsequiousness of his colleague by a promise to waive his rights to a province in his favor. His consulship would have been memorable under any circumstances. The different opponents of the nobility had got their plans ready for action during the absence of Pompeius. There was a proposal of the tribune Rullus to create a gigantic land-jobbing commission for the purpose of acquiring by purchase land for the foundation of colonies beyond the sea. The scheme was decidedly ingenious, and not on the face of it revolutionary: the idea of the projectors was to raise money by turning the lessees of State property into freeholders where, as in Campania, land was immensely valuable, and to use the proceeds in founding colonies where land was cheap. They seem also to have calculated on securing the support of Cæsar and Crassus by providing situations for them in Egypt and Africa almost equivalent to the situation of Pompeius in Asia. But the powers they demanded were so immensely in excess of

their reputation, and of the public interest in their projects, that it was easy for Cicero to turn the whole scheme into ridicule, especially as the idlers of the forum whom he addressed had no serious wish to begin farming in Greece or Africa. A more serious—at least a more embarrassing—proposal was to remove the disabilities of the sons of the proscribed, who were precluded from inheriting from their fathers and from standing for any public office. As Cicero was closely connected with the old Marian party, the question was especially difficult for him: he made an ingenious speech, not undignified for the situation, on the wisdom of abstaining, at any cost, from reopening a question so full of bitterness. But the great concern of Cicero's consulate was the conflict with Catilina, who if he had neither a programme nor a grievance, had numerous followers, and some commencements of an understanding with individuals more powerful than himself or Cicero. It is pretty well agreed that Crassus, the richest man in Rome, knew something of Catilina's plans, and was prepared in some cases to back them to some extent; while Cæsar's admirers denied that he had compromised himself by any compact with an incendiary. Perhaps no compact, no formal communication even, was necessary: Lord Melbourne was too proud to make any bargain with O'Connell, though he could not have kept office for a session without O'Connell's support. The leaders whose power lay in their insurrectionary strength had already made a temporary coalition with Pompeius, in which each side hoped the other would prove to be duped. Cicero had the choice of a showy consulship or of a safe one. He might have allowed the scheme of Rullus to fall flat; he might have watched Catilina and kept the peace: he preferred to use the opportunity to test and discipline the strength of the party of order. He spoke repeatedly against the bill of Rullus. He placed no restraint upon the movements of Catilina or his associates; he did everything to excite alarm at their schemes, and he took dramatic precautions against their results. He proclaimed his belief that his own life was in danger; he succeeded in getting information from the intimates of the conspirators about the wild plans that were under discussion. No

action could be taken against individual conspirators on such evidence, but it told on public opinion, which heartily endorsed all Cicero's demonstrative precautions. At last, after the failure of Catilina's canvass for the ensuing year, Cicero succeeded by force of oratory in driving him out of the city, to put himself at the head of an insurrection in Etruria. The confederates he left behind him compromised themselves by a treasonable agreement with some Gallic delegates, who were stopped after they had left the city and confronted with the conspirators, whom it was now possible to arrest. The conspirators did not admit the story of the delegates; and under the circumstances neither the conspirators nor the delegates could be trusted to speak the truth, for the delegates knew they would propitiate the consul by deposing as he wished. Cicero was at the pinnacle of glory: he had saved Rome from the hands of men prepared to massacre the senate, to fire the city, to call in the barbarian. His fatal elation is the measure of the genuine popularity, the sincere adulation, which was too much for his self-control. At the time he had not lost prudence; indeed, he was too prudent for dignity: he ceased to guide the senate—he appealed to them for guidance. The conspirators had not been tried: if they were condemned, as was still, on the whole, probable (though every day, when the danger was over, the hands of the government would be weaker), there was no court that had full legal power to inflict an adequate sentence. It was not clear whether a vote of the senate could give the consul powers beyond the law, or that the necessity which existed was sufficient to justify such a vote. The senate had scarcely more courage than the consul: Cato proposed to decree the execution of the prisoners; Cæsar proposed to abide by the law; the senate, as vindictive as Cato, was content to authorize the execution by directing the consul to provide for the safety of the State. Cicero ordered the execution, and the reaction began. A tribune of the name of Metullus was supported by the crowd in his protest when Cicero wished to make the customary speech on laying down office, though we need not doubt that opinion was still in his favor when he cut short the ceremony by swearing, with dramatic effect, that he had saved the State.

While still exhilarated by the sight of all Rome rallied round him in defence of order, before he had been invited to hazard himself beyond the pale of law, Cicero delivered the very brilliant and amusing speech "Pro Murena," which shows how little the crisis yet weighed upon him. One might fancy that his spirits rose as his own responsibility was coming to an end. He congratulated the people on having such a consul as Murena to protect them from Catilina; condoled ironically with the jurist Sulpicius on his defeat, while professing to regret his disappointment, and overwhelmed Cato with satirical compliments on his philosophy and public spirit. The defeat and death of Catilina left the militant democracy without a leader, for Cæsar did not choose to commit himself. A dissolute man of fashion, who professed himself the lover of Cæsar's wife, came forward to take the vacant post. His intrigue with Pompeia, Cæsar's wife, had culminated in his making a rendezvous at a rite attended by women only. It was believed that he was detected in disguise, and it was determined to treat his outrageous escapade as a high crime against the State. Clodius pleaded an alibi, and Cicero, though he thought it safer not to prosecute, came forward as a witness to disprove the alibi. The trial was mismanaged in a way to suggest that the moderate conservatives thought it decent to bring Clodius to trial for an offence alleged to have been committed under circumstances then extremely offensive to all decent and serious people, while they were not sure enough that the respectable party were in the majority to run the risk of crushing a man already popular with the rabble. Clodius had already made up his mind to be a demagogue: perhaps pique at Cicero's resolve, first to convict him and then to turn his acquittal into a moral defeat, may have weighed with him in desiring to turn plebeian in order to be elected tribune. Cicero was still able to secure a prolongation of his brother's term of office in Asia (for which his brother, a clever, querulous man, with little real ability, was far from grateful). It appears, from his brother's elaborate essay on the government of a province, that Quintus was zealously on his guard against speculation, and very irritable to the corrupt officials and na-

tives about him, and anxious to get home from a place where he felt too virtuous to make money. Meanwhile Pompeius had returned to Rome and triumphed, but found unexpected difficulty in obtaining the ratification of his acts in the East. This drove him into a coalition with Cæsar and Crassus; for the nobility, his natural allies, were incurably jealous both of him and of Cicero, who, in turn, was not sparing of epigrams against the men who lived for their fish-ponds—a fashionable folly of the period, which combined the maximum of expense with the minimum of splendor. Moreover, the senate was no longer supported by the equestrian order, for Cato had involved them in a quarrel by insisting that the revenue-farmers should be held to a bargain which had turned out unprofitably. Cicero's only idea of defending himself against the approaching danger was to exaggerate his services, which Pompeius and Crassus had once accepted at his own valuation. He wrote in Greek and Latin upon his consulship; he composed a poem on the same inexhaustible subject, which was probably much the best thing that had yet been written in Latin hexameters since Ennius.

The first measure of the coalition was to provide for the division of the Campanian domain, the only substantial part of the phantom schemes of Rullus. The financial objection urged by Cicero had lost its force since the annexations of Pompeius had enlarged the revenue. Cicero saw that his isolated position was becoming more and more insecure, but he still refused to surrender his independence; he declined to serve upon the commission for the Campanian domain, or to accompany Cæsar as one of his lieutenants to Gaul, when, at the end of a stormy consulship, he received the command of Cisalpine Gaul and Illyricum from the people, and Transalpine Gaul from the senate. He believed that even now, if he withdrew for a time from politics, his legitimate influence as an advocate would be strong enough to screen him. But this resource was failing too. Antonius, Cicero's colleague, was convicted, in spite of his defence, for extortion in Macedonia: a certain Minucius Thermus was prosecuted twice, though each time Cicero defended him with success. He was successful in securing

the acquittal of Valerius Flaccus, who had governed Asia as *proprætor*, after seconding Cicero as *prætor*; whether in consequence of his appeal to the unforgotten fear of Catilina or of the wit which was remembered far into the second century. At last the crash came: at the end of a long string of laws—sensible enough on the hypothesis that the populace of Rome in receipt of outdoor relief was to continue to vote on important questions—Clodius brought in a bill for the banishment of any person who might have put a Roman citizen to death without trial. Cicero took fright and went into mourning: so, according to an uncontradicted boast, did 20,000 Romans, including almost the whole equestrian order. The consuls, one of whom was Gabinius, the henchman of Pompeius, did nothing; Pompeius professed to be afraid of displeasing Cæsar, and would do nothing unless appealed to by the consuls. Cicero had only the choice of leaving Rome or beginning a civil war, in which legality would have been against him. He left Rome, and a law was passed to banish him by name and confiscate his property.

The revulsion of feeling was excessive; all the versatile sensibility which had been at the disposal of so many clients had to be spent now upon his own misfortunes. His career had not trained him in any measure to reticence; his letters were full of lamentations, which looked unmanly when it was all over, and perhaps found no sympathetic readers at the time. Cicero's exile was generally unpopular with all classes of citizens above the lowest; a wish for his recall was soon expressed, and would, no doubt, have been effective in any case. It was effective all the sooner because Titus Annius Milo, a young man with more money than wit and more spirit than money, made the discovery that it was just as easy for him to hire gladiators to defend law and order as for Clodius to hire street ruffians to defend popular rights. As Clodius had no longer the exclusive command of the streets, Cicero was restored fourteen months after his banishment—"carried back," as he said, "on the shoulders of Italy."

The position of the confederates was still insecure: they were not, and never had been, popular enough to set them-

selves above the constitution with impunity; and Cicero still hoped, for some time after his return, to play an independent part in politics. His first concern was to recover possession of his property, which was difficult, because Clodius had consecrated the site of his house as a temple to Liberty. His speeches on these subjects, if any are genuine, are for the most part unworthy of him, and mixed up with declamations of the first or second century. The first, which shows that his powers had recovered themselves after the shock of his banishment, is that on the answers of the haruspices, whose vague oracles had seemed to Clodius capable of being turned against Cicero, who showed, with wit and spirit, that they were more applicable to Clodius. Already he had put his name to a proposal that Pompeius, whom the *optimates* hoped to gain, should have the control of the corn-market for five years all over the world; and his brother was placed on Pompeius's staff of lieutenants. The defence of P. Sestius gave him an opportunity of affirming his conservative principles, and that of M. Cælius showed that he was still capable of treating political questions with the happy levity that he had shown in defence of Murena.

Meanwhile the confederates were at variance, and Cicero gave notice of a motion to resume the powers of the commissioners of the Campanian domain. If the motion had been pressed and carried, Italian affairs would have passed again into the hands of the senate. Cæsar had to come to Lucca and pledge his whole influence to his colleagues in order to overawe the reaction; and even then the notables of the opposition had to be gained over individually—a process which very much augmented Cæsar's power, for he was the treasurer of his party, being enriched by the plunder of Gaul, which he dispensed with a generosity as spontaneous as it was politic. Cicero was among the recipients of this bounty: his gains as an advocate were very irregular, while their amount was sufficient to stimulate expensive tastes. He believed that, for a man of taste, he was remarkably thrifty; but from his exile to his death he was in a chronic condition of embarrassment. He delivered a speech on the consular provinces soon after

the meeting at Lucca, which was a bid for leave to manage the senate on behalf of the confederates; and he sent his brother, sorely against his brother's will, to serve as the lieutenant of Cæsar, whose command had been prolonged for five years. At this time Cicero was inclined to cast his own lot in with Cæsar. In doing so he took vengeance on the nobility for the satisfaction with which they had abandoned him to his fate, and he had the further pleasure of piquing Pompeius. With this view he defended Vatinius, the *âme damnée* of Cæsar, while he refused for a long time to defend Gabinius, the *âme damnée* of Pompeius; actually giving evidence against him on the trial where the case against him was clearest, though, when he was acquitted upon this, he at last consented to be reconciled, and to prove his sincerity by defending him upon a second trial. In this year (54 B.C.) he wrote his treatise on the Republic: his attachment to Cæsar, then at its height, explains the famous passage where he insists that the perfect government would be compounded of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, with an emphasis and air of discovery quite disproportionate if he had meant no more than to pay the compliment to the Roman constitution which Polybius had paid before. The great enterprise of foreign policy was being conducted at Cæsar's absolute discretion; and though he was absent from Rome, he practically guided affairs there also. Crassus's adventurous invasion of Parthia had failed, and its chief result was that Cicero was appointed to succeed him as augur. The growing anarchy at Rome threw Cicero back upon Pompeius, who was appointed sole consul in 52 B.C., as it was increasingly difficult to get the elections conducted regularly. The year before the consuls had not been elected till April. Pompeius was elected before the end of February, as Milo, who was standing for the consulship, had thought it better that Clodius, who was standing for the prætorship, should not survive an encounter between their respective bands of bravoës in the latter half of January. The death of Julia, the wife of Pompeius, had weakened the ties which bound him to Cæsar; and his subsequent marriage to Cornelia, the daughter of Q. Metellus Scipio, was a sign that he was drawing closer

to the aristocracy, which seemed willing at last to accept him on his own terms. However, he had to declare against Milo, who was convicted, partly on the merits of the case and partly because the military display ordered by Pompeius emboldened the partisans of Clodius, and disarranged the defence of Cicero, who sent Milo, then in exile at Marseilles, the splendid speech which he wished he had delivered. The speech actually delivered was still extant in Quinctilian's day, but the fragments of it which have reached us are not enough to judge by. He was more successful in his defence of Saufeius, who was mixed up in the charge against Milo, and in his accusation of T. Munatius Plancus Bursa, an ex-tribune. He wrote at this period a treatise on the laws of his model State, in which the monarchical element is reduced to the dimensions of the Roman consulate, an office which retained more of the attributes of primitive monarchy than any other known at the time.

As a part of the guarantees for order established by Pompeius "in his divine third consulship," it had been arranged that consulars and prætorians should in future wait five years for their provinces, as the scramble for provinces tended to make the canvass for office more violent and irregular. Consequently, Cicero had to serve like other consulars who had hitherto declined to take provinces in their turn. He went to Cilicia, where he distinguished himself as an active, efficient, and very disinterested governor. His successes against some rebellious mountaineers were sufficient to deserve a solemn thanksgiving, and would doubtless in quiet times have led to a triumph. He also had an opportunity of rebuking Brutus, whose agents were pressing him to abuse his authority against the senators of a town in Cyprus, which had contracted a loan upon peculiarly usurious terms.

He was impatient to return to Rome; and as no successor was sent to him, he turned his province over to his quæstor, and reached Rome on the last day of 50 B.C. Here he found everything in confusion. Cæsar's term of office was coming to an end according to one possible reckoning, and the nobility wished his career to end with it; while Pompeius was de-

termined to reduce him to a subordinate position. Cicero was anxious to temporize, and Cæsar was anxious to be conciliatory; but all overtures were rejected, and the senate and the consuls declared for Pompeius. Cicero was placed in command of the Campanian coast, for Pompeius did not at once avow, even to himself, his intention of evacuating Italy. When he did so in the middle of March, 49 B.C., Cicero waited for more than two months to follow him, and was very uncomfortable all the time he was in his camp; seeing clearly all the faults and follies of his own side, convinced that Pompeius's head was running on Sulla and proscriptions, and yet tormented by regrets that he had not followed him with a blinder loyalty. It was an aggravation of his difficulties that Atticus, like most bankers in time of commotion, was disposed to call in all his outstanding capital. After the battle of Pharsalia, at the end of September, 48 B.C., he was able to retire from the contest. Cicero went at once to Brundisium; and when Cæsar, a year after Pharsalia, returned to Italy from Alexandria, Cicero was ready to meet him. Thenceforward he was the recognized intercessor on behalf of the survivors of his party who wished to reconcile themselves after continuing the struggle longer; although he still retained independence enough to write a panegyric on Cato, who, after fighting honorably to the last, had committed suicide at Utica. Cæsar put forward a lengthy reply, respectful to both. The leisure forced upon Cicero by the preponderance of the three confederates had produced the splendid work upon the perfect ideal of oratory, as well as the two treatises on politics; so now he wrote little rhetorical manuals, and a very interesting little review of his predecessors addressed to Brutus.

Soon after his second marriage he lost his daughter Tullia, who had just been divorced from her third husband, and his sorrow threw him upon philosophical writing. He composed a "Consolation," a very ingenious discussion on our ultimate conceptions of good and evil; and a less satisfactory series of conversations on the fundamental problems of speculative philosophy. A more interesting work was the "Tusculan Disputations," a course of informal lectures, in which Cicero

replies to successive objections from different pupils to the all-sufficiency of virtue. The loss of his daughter was not all that weighed upon him. Personally he had little to complain of, and he quite recognized the full value of Cæsar's politic clemency. The senate was filled up with men disqualified from acting upon its traditions. Judicial and administrative business was almost at a standstill, and what there was did not need eloquence or influence like his to carry it on. He did what he could to civilize Cæsar's adherents: he gave lessons in rhetoric to Hirtius, a man of great natural literary gifts, and Dolabella, with whom his intimacy continued unaffected by the divorce and death of Tullia. He amused himself in many ways; among others, by taking lessons in gastronomy, on which he rallies himself in letters to old-fashioned correspondents; but the intervals of depression were many and severe, and explain, if they do not excuse, his exultation at the death of Cæsar, whose surroundings were certainly of a nature to disgust decorous contemporaries with his far-reaching and beneficent policy.

The death of Cæsar was far from restoring public life to what Cicero regarded as a healthy tone. The popular feeling condemned the conspirators; and consequently Antonius, when he had obtained the ratification of Cæsar's acts, was practically dictator, for he strained the ratification to include all the projects which he discovered, or professed to discover, in Cæsar's papers. Cicero wandered from one country-house to another, writing incessantly on the Nature of the Gods, Divination, Fate, Friendship, Old-age, and Glory. He began a work on the duties of life, and resolved to travel in Greece. A Roman consular, unless he went into exile, could not go abroad without some pretence of public business. Cicero, as it happens, had the choice of three: he might have gone to acquit his vows for the restoration of liberty, but he could not persuade himself that liberty had been restored; he might have got himself appointed "ambassador at large," but this would have committed him to inaction for a definite period; he decided to accept a nominal appointment as a lieutenant of Dolabella, which could be dropped at any moment.

His ship was driven back from Syracuse to the territory of Rhegium, where he learned that Antonius's position was shaken. This was on the 2d of August; by the end of August he was back in Rome. He still shrank from defying Antonius in his presence; and even when he spoke he said nothing that need have made an irreparable breach—nothing nearly so severe as his invectives against Piso or Vatinius. Antonius, however, was resolved upon subduing or crushing the one conspicuous survivor of the old *régime*. He took seventeen days to compose a reply, and gave him notice to come and hear it. Cicero did not come, but he composed a crushing rejoinder, which he would have delivered if he had heard the attack. He published it when Octavian, the heir of Cæsar, had formed an army to assert himself against Antonius. Meanwhile he finished his moral treatise.

From the 20th of December, 44 B.C., to the end of June, 43 B.C., Cicero was once more, as he had been in his consulship, the foremost politician in Rome. The senate was willing to follow him in all measures in favor of Octavian and in favor of the conspirators, but it was immovably resolved not to be committed to a combat *à outrance* with Antonius. But Cicero was able to prevent any agreement with Antonius, and might possibly, if the consuls had survived the battle of Mutina, have forced Octavian to take up the mantle of Pompeius. As it was, he was included in the proscription which was the first act of Antonius, Lepidus, and Octavian, when their compact had been ratified by their appointment as triumvirs to organize the Republic. It is often said that Octavian disgraced himself by consenting to sacrifice Cicero, because, while each hoped to make use of the other, Cicero had lavished a great deal of panegyric upon Octavian, who had repaid his attentions with a great parade of deference. At the time it is not likely that Octavian, the adopted son of Cæsar, had any feeling so deep or so creditable as his desire to avenge his father; if so, he would feel quite honestly and naturally that Cicero deserved to share the fate of the conspirators with whom he had been forward to associate himself.

He was overtaken and put to death before he left Italy, on

December 7, 43 B.C., in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He met his death with courage, but in the weeks before it he showed the indecision which was natural to him in difficult circumstances: he neither waited nor escaped in time; he doubtless foresaw that life with Sextus Pompeius or with Brutus would be a repetition in worse company of the miserable life that he had endured in the camp of Pompeius before Pharsalia.

It has become the fashion to praise Cicero as a man and a writer, and to disparage him as a statesman and a thinker; and recently his reputation has been exposed to the attacks of writers who take the side of accomplished facts in what may be called a vindictive spirit. Cicero failed as a politician, and it is rather difficult to see how he could have succeeded; and resentment at his failure takes the form of contempt for his blindness in not seeing before trial that his ingenious and well-intentioned plans were impracticable. Besides, his political career was disfigured by faults which seem natural to advocates who play a leading part in politics; for all Cicero's great political faults have their parallels in the career of Brougham, who was in so many respects unlike Cicero. There was the same obtrusive fertility of suggestion, the same readiness to patronize,¹ the same want of fixity of political purpose—due in both to the same disposition to follow their changing personal interest and their changing personal views of the public good, rather than principles held in common with others; the same want of spontaneous respect for the dignity of those with whom they had to act, sometimes disguising itself in fulsome praise, sometimes expressing itself in wanton epigrams; the same giddy elation at the culmination of the career; the same tendency to be guided by petty vindictiveness when high station seemed irrecoverably lost. In both, too, there was the same disposition to take refuge in intellectual interests, and in the display of intellectual attainments which were rather extensive than profound. In this,

¹ The word is exact if taken in the etymological sense as marking the disposition of the advocate to treat every politician on his own side as his client.

as in many points, Cicero has the advantage, for his intellectual exercises did not intrude upon fields already occupied by more competent workmen.

As we compare Cicero's orations with the masterpieces of Greek oratory, we are apt to compare his philosophical writings with the masterpieces of Greek philosophy; and such a comparison is fatal. Considering how rapidly they were thrown off, it is natural to lay the greatest stress upon the indications that their substance was taken with little change from Greek works of the decline, and that Cicero added little of his own but the style and the literary framework; especially as he tells us himself that he kept introductions ready by him to be fitted to works upon any subject. But Cicero was a man of much greater general power than the Greek writers on philosophy whom he condescended to follow; and the power of selection, statement, and judgment is itself enough to found a reputation upon. We are able to verify in the case of Paley what we only suspect in the case of Cicero, and yet Paley is in his degree a classic. Then, too, it is to be remembered that a mind so fertile as Cicero's, trained to rapid expression, would work very fast for a couple of years when suddenly thrown upon a new class of subjects. He wrote largely to exercise his own ability, to compose without the heat and emphasis of oratory, to improve and vindicate the capacities of his language, which he ventured to prefer to Greek; largely, also, to complete Latin literature by adding a philosophical department. But his works are also the expression of his ripe judgment on matters of which a thoughtful man of action is qualified to judge—better, perhaps, than a purely speculative thinker.

The "Academics" have only reached us in a very incomplete form, and the position they are intended to maintain gains more by being assumed than by being stated and discussed. It is briefly this, that our ultimate convictions are a matter of common-sense and good feeling; that when we come to talk about them there is plenty to say against them; and that, as they cannot be assimilated to the fundamental propositions of the exact sciences, they cannot be sharply stated

or pressed to extreme conclusions. All this is directed against Stoicism, which was on one side a system of closely fitting abstractions, fit, as Cicero knew, to extort assent rather than to generate conviction; for which reason he repeatedly warns public speakers against an exclusive devotion to Stoicism. The New Academy practically coincided with Stoicism as to the nature of truth and duty: but what Stoicism held strictly the Academy held loosely and half-heartedly; what Stoicism urged as a matter of inexorable principle the Academy recommended up to the point required by decency, and praised up to the point inspired by generosity. In fact, the difference was not unlike that between Puritan and Jesuit morality; only, as the morality of the New Academy had no supernatural sanctions, it resembled Jesuit morality at its worst rather than at its best, rather in its accommodations to the low standard of general expediency than in its encouragement of exceptional heroism; while Stoicism, which never acquired the same power as Puritanism of enforcing conformity, was quite free in Cicero's time from the hypocrisy of poor natures who had adopted a standard fit for the noble few. The rigorous dialectic of Stoicism rested upon the assumption of the absolute validity of sensible experience; and in this it was quite consistent, for the abstractions to which the Stoics gave such exaggerated precision were taken direct from popular language, and any criticism of sensation is essentially unpopular. The criticism of sensation by the later Academy, as Cicero represents it in his "Academics," is not very thorough, and yet it is really Platonic; only the Platonic criticism of sensation was intended to prepare the way for a more accurate criterion of transcendental truth, and Plato saw that criticism of sensation ought to suggest the value of instruments of precision; and a science in possession of such instruments would have little reason to fear the criticism of the New Academy, which aims at establishing, not a bracing transcendentalism, but an enfeebling acquiescence in the verdict of educated common-sense.

Still more disappointing than the "Academics" is the "De Fato," which is not concerned with what we suppose to be the question of fatalism so much as with verbal and logical diffi-

culties as to whether propositions concerning things to come can be certain. The question is rather—Do we mean, when we say "The sun will certainly rise to-morrow or not," that either branch of the alternative is in the nature of things equally possible? than—Do we mean, when we say "Cicero will certainly speak in the senate to-morrow or not," that either branch of the alternative is equally likely?

The question of Divination is connected by Cicero himself with that of Fate; but the discussion is much more interesting, for here the Stoical argument is a curious anticipation of much modern argument in defence of orthodoxy. Divination is defended because man needs a revelation of the will of higher powers; and it is assumed that it follows from the general doctrine of providence that there must be a provision for the need; and the universal belief in some non-scientific means of ascertaining the future is treated as its own justification, just as the religious instincts of mankind are appealed to now as a sufficient ground for assuming what they are alleged to affirm. This, in turn, is supplemented by a reference to history for all the wonderful predictions which are supposed to have been fulfilled beyond the power of mere rational foresight. Cicero's reply to these arguments is less modern than the arguments themselves, for the science of his day had not the pretension to give, even in the distant future, a complete explanation of all the elements of historical civilization; and the orthodoxy of his day did not rest upon one series of phenomena, which, whether admitting a naturalistic explanation or not, was certainly unique in character, but upon a disconnected mass of more or less authenticated occurrences, few of which had any ideal impressiveness, and few any permanent importance. Consequently, though Cicero drew a line between faith and reason, he did not draw it at any of the places where the line is drawn now; he did not undertake to prove that some traditions proceed from higher knowledge than reason can reach; he did not try to fix upon certain feelings as too strong or too sacred to be reasoned about. The principle of his concession to piety (which is quite sincere so far as it goes) is that it is well for each man and each com-

munity to practise without discussion the traditions recommended to each by the authority of public custom. He sneers at the art of the *aruspices*, which was not a native Roman form of divination. He treats his own mystery of augury as a matter of simple, venerable routine. He is not ashamed of the wisdom of his ancestors, who established a discipline that neither needed nor admitted rational verification. He justifies them by one very pregnant remark, that the Roman state used divination to allay, not to create, religious anxiety. When something unaccountable and alarming happened, the authorities took the time-honored means to find out something mysterious to do; and when it was done, the public had as good reason for being reassured as they had had for being alarmed; but there were few, if any, Roman precedents for seeking guidance for practical action in supposed indications of the will of Heaven rather than in sound human judgment. But, this concession apart, his criticism is worthy of a countryman of Ennius: he is full and ingenious upon the theme that out of many guesses some must be right; remarks that the most extraordinary predictions require to be better attested; proves that the alleged revelation is far from satisfactory; that it is given, if given, very capriciously; and that it is hard to see how those who receive it are the better for it.

In the more fundamental question treated in the "De Natura Deorum," Cicero's attitude reminds us of Hume's in the "Dialogues on Natural Religion:" in both the author means to give the sceptic the best of the argument, and in both there is too little reverence left to protect the defenders of the faith from his flippancy: in both the sceptic thinks that faith has a better foundation in tradition than in argument, and in both the sceptic is represented as arguing against his real opinion, and in Cicero against the author's opinion too. In Cicero the traditional view is not represented at all, while the Epicurean who represents the all-sufficiency of common-sense has no equivalent in Hume. Here, as in the work on "Divination," the orthodox argument is the most modern part of the whole; all the commonplaces of "natural theology" appear, and, besides, we have some clever Stoical dialectic, to prove that our

idea of perfection must necessarily be subordinated to the highest reality; and consequently, as there can be no higher reality than the universe, we must affirm of the universe every perfection we can think of, including that of being a rational and immortal animal. The sceptic turns his main strength against what the Stoic has in common with Paley. The Stoic deity was a watchmaker who lived in his watch, and Cicero is distinctly of opinion that many parts of the universe are grotesque and offensive, though he feels that the impression made by the beauty and majesty of the whole is irresistible. Besides, a future state of retribution was not then an article of natural theology, and consequently the difficulties connected with the inequalities of fortune among men reinforced those connected with the general struggle for existence with greater effect than now. Besides, the Stoics never mastered their Heraclitean physics, and did not know what would become of their deity when the periodical conflagrations which Heraclitus foretold arrived, and were embarrassed between their own conception of the universe as a stable *organism* and Heraclitus's conception of the rational fire as the eternal *process* by which all transitory beings appear and disappear. The Epicurean, by comparison, gets off easily; he is allowed, if he likes, to persist in his tissue of arbitrary assertions, after it has been shown that they are arbitrary, and do not in the least amount to a rational explanation of men's traditional ideals.

Epicurus is more severely treated in the moral works, though we find frequent *ad hominem* arguments based on the strictness and simplicity of his personal practice, and the vigor with which he denounced excess and insisted on the happiness of the philosopher even in the midst of pain. But the happiness of the Epicurean philosopher had a purely physical basis. The founder of the school had said, quite consistently, that he could be content to live if he lost his sight and hearing, and even his taste and smell, so that he could keep his appetite and susceptibility to sexual pleasure, while if he lost these life would really not be worth having: Cicero took the last stipulation out of its context to be shocked at.

In spite of this injustice, it must be admitted that the "De Finibus" compares favorably with almost any English ethical treatise of the eighteenth century. In one respect it is decidedly superior: both the Stoic and the Epicurean know what they are talking of. When the Stoic speaks of virtue, he does not mean vaguely anything that it is well to do; when the Epicurean speaks of pleasure, he does not mean vaguely anything for which men can or do wish. Nor does the Academic attempt to correct the disputants by the explanation that each one sees one side of the proverbial shield; he acknowledges that the debate is a real one, though he finds the arguments on both sides unconvincing. Pleasure to the Epicurean is always something to be received; it is something to be enjoyed more purely and more securely as man's life approximates to that of a healthy gregarious animal, liking sunshine and food and women and wine and company, and using his reason as a multiplying mirror for these sources of happiness. It would not be very misleading to say that the pleasure of Epicurus is exclusively an affair of the *afferent nerves* and of those connected with the *solar plexus*. The Stoic, on the other hand, starts with the conception that our activity has a normal development of its own; that a man of wholesome nature, who finds himself a member of a sound society, finds it his nature to act in a certain way, just as it is the nature of a tree in suitable soil to grow to a certain shape. The growth of the tree is an end in itself; a well-grown tree is perfect of its kind, and that is enough. The difference between a man and a tree, according to the Stoics, is not that man needs anything more than to be perfect of his kind, but that to be perfect of his kind he has to choose and intend his proper end, because he is capable of rational voluntary action. Since a normal development of activity is, according to the Stoics, the only thing completely subject to rational choice, and at the same time its adequate satisfactory object, it ceases to be a paradox that virtue is the only good. The exposition of this, which is put into the mouth of Cato, is very clear and vigorous, and in its form is probably original; for Cicero congratulates himself (through another speaker) on having broken

through the Stoical custom of logic-chopping to attain to a free continuous argument.

The criticism of Epicureanism is decisive; it is a doctrine that leaves out all that is best in man, and especially all that is best in a Roman; for Epicureanism, a much clearer and more consistent doctrine than Benthamism, has no place for public-spirited activity. The true Epicurean is simply a lazaroni clothed and in his right mind, and aware of his advantages; and Cicero had considerable experience of the false Epicurean, whose activity, so far as he could give an account of it to himself, was simply a means to accumulating the materials for an old-age of coarse indulgence and extravagance, and naturally maintained that even Epicurus had cause to blush for such disciples. In life, as Cicero and serious people generally understood it, there was no room for "pleasure" derived from some material object of enjoyment, or for "gladness," the vague irrational exhilaration that depends upon the physical state, and generally interferes with any steady activity. Both were set down quite correctly as "disturbances of the mind," and were separated rather too absolutely from the tranquil satisfactions which attend the gratification of natural appetites and the successful activity of our powers. The enjoyment of a cheerful meal differs in kind from the enjoyment of a debauch; though, if we watch the transition, it is impossible to fix a point at which the difference is more than one of degree. The same may be said of the difference between temperate enjoyment of success and the half-crazy exultation which was not uncommon in the ancient world and is not unknown in the modern. The question whether the "appetites" were to be moderated or abolished was really for Cicero a question whether it was right or possible to take the enjoyment of the debauchee at rare intervals or in safe doses—a theory which commended itself to a good many respectable Romans who did not study philosophy.

The point at which Stoicism was really open to criticism was not so much that it made too little allowance for natural feeling (though Cicero thought it might have made more), but that it took no account of success. It was difficult to maintain

that the results of action were really indifferent. If a patriot saved his country, the act was its own reward; it required nothing further in the shape of popularity or praise or self-complacency. But how if a citizen did his duty and failed to save his country, and perhaps by doing his duty and ignoring that other men were certain not to do theirs, did, so far as could be calculated, more harm than good? How if a man recognized the direction in which activity was desirable, and saw that with his natural endowments activity in that direction would be ineffectual? The only reply that a Stoic could make to such criticism was to repeat his demonstration that normal voluntary action was the adequate object of rational choice, and that the ideal standard must be maintained at any cost. Here, too, the Academic has to give up the ideal, at any rate as a standard: excellence is generally ranked above success, and real excellence the Academic is content to rank highest; but real excellence, he insists, is seldom really unsuccessful. It is also very seldom attainable, and he doubts whether it can be the object of every life to attain it. Carneades thought it surprising that no one had taken up the very defensible position that life had no end at all for a man beyond itself; that for a man to get what was fit for him, and to do what he was fit for, was the chief good, or at any rate there was no other, beyond the simple play of human faculty in human intercourse. The way of expressing this was curiously technical. Discussion had brought to light certain natural prerequisites to both virtue and pleasure, such as eating, drinking, moving, sleeping, talking, learning (for no one can live without instruction). Now, all these seem good in their place for their own sake, apart from anything to which they may lead. It is impossible to imagine any further good which does not include and presuppose these first gifts or needs of nature; and though it seems natural to treat them as means (was this why Carneades did not affirm for himself that they were the end?), it is hard to prove that any end which we pursue by them yields more than themselves.

The interest of the treatise "De Finibus" is purely speculative; the interest of the "Tusculan Disputations" is purely

practical. One of Cicero's pupils after another puts forward some one of the evils which the natural man fears, and Cicero demolishes his objections with much affectionate earnestness and a certain parade of what is meant for Socratic dialectic. This is a very poor substitute for the real interchange of thought between equals which we have in Cicero's other works. Landor might have been less ready to praise the method of Cicero's Dialogues at the expense of Plato's, if he had suspected that the continuous speeches were often extracted from Greek treatises; as, for instance, the speech of Velleius in the "De Natura Deorum," from the works of Philodemus, a contemporary Epicurean, of which large fragments have been discovered at Herculaneum. Still, so far as he apprehends the question (and he generally apprehends it as well as any man of the time), Cicero succeeds in giving the force with which conflicting views appeal to the instructed practical judgment. But the "Tusculan Disputations" are a work of despair. When Cicero wrote them, Italy was given over to Cæsar and the host of tribunes and centurions who had conquered license in his train. Everything but good conscience seemed lost beyond recovery; and Cicero strove to convince himself, in convincing the young yet uncorrupted by the world, that to keep a good conscience through everything is enough, and more than enough; that to know this is our main concern; and that glory and success and all externals are so secondary that the inquiry as to whether they add anything more or less to virtue only serves curiosity, if, indeed, it does not lower courage. Even the style is affected by the reckless earnestness of the writer, and becomes more animated and pathetic, and at the same time less pure. The discussion whether *vita beata* will mount the rack with the philosopher is a model of the careless personification which misses being picturesque and succeeds in being illogical; and it is one of the praises of Latin literature that it generally abstains from this slovenly sort of personification, and only personifies to make a direct and vivid appeal to the imagination.

The smaller treatises—the "Lælius" and the "Cato"—are probably, like the "De Officiis," founded upon single Greek

works which Cicero adapted with a well-founded confidence that, as a great writer, he could improve the style, and that a Roman of rank ought to be able to improve the substance. There is the same impatience of mere discussion which meets us in the "Tusculan Disputations." Lælius and Cato are lecturers, with a youthful audience; and their pleasure in it is, no doubt, a reflection of the generous pleasure Cicero was still able to take in the young. One interesting feature in both is the anticipation of the thought which is beginning to console a few rare spirits for the certainty of death. Cicero felt as strongly as any disciple of the "Religion of Humanity" that the best part of the lives of those who have lived for others still lives on in others, and few disciples of the school have expressed the feeling so simply and so well. This was supported in him by the philosophical hope of a personal life for the glorified spirit, set forth with enthusiastic eloquence in the magnificent dream of Scipio.¹ Cicero did not live to see the two thoughts which comforted him popularized by being combined in the faith or fiction of apotheosis, for he obviously treats the position of Antonius, the flamen of Divus Julius, as a very sorry joke.

Something has been said already of Cicero's political treatises; it should be added that in the "Laws" the actual laws are in decidedly archaic Latin, and that very great stress is laid on the importance of keeping the character of Roman worship unchanged. Its ceremonies were valuable, both because they cost little money and because they cost much time and care. Plato's exclusion of poets was replaced by an exclusion equally respectful of the New Academy; happily there was no need to exclude the loungers of the Garden. We have lost most of the discussion on justice in the "Republic;" but, in a sense, we can see it was an advance on that with which Plato's "Republic" opens. Carneades did not outrage good-sense and common experience by an ideal portrait of an unredeemed successful villain, whose prosperity should make

¹ Preserved by the sagacity of Macrobius from the wreck of Cicero's "Republic," and more valuable than all that has been recovered by the diligence of Cardinal Mai.

it doubtful whether it was worth while to be just. He confined himself to illustrating a position which has never been refuted—that in actual society there is a real conflict of interests; that one man's advantage, rightly understood, may be incompatible with the rights of another, or with the good of the community, and then asking for reasons to prove that a man is to be just against himself. The reply to these objections, so far as we can judge from the fragments preserved to us, was mainly an appeal to our natural sociability and to all that is expressed by the modern phrases of "solidarity" and "social organism." Of course, so far as the analogy which the latter phrase suggests holds, it would be decisive. In the individual organism, no one organ can thrive really at the expense of the rest, just as no outward prosperity can compensate for injury to the health of the body; whence Plato had argued that for no earthly gain could it be worth while to injure the health of the soul. Unfortunately, neither analogy is exact, and the analogy to which Plato appeals has a false look of exactness which has led Plato and others into much unreal rhetoric. We do not know whether Cicero's rhetoric was unreal, though we do know from his own boasts in the "Lælius" that it was earnest and elaborate.

Of the rhetorical works only the "De Oratore" need detain us; for, admirable as the "Brutus" is, with its fine, exact, and generous appreciation of scores of forgotten speakers, there is little to say of it here beyond the extracts already given. The "De Oratore" is certainly the most finished of all Cicero's treatises, and the coming and going of the secondary speakers is admirably managed to bring out the dignity of the principals, and to convey an impression of the lofty courtesy of the highest Roman society. The scenery of the dialogue, so to speak, is on a level with Plato, except at his very best, although there is much less play of thought, as, indeed, the subject suggests less. The real subject is the double function of the orator as a public speaker and an advocate. Crassus, the greatest orator before Cicero, brings out the conception of the public speaker as a man who must be, first of all, perfectly virtuous, then perfectly wise—a master of the

philosophy of Greece and of the truer, more practical teaching of Roman sages like Lælius and Coruncanius and the elder Cato. He must have a competent knowledge of everything that can come under discussion, though subordinate sciences, such as civil law, will be studiously kept in their proper place. It must be remembered that at Rome there were no newspapers, no sermons, hardly any books; that the general public was not in the habit of reading such books as there were. When a famous citizen spoke on public affairs in the Assembly, or on an exciting case before the courts, he might, if he pleased, put himself forward to supply in his own person an equivalent for the many forms of instruction and entertainment which the Romans lacked, each of which in our own day forms the basis of a separate profession. On the other hand, the parties, and perhaps the court, might think what was very interesting to the *corona* (the ring of spectators who gathered round the parties and their respective adherents) rather superfluous, for the *corona* could go away at pleasure, and the parties and the court were bound to remain. There was obviously room for a more business-like, less pretentious, less discursive style of speaking than that which Crassus cultivated, and it is of this style that Antonius constitutes himself the theorist.¹ The discussion as to the comparative merits of the two styles is indecisive, and only serves to bring out the conception of each, and to show that really able speakers, whatever their ideal of their profession may be, have necessarily much in common; perhaps, too, to show that Cicero could idealize his predecessors in a way to bring out their characteristic excellences and veil their defects. He was glad to be able to deny that his Crassus was less wordy and his Antonius more copious than the originals. The contrast is important from another point of view: it is clear, both from the "Brutus" and the preface of the lost translation of the speeches of Æschines and Demosthenes in the case of Ctesiphon, that Cicero's reputation in his later years was not uncontested. A

¹ It seems that Cicero intended also to make Antonius the representative of the theory of Aristotle (set forth in a lost dialogue), and Crassus the representative of the theory of Isocrates.

school of Atticists had grown up, mostly purists in politics as well as in style, who wished to exclude everything superfluous and get rid of amplification and emotion, and be simple, business-like, convincing, and elegant. They probably failed to realize that there had been occasions, and perhaps were still, when it was worth while to electrify the court by passionate pleadings; but generally eloquence was directed not to gain the suffrages of the court, which, even in important cases, might consist of a single judge, but to influence the audience; and the Atticists were quite right in thinking that this trait was anything but Attic, for an Attic orator had never occasion to separate the audience and the court. They were also probably right in thinking that, for practice in Roman courts in ordinary cases, Lysias was a better model than Demosthenes.

It is curious that Cicero should have imagined that a translation of Æschines and Demosthenes was a vindication of his own style. Compared with Calvus, no doubt even Demosthenes was full and Æschines was passionate; but Cicero was certainly diffuse, even compared with Æschines.

As compared with Demosthenes, it is his great praise to be amusing and interesting: he does not take our concern for granted as Demosthenes does, who trusts simply to the contagion of his own earnestness, whereas Cicero has studied all methods of engaging and relieving our attention. He varies everything that can be varied; he amplifies almost everything that can be amplified; he is fond of side issues. In the defence of Sex. Roscius, his first great speech, he rests his case not on the innocence of his client, which he is content for the most part to asseverate, but on the nefarious manœuvres of Chrysogonus. So, too, in the defence of Cluentius we hear quite as much of the trial in which Cluentius was supposed to have outbribed his mother's husband as of the charge of poisoning that was actually before the court; and, long after the affair of Catilina, the supposed necessity of protecting all who had helped Cicero to save the state from his nefarious enterprise figured largely in his speeches. He was rather apt to frame improbable defences and to take up more ground than could be really held. For instance, it is obvious that there

was no malice on either side in the affray between Clodius and Milo; but as Clodius's partisans chose to assert that Milo had laid a plot to assassinate Clodius, Cicero roundly retorted that it was Clodius who had laid a plot to assassinate Milo, and his whole speech is pervaded by this rash assumption. Throughout, also, Milo is represented as a pure and spotless patriot; although, even before his last outbreak, Cicero had pretty well made up his mind that he was a madman, and expressed his belief with his usual frankness in his outspoken correspondence. Perhaps Cicero wrote in defence of Milo with some exaggeration of enthusiasm, because in the actual trial he had spoken with less than his usual courage and failed in the result more completely than he was accustomed to fail. But it does not appear that after his consulship he ever was really supreme as an advocate: he was always the greatest living orator, though few of the orations which he handed down to us belong to his later years—except the "Philippics," which, with one or two exceptions, are more remarkable for the skilful pertinacity with which a political object is pursued under great difficulties than for their worth as orations. For instance, it was voted that under the alarming circumstances of the time military dress should be worn in the streets of Rome; and Cicero harps upon this decision in a way that was probably edifying and useful to right-thinking gossips at the time, but is the reverse of impressive to posterity. In general, the difficulties under which Cicero spoke are too apparent, and the necessity of putting on an air of heroism interferes with our appreciation of the diplomatic ingenuity displayed in the speeches, and to better advantage in the letters to Plancus and other commanders whom Cicero had hopes of securing to the interests of the senate. Probably even the great Second Philippic, which has generally been recognized as Cicero's masterpiece, gained in reputation a good deal by the subsequent history of Antonius, who was completely sacrificed to Augustus by all Roman writers; whence it followed that all Cicero's attacks upon him were entirely justified. At the time, it is hard to think that the conduct of Antonius was really an outrage upon the sensibilities of a senate whose

ranks had been filled with Cæsar's officers, who felt that in giving Decimus Brutus a hesitating support against him they were, after all, only espousing the quarrel of one old comrade against another, and consoled themselves by the fact that, if Brutus had helped to kill their old commander, he was in alliance for the moment with their commander's heir. Apart from this, Cicero's denunciations of mere debauchery and cruelty must have rung rather hollow upon the ears of contemporaries for the most part only less shameless than Antonius, and far less vigorous: though Cicero himself had every right to treat the conventionalities which he reproached Antonius with disregarding as serious, and political profligacy had not gone so far that a man in Antonius's position could travel slipshod in the dark without some discredit when the charge was brought home to him—to say nothing of drunkenness on public occasions. On the other hand, the invective loses, because it is clear that Cicero's honest convictions might have slept if Antonius had been willing to keep terms with him. For this reason the speech stands below the invective against Piso, which makes no pretence of serving any purpose except Cicero's hearty contempt for a vulgar blusterer who had done him what injury he could, and had been foolish enough to challenge an altercation with him after his fortunes had mended.

Of Cicero's letters it is not easy to speak as they deserve within moderate compass: they have always a charming air of frankness and dignity, even when the writer is embarrassed and has to calculate the effect of every word. The long series of letters "ad Familiares" are all more or less of this category. The letters to Atticus show how great the strain must have been, for they prove his need of entire unrestrained expansion, and his need of leaning upon another judgment. In both points the correspondence reminds us of Dickens's letters to Forster. It is also the clearest proof of Cicero's fundamental honesty, and of how little he was really the dupe of his vanity, and of the miscalculation which led him to exaggerate his public services in the presence of the public.

CICERO'S CONTEMPORARIES AND SUCCESSORS.

A curious and interesting relic of the beginning or the end of the age of Cicero is the treatise on rhetoric addressed to Caius Herennius by an unknown writer, probably Cornificius, who used the same Greek text-book as Cicero in his two books "De Inventione." He follows his model much more closely than Cicero, and is uniformly, or almost uniformly, didactic and dogmatic, where Cicero is apt to lose himself in discussion. The two books of Cicero are longer than the four of the author who wrote for Herennius. They both agree that the choice and arrangement of topics is the most extensive part of the art; and when he has exhausted this Cicero pauses, and concludes all of his treatise that has reached us. The unknown goes on to treat of memory and of the arts of voice and gesture, which occupy the remainder of the third book; the fourth, which is the most interesting, contains the writer's views of style in the largest sense, illustrated by choice morsels of his own composition. This was an innovation which filled him with uneasy pride: his Greek models and his Latin rivals had always drawn their illustrations from approved and recognized classics, which was tantamount to a confession, from his point of view, that they were unequal to practise the art which they professed. He thinks it as absurd to teach oratory by a series of extracts from other speakers as for a sculptor to teach sculpture by exhibiting fragments of the work of other sculptors, or for an athlete to undertake to train a runner by standing still and discoursing on the performances of celebrated runners in the past. The second comparison diminishes the arrogance of the first, for the author, whoever he was, cannot have been a celebrated speaker. He makes a merit of writing on the subject at all, as he has private affairs to attend to; but he is fond of exercising himself in speaking, and expects Herennius, who likes exercising with him, to improve with such opportunities. He is not exactly a teacher of rhetoric, but a private gentleman, studious of the art, and recognized among his friends as accomplished in the practice

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of it. Probably, if asked why he declaimed at home oftener than he spoke in the courts or the assembly, he would have said that his station did not call upon him to be a conspicuous politician, or his temper to force himself into politics. His authorities are all the famous orators from Lælius to Crassus, which naturally leads us to think that he was a mature man when Cicero was a youth; on the other hand, there are traces which might lead us to fancy that he knew of Cicero and did not admire him, and knew of Lucretius and agreed with him. It is certainly strange that a Roman who had not read Lucretius should enumerate not only the fear of death, but religion, among the motives of crime. It is also curious that somebody who was not Cicero should have a son Tullius and a wife Terentia. Phrases like "Et inimico proderas et amicum lædebas et tibi non consulebas," "Nec reipublicæ consulisti nec amicis profuisti nec inimicis restitisti," look like criticisms of Cicero's conduct in the decline of his fortune. His refusal to be on the Campanian domain commission was an advantage to his enemy Clodius, an offence to his friend Pompeius, and left his own safety unprovided for. When he went into exile, it might fairly be said he neither served the state, nor stood by his friends, nor withstood his enemies. After his return, when he was inclined to revenge himself, with Cæsar's help, upon the nobility who had betrayed him, it might seem fair to say, "Inimicis te placabilem, amicis inexorabilem præbes." What follows might pass for a scathing invective from the point of view of the thorough optimates of his conduct during the civil war:

"In otio tumultuaris; in tumultu es otiosus. In re frigidissima cales; in ferventissima friges. Tacito quum opus est clamas; quum tibi loqui convenit, obmutescis. Ades, abesse vis; abes, reverti cupis. In pace bellum quæritas, in bello pacem desideras. In contione de virtute loqueris; in prælio præ ignavia tubæ sonitum perferre non potes."

The only part which an admirer of Cicero might think inappropriate in the mouth of his enemies is the first half-sentence. Though Cicero busied himself a good deal in promoting the abortive reaction of public opinion against Pompeius

and his confederates, his action was hardly of a kind to be described as "tumultuous." All the rest would suit well enough: he was loud in criticism in the camp of Pompeius, where he would have done well to hold his peace; in the debates which preceded the war he took no part. When he was with Pompeius, he wished himself away; when he was safe in Cilicia, he wished himself back in Rome. When the confederates were united, he had a mind to disunite them or to oppose their united forces. When Pompeius was drifting into hostilities, and when he was engaged in them, Cicero was for peace at almost any price. In the campaign, when he joined Pompeius at last, he was so nearly a neutral as to be almost proscribed by the ultras, who doubtless thought he would have fought if he had had the courage. Another touch is less certain in its application: it is a vigorous apostrophe to Cassius, probably the celebrated judge and author of the much misquoted "*Cui bono*," against the impudence of a witness who makes a speech for the prosecution; which was rather a favorite device of Cicero's when he sympathized with a prosecution that he had not courage to conduct in person.

It is needless to say that the style of the unknown is anything but an advance upon Cicero's. Though pure and clear and even elegant, it is so dry and stiff that it is difficult to suppose he wrote after him; but we know that Pollio, one of the most celebrated speakers of the age of Augustus, was, compared with Cicero, simply rough and unfinished, only reaching here and there the level of agreeable finish which Cicero constantly maintained. It is the more noticeable, therefore, that the writer to Herennius sets the ideal of finish very high, much higher than an English writer or speaker would set it. For instance, if it were necessary to throw the blame of the revolt of a colony on a revolutionary party at home, one would think it quite sufficient to begin a passage not meant to be particularly impressive as follows: "Our allies, when minded to wage war upon us, would certainly have reasoned again and again how much lay in their power to do, if, indeed, they were acting altogether of themselves, and had not many helpers from among us, evil and daring men. For

all are wont to ponder long who mean to work in mighty matters." The author's criticism is: "Discourse of this kind cannot hold the hearer's attention, for it is all at sea, does not grasp one point and clasp it firm in perfect words." It is a failure, in short, in the style in which this is a success:

"Ye see, judges, with whom we wage this war—with allies, with men accustomed to fight for us, and both by diligence and valor to uphold our empery with us. These, on the one part, needs must know themselves and their means and their resources; on the other part, none the less by reason of neighborhood and fellowship in all things were able to know and to deem of the power of the Roman people in all things. When these determined to wage war with us, what matter was it, I pray you, that made them bold to enterprise the war when they understood that far the greater part of our allies stood fast in their duty; when they saw on their own part that neither multitude of soldiers, skill of generals, nor treasure of money was ready at need; or, in a word, any matter of the matters that are needful for the service of war? If they were waging war for boundaries with neighbors, if they thought the whole contest depended upon one battle, still they would come thereto with better equipment in all things; how much less would they, being what they are, essay with their petty forces to take away the empery of the wide world, to which empery all nations, kings, and peoples have yielded themselves, partly of force, partly of good-will, being overcome either by the arms or the bounty of the Roman people? Some one will ask, What, did not they of Fregellæ move of their own choice? Truly it was much the harder for them to move that they saw how all the rest had come off. For, without experience of things, such as are not able to seek ensamples concerning everything soever from things done aforetime do most easily fall into that error for lack of knowledge; but such as know what has befallen others are able easily, by the fortune of others, to provide for their own prospects. Was there nothing, then, to lead them on, no hope to make them bold to take up arms? But who can believe that such madness possessed any as to make him dare to assault the empery of the Roman people

with no force to make him bold? Therefore there must needs have been something. What else can that be except what I say?" Of course this is more distinct and emphatic, but the gain involves a disproportionate expense in elaboration. The point that the revolt of Fregellæ cannot have been unsupported is obvious, whether true or false; and the longer it is dwelt on, the longer a sceptical hearer has to divine an alternative reason for a strange event.

It is easier to approve the author's taste in the specimen he gives of the simplest style to which an orator can descend.

"When my client came into the baths, he began to be rubbed down after his douche. Presently, when he thought it time to go down into the hot bath, the other party called across the bath, 'Here, young fellow! your people have been hustling; you will have to make amends.' My client blushed; at his age he was not used to being hailed by a stranger. The other party began to say the same and the like much louder. My client just managed to say, 'Well, you must let me think about it.' Then the other party did begin to shout with that voice which is fit to bring a blush from the most hardened brawler, 'You are so sharp and impudent that you're not content to practise even in the middle of the forum: you must get behind the scenes and to places of that kind.' The young fellow was disturbed; and no wonder, for he still felt the lectures of his pedagogue buzzing in his ears, and had never heard such abuse as that. For where, pray, should he have seen a rascal, bankrupt of blushes, who might well think he had not a rag of character to lose, and so might do everything without risking his reputation?"

The unsuccessful attempt in the same style deserves all the author can say of it: "The other party came up to my client in the baths; says thereafter, 'Your servant here hustled me.' Thereafter my client says to him, 'I'll think it over.' Then the other grew abusive, and called out more and more in the presence of many." As the writer says, this has no style or composition or choice of vocabulary. He has not been at pains to construct a large specimen of the tumid style, which

is the danger to which those who aim at the impressive style are most exposed.

"Whosoever traffics with foemen to betray the fatherland will never pay a fitting penalty; no, not though he be driven headlong to be engulfed of Neptune. So it repenteth him who hath fashioned mountains of war, abolished fair fields of peace."

This corresponds to, "Who is there among you, judges, to be able to devise fit and due punishment for a man who has devised to betray the fatherland to enemies? What misdeed can be compared with this wickedness? what worthy chastisement be found for this misdeed?" and so on for twenty or thirty lines more, winding up with a rather tame display of ingenuity. The writer knew that the worst that could be done with a traitor was to banish him, and so, when he has spent all his rhetoric on heightening the guilt of treason, he concludes that his words are too weak for the horror of the fact; but he finds this easier to bear, because the judges will, out of their abounding zeal for the country, drive the traitor headlong from the country which he sought to bring under the yoke of filthy enemies.

The author is not satisfied with a specimen of each of the three styles which an orator requires to practise: he gives specimens of most of the different figures or ways in which a point can be put; and it is among these that we find the passages that read like criticism of Cicero. That the criticism is veiled is hardly surprising, for Cicero himself shrank from criticising his contemporaries, as we see from the amount of pressure that he describes in the "Brutus," before he will pay his tribute of vague eulogy to Cæsar and candid courtesy to Hortensius, and justify his own self-complacency by a deprecatory description of his own training and endeavors. Whoever the author was, he had more reason to avoid challenging a collision with Cicero than Cicero had to shun collisions with others, though Cicero lacked the best defence for his reputation. With all his endeavors, he never founded a school of oratory.

The only speaker who seriously tried to form himself upon

him was M. Claudius Marcellus, consul 51 B.C., who was in exile at Mytilene when Cicero wrote. He was a vehement opponent of Cæsar, and delayed his return from exile for nearly a year after he had been pardoned. He was an accomplished and very painstaking speaker, who naturally followed the greatest and most laborious of contemporary orators; and his fine voice and dignity of presence gave grace to the imitation. Afterwards he was completely forgotten, and the praise which Cicero puts into the mouth of Brutus, high as it is, sounds a little perfunctory. Something of the same perfunctory tone is to be traced in all that is said of the eloquence of C. Julius Cæsar: his greatness left men under the impression that he was, or might have been, a consummate orator, for in the early part of his career he had been a frequent and effective speaker. Cicero gives us to understand that he and Marcellus were, among politicians of mark, the only speakers to be named in the same breath with himself. As he leaves Brutus to characterize Marcellus, so he sets Atticus to characterize Cæsar. It is clear that Cæsar's special distinction was that he spoke better Latin than any statesman of the day. Cicero was a great master of the language, but he had learned it, while Cæsar knew it by hereditary instinct. Again, Cæsar was content with the language as it stood at its best, and only cared for the utmost attainable consistency of usage, while Cicero wished to enrich and vary the language, and in the judgment of Cæsar succeeded admirably. Being a very able man, he naturally had some share of most of the recognized merits of the day. The praise which both Cicero and Tacitus give, after they have done justice to his Latin and his general ability, turns upon something that they call "splendor." All the orators of Cicero's age, according to Tacitus, stand together on a far higher level than his own contemporaries, and "splendor" is the special grace of Cæsar. Cicero is a little fuller. There was nothing tricky or puzzling in Cæsar's way of speaking; everything was clear and bright as in full sunshine; his voice, his figure, his bearing when he spoke, had all something high-bred and magnificent about them. This seems to apply to the speeches of his maturity;

according to Suetonius, when young he had imitated the easy, humorous vein of the elder Cæsar. Perhaps the prosecution of Dolabella might have succeeded better if the prosecutor, then only twenty-two years old, had been unmistakably serious. Apparently this was not the speech by which later students judged him; and later students judged him amiss, for he took very little pains about the publication of his speeches; and Augustus had to protest with some vigor that most of the speeches which circulated in his name were an entirely inadequate compilation from the public records and private tradition. Apparently the speech for a certain Samnite, Decius, was authentic, and therefore critics fastened upon it and found it tedious; as they found Brutus's speech on behalf of King Deiotarus. Neither speaker was in a position to be passionate and effective at all hazards: when the ascendancy of Sulla or of Cæsar was at its height, the advocate of a Samnite or of a king who had sided with Pompeius was obliged to be cautious. Either speech may have been a well-considered manifesto on behalf of a defeated party, all the more valuable at the time for being too temperate for posterity. Cæsar took no pains to preserve the elaborate addresses which he issued daily when he was curule ædile and was restoring the statues of Marius. Perhaps Quintilian, who finds in his speeches the same vigor, the same rapid insight, the same decisive energy as in his campaigns, may be thinking of the brief records of what he said when his position in the state was secure. The phrase is not merely conventional, for he thinks a student might gain by studying Cæsar as well as Cicero, and so add some additional vigor to the completeness and grace which he might learn from Cicero. As a man of action he could be round and peremptory beyond the ordinary measure of speakers who lived upon the applause of an audience.

An exceedingly elegant speaker, who had, and sought, no political position, was M. Calidius. He hardly stood above the common crowd of advocates, but among them he was quite unique. If he had had the power of contagious passion, he would have been a great orator: as it was, he was a most exquisite and ingenious advocate, who never missed the real

point of a case, and delighted connoisseurs by the perfect clearness of his explanation and by the felicity of his diction, which seemed perfectly natural and appropriate, in spite of an abundant display of ornament of all kinds—rhetorical figures, musical cadences (which were never obtruded), and metaphors which came in without effort. He dealt much in aphorisms of a kind whose application it was difficult to discover until they had been enunciated in his smooth, easy, transparent language. He is only known by the high praise which Cicero gives him, which perhaps is higher because he had once treated him very cruelly in open court. Calidius accused one Cn. Gellius of an attempt to poison him, and set forth the case with his accustomed neatness and precision. Cicero said what was to be said in reply, and then told Calidius he was a great deal too cool about such a charge to have believed in it. While making it he had never slapped his forehead or his thigh; he had not so much as stamped his foot. So far from moving the court, he had almost sent it to sleep.

The generation who were young when Cicero was celebrated included three considerable speakers who passed away while still young: C. Curio, M. Cælius Rufus, and C. Licinius Calvus. Of these Curio was, upon the whole, the most important as a politician, and perhaps not the least effective as an orator. Cicero regrets that, after trying to make his way with the approval of the nobility and all respectable citizens, he decided to pay his debts by siding with Cæsar. He, like his father, was noted rather for energy than for skilful argument or literary culture. He was not indifferent to purely oratorical training, though, according to Cicero, he was more remarkable for zeal than diligence.

M. Cælius Rufus pained Cicero in the same way, though he lived long enough to turn against Cæsar as too conservative, out of an insatiable desire to fish in troubled waters. His speeches were more read than Curio's, though he filled less space in history. He made his three best speeches comparatively early, and unlike Calidius, who spoke best in defence, he was celebrated as an accuser. He prosecuted C. Antonius

in 59 B.C. for his malversations in Macedonia, and L. Sempronius Atratinus; the third accused was either D. Lælius or Q. Pompeius Rufus, who was tribune 53 B.C., and who was seditious in support of Milo. When curule ædile he delivered several harangues to the people which were all in favor of strictness of administration: one, on the variety of frauds in the management of aqueducts, had been read with diligence by Frontinus in the latter part of the first century A.D. He was celebrated both for his wit and for a certain air of elevation. He had a very happy knack of inventing details and pouring contempt upon his opponents. Phrases like a "*farthing Clytemnestra*" and a "*barley-husk rhetorician*" made a reputation which it is not easy to explain. In many places it was thought he anticipated the tone which passed for elevation and brilliancy among fashionable speakers in the reign of Vespasian, who thought the average speaking of that generation tame and homely. Quintilian praises his "*asperity*:" he knew how to set the minds of the court on edge against a prisoner, which is a different gift from the power of inflaming men's minds, which Cicero claims for himself and for any first-class orator. Cælius left the court cool, but he made them bitter. The longest passage we have from him is a labored description of the trouble Antonius's concubines and centurions had to rouse him from his drunken sleep to fight Catalina. Cicero would have delighted in contrasting such behavior with the ideal of a general officer, especially a general who had to defend Rome against a Catalina. But there is not a hint of this in Cælius: he is content with a finished picture of a contemptible sot. Coarse as the description is, it is quoted with approbation by Quintilian, and was not one of the passages which savored of the shabby diction and disjointed, ill-fitting phrases that marked Cælius as still one of the ancients.

Like Cælius, C. Licinius Calvus marks a stage in the transition from Cicero to the eloquence of the days of Nero. Both were born in the same year and day, and Calvus, too, distinguished himself young: he was twenty-seven when he accused Vatinius (54 B.C.), and, though he lived some five years longer,

none of his other speeches were worth reading. He was the son of C. Licinius Macer, himself an acrid politician, and a zealous, if not effective, speaker, and a diligent historian. Like his father, he attacked all that was foremost in the state. But, where his father had attacked the nobility, he attacked Cæsar and Pompeius, against whom he also made war with epigrams in the manner of his friend Catullus. In the same spirit he lent himself to the growing public which was tiring of Cicero, as their predecessors had tired of Hortensius. He dwelt on the contrast between Cicero's exuberance and the terser energy of the Attic orators. Cicero had been considered Attic compared with the Asiatic exuberant luxuriance of Hortensius; but Calvus was determined that his Attic purism should make Cicero seem Asiatic in his turn. As late as Quintilian's day there were still some who preferred him to Cicero. The most definite testimony of his power was the acclamation of Vatinius, who could not refrain from starting up in court with a cry, "Pray you, judges, am I to be undone because he is eloquent?" Fragments from his speeches against Vatinius are remarkable for their intensity of conviction. He began: "I am going to accuse the boldest man of our city of faction. He is rich and mean, with an evil tongue." He dared him to harden his impudent forehead to say that he deserved to be made prætor before Cato. If he was acquitted, it was not only the law of embezzlement, but the law of treason; not only the law of treason, but the Plautian law (against sedition); not only the Plautian law, but the law against bribery; not only the law of bribery, but all laws and judgments altogether, that would be brought to no effect. He told the court that they all knew there had been bribery, and that all knew that they knew it. He concluded, as usual, with a prayer that Jupiter and all the immortal gods might do him good as surely as he was persuaded in his mind that there was evidence to convince any child of Vatinius's guilt. And this speech was not only animated by intense and acrimonious conviction, but adorned with a choice vocabulary and with plenty of skilfully veiled aphorisms. His cadences were, for the most part, severe; that is to say, the proportion of long

syllables with consonants was large, and the short syllables were made to depend unmistakably upon the long; the voice was not allowed to play among a number of short open syllables, and then rest upon two or three long syllables at the end. It was quite a wonderful phenomenon when, in defending Messius, who had been accused three times over, he condescended to cadences like "*Credite mihi iudices non est turpe misereri*," which were soft, not to say incoherent, compared with the ringing phrases in which the eager tones had travelled in serried movement from one strongly accented syllable to another. The severity of method which Calvus adopted in his speeches against Vatinius had probably been instinctive. Afterwards he made a system of correcting himself and retrenching superfluities, till he became meagre and tiresome; but to the last he was always well before the public, and was an effective critic of Cicero.

In this work he was joined by another uncompromising republican, M. Brutus, the nephew of Cato, the nominal leader of the conspiracy against Cæsar, who, though he gave him office, refused him a career. Cicero, who was a correspondent of Calvus, in spite of oratorical jealousies, was intimate with Brutus, who also criticised his speeches with quite as much candor as friendliness. Brutus was very rich, very well educated, and very industrious: and, though there were one or two stories which suggested that he was avaricious, he was thought to be, upon the whole, a very high-principled and consistent man. Cicero thought it tragical that a man with such a training should have no chance of speaking in the courts or the senate and making himself felt as he deserved, at a time when Cæsar's single will decided all the questions which had hitherto been settled by the friction of public opinion, personal and family influence. "Public business" was at a standstill in the sense in which Romans understood it, and Brutus was just beginning to enter public life when the crash came. He had the opportunity of defending Appius Claudius, his father-in-law, and of delivering a speech in his honor at his funeral, and these were the only speeches he made under normal conditions. He defended King Deiotarus in Cæ-

sar's camp at Nicomedia, and harangued the people from the Capitol after the slaughter of Cæsar, and published his harangue after sending it in vain for Cicero to correct. Cicero thought his speeches in general listless and disjointed: there was no flow of passion to carry the hearers from one head of the discourse to another; the diction was perfect, the disquisition a masterpiece of ingenuity; there were plenty of brilliant points well put, but Cicero said that in Brutus's place he would have written with more heat. Brutus's coldness did not come from want of courage. He wrote a speech in rivalry with Cicero to show how Milo ought to have been defended, taking the line that, as the republic was well rid of Clodius, Milo was not to blame for putting him out of the way.

Brutus was born three years before Calvus, though his reputation, such as it was, came later. He was born ten years before C. Asinius Pollio, sixteen years before M. Valerius Messalla. Pollio lived almost to the end of the reign of Augustus, and Messalla lived half-way through it. Both were reckoned the last orators of the old school. The triumvirs were far more oppressive than Cæsar had ever been, but when the proscriptions were over "public business" went on again at Rome. Pollio, like Calvus and Brutus, was dissatisfied with Cicero as an orator, and both in his speeches and his histories attacked his political honor as well as his oratory. His own ambition was versatile: he was not only an historian and an orator, but a writer of tragedies; and both as a tragedian and as an orator his tastes were antique. Accius and Pacuvius were to be traced in his speeches and in his plays. Having from the first been an intimate, and at first almost an equal, of Antonius and Octavian, his position in the state was independent of his literary and oratorical gifts, which he exercised mainly as accomplishments. He said himself that, as he could manage a case nicely, he came to have many cases to manage; and, having many cases to manage, he could not manage them so nicely. He was very painstaking, and argued his cases more thoroughly, apparently, than any other speaker. He was famous for "diligence," as Calvus was famous for "judgment." He was also famous among his ad-

mirers for harmonious cadence, the one ornament that he did not eschew. It seems he corrected himself into being dull, as Calvus corrected himself into being meagre; he overloaded his speeches with arguments of all kinds, and was afraid of superfluity of everything else; he came so very far short of being as brilliant and agreeable as Cicero that he seemed to belong to an earlier generation. Many of his speeches were on charges of poisoning which were brought against Greek rhetoricians and other adherents of Cæsar, and show what a venomous atmosphere of scandal and suspicion pervaded the city after the campaigns of Mutina and Philippi. It was noticed that he was the first orator of consequence who had ever pleaded before the centumviri, a court which seems to have represented the jurisdiction of the comitia centuriata, and was specially concerned with questions of inheritance. He defended the heirs of Urbinia against a claimant who professed to be her son, and who could find no better advocate than T. Labienus,¹ who was extremely unpopular among all the large class who hoped for a revival of respectability and prosperity under Augustus, because he insisted upon dwelling on the seamy side of things. Consequently, Pollio was able to make it an argument that the other side must have a bad case since no decent counsel would take it up.

Messalla, like Pollio, began to speak before the war of Pharsalia. In his first case he was opposed to Sulpicius Rufus, the first jurist of the age of Cicero, and a not unsatisfactory speaker. But the greater part of his activity fell after he had reconciled himself with Octavian, by whose favor he rose to be consul in the year of Actium. He had the honor of completing the reduction of Aquitaine, and was rewarded with a triumph; but to the last he stood somewhat aloof from the new monarchy. He was not in any sense in opposition; but his position was very like that of great nobles under the Republic, who had more dignity than influence. This position affected his oratory in a curious way. He always began in a tone of deprecatory irony: he had weak

¹ The son of Cæsar's lieutenant, who had joined Pompeius on the outbreak of the civil war.

health, he was not a match for the counsel on the other side in ability or influence, the court must not expect much from him. He had really his full share of patrician pride; he was most exact in the refinement of his Latin, and when he went to hear M. Porcius Latro, a celebrated declaimer, he admitted that he was eloquent, in a language of his own, which was not Latin. In spite of his deprecatory beginnings and a general want of energy, his speeches had an air of distinction and refinement worthy of his ancient and illustrious house. Compared with Cicero, he was mellow and more agreeable¹ (were there readers who found Cicero's endless eager display a little crude and oppressive?), and he took more pains with his vocabulary. Festus illustrates this by quoting a passage where he called a bad woman "this decay and destruction of all the house." The same half-archaic, half-metaphorical use of *tabes* was common in Sallust; but Cicero, though on his guard against any approach to vulgarity, and quite sufficiently ready to admit a metaphor on its own merits, was so much opposed to archaism and caprice as seriously to limit his vocabulary in some directions and throw him back upon the commonplace.

¹ "Mitior et dulcior."

CHAPTER III.

LATER HISTORIANS OF THE REPUBLIC.

LATER ANNALISTS AND MEMOIR-WRITERS.

WE know comparatively little of the annalists and historians of the period between the Gracchi and Sulla except their names, and whether they wrote in Greek or Latin: for the most part, they were little quoted after the age of Cicero, who found them, upon the whole, unreadable, though on one occasion, when he was trying to occupy himself with literature in the interval between the African and the Spanish war, he expressed his vexation at not having the history of Venonius: perhaps he wanted it for his work on the ancient orators.

§ 1. The most important, and probably the earliest, was Cn. Gellius, whom his namesake Aulus quotes now and then for odd phrases, while Dionysius of Halicarnassus seems to have taken him for his principal source of the early history: and others had done so before him, for on one occasion he quotes Gellius and his school, perhaps Greek *littérateurs* and grammarians like himself, who were attracted to a writer so copious that he filled two books or more before he came to the rape of the Sabines.¹ There were at least thirty books altogether, and it is generally held that they are not to be regretted, for none of the other sources of Roman antiquities bear out the numerous details of ancient law and usage which it is held that Dionysius took from him.

§ 2. M. Æmilius Scaurus, the well-known Princeps Senatus, wrote three books on his own life which Cicero compared

¹ The prayer of Hersilia, the wife of Romulus, when the Sabine women parted the combatants, came in the third book.

to Xenophon: they were full of grammatical oddities, like *sagittis confictus* instead of *confixus*, and *poteratur* and *possitur*, for which there is more to be said: it is rather illogical to say a thing is able to be done; though if Scaurus had reflected that *possum* is compounded with the substantive verb, he would hardly have attempted to endow it with a passive.

P. Rutilius Rufus, whose orations have been mentioned already, wrote an autobiographical history of his own times, apparently both in Greek and Latin, during his retreat at Smyrna.

Q. Lutatius Catulus, the successor of Scaurus, who divided with Marius the glory of conquering the Cimbri, wrote an account of his victories addressed to his friend the poet Furius, for which Quinctilian reproduced Cicero's compliment to Scaurus. He also wrote four books at least of what he called *Communis Historia*, perhaps in opposition to the *Historia Sacra*.

Rutilius and Catulus both belong, in one sense, to the period of Sulla, but they made their reputations before he made his; while Cn. Aufidius, almost the last of the Greek historians, a blind prætorian who had a keen sight in letters, as Cicero said, was a contemporary, if we may trust Velleius Paterculus, of Q. Claudius Quadrigarius, L. Valerius Antias, and L. Cornelius Sisenna.

§ 3. The first of these has sometimes been identified, on no very clear grounds, with a translator of Acilius Glabrio, who, to judge by Plutarch, also began his history with the capture of Rome by the Gauls—at least, he stated that the official lists before that date were wholly untrustworthy. Nothing is known of the date of Quadrigarius except the mention of him in Velleius. His history did not go back beyond the capture of Rome by the Gauls, and extended at least to the capture of Athens by Sulla, 82 B.C. It was a favorite work when the reaction set in against the richness of the Augustan age and the epigrammatic style which came in afterwards. There is no writer whom Aulus Gellius quotes with more predilection; and Fronto, whose word was law when archaism came into fashion, pronounced that Claudius

had written *lepide* while Valerius Antias wrote *invenuste* and Sisenna *longinque*.

It is assumed that he belonged to a plebeian branch of the Claudian house, as the prænomen Quintus is never known to appear in the patrician line; his surname is probably derived from an ancestor with a taste for magnificence, but there is little trace of party feeling of any kind in his history. He seems to have limited his subject, not because he anticipated modern criticism, but simply because he did not wish to entangle himself in the labyrinth of the old Fasti. He was as careless as any one in the numbers which he reported, and Livy records two occasions where he outdoes Valerius Antias, giving forty thousand killed and taken where Valerius gives ten, and twenty-seven thousand where he gives twenty.

In spite of this, Livy uses him very freely from the middle of the fifth book of the first decade, and returns to him at the beginning of the fourth decade. In the third it is generally held, since the investigations of Nissen, that he confined himself pretty closely to Polybius and Cælius Antipater. Nor did he abandon Polybius in the later books, though after the second Punic war Polybius ceased to be an adequate guide for Roman history. Even Nissen renounces the endeavor to ascertain what is taken from Claudius and what from Valerius Antias, though it is clear that the trial of Scipio contains an amalgam of the accounts of both.

His style certainly deserves the praise bestowed upon it. A man, without disparagement to his judgment, might find it a relief after Livy, just as nowadays a reader might turn with relief to Froissart from Gibbon or Robertson. Claudius, to judge by his fragments, was a very clear, lively, and distinct writer, who makes a succession of separate and vivid impressions in an unforced and natural way. Now this succession of vivid impressions, coming too thick for the reader to be long detained by any, is precisely what Tacitus aims at and accomplishes by the most elaborate and *recherché* combinations and suggestions. Here is a specimen of the reception of Metellus: "Macedonicus Romam venit; vix superat quin triumphans descendat. Contione dimissa Metellus in Capi-

tolium venit cum multis mortalibus, inde domum proficiscitur ; tota civitas eum reduxit."

§ 4. Valerius Antias was probably a descendant of L. Valerius Antias, who was prætor B.C. 202, so that no inference can be drawn from his name that he was not a native Roman, though his family, no doubt, belonged to the colony. The latest date mentioned in his history is 91 B.C., and there were at least seventy-five books of it. For the early history of the republic he was certainly the principal source of Livy, who, for the most part, reports his monstrous numbers without comment or suspicion. Later on, when he can compare him with other writers, he exclaims at his exaggerations, even when they admit of some defence; for instance, a Greek writer says that on one occasion the Romans captured sixty scorpions large and small: Valerius says they captured six thousand large and thirteen thousand small. Now, if Silenus was speaking of the engines and Valerius¹ of the bolts to be discharged from them, there would be no contradiction, for three hundred and thirty or forty bolts is not an excessive average for a single engine. He owes his bad name to Livy, who used him more than other writers because he was fuller, though he seems to think that his scale of numbers is above theirs. Vanity cannot have been the motive of his exaggerations, as the losses of the Romans when defeated—*e. g.*, at the battle of Orange—are quite as astounding as the losses of the enemy when the Romans were victorious. It is not possible to account for all his numbers on one theory, except, indeed, we think they were invented. None of them are really stranger than the early census of the Roman people; and these, though far in advance of what we can easily imagine to be accurate, are very detailed, and show a slow though steady increase, not without occasional fluctuations. It would explain this to suppose that the census registered not only the inhabitants of Rome and its territory, but also the citizens of other cities who were entitled to take up the Roman franchise if domiciled at Rome. The most natural explanation of the monstrous numbers killed and taken is to be found in

¹ As we know that Licinius Macer did.

an indiscriminate use of funeral orations, where it would be natural first to record, with some exaggeration, the number of the force defeated, then to identify this with the enemy's loss; for the same heroes were praised funeral after funeral, and, as new heroes came to be added, the praise of the old would be at once abridged and heightened. Still, when all is said, it is probable that invention, still half-unconscious, counted for a good deal. For instance, the older legend knew of thirty Sabine women each of whom gave her name to one of the thirty wards of Rome, each of which probably corresponded to one of the thirty districts of the Roman territory. This is guess-work on the face of it, though, as each of the wards had a name that was exactly like a woman's in form, the guess lay near at hand. But what are we to think when Valerius knows of exactly five hundred and eighty-three? It would be a favorable conjecture that some antiquary had made a list of just so many families as old as Romulus: if so, it followed that each of them must have had a mother, who, as the inmates of the asylum had no wives, must have been a Sabine captive. Besides, we are familiar with the habit of comparatively modern historians, who state motives and results without evidence, and without a sense that they are inventing or even drawing inferences: it would not be strange if this stage which we are just leaving behind had been preceded by a stage in which concrete facts were asserted with the same innocent confidence.

It is certain that Valerius Antias did not trouble himself about documents: for instance, he told the story of T. Quintius Flamininus, who executed a prisoner under sentence, to please a favorite, without reading Cato's speech against him.

His reputation, which Dionysius of Halicarnassus witnesses, must have been due to his being so much fuller than the rest, for his style was undistinguished, and the grammarians cite him so little that it seems as if he wrote the common language of the day at a time when every author who respected himself liked to display his acquaintance with previous literature and his theories of grammar. The one exception to this is of a nature to prove the rule. Gellius (probably after

Valerius Probus) gives several instances of the reduplicated perfects like "momordi," "spopondi," which Valerius wrote with an *e*, though the stronger vowel held its ground in later literature. This is just like the tendency we find in the literature of the early eighteenth century to substitute the familiar weak perfect for the exceptional strong one—"catcht," for instance, for "caught." When we are told that he wrote *invenuste*, we are probably to understand a total absence of charm and also a tedious diffuseness. If his books were as long as Livy's, the earlier and the later portion must have been treated at greater length, while the Punic and Pyrrhic wars must have been shorter; for the story of Numa and how he made Picus and Faunus drunk comes in the second book, while the twenty-first dealt with events which happened 156 B.C., so that Valerius's twenty-first book carried the reader more than eighty years later than Livy's.

§ 5. L. Cornelius Sisenna was a much more considerable personage, but not so popular as an historian as Valerius. Cicero, our chief authority about him, gives us the impression that he had a sort of claim to be a superior person without the energy to carry it through: he had a chance in the law-courts; he was the junior of Sulpicius and the senior of Hortensius, but both eclipsed him in turn. He was a sort of an orator and a sort of an historian, in Cicero's judgment a better historian than any of his predecessors; he was also a grammarian and a novelist. As an orator he made himself ridiculous by his affected diction; he thought that common words had no literary value, and he substituted coined words, like "sputatilica," which any court hack could rally him upon. His history was the work of his later life, probably composed after 78 B.C., when, as we know by a decree of the senate, he was prætor. It is uncertain whether it went back to the first years of the city: it is clear that he wrote of the beginnings of the city, but this may have been in some separate work; it may also have been in the introduction to his principal work on the Marsian war and the achievements of Sulla. Sallust thought his work excellent and diligent, but not free-spoken enough; we know very little of it except that in the

second book he had an elaborate argument against the significance of dreams from an Epicurean point of view in connection with the dream of a certain Cæcilia, which he narrated at the beginning of the Social War. Apparently there was a good deal of episodical matter in his history. Tacitus quotes a story of two brothers who met on opposite sides in the Civil War, and one killed the other, and when he recognized him killed himself. He enlivened his history with doubtful stories, as we learn from Ovid; and, besides, he translated the Milesian tales of Aristides, which were licentious adventures. Fronto recommended him as the most elegant of licentious writers, but the quotations from his tales and from the history are extremely meagre, so that it is difficult to judge what merits either had. What struck Cicero besides the affected archaism was an incompleteness of training; it seemed as if the only Greek author he had read was Clitarchus, who wrote a romantic history of Alexander the Great. What struck Gellius when he read him, if he read him, was his fondness for adverbs in *im*, like "fluctuatim" and "saltuatim" and "vellicatim," which occurs in a passage where Sisenna announces his intention of preserving the unity of subject at the expense of the unity of time.

§ 6. A contemporary and friend of Sisenna was C. Licinius Macer, like him an orator as well as an historian, who apparently did not keep up the kind of respectability which Sisenna did. Cicero speaks of him always with a sort of bitter respect: there was no denying that he mastered his cases thoroughly, but he had no manners and no character, and not much style. As an historian he was ingenious, but he lacked Greek culture, and his insertions of speeches and letters were nothing but a display of impudence.

He seems, like Gellius, to have busied himself with such learning, often doubtful, as could be collected from purely Roman sources. Dionysius quotes him twice in company with Gellius for not paying proper attention to chronology: the first case is not a very bad one; it is simply that Tarquinius Superbus is made to fight at the battle of Lake Regillus, when Dionysius calculates he was ninety-six at least.

Livy complains that he extols his own family too highly, because he narrates that the author of the Licinian Laws named a dictator when consul with the laudable object of disappointing a colleague who wished to stay at Rome and hold the elections to make sure of being returned again. In general, Livy quotes him with more respect, because he was the first writer who had consulted the *Libri Lintei*, or lists of magistrates which were preserved in the Temple of Moneta, having himself been a mint commissioner. These citations throw little light on the general plan of his work, and the only really interesting fragment has been preserved by a late Greek grammarian. In this Macer explains that Romulus instituted the festival of the Brumalia, at which he kept open house for such as had no house of their own, and advised the senators to do the like, because he had been taunted with having had no house of his own in his childhood; but the writer is aware that the institution dates from a time when there was no work to be done in winter, and many who had no means of living through a winter without working. It is a mere accident that he explains this by an incident in the early life of Romulus, for Licinius ascribed everything to him systematically, even the year of twelve months which general tradition ascribed to Numa.

§ 7. Another writer who, like Licinius Macer, referred to official documents was Q. Ælius Tubero, whose historical labors had begun when he was in Asia on the staff of the younger Cicero, in 60 B.C. His history had an edifying character; but we do not know much else of it, not even whether the author finished his work or left it to be finished by his namesake Quintus. Livy quotes him as appealing to the Linen Books on the question of the consuls of the year 323 B.C. Macer quoted them too, and they differed; but Livy does not make it clear whether Tubero read the books differently or trusted them less.

§ 8. The fashion of Greek memoirs lasted longer than that of Greek histories. Sulla was engaged up to a few days before his death on the twenty-second book of his "Memoirs," which were addressed to Lucullus; and Lucullus himself in

his youth cast lots whether he should compose in prose or verse, or Greek or Latin, and, as the lot fell upon Greek prose, composed his recollections of the Marsic war in Greek, taking care to prove that he was a Roman by inserting a few solecisms.

§ 9. More important were the chronological tables of T. Pomponius Atticus, which bore the title of "Annals," and were full of the most laborious synchronisms. Every Roman magistrate was given, with the wars and events and treaties of his year of office; and he even contrived to introduce pedigrees upwards and downwards. In the same spirit he wrote family histories of the Junii and the Marcelli, at the request of the families; which proves that the family archives were not very well kept, and that there were extraneous materials for completing them.

It seems that in his "Annals" Atticus was anticipated by his biographer Cornelius Nepos, whose first name is unknown. He was a native of the region of the Po, and lived somewhere between 94 and 24 B.C. His first work was written in the lifetime of Catullus, according to whom it was the first attempt of the kind in Italy. It consisted of three volumes of chronological tables, which traced everything from the beginning of the world to his own time, and was regarded as a collection of nursery tales in the fourth century (Auson. *Ep.* 16), for all the deities from Saturn downwards were treated as men and women whose adventures had to be given under the proper dates.

He wrote elaborate Lives of Cato and Cicero, in the latter of which he was thought by Gellius to have made mistakes; and the elder Pliny, of all writers, taxes him with credulity for the strange tales in his geographical work on the marvels of foreign countries, in which, by-the-bye, he gave distances without giving directions. He attempted poetry, to judge by the younger Pliny's citation, as an outlet for passions, which he did not allow to disturb his life. But his real work was biographical: he wrote a book of Examples, which seem to have been specimens of ancient and modern virtue, for Suetonius quotes him as saying that at the siege of Mutina Octavian never drank above thrice at supper.

The same tendency shows itself in the only work of which we have large fragments—"The Lives of Illustrious Men." This fell into several divisions—the lives of generals; the lives of poets, grammarians, historians; and each section was subdivided into those who were Romans and those who were not, in order that readers might compare the two and discover which set the best example. Out of this collection we have nearly or quite entire the section on foreign generals, and the Lives of Cato and Atticus from the section of Roman historians. In the former of these the author refers to his fuller Life of Cato for further details.

The lives of foreign commanders fall into three divisions—the Greeks, the kings who were also generals, and the barbarians Hamilcar and Hannibal; Datames,¹ curiously enough, figuring among the Greeks. The selection is rather capricious: Brasidas and Aratus, who surprised so many citadels, and Philopœmen and Cleomenes III. are omitted. Herodotus is not used for the Lives of Themistocles and Miltiades: probably Nepos thought the latest Greek book the best. He is very fond of extolling frugality. Agesilaus is praised for not enriching himself in the least by his victories, and going back to his shabby old palace at Sparta without a wish to improve; just as he is praised for trying to earn money as a condottiere for the state after the disaster of Leuctra (as a matter of fact, his services in that line fall at a very much later date); and little or nothing is said of the abortive resistance in Peloponnesus which practically occupied the interval between Leuctra and Mantinea. On the other hand, Cornelius is careful to explain that Agesilaus was not really a king any more than Pausanias or Hannibal (for we learn from him that the title of king was still attached to an annual office at Carthage). There is a good deal of caprice in the Life of Hannibal. We learn nothing of his tactics, but a good deal of his more or less fabulous stratagems—how he eluded Fabius by turning oxen loose with lighted fagots tied to their horns, and how in his

¹ A Carian of the fourth century B.C., who did the Great King considerable service against rebellious satraps, till, being in a position to rebel himself, the king procured his assassination.

old-age he neutralized the naval superiority of Eumenes over Prusias by teaching Prusias's seamen to throw clay jars full of live snakes aboard Eumenes's ships. Some historical points are given which we do not find elsewhere, as that Hannibal was deprived of his military command at the instance of the Romans before his judicial reforms at Carthage, and that, before Hamilcar put down the rebellious mercenaries, the Carthaginians had applied for help to Rome and had been promised they should have it.

In the same way, we learn that Phocion was brought forward by Demosthenes because he was dissatisfied with Chares, and about Phocion we learn little else; for, apparently, his reputation for "virtue," in the sense of being incorruptible by money, was better known than his military efficiency and political insight, both of which, though limited, were above the average.

The Life of Pelopidas is equally meagre, for the author fears that he shall be betrayed into general history, and, besides, his favorite sources gave him little information. He complains that Pelopidas was unknown except to professed historians. Epaminondas was better known. Cornelius tells almost as many anecdotes about him as Plutarch, though he tells much less of what he did to make history. One difference is worth noticing: Plutarch makes him say when dying that he leaves two daughters, the victories of Leuctra and Mantinea; while Cornelius makes him reply to Pelopidas, who urged him to marry and leave children to the state, that he left one immortal daughter (the victory of Leuctra), who was better than a son like Pelopidas's own; whereupon Cornelius observes upon the tendency of all great men to have degenerate sons, as if it were an ascertained fact.

The Life of Atticus is the fullest and most interesting; it was written before 27 B.C., when Octavian received the title of Augustus. The Life explains the way in which Cicero clung to him much better than Cicero's own letters, for so many appeals without response give one a stronger sense of Atticus's selfishness than of his sweetness of nature. Cornelius does not disguise the selfishness, but he shows the sweetness

of nature which marked Atticus both in his home and his friendships. Still clearer is the impression of his prudence: he entertained every Roman of rank who came to Athens, and this involved an extra expense of between only £2 and £3 a month. Cornelius had seen his accounts. No doubt the item *penus* for keeping the store-room full was considerably heavier than *sumptus* for such casual outlay. What Cornelius specially admires is that he increased his fortune five-fold without making any difference in his style, and that he preferred training valuable slaves to buying showy ones.

§ 10. The position of Varro is one of the puzzles of Roman literature. He was a contemporary of Cicero and Cæsar, and they both looked up to him; he was, beyond dispute, the most learned of the Romans; his reputation lasted through many changes of literary fashion. Seneca recommends him as edifying, and St. Augustin quotes him as instructive on all subjects; and we do not know in the least what sort of a writer he was, except that Seneca and Quintilian were right in affirming that he was not eloquent, and that he was immensely methodical in his enormous compilations. For instance, his twenty-five books on the Latin language were divided into three parts—etymology, how words were fixed upon things, which filled seven books; six books on declension; and twelve books on syntax. The work from the fifth book onward was dedicated to Cicero, in redemption of a promise which was grudgingly fulfilled, after all; for instead of an elaborate dedication, he only observed parenthetically that this part of the work was addressed to him. We have Books V. to X. in an unsatisfactory state, and they give an impression of the work of a laborious amateur; and his frequent allusions to other parts of the work strengthen it. There was a book on what could be said for etymology, and another on what could be said against it, while the latter part of the treatise on etymology turned into a list of rare words in prose and poetry.

His three books on agriculture were finished when he was eighty-one. The first is on vegetable crops of all kinds, the second on live-stock, the third on preserves of birds and fish:

they are in the form of dialogues, each addressed to a separate friend, though all three are addressed to his wife. These represent the latest and the smallest part of his writings. In his youth he had written to Accius, the tragic poet, on the antiquity of letters. Besides many other grammatical works resumed in his great work on the Latin language, he had written upon the Roman poets. He wrote, too, nine books "de Disciplinis," on the "seven liberal arts," and medicine and architecture, which were used by Martianus Capella; and fifteen books on civil law, which are believed to have been the foundation of the work of Pomponius, a celebrated jurist of the reign of Augustus. To say nothing of minor works, like the two calendars for the use of husbandmen and shipmen, also the twenty-two speeches—mostly, no doubt, funeral encomiums—and thirty political memoirs, and the account of the three campaigns in which he served as lieutenant of Pompeius against the pirates, against Mithridates, and against Cæsar and Marius, he wrote three enormous collections: forty-one books on antiquities, of which one was introductory, twenty-four were on human antiquities since men existed in societies, before they instituted worship, and the last sixteen on divine antiquities, in which he laid down the principle that of three kinds of theology, political, poetical, and physical, the former, which contained the doctrine of authorized rites and ceremonies, was far the most valuable; seventy-six books of edifying dialogues on various subjects, each identified with some mythical or historical character; one hundred and fifty books of satires in the vein of Menippus, in which prose and verse were mingled at random, and biting plainness of speech did duty for wit. These last were a work of Varro's middle life, for they were in hand 60 B.C., thirty-three years before his death. The only other of his works which needs mention here is the "Imagines," in fifteen books, one of which was a preface, while the other fourteen contained parallel lives of illustrious Greeks and Romans, each of which was illustrated by a portrait, probably only in outline. The work was published afterwards without illustrations. Varro, though he survived Cæsar some seventeen years, was born sixteen years before

him, and this explains the rugged, archaic style of all his fragments: he grew up before the new fashion of cultivation, and he never conformed to it. Cæsar, on the contrary, in language as in everything else, was a model of elegance from the first.

CÆSAR'S "COMMENTARIES."

Of Cæsar's oratory, what little can be said has been said elsewhere. As an historian he is without an equal; and it may even be said that Hirtius, the best of his pupils, is without a superior. Cæsar himself is the one character in his age that we can at once like and esteem. Cicero was amiable, and, in spite of his weaknesses and pettinesses, respectable for his steady, conscientious insight and public spirit. Cato was impracticable: Pompeius was ungenerous: few of Cæsar's own adherents had a scrap of character in private life: they were rapacious, corrupt, or debauchees. Cæsar himself had a reputation in his youth for gallantries of all kinds, which was probably much exaggerated by the shameless license of language, which itself implies that the general standard of conduct is low; but the two most respectable of his opponents testify that this was his only vice. Cato said, as far back as his consulship, he was the only man who came sober to the overthrow of the state. Cicero said, when he had established his authority in Italy, that the sobriety and diligence of the monster were incredible. Perhaps the bitterness of which there were signs towards the end may have resulted from the excesses of his early manhood; although it is sufficiently accounted for by labors much greater than those under which exemplary statesmen have been worn out at the age at which Cæsar died by violence, still in the hopeful contemplation of large schemes.

It is certainly wonderful, when we consider how thoroughly revolutionary and unscrupulous Cæsar's career was, how blameless it was from all points of view, except that of the believer in the divine right of the Roman nobility, or in the divine right of the natives of Gaul to be made war upon under the rules of the Geneva convention. He never gives us the impression which his modern eulogists do, of his having

trampled upon a great many things, once properly sacred, but then obsolete and cumbersome. The distich of Euripides which it is said he often quoted¹ is itself a sign that he had a tolerably easy conscience. He could hardly help feeling that his situation was irregular, when he was asserting his personal rights, at the cost of a civil war, against a partner who had all the constituted authorities upon his side, except a few tribunes of the commons. At the same time, he had always been scrupulously fair and generous in his dealings with Pompeius; and when his selfishness made the jealousy of the nobility effectual, Cæsar's proposals were still conspicuously liberal and disinterested, if we admit that he had a right to make proposals at all—if we do not imagine that it was his duty to obey the senate and the consuls, as ordinary subjects obey a sovereign.

He insists more than once in the Gallic war upon his own clemency, and this surprises a modern reader, who takes the tremendous lists of killed and prisoners literally. By the common law of war, which Cæsar applied without change on a very large scale, it rested practically with the soldiers whether quarter should be given. Captives were liable to slavery unless protected by an express convention. The large bodies of Gauls who from time to time engaged Cæsar no doubt exaggerated their own numbers; but the superior arms of the Romans and the gregarious courage of the Gauls made the fighting unusually bloody. The captives supplied prize-money enough to defray the cost of conquering Gaul, to pay Cæsar's debts, to enrich his army, and to keep the nobility quiet. And yet Cæsar's boast was not an empty one. Those who were neither killed nor taken in battle (by Cæsar's statistics they must have been a minority of the male population) were allowed to retain their lands and a good deal of their institutions, and were treated with considerable forbearance by the representatives of the conquering power. The first experience of Roman rule had often been like the experience of the natives of Ireland; the first experience the Gauls had of it

¹ "If men must sin, the fairest prize of sin
Should be a throne: else piety is well."

was more like the experience of the natives of India. It is true that the poor and distant tribes of the northwest were treated more harshly than the tribes of Central Gaul, which had given greater provocation; but the same reasons of military convenience told in favor of Aquitania.

Cæsar's clemency to Romans, though not uncalculating, was more disinterested: it sprang from a native generosity which no opposition could tire, no treachery exhaust. The enthusiasm of his followers was boundless. The great oath of his chief lieutenants, from Antony downwards, was "*Ita vivo Cæsare moriar.*" They wished to leave their leader in the world when they died, as other Romans wished to leave their children or their brothers; if they lost him, the world would be empty to them, just as it would be to a father who had lost his children. Napoleon's marshals were weary of him: he said himself, "When I am dead, *on dira ouf*;" but Napoleon was cynical, and there is not a trace of cynicism in Cæsar. There is not a word in his writings, or in the anecdotes about him, to indicate that he despised or disliked his fellows, and this is wonderful, considering his immense superiority, and also his entire unscrupulousness. Another contrast is, that he is extremely generous in his treatment of his subordinates: he never throws the blame on their mistakes, and, when he has to narrate their failures, excuses them as far as possible, without stating or implying that there is a fault to excuse.

His great work was written year by year for seven years, in the intervals of his campaigns, with an ease and rapidity which astonished Hirtius. It does not profess to be a history, but only materials for history; though, as Hirtius and Cicero judiciously observe, the materials were so excellent that no intelligent historian ventured to use them for a work of his own. Cæsar's "Commentaries" are our history of the conquest of Gaul, and few parts of ancient history are nearly so well told; but they are not quite a history such as Tacitus would have given us, still less such a history as we should have desired from a modern writer. For instance, we are told almost every winter that Cæsar went into Cisalpine Gaul, "to

hold the district courts," (*ad conventus agendos*). Now, Cæsar's administration of Cisalpine Gaul must have had a history which deserved to be told, for the extension of Roman citizenship to the country between the Alps and Po was an important point of his programme.

Again, it appears that the Germans established their settlements in the two provinces to the west of the Rhine during his tenure of power; but he does not tell us this expressly: he only tells us how he defeated the Germans when they attempted to coerce friendly tribes, or to assist unfriendly tribes, and almost suggests that whenever they crossed the Rhine they were driven back with loss. So, too, he never tells us what were the relations he established with the conquered tribes in Gaul, how much of their institutions he left to them, how much authority he claimed for himself or his representatives over the native tribes. He leaves it certainly to be understood that the only occasion on which he exercised anything like jurisdiction was in what might be called state trials; but, in general, he tells us nothing, and Hirtius, his continuator, tells us nothing, of his civil administration. Napier, in writing of the Peninsular War, intended to write before all things a military history, yet he tells us much more in proportion of the relation of Wellington to the Inquisition and the Spanish Constitutionalists. Nor can it be said that Cæsar confines himself rigidly to military history; he describes not only the Germans, with whom he was the first civilized writer to come in contact, but the Gauls, who were pretty well known from other sources—as Strabo thinks, at much greater length than was necessary to make his narrative intelligible: in fact, he seems to use the avowed incompleteness of commentaries to enable him to say just as much as he wished. As a military history the "Commentaries" are full; they tell us, with a frankness that perhaps is intended for disguise, the motive of all Cæsar's movements, great and small. There is nowhere any attempt at picturesqueness. The surrender of Vercingetorix, one of the most romantic scenes in ancient history, is dismissed in a couple of words; we only know the details from Dion, a writer of the third cen-

ture A.D., whose authority Mr. Long treats as suspicious, though he accepts his statement that Vercingetorix was executed after Cæsar's triumph.

Cæsar's narrative, both of the Gallic and of the Civil War, is ingeniously arranged to clear himself from the charge of ambition. He tries to show that he conquered Gaul and the Roman empire almost by accident. Apparently the migration of the Helvetii and the Germans under Ariovistus, for neither of which he was responsible, determined all that followed: he owed it to the old treaty with the Hædui to save them from that double peril; and the jealousy which his successes aroused compelled him to subdue one set of tribes after another. His expeditions beyond the Channel and beyond the Rhine he is willing to represent as simple acts of bravado, with hardly any definite object except to prove to his Gallic allies the abundance of his resources. It is the same in the Civil War. If only Pompeius would have agreed to the necessary arrangements for securing a second consulship to his colleague, all would have been well. In his narrative Curio plays decidedly a smaller part than in the story which became traditional among the Roman aristocracy, who believed, rightly or wrongly, that that ingenious adventurer had made agreement impossible by bringing proposals of his own before the people at a time when there was a prospect of passing an acceptable compromise through the senate. In the same way, Cæsar gives us to understand that he had decided to raise the siege of Gergovia, even apart from the unsuccessful assault in which he lost seven hundred soldiers and forty-six centurions. He hints that the assault was carried much further than he intended, and that within the limits he intended it was suggested by the force of circumstances. It is, in fact, very remarkable, considering that he was his own historian, and has so much to tell us of his motives, how little he tells us of his plans: he hardly wishes to claim credit for making any. It is true that, for the most part, except towards the close of his career, he was very much overmatched; but so was Napoleon in the campaign of Marengo, although this campaign was planned for a country of

roads and maps, more favorable, therefore, to elaborate combinations. The impression that Cæsar and his lieutenants give us is, that he had a quick eye for what was essential and feasible, and could execute it with such courage and rapidity as commonly disconcerted his opponents. It is clear, too, that he had a singular faculty for keeping his army in hand, and for keeping it in good heart. He was a strict disciplinarian, never allowing his soldiers to discuss his action: his army at no time bore any resemblance to a French revolutionary army, having been in the first instance recruited and officered under a comparatively regular state of things. One of the worst crimes of Titurius Sabinus seems to have been his appealing to the soldiers in order to reinforce his own alarms, and thereby overbearing his wiser colleague, who wished to remain in the camp until relieved by Cæsar. The narrative is clear and terse, but too full to be rapid: there is less ornament, or rather less elaborate description, than even in Thucydides. The only things which could be spared, though we should be sorry to miss them, are the descriptions of individual heroism. For instance, the account of Cicero's defence of his cantonments would be quite sufficiently intelligible without the splendid episode of the two centurions. "In that legion there were two centurions of such excellent valor that they stood high for promotion, Titus Pullo and Lucius Vorenus" (the second names might, by an easy conjecture, be Englished "Chick" and "Gobble"). "They were always disputing with one another about who was to get first preferment, and every year they had a very bitter strife for their step. Pullo was the one to say, when there was very sharp fighting going on at the works, 'Why think twice, Vorenus? Can you look out for a better chance to prove your valor? This is the day to decide the case between us.' When he had said that, he advanced beyond the works, and charged at the densest body of the enemy he could see. Then Vorenus would not stay within the works either: he followed, knowing that everybody was watching and judging him. When he got within short range, Pullo threw his javelin against the enemy, and pierced one who came forward to meet him: as he was wounded and

senseless, they covered him with shields, and all threw their weapons at one enemy, and gave him no chance of retreat. Pullo had his shield pierced, and a dart stuck in his belt. The accident forced his scabbard aside, and balked his right hand when he tried to draw his sword; and the enemy surrounded him while thus hampered. Vorenus, though no friend of his, came up and helped him in his strait. All the multitude turned at once upon him from Pullo. Thereupon Vorenus charged briskly with the sword, and went to work at close quarters; killed one, and made the rest give ground, till pressing on too eagerly he got down on lower ground and stumbled. When he was hemmed in, Pullo's turn came to bring him help: and both, after plentiful slaughter, came back safe and sound within the lines, covered with glory. So fortune plied each of them in their strife and contention, so strangely that of two enemies each helped and saved the other; and it could not be determined which of the two was to be preferred to his fellow for valor."

The style is perceptibly more archaic than in the more business-like parts of the narrative; one might almost suspect that Cæsar was condescending to show that he appreciated the finer parts of the old annalists; for Cæsar was a literary connoisseur, and found time to write upon grammar, and spent all the evening, when he visited Cicero after Pharsalia, on philological discussion. The greater part of the "Commentaries," however, have been written without any Latin model, for Sulla and Lucullus wrote in Greek; and though Cato's history was disproportionately full when he came to speak of his own services, he cannot have written on anything like so large a scale. The only Greek work which Cæsar can have had before him as worth imitating would be the "Anabasis" of Xenophon, a writer much more naïve and egoistical, and whose one achievement in life was his help to Chirisophus on one long and difficult march, which, remarkable as it was, had more significance for political history than for military. Cæsar must therefore be considered, through the greater part of his work, a thoroughly original writer, doing with mastery what had never been done before. Now

and then we have a sort of hitch: for instance, the manners and customs of the Germans are described twice over, once when Cæsar has to tell of his campaign against the tribes driven across the Rhine by the Suevi, and once in contrast to the Gauls, as a prelude to the campaign against the Treviri and their German allies. The latter description is full and systematic, and both are delightfully unprejudiced: he praises them for things that would shock a Roman, without any intention of satire. For instance, the Suevi are so tall because they live much more upon milk and mutton than upon corn, and spend much time in hunting and exercise every day, and perfect freedom of life, with no business and no lessons, and doing nothing against their will from boyhood up. He also mentions, without the least embarrassment, that the Germans were much more "virtuous" in the technical sense than the Romans: it is a simple peculiarity, like the belief that no number of cavalry who used saddles were a match for men who, like themselves, rode barebacked. A more curious trait is that the Germans prohibited the importation of wine, not because it tended to riot, but because it tended to laziness. Apparently by the time of Tacitus this objection had disappeared. It would have been interesting to hear a little more of the trade of Germany than the enigmatical remark that they only tolerate merchants, not because they wished to import anything, but because it was well to have some one to buy the plunder of their annual wars. They must have taken money in some form for their plunder, and spent it on something. Another surprise is that the Germans were much more materialist in religion than the Gauls, as they worshipped nothing but the visible objects of nature, like the sun and moon and earth, while the Gauls had a list of deities which could be identified with those of the Romans. The explanation of human sacrifice is instructive: the Gauls thought that the best way to propitiate the deity was by the execution of criminals, and so criminals were reserved for sacrifice; but, if there were no criminals, then the innocent had to suffer. It is curious, too, to find that Cæsar could hear nothing of any priesthood in Germany, considering

how important the priests are in Tacitus some one hundred and twenty years later. The Druids are really only known by Cæsar's description, which is clear and remarkable for dwelling on the length of their education. This suggests that they were the predecessors of the schoolmen; for scholasticism was decidedly a French, not to say a Celtic, product.

The "Civil Wars" are less complete within their range; we hear nothing of the course of events at Rome, except so much of his diplomacy as it suits Cæsar to tell. He proves at ease that he was more conciliatory than his enemies, who "misled Pompeius:" he hints the worst, and commits himself to nothing as to what they really meant. Did they wish to crush Cæsar, or simply to prove that the constitution was too strong for him, as they had proved already that Pompeius alone was not too strong for the constitution? Was their agreement that Cæsar should have a second consulate, provided he left his army behind and Pompeius kept his, extorted by Cæsar's advance to Ariminum? Cæsar does not tell us. If he had been as frank in his narrative of the intrigues at Rome as he was in his narrative of intrigues in Gaul, he would have offended many people whom it was important to gain; he would have had to acknowledge that he was a revolutionist, and would have lost the advantage which his admirable temper had given him, of putting his opponents in the wrong on all matters of precedent. As it was, he gives the impression that the senate would have been in his favor, if it had been free, and was coerced by the ill-regulated ambition of Lentulus and the jealous vanity of Pompeius, who was supported by his second father-in-law. There is an ingenious insinuation (endorsed, to some extent, by Cicero in his bitter letters to Luceius) that Lentulus thought he was going to be a second Sulla, and was heavily in debt, and was ready to make his own bargain with Cæsar, after all. Beyond this, and one or two gibes at Cato, the narrative spares the aristocracy. The conduct of Domitius, who threw himself into Marseilles after being pardoned at Corfinium, and then fled from Marseilles, to fall at Pharsalia—rejoicing, as Lucan says, to have escaped a second pardon—only moves Cæsar to note

how apt that "ferocious scoundrel," as Dean Merivale calls him, was to leave his troops in the lurch.

Cæsar does not decide whether Pompeius evacuated Italy because he had no choice or because it was his plan from the first. He lays some stress on the alacrity with which Northern and Central Italy pronounced in his favor, but he does not discuss or extenuate the curious attachment of the Marsi and their neighbors to the cause of the senate, or the more intelligible devotion of Campania, where all the grandees had estates, to the cause of the nobility. While passing over points like these, Cæsar misses no opportunity of setting forth that he was the champion of law and order against the revolutionary proceedings of factious aristocrats. He dilates on the harsh measures of Varro in Andalusia, and of Scipio and Milo in Rome. Cælius had been made prætor by Cæsar, Milo had been banished by Pompeius in the third consulate, which Cicero thought divine, while Cæsar thought the virtue of Pompeius had brought public affairs into a tolerable state; but both united to raise the party of debtors in the name of Pompeius.

Cæsar is not a purist. He never hints that Curio was a compromising adherent; he handles his fatal and unsuccessful raid upon Africa very tenderly: he dwells more upon his enterprise and gallantry, and upon his reasons to be sanguine, than upon his failure to utilize half the resources at his disposal. Of course due stress is laid upon Juba's cruelty to the captives, whom Attius Varus, one of the least incapable of the lieutenants of Pompeius, failed to protect, after they had surrendered to him upon the ordinary terms. The murder of Pompeius is narrated much more coolly. Cæsar speaks with more feeling of the treasure of Ephesus, which fortune gave him the opportunity of saving twice. The only trace of emotion is that Achilles, the Egyptian commander-in-chief, who received and slaughtered Pompeius, is called a man of singular daring. Perhaps, too, if the war had not been prefaced by an assassination, the account of the forces under Achilles might have been less caustic. "They were such that their number, their character, their military experiences

might appear above contempt. He had twenty thousand of them under arms. They consisted of Gabinius's soldiers, who had come already into the custom of the life and license of Alexandria, had unlearned the name and discipline of the Roman people, had taken wives, who had in many cases borne children. These were reinforced by an assortment of pirates and bandits from the provinces of Syria and Cilicia and the neighboring regions. There was a strong muster, too, of outlaws and exiles; all our runaways had a sure refuge at Alexandria, and a sure livelihood; they had only to give in their names and be put on the soldier roll: then, if any of them were challenged by his master, the soldiers rallied and brought him off; for they bore their men out in violence, because all were in the like fault, and each thought to fend off his own peril. These were the men who had used themselves to demanding the execution of courtiers, to plundering the goods of the rich, to beset the king's house to get their pay raised, to drive one from the kingdom and bring in another, all after the old use and wont of the army of Alexandria. Besides, there were two thousand cavalry. All these were veterans of more than one of the wars of Alexandria: they had brought back Ptolemæus the elder to his kingdom; they had slain the two sons of Bibulus. They had often waged war upon Egyptians. Such was their military experience."

There is little or nothing of the archaisms of the more elegant passages of the "Commentaries on the Gallic War," nor is there much of the elaborate structure of the level narrative. The style is at once less careful and easier, more animated and more monotonous: there is not so much endeavor to make a complicated statement clearly in a single sentence; fewer paragraphs open with an ablative absolute, followed by a deponent participle; perhaps, too, there are fewer of the rather naïve sentences in which each clause ends in a verb of the same tense and termination. There is also less piety; we hear more of fortune, and decidedly less of the immortal gods: perhaps Cæsar felt it incongruous to boast of their blessing in a civil war, and throughout the tone of the narrative is

less cheerful; sometimes it is almost querulous. One may instance the description of the opposition of the famous tribune Metellus: Cæsar does not say a word of his own designs upon the treasury, and gives us to understand that he was baffled in everything. Still more noticeable is the way in which he treats the two unsuccessful engagements before Dyrrachium: he will not allow that the first was a defeat, the second was only a slight one; such as it was, it was due to a mere accident, like the defeat before Gergovia, and the elation of Pompeius and his army was quite unfounded and unreasonable. A whole chapter is devoted to this topic. There is not a line to show how precarious, not to say desperate, was the position from which the impatience of the aristocracy and the vain confidence of Pompeius delivered Cæsar by the battle of Pharsalia. In fact, it seems to have been part of Cæsar's system to underrate risks both in action and description. He represents the Alexandrine war (where he was in urgent peril till he had occupied Pharos and burned great part of the Egyptian fleet) as an enterprise undertaken out of a disinterested sense of consular decorum, too keen to allow him to stand by and see the heritage of a king whom the Roman people had restored to his throne fought for in his presence. Of course the brief and guarded statement was intended to parry plentiful gossip about the fascinations of Cleopatra; by itself it hardly sufficed.

Hirtius, who narrates the sequel of the Alexandrine War, finds it necessary to explain, with an air of sympathetic frankness, how natural it was for the Egyptians to make a last effort to keep the Romans out of their country. "It was but a few years since Gabinius had been in Egypt with an army: Pompeius had fallen back on Egypt in his flight; Cæsar had come with ships and troops: the death of Pompeius had done no good, it had not prevented the stay of Cæsar. Unless he were driven out, Egypt would be a province, not a kingdom; and that must be done betimes, while the tempest and the season of the year shut him in, so that he could receive no help from over sea."

Hirtius is less enthusiastic than Cæsar as to the valor of

his comrades. Cæsar never, after the first German campaign, records such depression as seems to have taken possession of the forces that held part of Alexandria, when Ganymedes had brought sea-water into their cisterns; and the distress at Ilerda had been at least as severe, and lasted longer. He obviously admires the versatility of the Alexandrines, who, in all that belongs to street-fighting, seem to have been able, with the advantage of their superior numbers, to hold their own, and something more, against Cæsar, who was superior both in the field and in regular sea-fights, even when he had none of his soldiers aboard, as the Rhodians manœuvred and fought better than the Egyptians. Not that Hirtius cares to depreciate the Egyptians, though he cannot help exclaiming at the truly kingly dissimulation of young Ptolemæus, who cried at parting with Cæsar, and had to be consoled with the prospect of an early meeting, as soon as the pacification had been arranged which his subjects professed to desire. Apparently they were tears of joy, for as soon as he was free he threw himself into the war with as much energy as his subjects, who only pretended a wish for peace in order to get him out of Cæsar's quarters.

The Alexandrine War is not the only subject of the book, which carries the history of the Civil War from the point at which Cæsar's "Commentaries" leave off to his return to Rome after the victory over Pharnaces. This gives the book a very episodic character, for the operations in the south of Spain had no connection of any kind with those in Egypt; and the check of Domitius, who was compelled to fall back into the province of Asia, after an unsuccessful engagement with Pharnaces, did nothing to add to the dangers of Cæsar, or to hinder the advance of the army under Mithridates of Pergamos which ultimately relieved him. The result is that Hirtius has to tell each story separately, without attempting to link them together. First we have the history of Cæsar's combats, till the final settlement of affairs in Egypt; then the affairs of Pharnaces, until Cæsar was ready to deal with him; then Cæsar and Pharnaces are left to wait till the end of the book, while we hear of the performances of Gabinius and Vatinius

and Octavius, on the coast of Illyricum; and, at much greater length, how Cassius made money in his province out of everything, even a conspiracy to assassinate him, and how at length he had to leave the province to a successor, who might very well have dispossessed him by force, as half the province was already in revolt against his authority. As Cassius and his treasure were swamped at the mouth of the Ebro, because his pride would not allow him to retreat by land, the affair ended without immediate consequences, and might have been passed over, although it contributed, not very remotely, to the second Spanish war, which Hirtius intended to relate in due course. Still, the episode might have been curtailed if Hirtius had not owed a brother officer an ill turn. He writes candidly and cleverly: one phrase is worthy of Tacitus, where he says that the news of Pharsalia forced a little gladness out of Cassius, "*lætitiā exprimebat*;" though he takes more words than Tacitus would have taken to explain why the gladness of Cassius was not spontaneous. Tacitus, too, would have carried the art of damaging candor to a person he dislikes much further; he would have been undeniably fair, without taking so much visible pains to be fair as Hirtius. In his own way, Hirtius is not without literary ambition; he tries to be ingenious about the perfidy of the Alexandrines, and eloquent about the tyranny of Pharnaces, who seized the most beautiful of both sexes for his harem, inflicting a punishment, says Hirtius, worse than death. He is a good conservative, and disapproves, like his chief, of the recurring efforts of the mob of Rome and its would-be leaders to use Cæsar's victory as an occasion of disorder. His style is more elaborate than that of the "Civil War;" it is modelled upon the full, serried order of the "Gallic War." It comes a little short of their sublime air of impartiality. Cæsar's own explanations of his conduct never seem the least like apologies; he never seems to boast of his achievements. Hirtius visibly admires his commander always, and sometimes defends him. He deserves credit for his freedom from Cæsar's few mannerisms, such as the frequent use of *nactus* in the "Civil War," of *ea res* and *quæ res* in the "Gallic War;" but there are a few traces of imperfect education—

phrases are used without a clear perception of their natural meaning. *Inferre moram* and *inferre cunctationem* are good and natural by themselves, or even together, but they do not justify such a sentence as *Neque vero Alexandrinis in gerendis negotiis cunctatio ulla aut mora inferebatur*. It rested with the Alexandrines to delay or not, and Hirtius probably means that they chose not to delay; but what he says would almost imply that there was nothing to hinder their being energetic.

The narrative of Hirtius is continued, by an inferior hand or hands, to the end of the second Spanish war, which is probably as far as Hirtius meant to go; for there were no serious military operations between the battle of Munda and the death of Cæsar, which he fixed as the period of his history. The continuator's work is in a very fragmentary state, and leaves off abruptly in the middle of an harangue in which Cæsar rebukes the people of Gades for their persistent disaffection; informing them that, even if they had been able to compass his death, they would still have had to deal with the valor of the Roman legions — legions which were strong enough to pull down the heavens. It is noteworthy that the speech is in *oratio recta*: throughout the Commentaries of Cæsar and Hirtius almost everything is put in *oratio obliqua*, as if set speeches were too much of a literary ornament for such simple memoirs. Altogether the books on the African and Spanish wars show a strong though ill-regulated ambition of fine writing. The author or authors are uneducated, and they do not care for simplicity; they are not exactly pretentious, but they wish to write like a book.

The author of the "African War" still imitates Cæsar pretty closely in everything but ease and elegance. He is rough and cumbrous, and a little over-emphatic; for one thing, he is very fond of the historical infinitive; he indulges, like Hirtius, in technical words, like *brachium* for a flanking work, which Cæsar does not employ. The book has an interest, because the author was not of the rank of Hirtius, and does not identify himself with Cæsar. For instance, when some of the worst officers were dismissed soon after landing, the writer feels that it served them right, yet seems to think

that Cæsar almost descended to sharp practice in availing himself of such a little petty bit of a cause as the conduct of Avienus, who filled a whole ship with his stores, his household, and his riding-horse and sumpter animals, without bringing over a single soldier from Sicily. He admires Cæsar's clemency, but the admiration is rather Platonic; he does not seem snocked when he tells us how the soldiers after Thapsus cut down the troops of Scipio, under the eyes of Cæsar, who vainly begged his men to be merciful, though he thinks the veterans went rather too far in attacking the nobles and knights who served in Cæsar's army, and were called *auctores* by a curious piece of slang. It was natural enough that an army in a civil war should wish for some personages of position at its head, who should not merely act as generals, but give their official and personal authority to the cause. And Hirtius uses the word quite commonly in the singular; but it was an easy extension of the term to call every one whose presence in the camp was a credit to the cause an *auctor*. The writer does full justice to the difference between Cato and the majority of the Pompeians, though he has great satisfaction in showing that Cato had no hold upon the mass of the population, whom he had to protect from the leaders on his own side. Scipio, on the other hand, is treated rather ungenerously; we are not spared a single instance of his arrogance, or of his subservience to Juba, but we hear nothing of the remarkable gallantry of his end. The writer shows generally more animosity to the Pompeians than enthusiasm for Cæsar; he is still loyal, but the fatigue of the war, that is constantly renewed throughout the Roman world, is too much for him; he contrasts Cæsar's energy in Gaul, and in the earlier stages of the Civil War, with his dilatory strategy in Africa.

The Spanish war is even less satisfactory; the text is shamefully mutilated, and, even apart from this, the narrative is obscure: more than once we come upon repetitions, or what look so like repetitions as to suggest that we have a compilation in which more note-books than one have been used. There are almost as many anacolutha as in Thucydides, and there is little attraction of any kind to compensate

for the faults of style, except that the situation is still more freely discussed from the point of view of the rank and file than in the African War. Especially we learn the frequency of the desertions, and the treachery of the deserters to the side they joined. Another striking point is the absence of all political motive on either side. Pompeius professed no programme except filial duty, and Cæsar hardly troubled himself to assume a public character; the war itself became possible because two of Cæsar's commanders had a quarrel, which Hirtius narrated at the close of the "Alexandrian War." It was carried on with the utmost ferocity on both sides, and now and then even the writer is shocked, although he relates without comment the mutilation of two bearers of Pompeius's despatches, and the slaughter of 30,000, and perhaps something more, of his troops, at the bloody battle of Munda. He reminds us at intervals of Cæsar's clemency, rather as if he were proud of it than as if he admired it; otherwise we might almost forget that we had to do with the conqueror of Gaul and Pharsalia. We hear more of the diplomacy of even Pompeius than of Cæsar's, whose only political acts are to be detained in Rome for the shows, and to harangue the senators of Gades. It is further noticeable that the writer is fond of quoting Ennius, and that he uses the adverb *bene* with adjectives simply for emphasis, just as the French use *bien*.

SALLUST.

Sallust attached himself, like Cicero and Cæsar, to the Marian party, and appears to have been pretty constant to his choice. He was born in 86 B.C., the year that Sulla captured Athens; he died four years before Actium, in the forty-ninth year of his age. When he was thirty-five or thirty-six, he was expelled from the senate, nominally on the ground of his immorality in private life, really, as he chose to believe, because he had been zealous as tribune of the commons against Milo, the pet bravo of the aristocracy, in the year that that energetic citizen put an end to the career of Clodius. He resolved to retire into private life, and, being still young and ardent, was too proud to subside into the life of slothful ease or the me-

chanical round of farming and hunting which were the natural alternative for a man of family shut out from public business; consequently, he devoted himself to history, until the victory of Cæsar enabled him to resume his official career. He was, after some subordinate employments, made governor of Numidia, a province that Cæsar had no reason to spare, and there he acquired a fortune at the expense of the provincials, who complained in vain of a partisan of Cæsar. On his return he was able to buy magnificent gardens in Rome, that long retained his name. There he lived a life of strictly legal luxury, which did not disgrace the tone of injured virtue which he affected in his writings. An unfortunate man of spirit and ability is naturally censorious, and Sallust had some right to think himself too good for his contemporaries. But when the moral standard rose, it became the fashion to contrast Sallust's writings and his life as if it were a mockery for him to talk of virtue. By virtue he meant very much the same as the Italians of the Renaissance, the habit of keeping worthy objects in sight, and being strenuous in pursuit of them. His quarrel with the time was, not that men indulged their animal nature, but that they were subject to it; not that they enriched themselves without being scrupulous as to the means, but that they shamelessly sacrificed the state to their own gain, and, still more, that they thought money made the man. His philosophy really extends no further than the easy propositions—that the mind is more important than the body, that wealth and rank derive their value from the personal worth of their possessors, and that extreme party passions are pernicious to the state.

He wrote a continuous history of Rome from the consulate of Lepidus and Catulus, which has only reached us in insignificant fragments, with the exception of two speeches and two letters; and two separate works upon the conspiracy of Catilina and the war of Jugurtha. His name has also preserved two themes on the theory of a democratic monarchy, purporting to be letters addressed by him to Cæsar, and a school exercise on a fictitious brawl in the senate, where Cicero and Sallust (who were really on bad terms) were sup-

posed to have assailed each other with hard words. This last work is old enough to make it probable that the imputations on both sides were supported by the current scandal of the day. Otherwise the speeches have very little interest, and what Sallust says has no resemblance whatever to his real style, which is imitated stiffly, but not so unhappily, in the hortatory letters to Cæsar. It is known that he left genuine orations, which the elder Seneca thought might be read in honor of his histories, which proves they were not worth reading for themselves.

His histories, on the contrary, had the highest reputation. There was a considerable party, at any rate as early as Martial, who recognized him as the prince of Roman historians. His natural rival was Livy, whose enormous bulk must always have deterred readers; nor is it likely, to judge by the remains of the fourth and fifth decade, that the whole fourteen approached the excellence of the first and third, while Sallust always appears master of his materials, and his quaintness and archaism were increasingly attractive in the post-Augustan age.

It is uncertain whether the episode of Catilina did not properly belong to the histories, for they may well have covered the period of his conspiracy; and it would be quite in accordance with the practice of the time, as appears from a letter of Cicero to Lucceius, for a writer who meant to treat the events of so many years to pick out one episode for immediate publication. The preface shows clearly that it was sent out by itself by the author; the close looks as if it were to fit into a continuous work; the narrative leaves off quietly, without any attempts to recapitulate its lessons. Instead, we have a few lines on the temper of the victorious army, which are finely conceived and expressed, but contain nothing unsuitable to any bloody and obstinate battle in any civil war. After a liberal tribute to the personal gallantry of Catilina and the desperate courage of his followers, he concluded with these words:

"Nor yet had the army of the Roman people won a joyful or a bloodless victory. For all the best at need had either

fallen in battle or gone away with heavy wounds. Many, moreover, who had come forth out of the camp to see or spoil, as they turned over carcasses of enemies, found some a friend, and part a guest or kinsman. There were some, too, to recognize a private enemy. So through all the army there was a varied stir of gladness and grief, of mourning and joy."¹

The close of the "Jugurtha" is yet more remarkably abrupt. The author describes Sulla's character at length because he will have no occasion to speak of him again, and therefore it seems that the narrative went no further than the end of the war with Jugurtha, although the war with the Cimbri and Teutones succeeded immediately, as he is careful to remind us. Sallust says not a word of the first triumph of Marius, nor of the dramatic incidents of the execution of Jugurtha: he only spends a dozen lines on all that followed the interview where Sulla seized Jugurtha by the connivance of Bocchus. "The rest were cut down; Jugurtha was delivered bound to Sulla, and brought by him to Marius. Meanwhile our generals Q. Cæpio and Cn. Manlius fought the Gauls with ill-success; at which fear all Italy had trembled. Romans then, and even to our memory, held thus, that all else was no uphill work for their valor; but with Gauls they had to fight for safety, not for glory. But after tidings came the war in Numidia was done, and Jugurtha on his way to Rome in bonds, Marius was made consul in his absence, and the province of Gaul decreed to him: so he, on the first of January, had the glory² to triumph and be consul at once. From that season the hopes and the prosperity of the state lay all on him."

Probably the abruptness is calculated in both cases. Seneca the younger observes: "When Sallust flourished, clipped sentences, and words that dropped before the reader was ready, and short obscurity, all passed for finish." It agrees

¹ "Gladness" for the victory, "grief" for friends or comrades, "mourning" for the dead who were united to them by ties of hospitality or kindred, "joy" for the death of personal enemies.

² Most of the later triumphs of the Republic were won by commanders whose consulate had expired, and who had been left to finish the war as proconsuls.

with this that in the construction of his works he should aim at raising rather than satisfying expectation. The brevity of Sallust, as Scaliger points out, is easy to exaggerate. Quintilian boasts that his countryman has outdone Thucydides; that in Thucydides it is possible to remove a word here and there without obscuring the meaning, and in Sallust it is impossible. But Thucydides never writes for the sake of writing; his digressions are always subordinate to the main subject, whereas in Sallust the main subject is a peg to hang disquisitions and portraits upon.

The "Jugurtha" and "Catilina" have been called party pamphlets in the disguise of history. But Sallust is too serious for a pamphleteer, too disinterested for a partisan. He dislikes the nobility, without caring for the commons; he has no enthusiasm for Marius or even for Cæsar. He is an historian, we might say, for want of conviction enough to be a politician; he is able to air his spleen without committing himself to any measure, to any cause, for or against any person. He writes almost as sympathetically of Cato as of Cæsar; and one cannot be sure that, in pitting them against each other as the two great statesmen of the day, his only object is to depreciate Pompeius and Cicero. Of course he despised both; his homage to Cicero as an excellent consul is hypocritical, his homage to Cato is intended to be insulting to all other conservative politicians. But there was much in Cato that he admired and liked. Cæsar was too modern for Sallust, who is always regretting the good old days of poverty and concord, and bewailing the civilization and luxury which had followed upon the conquests of Rome. Not that he believes very heartily in the old Roman discipline: his theory of national greatness is, that the superiority of Rome over Greece was built up, like all superiority, by the virtue of a few; and his quarrel with the nobility is, not that they oppressed the commons, or that they were burdensome to the world, but that they made it impossible for young men to rise by "good behavior." His ideal was a state of things in which good conduct, steady imitation of the best qualities of the best men, should at once and infallibly secure the recog-

nition of superiors and the admiration of equals. That envy should wait upon success was less distressing, but success ought to be surely and honorably won by those who were capable of it. According to Sallust, he himself had contracted one stain from the evils of the time: when he was young and foolish he had given way to ambition. He had tried to push his own way, and pull down others because he had not been promoted in due course. He has no admiration for the campaign of prosecutions with which ambitious young nobles opened their political career as soon as the tribunate had been restored by Crassus and Pompeius to its original power. What he does admire is the model conqueror at the head of his army in an enemy's country, keeping up discipline and protecting the weak, proving the superiority of a poor republic to a rich monarchy, and of training to numbers. He admires the conqueror because he practises all the virtues which are too commonly lacking in the statesman: political stability would be possible if only what is learned in war were not habitually unlearned in peace. There is an evident effort throughout to extol pure intellect: the achievements of the Athenians were nothing to those of the Romans, but the Athenians had great historians. The historian's own career, he feels, ought to be as glorious as the career of those who make history, for it has difficulties of its own, and the historian may claim some share in the deeds which he inspires as well as in those which he narrates.

With all this high sense of his vocation, he cannot be called a satisfactory historian. Thucydides makes the revolution of the Four Hundred perfectly intelligible, though he had to collect his information in exile: even a superficial and prejudiced writer like Xenophon explains the different stages through which the revolution of the Thirty passed to its collapse. It is impossible to explain the conspiracy of Catilina by the help of Sallust. He never quite decides the fundamental question whether Catilina ever intended, if left to himself, to rebel at all. He assumes a conspiracy on the faith of Cicero's informants, and yet narrates facts like Catilina's last words in the senate, his letter to Catulus, and his refusal

to appeal to the slaves even after he had taken the command at Fæsulæ—which seem to point plainly to some policy which could be supported by avowable means. What this policy was we are not told, though it would have been easy to inquire. Sallust speaks as if he had been intimate with Sempronia, a daring woman of quality who interested herself in Catilina as Cæsar, if all tales were true, interested himself in her. But, if Cæsar knew what Sempronia could tell, he had reasons (which Sallust respected) for reserve: he had found it worth while to attract followers whom he had to disappoint when his success came. Perhaps Catilina would have disappointed some of *his* followers; perhaps a full account of his enterprise might have exhibited him as rather an unsuccessful anticipator of Cæsar than as a degenerate pupil of Sulla. We get hints every now and then that the atrocity of Catilina and his confederates was very much exaggerated in the interest of Cicero: the narrative is carefully arranged to minimize any services that Cicero might be thought to have rendered. We hear little or nothing of the enthusiasm of respectability which he claimed to have evoked, something, and not too much, of the sympathy which Catilina left behind him, until the adroit disclosures of Cicero about the plans for firing the city were rewarded with a revulsion of feeling, which lasted, at any rate, till after the execution of Lentulus and the other conspirators, who had compromised themselves with the Allobroges. One omission is very noticeable. Sallust says nothing one way or other of the remarkably small number of the victims of a plot which he assumes to have had many ramifications. He hardly cared to ascertain facts, he was so occupied with reflections; and perhaps he could not have gone into detail without compromising many who had attained a respectable rank among the opponents of the nobility. The complicity of Crassus is hinted more than once; it was believed at the time, and Sallust gives no opinion of his own. He gives Cicero credit for not allowing any of the informers (whose confessions we are to understand he dictated) to bring any false accusation against Cæsar which Catulus and Piso wished to have brought.

Sallust throws his strength much more into the analysis of the conditions which made Catilina's enterprise possible than into an exact estimate of its extent, or its aims, or its method. So far as he has a thesis, it is that Sulla was the worst of revolutionists, that Catilina is to be judged as an abortive Sulla rather than as a degenerate Gracchus. He comes back again and again to the thorough egotism of the politicians of his day, whose professions, whether they called themselves aristocrats or democrats, were only the instruments of their personal ambition. The aristocrats were just as selfish and corrupt as the democrats; their only claim to superior respectability was that they were in favor of keeping things as they were. The majority of the young, we are told, were in favor of Catilina even when they were not implicated in the conspiracy, out of impatience at the narrow timid cliques who had almost all the power of the state in their hands. Besides, the supremacy of Sulla had stimulated all kinds of disorderly hopes. The cruelties of Marius and Cinna had been prompted by vengeance; the cruelties of Sulla had been prompted by greed, and therefore were more easily imitated. Common soldiers had become senators, with wealth to keep up their rank. Many, it is true, had spent quickly what they had gained easily, but were only the more ready to begin again; while many who had been ruined partly by confiscations, partly by the harsh working of the law of debt,¹ were naturally disposed to think any change must be for the better, especially if it were violent.

Another and more permanent cause of disorder, upon which Sallust lays more stress than Cicero, was the character of the Roman proletariat, which was largely recruited from the failures of the rest of Italy—sometimes because the doles of the capital, public and private, seemed attractive; sometimes because, having nowhere else to go, they drifted thither. Cicero

¹ This appears from the manifesto of the Etrurian insurgents, who tell Marcius that the harshness of the money-lenders and the prætor had prevented them from taking the benefit of the law and saving their personal liberty by giving up their property, and appeal to the admirable precedent set within recent memory, with the good-will of all good men, of issuing brass coins at the value of silver, in order to facilitate the payment of debts.

is always especially bland and conciliatory in his language to "citizens of the more slender sort,"¹ and gives us to understand that it was only Clodius who taught them to make a trade of disorder; according to Sallust, even Catilina found the lesson ready taught. The reason that the mine which Sulla laid was fired when it was did not lie deep, if we may trust Sallust; Catilina was driven to his destruction by a guilty conscience—he had poisoned his son to make room for his mistress. The absence of Pompeius had given the nobility a temporary preponderance, which they used unsparingly; and the commons, and all who traded on their discontent, were ready to rally round any chief who would break the yoke which it seemed had been shaken off. He supplies also a more prosaic explanation. When Catilina had been prevented from standing for the consulate by an unfair manoeuvre two years before, he had contemplated killing the consuls and sending a partisan to seize Spain. The consuls were not killed, according to the story, because Catilina gave the signal before his friends were ready; the partisan was sent to Spain with a regular though lower commission, procured by the influence of Crassus and of "many excellent citizens who thought he was to be trusted," as a counterpoise to Pompeius, whose Spanish friends put Catilina's friend out of the way. There was an end of the first conspiracy. As to the second, Cicero, who had been inclined to coalesce with Catilina, had secured his own election by retailing the wild talk of the silliest of Catilina's intimates, and was hard at work improving them into a foundation for a formal charge of high-treason. Still Catilina kept the peace till he knew that the election had gone against him once more; he only left Rome when he saw that the senate was willing to accept denunciation as an equivalent to proof. Sallust speaks of the "craft and cunning"² of the consul as quite on a par with the devices of the conspirators.

On one point Sallust's judgment is decisive against some modern theories. Catilina's enterprise, whatever it was, had no serious chances. He would have raised a formidable civil

¹ "Tenuiores civium."

² "Dolus atque astutiæ."

war if he had not been crushed in the first engagement; and, whether he or the government had been victorious, neither would have been strong enough to profit by the victory: some third party of real consequence would have struck in to establish a dictatorship on the ruins of the constitution. Brilliant and attractive as Catilina was, he was only a storm-bird and a firebrand. It is curious how exactly the greater part of the character Sallust gives him fits a more brilliant adventurer, at once less unfortunate, less criminal, and more mischievous—the famous Cardinal de Retz. "A body to bear fasting, chill, and watching in a manner beyond belief; a spirit bold, subtle, changeable, fit for any semblance or dissemblance soever, greedy of other men's goods, lavish of his own, burning in desires; eloquence enough, wisdom scant; a great unfurnished spirit, full of immoderate, incredible, high-reaching wishes." Catilina suffered, like Byron, for the wilful neglect of his body in the perversion of his instincts; De Retz, who treated his more kindly, lived to prosper and reform.

But Sallust, who is always eager to assert the supremacy of the spirit over the flesh, mentions Catilina's austerities to his praise, just as he admires Jugurtha for keeping to the good hardy habits of his nation instead of wasting himself in sloth and pomp. From most points of view the "Jugurtha" is an improvement on the "Catilina." The same points are made in the exordium, but they are made better; we have a moving piece of eloquence instead of a frigid heap of aphorisms, some of which are impressive and some are bald. The opening is translated, as showing the best side of a character which did not bear late prosperity faultlessly. "The race of man complains of its nature, not aright, that, being feeble and of short continuance, hap, rather than virtue, beareth rule. For think of it the other way, you find there is nothing greater nor more excellent, and our nature lacks the energy of man far more than strength or time. But the leader and commander of the life of mortals is the spirit, which, if it advances to glory in the way of virtue, with strength and stoutness enough, it gets renown, and needs not fortune, inasmuch as she has no power to give or take away any man's honesty, in-

dust, or aught of good behavior. But if, being taken of evil desires, it falls into perdition of sloth and bodily pleasures, after brief use of deadly delights, when strength and time and wit have ebbed away by reason of dulness of heart, then men cry out against the weakness of nature, and each in his plea lays his fault upon dumb things. But if men had so much care for good things as zeal to seek what touches nor shall profit them—ay, and brings much peril too—then they should be not ruled by chance, but rulers over chance, and go so far in greatness as, being mortal, to attain eternal glory; for as the race of man is made up of body and soul, so all things and all our pursuits follow, some the nature of the body, some the nature of the spirit. Therefore, a beautiful countenance and great riches and strength of body, with all and whatever else is of this fashion, come to nothing in short space; but the excellent feats of the spirit are immortal like the soul. In a word, as to the goods of the body and of fortune, as their beginning so is their end—they all have their rising and their setting, and only increase to wax old; but the spirit eternal, incorruptible, the ruler of the race of men, sways all things, possesses all things, and is not possessed.¹ Wherefore their depravity is more wonderful who, given up to bodily joys, spend their time in sloth and luxury: while their wit, than which is nothing either better or greater in the nature of mortals, they leave to rust and wither without culture or diligence; and that, when the devices of the spirit are so manifold, and high renown is won by all." Then comes an apology, less querulous and more dignified than that in the "Catilina," for being an historian, not a statesman.

Here he breaks off his rhetoric and begins his history, with an imitation of Thucydides; he writes the war of Jugurtha for something the same reason as Thucydides writes the war of Peloponnesians. Even the escalade of the castle by the Mulucha is described with an eye to the Plataeans' escalade of the lines of circumvallation; the garrison of Zama watch the fight between Metellus and Jugurtha as the Athenians in the camp

¹ This allusion to Aristippus proves that Sallust felt no vocation to renounce pleasure, only to subdue it.

watched the last battle in the harbor of Syracuse; the Punic books, said to belong to King Hiempsal, remind us of the most learned of the Peloponnesians, who are introduced in just the same way as vouchers for a piece of antiquarian information not very accurate or relevant. At the same time, as contemporary Egyptian inscriptions of the thirteenth century B.C. are held to prove that Armenians at any rate joined Libyans then in an invasion of Egypt, there may have been some real foundation for the tradition which reached Sallust in its latest form. If we could trust Sallust, who did not know Punic, and was therefore dependent upon interpreters whom he did not cross-examine, the Africans reported that Hercules died in Spain; and then his army broke up, and the Persians, Medes, and Armenians crossed into Africa and settled along the range of Atlas from west to east.

But, in general, the digressions do not overpower the narrative as in the "Catilina;" the question whether we are reading a history or an essay does not arise. For one thing, the thesis that the venality of the nobles was to blame for all the trouble which arose about Jugurtha is easier to prove than the thesis that the Sullan restoration was to blame for Catilina: for another, the events to be narrated were more varied, and spread over a longer time. The conspiracy of Catilina did not furnish matter for a book, when authors were unwilling or unable to go thoroughly into its secret history. The history of Jugurtha is incomplete, at least for modern readers; it never appears why the commons or their leaders were so eager to expose his misdemeanors and those of his senatorial supporters. His quarrels with his relations were of no practical concern to the Roman people, and a war with him produced a good deal of inconvenience to business men, as Sallust lets us see more than once. Adherbal was compelled to surrender by the Italian traders of Cirta, whose assistance had enabled him for a time to hold out. When the scandal of Jugurtha's treaty with Albinus was beginning to be formidable, it was the representatives of the business community, especially Latin citizens, who were put forward by the aristocracy to hinder measures which they would have compromised

themselves too much by opposing directly. In fact, the popular enthusiasm, which overbore all obstacles, was due, as Sallust says, less to care for the republic than to hatred of the nobility. In the same way, it seems that it was only the energy of Memmius which secured, first that the death of Adherbal should be avenged by war, and then that the convention with Bestia which Scaurus had sanctioned should be set aside. On the latter occasion Sallust professes to give one of the many harangues of Memmius, which is full of elaborate imitations of the self-devotion of the younger Gracchus; for the rest, he appeals throughout to passion, not to interest, and hardly even to dignity. "Slaves bought with money refuse unjust orders from their masters: will you, Quirites, born to empire, be patient under slavery? Ay, but who are these who have seized upon the commonwealth? The wickedest of men; men of bloody hands and monstrous avarice; men most guilty and withal most proud; who count faith, dignity, duty, ay, all honor and all dishonor, but as merchandise. Some have slain tribunes of the commons, some have brought you to unrighteous judgment, many to slaughter; that is their confidence, so the greatest villain is the safest for his villany: your cowardice bears the burden of dismay, due to their guilt; the same desires, the same hatreds, the same fears, unite them all in one. Among good citizens that is friendship, among bad citizens faction. If you so took care for liberty as they are on fire for tyranny, certainly the commonwealth would not be laid waste as it is now, and your favor would rest upon the best, not upon the boldest. Your ancestors twice over withdrew themselves and sat down in arms on Mount Aventine to obtain justice and establish their majesty; and you, do you not think the liberty you inherited from them worth an earnest struggle, and that the more hearty, the more shame there is in losing what is won than in never getting at all? Some one will say, What, then, do you advise? Vengeance on those who have betrayed the commonwealth to the enemy; vengeance, not by blows or by violence, both more unseemly for you to inflict than for them to endure, but by the courts and the evidence Jugurtha will give against his accomplices. If he

has surrendered, he will obey your orders. If he despises them, then no doubt you will put the right value on that strange kind of a thing, be it peace or surrender, which brings to Jugurtha impunity for his crimes, to a few powerful men enormous riches, and to the commonwealth calamity and dishonor."

The political part of the history is decidedly the most interesting; the military part is vague, like most military writing in Latin except Cæsar's. It is not clear what the boundary between Jugurtha's kingdom and that of Adherbal was, though we can see that Jugurtha's corresponded roughly to the province of Oran, and Adherbal's roughly to that of Constantine. We are not told either how much of the kingdom of Jugurtha Bestia had occupied—for Sallust is careful to explain that he was a competent though venal commander—or how much had been conquered by Metellus or made a voluntary submission. Still less do we know what was the situation of the different desert castles and towns which in the latter stage of the war the Romans captured one after another, though the last, we know, was near the river which divided the dominions of Bocchus and Jugurtha. Then, again, we are told that fighting went on for forty days before Thala, but this is dismissed in a line. More space is given to the preparations for a march of fifty miles without water which was necessary to reach Thala, more space even to the final debauch of the Roman deserters, who burned the treasure for the sake of which Metellus had formed the siege. It never appears whether Metellus or even Marius was a better general than Jugurtha, or whether the superiority of both in the field was not due simply to the fact that their troops were disciplined and his were not. When this had been proved, it was impossible for Jugurtha to trust any of his nobles; for Metellus, whom Sallust admires almost without reserve, thought it better to devote his attention to suborning treason than to organizing flying columns. This does not shock Sallust in the least, and it shows how very much public opinion had altered since the days of Pyrrhus. Even the arrest of a courtier of Jugurtha on a charge of procuring the assassination of a pre-

tender is not beyond apology. True, he was covered by the safe-conduct under which Jugurtha and his attendants came to Rome, but he was dealt with on the merits of the case. To massacre the males of a town that had surrendered,¹ and sell the rest of the population as slaves, was another offence against strict law for which Marius was not to blame; it would have been inconvenient to leave a garrison, and the inhabitants were not to be trusted without. According to the Roman fashion, all military disasters are minimized: there is never an estimate of the loss either of the Romans or the enemy; in fact, the loss of the Numidians, it is admitted, was generally insignificant; they generally were beaten when they came to close quarters, then they dropped their arms and ran away. It is quite possible that before they were broken they inflicted as much loss as they suffered in the final charge which saved the Roman army. Marius, in his speech on sailing for Africa, is made to say that the army ought to be largely reinforced; for, in spite of its energy, it had been unfortunate. As Metellus had taken out reinforcements only a year before, we must assume that the soldiers were worn out by marching and the climate, and perhaps, at the time when Marius came to Italy to canvass, demoralized by the failure of the attempt upon Zama, which may have been costlier than Sallust cared to admit.

Apparently Marius was a more popular and more lucky commander than Metellus, more liberal of his booty to the soldiers, and more willing to share their fatigues; for it is hinted more than once that Metellus, though he restored discipline without punishments, was stricter to his soldiers than to himself. It does not seem that Marius was abler in other ways; he relied more upon force, and less upon diplomacy. Sallust does not say whether Sulla, who managed all the negotiations with Bocchus, was the choice of Marius or of the nobility; it is clear that the adroitness with which

¹ The Roman law of war was mild in one respect. When a town surrendered at discretion, it forfeited all claim to its institutions or public property, but the free inhabitants were safe (except, perhaps, the instigators of the war) as subjects of the arbitrary dominion of Rome.

Sulla humored Bocchus decided the war; for the last recorded operation of Marius was an unsuccessful attempt upon a castle held for Jugurtha by deserters. All this Sallust leaves to be implied, which is strange, as he does not admire Marius particularly, and is careful to explain that in the quarrel with Metellus there were faults on both sides. It was wrong of Metellus to set his face against Marius's candidature; it was almost worse of Marius systematically to disparage his commander and even relax discipline. When Marius was consul and had a right to use his own judgment, Sallust is suspicious of the freedom he allowed to the army, though he admits that no harm came of the indulgence. In fact, Sallust treats the war throughout as an episode in the quarrel of the nobility and commons, and, upon the whole, he will never let the nobility be in the right. Their decision not to entangle the state in the quarrel between Jugurtha and Bocchus, and to mulct Jugurtha rather than to depose him, was defensible upon the merits of the case, and Bocchus did everything to help the Romans that a sworn ally could have done, till Jugurtha threw himself on his protection. But Sallust will only see that the nobility were venal, and Jugurtha a better paymaster than Bocchus; and if Bocchus had obtained a treaty when he first asked for it, the war would have ended sooner.

The summary of the speech by which, according to Sallust, Jugurtha induced Bocchus to join him is rather like a rough draft of the letter which Mithridates wrote to the king of the Parthians in the like case. Both Jugurtha and Mithridates dwell upon the antipathy of the Roman people to kings, and their unwillingness to tolerate any power except their own. Mithridates adds the further consideration, which his career suggested to Sallust, that mankind at large are indifferent to liberty and only desire a tolerable despotism, and that for this reason the Romans will never allow a king to gain enough power to promise relief to their discontented subjects. This is almost the only trait in Sallust which shows that he had considered the way in which the government of the senate affected the provincials.¹ He is much more concerned with the reac-

¹ He is very little impressed by the ominous fact that the Allobroges

tion of so many new and rich dependencies upon the constitution of the civic community at Rome, and he lays much more stress upon this than upon the economic change which followed the second Punic war. He never notices that over large districts of Italy the yeomanry were ruined without the fault of the nobility; what he does notice is, that the nobility had changed their habits and enlarged their desires, so that they always felt the pressure of a separate interest from the interest of the state. According to him, it was only the fall of Carthage which removed the last restraint from the greed of the few and the envy of the many. The Gracchi were too extreme; Memmius finds irony the best way of meeting the charge that they were aiming at a monarchy. Sallust himself thinks that the nobles were justified in opposing them, if they could have done so by fair means, and yet the Gracchi were the only members of the aristocracy who preferred "true glory to unrighteous power." This speculative barrenness is characteristic of Sallust; he is sententious and emphatic, and fails to be profound. His speeches, when he tries to imitate Thucydides, are generally empty; he only applies copy-book maxims to the situation. He does not succeed, as Thucydides does, in unfolding the possibilities of a policy or the interests of a party by means of a speech too penetrating ever to have been delivered; he is only effective in the region of taunts and allusive sarcasm. Cato's speech in favor of the execution of the conspirators is exceedingly dull and unrefined; it turns upon the thesis that vengeance is a necessary means of self-defence, just like the great speech of Cleon on the Mytilenean revolt; but where Cleon, in spite of his passion, brings out the true intellectual aspect of one side of a political problem, Cato only falls into ludicrous exaggeration of the peril to be expected from mercy. His argument is that unless the criminals are executed they will carry out their

were ready to join Catilina, and does not hint that the massacre of the Roman garrison at Vacca was due to their own insolence, though Plutarch tells us the commander was spared because he alone had given no offence; he only mentions the oppression of the allies in Africa as a proof that the armies of Rome were not formidable to the enemy.

crime. Cæsar's speech is persuasive and statesmanlike, and so much better than Sallust's speeches in general that it is natural to suppose that in substance it is Cæsar's. The speech of Macer in the Histories is an elaborate and skilful cento from Demosthenes' speeches against Philip, who is replaced by Sulla. One point is successfully heightened; Demosthenes tells the Athenians that the state doles, which they thought more valuable than a spirited foreign policy, were like the messes given to the sick, just enough to keep them alive, but not enough to make a whole man hearty. Macer tells the Romans that the dole with which the senate tried, too successfully, to keep the commons quiet was just the same in amount as a prisoner's rations, who was dieted to keep down his spirit.

The style of Sallust is remarkable upon two grounds. He is the first writer of Latin prose who attaches himself to a single Greek model; he gets his points from the whole range of his reading, which was tolerably extensive, but his method is the method of Thucydides; he cultivates irregularities, especially in comparisons, at a time when two greater writers had done everything in their power to make Latin the most regular language known. He also is the first Latin writer deliberately to try to reverse the natural development of style. He goes back to Cato, as Spenser went back to Chaucer. He was dissatisfied with the vocabulary as purified by his contemporaries, and thought words and phrases which were half obsolete more picturesque and telling than the refined dialect of the day, which, as Cicero saw, was always verging upon insipidity—and Cicero himself was criticised as early as the reign of Vespasian for not having a sufficiently choice vocabulary.

Sallust had considerable posthumous influence. L. Arruntius, a grandee of the reign of Augustus, copied and exaggerated his mannerisms, and Tacitus certainly owes very much to him; it might be said that Tacitus writes as Sallust ought to have written. In Sallust the abruptness and impatience of expression shows that the writer is excited; the crudity and redundancy of matter shows that he is immature.

Of all that is in his mind he leaves nothing for the reader to divine, though he is careful to avoid what he thinks the tedious parade of orderly, elegant, harmonious exposition. His matter masters him, but he remains master of his diction. In Tacitus the matter is more completely mastered than the diction. He is temperate and self-controlled, and Sallust declaims with the *naïveté*, if not the simplicity, of a schoolboy, even while he affects the pregnant brevity of an experienced statesman. The description of the treason of Bomilcar is a fair specimen of this crude subtlety. "At the same time Bomilcar, who had pressed Jugurtha to begin the capitulation, which he gave up through fear, both being suspected of the king and suspecting him also, was fain of a new world, sought a device to destroy him, wearied his spirit night and day, till at last, with trying everything, he took to his help Nabdalsa, a nobleman famous for his great means, acceptable to his own people withal, who had been wont often to lead armies apart from the king, and to perform all business which was left over when Jugurtha was weary or taken up with greater things, whence he got both glory and great means. So, by counsel of both, a day was set for this plot, and they agreed the rest should be made ready at the time as things might require. Nabdalsa set out for the army, which he kept, as ordered, well within the Roman winter-quarters, that the enemy might not waste the land at will. When he, struck down at a deed so great, came not at time appointed, and fear began to hinder the matter, then Bomilcar, being troubled both by his desire to achieve his undertaking, and out of fear of his partner lest he should leave his old counsel and look out for new, sent letters to him by faithful men; wherein he chode the man for sloth and cowardice, adjured him by the gods he swore by, warned him not to turn the rewards of Metellus to his own destruction. Jugurtha's ruin was at hand; all that lay in doubt was only whether he should perish by their valor or Metellus's, so he had better ponder in his mind whether to choose reward or torment. But the letter came just when Nabdalsa, weary with his bodily exercise, was resting on his bed, where, when he had taken knowledge of Bomilcar's words,

first care fell upon him, and then sleep, as is the way with a troubled spirit. Now he had a Numidian to manage his business, who was faithful to him and acceptable, and took part in all his counsels but the last. He, hearing a letter had come, judged by old custom there would be need of his work or wit, so went into Nabdalsa's chamber: as he lay asleep, the letter lay at random on a pillow above his head. The other took and read it through; then, when he knew the plot, set off at speed to the king. Nabdalsa, waking soon after, when he found no letter, and was informed by deserters of all that had passed, first essayed to overtake the informer. After that proved vain, he went to Jugurtha to appease him, said the perfidy of his client had forestalled him in executing his own intention, besought him with tears, by his friendship and all his faithful service aforesaid, not to hold him suspect concerning such wickedness; whereto the king gave gentle answer, contrary to that he bare in his mind. As soon as Bomilcar and many more whom he knew to be partners in his plots were slain, he had bridled his anger, lest some sedition should arise from the business."

PART III. AUGUSTAN AGE.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS.

THE literature of the reign of Augustus has two distinct characters—it represents the highest elaboration of form ever attained in Latin, and the highest elevation of thought; afterwards there were efforts to surpass it in both directions, which had a short-lived success in the judgment of contemporaries too excitable to distinguish between inspiration and an ambition reckless of good sense and good taste. As Plato said long ago, it is not the musical man, but the unmusical, who tries to do more than the musical has done. To imagine that Lucan is sublimer than Vergil is like imagining that Young is sublimer than Dryden, or Chateaubriand than Bossuet. In many ways there is a closer resemblance between the literature of the reign of Louis XIV. and that of the reign of Augustus than between the literature of the age of Augustus and that of any other so-called Augustan age. For one thing, both periods are an interval of rest, of splendor, of order between a time of misery and anarchy and a time of petulant license in private, combined with much capricious repression in public. Again, both Augustus and Louis survived the best of their prosperity and of the men of genius whom it had inspired; both, it may even be said, were not unlike in what was one of the deepest things in both, their sense of public duty; both felt called upon to be reformers and restorers, and were perfectly seri-

ous in the endeavor to subject others to obligations which, till late in life, they evaded for themselves, though this fundamental similarity is disguised by the contrast between the frank pomposity of Louis and the ironical simplicity of Augustus, who suspected the splendor of his own reign, and regretted the austerity of days of innocence and poverty which were irrecoverably gone. Both, during the central period of their reign, were honestly idolized or idealized, as we like to put it, by the men of letters, who saw them at work and did not know how little of their work would last. It is true that Bossuet, who admired the Grand Monarch as sincerely as any one, and believed in his system heartily, was penetrated as profoundly by a sense of void and nothingness at the bottom of all things; but neither he nor Pascal imagines that his pessimism is due to anything in the circumstances of the time. The Augustan writers are clearer-sighted: they generally write more or less in a tone of hopeful penitence; but their sense of guilt depends upon definite national sins, the wasteful horror of the civil wars, and the final disappearance of the old thrifty household discipline. Again, the ground of their confidence is more definite. Augustus to them is not simply a great, prosperous, and religious ruler: he is the representative of the historic spirit and mission of Rome. And the sense of the grandeur of Rome survives even in Livy and Ovid, when the faith in moral restoration has died away. It would be possible to pursue the parallel into detail. Racine has often been compared with Vergil: there is the same blending of pathetic grace and dignity, but perhaps less independence of feeling, certainly less manliness of tone; the courage of Racine's heroes depends too entirely upon their faith in their ideals.

There are sides of Horace that La Fontaine does not touch, and they are precisely the best of Horace: his brooding aspirations after inward peace and purity, his short jubilant flights into an upper realm of triumphal calm; but his disinterested insight, his kindly shrewdness and gayety, his unworldliness, are all more or less reflected in La Fontaine, who has something of the spleen of Horace, of which Boileau

received a double portion. Boileau certainly owes more to Horace than to Juvenal, and in France the ode on the capture of Namur may be held to rank with the odes on the conquest of the Grisons and the Tyrol. Ovid finds his representative as a story-teller in La Fontaine, as a wit in Molière, whose range is wider, and who makes some approach to a serious purpose, but who, after all, takes almost as much interest as Ovid in the dissection of the foolish husband. Another parallel which at first sight is less obvious is really closer; both the position and the spirit of the author of "Telemachus" are like Livy. There is the same grave and gentle intelligence of some of the most important among the permanent conditions of well-doing and well-being, the same dreamy blindness to the shifting conditions under which well-doing and well-being can be actually realized at a given time, the same pity for the poor, the same distrust of wealth, the same respect for authority, the same romantic regrets for an imaginary past, when life was simpler and virtue easier. There is nothing in the age of Louis XIV. like the effrontery which in Ovid alternates with sentimental and insincere regrets for the good old times. One must go back something like a hundred years, to Montaigne, to find an approach to the way in which Ovid glories with undisguised amusement in his shame; and even Montaigne has nothing so impudent as "I, the great Naso, the poet of my own naughtiness."¹ There is nothing like it in the literature of the Augustan age, which, upon the whole, is decidedly more virtuous in tone than the society to which it was addressed. There was a general feeling against the self-styled republicans, who made it their business to expose all the hollowness and hypocrisy of respectable imperialism. This license was probably itself a survival from the period of anarchy and disturbance which lasted for thirteen years from the death of Cæsar to the battle of Actium, and was most acute for the eight years which passed before the complete defeat of Sextus Pompeius.

For eleven years out of the thirteen, Octavian and Antony had exercised a practically secure supremacy throughout the

¹ "Ille ego nequitiae Naso poeta meæ."

Roman world, but they possessed only power without authority. They could decide military or financial questions without consulting any will but their own. Their immense patronage gave many sufficient motives to propitiate them by honorable or dishonorable means; but no one felt that they were the legitimate rulers of the state, and they themselves had no adequate reason to attempt to regulate civil relations or to interfere with private life.

The comparative barrenness of this period is a sufficient answer to the theory that the Augustan age, like the age of Louis XIV., only expended the energy which it had inherited from the Republic. In fact, the suppression of independent political life contributed in another way to the literary movement; for men of letters were no longer depressed by the feeling that the work-a-day world and its numerous natural leaders were practically of much more importance than they were: the poets of the Augustan age saw nothing above them but the narrow circle of the ruler and his intimates, whom it was easy to invest with superhuman attributes. At the same time, there was the full stimulus of a stream of important events. As the events were more important and more certain than the processes by which they came about, it was easier to idealize them; and when idealism had once set in, it was easy to confound projects and achievements. Wordsworth was a scrupulous realist, but the account of the French Revolutionary War that we should gather from his poems would be quite as untrustworthy as that which we should gather of the reign of Augustus from the Odes of Horace. That the ascendancy of Augustus was disadvantageous to eloquence in the law-courts is probably true: it must be remembered that the pompous struggles of the law-courts were an unmitigated nuisance to everybody but the advocates. The forum, which was not much too large for an exchange, was, besides, the natural resort for loungers; and it was no convenience to anybody to have it blocked up by noisy and often quarrelsome knots of disputants, whom it was a point of honor to detain as long and excite as highly as possible. Even before the war of Pharsalia, when the Republic was still

in a state to recover from the rivalry of Cæsar and Pompeius, as it had recovered from the rivalry of Marius and Sulla, measures had been taken to keep the forum quiet by limiting the number of hours a speech could take, by excluding the attendance of grandees who appeared to give their hangers-on a good character—in fact, generally to take means that the pleadings should be addressed to the court, not to the public. Now the court was unpaid, and naturally eager for despatch, and the greater part of the public who attended to back their friends found the duty wearisome, unless the orator whose celebrity and influence they were helping to make was already a master of his business. Besides, the judges were either busy men or young idle men, who very much preferred to spend a good part of the morning in drinking when they could, and, when at last they came into court, were in a hurry to get the case over, that they might be off to bathe for dinner. Still, so long as the majority of the magistrates were freely chosen, the self-importance of the advocates who wished to make themselves of consequence enough in the courts to be of consequence in the state was practically irrepressible; but when office came to be conferred by the emperor exclusively as the reward of administrative work, oratory had to adapt itself to narrow conditions, to be an ornament rather than a power in the state, the basis of a career for two or three in a generation rather than an indispensable instrument for every one who wished to have a career. The change was, from the first, favorable to poetry; for the people who had, upon the whole, liked to listen to orators in the forum were glad to listen to poets reciting in the baths, which from the reign of Augustus began to increase in number and splendor; and the great majority of those who had a gift for oratory deserted politics and real cases and the forum, and declaimed upon imaginary themes—also in the baths if they made a profession of eloquence. If their position enabled them to be amateurs, they declaimed in their own houses, where they received their friends only, if they were modest or fastidious; while if they were vain or liberal they admitted the public. But the prac-

tice of declamation came in later than the practice of reciting poetry, which is alluded to in the earliest writings of Horace, who half boasts that he is too shy to fall in with it; and so might almost as well not be a poet, since he neglects to advertise his poetry in the way that other poets advertise theirs.

Poets were no longer independent: they did not maintain themselves, as they had done from Ennius to Valerius Cato, by teaching or play-writing: in the new world which was beginning few were rich enough to live on their own means, as Catullus and Lucretius had done. They expected to receive splendid presents from the emperor and other grandees: they expected also to make a certain profit by the sale of their books. This last change never went far, but Horace towards the end of his life says that mediocrity in poets is intolerable, not only to gods and men, but to booksellers, as if poets had more reason to fear booksellers than other men or gods. In the days of Martial a poet might refuse a presentation copy to an acquaintance because he did not choose to interfere with his bookseller's profit; and it is clear that a considerable number of copies must have been issued (slave labor being tolerably cheap), for the common fate of unsuccessful poetry was to wrap up fish and spice: now a single copy would naturally be used to light a fire, while a bookseller would send his surplus stock either to the public baths or to the grocers, just as unsuccessful books used to be sent in England to the trunkmakers. An author who was voluminous and could not find a publisher might be burned upon a pile of his own MSS., or at least his enemies spread the report. When books sold, they generally sold to the few who kept libraries for their own enjoyment, and to the comparatively numerous class of schoolmasters and grammarians, who could not content themselves with consulting new books at the library attached to the Temple of Apollo at the Palatine, an humble imitation of the Museum of Alexandria.

There were a few years when it seemed possible that patronage might make literature remunerative—while Octavian was under the influence of Mæcenas, which lasted unimpaired till Agrippa's marriage with the emperor's daughter. Mæ-

cenas saw that poets would be able to work upon the public mind by giving a permanent artistic expression to the enthusiasm of the moment. He made several poets free of his house; he made or procured them large pecuniary presents. Messalla followed the fashion to a small extent upon his own account, and it cannot be said to have entirely died out before the death of Seneca. The expectations which Mæcenæ had fostered, and led Augustus to foster, lasted longer still; as late as the days of Domitian, perhaps as late as the days of Hadrian, poets expected to be semi-sacred pensioners, as they have been at the courts of the princes of the heroic age of Greece and Scandinavia—as they are still at the courts of the princes who trace their descent up to the heroic age of India. In the age of Anne, for similar reasons, poets had something of the same experience; and during the reigns of the first two Georges they were haunted by the same expectations. In England the bookseller took the place of the patron; at Rome, when the hopes of patronage were finally given up, the profession of poetry was given up too: educated men of position still wrote verses for their own amusement, and obtained thereby a kind of reputation: teachers of literature competed solemnly for the prizes established by Nero and Domitian, and there was no feeling that it was incongruous or undignified for grown men to write prize poems. The truth is, that the Romans were too matter-of-fact to spend much labor without prospect of return. The second and third centuries, which witnessed the practical extinction of poetry, were the classical age of jurisprudence. The reign of Augustus is, in the history of Roman literature no less than in the history of Roman life, a splendid exception.

It falls naturally into three periods—the period of confusion; the period of splendor, which lasted more than thirty years; and the period of decline, which lasted only seven. The first, which has already been described, ended with the battle of Actium, and the literature of the period was still a continuation of the literature of the republic. Cassius of Parma, one of the leading poets of the period, attached himself to the cause of his namesake. Cinna, another poet, who

was killed at Cæsar's funeral by mistake for his namesake who had joined in killing Cæsar, left a reputation which daunted Vergil. Calvus the orator, a friend and imitator of Catullus, was the only poet but Catullus that the fashionable singer of the day or his copyists cared to know. Besides these, there was a certain C. Licinius Anser, whom Vergil chose to gibbet at the same time that he paid his respects to Varius and Cinna: he was nothing but one goose more beside such swans as these. When we come to Furius, who anticipated Dubartas with such choice figures as "O'er the cold Alps Jove spits his hoary snow," and Bavius and Mævius, who had a private quarrel with Horace, perhaps we come to "city poets," such as in the reign of James I. and Charles II. earned the appreciation of old-fashioned men of business, whom they entertained and, in a sense, instructed, at the same time that their self-consequence provoked the rising lights, who looked to the approval of a more limited, a more critical, a more influential public.

Of the new poets who made their mark in this period, Varius was the most distinguished. His "Thyestes," written we do not know when, of which only one insignificant line has reached us, was thought to be one of the two or three Roman plays which stood on the level of the best Greek work. Contemporaries thought more of his faculty of writing panegyric pamphlets on the events of the day in heroic verse, which sympathetic readers found as spirit-stirring as Homer. One distich has been preserved by Horace, and identified by his scholiast, which is hearty and vigorous but not remarkable—

Tene magis saluum populus velit, an populum tu,
Servet in ambiguo, qui consulit et tibi et urbi,
Juppiter!

Varro Atacinus, who was born in Gaul, and took his last name from the Gaulish river Atax, was perhaps a more important though less successful writer. He was versatile, having written satires, elegies, and epigrams, as well as an elaborate translation of the "Argonautica" of Apollonius Rhodius, which was the most important of his works. This

contained more than one beautiful night-piece, in connection with the sorrows of Medea, which Vergil appropriated and improved; and the versification is freer and better than anything before the days of Vergil. The satires are practically only known by the modest boast of Horace that he was generally thought to have done well in what was, no doubt, the lowest line of poetry, though such a clever man as Varro had failed in it. His epigrams were better, to judge by the two or three doubtfully attributed to him: the best is on Licinus, a Gallic freedman, procurator of Gaul under Augustus, who provoked a revolt by the diligence with which he amassed an immense fortune. The epigram must be the work of the author's old-age, for Horace, who succeeded in satire after Varro failed, did not live to see the death of Licinus; and it is surprisingly pithy for an old man—

Marmoreo tumulo Licinus jacet; at Cato parvo
Pompeius nullo: quis putet esse deos?
Saxa premunt Licinum; levat altum fama Catonem,
Pompeium tituli: credimus esse deos.

The only other poet of this generation who need detain us is Cornelius Gallus, the first Roman prefect of Egypt, whose love-affairs were over before Actium. He wrote elegies on his love of Lycoris, otherwise known as Cytheris, which Quintilian characterizes as "austere:" there was no artificial adornment of phrases or metre, and the writer trusted simply to his passion and tenderness for his effect. His self-absorption made him exacting: he subjugated Lycoris, who was glad to escape him. He made a more permanent conquest of the tender sympathies of Vergil. In practical life his aims proved less fortunate; he was overbearing as a governor, and was recalled for excesses of authority; and at the first signs of Augustus's displeasure on his return he committed suicide.

CHAPTER II.

VERGIL.

To all posterity Vergil has always been the great Latin poet, and it is better to understand, if possible, on what his reputation rests, than either to explain, repeat, or refute the expressions of the impatience with which, for the last hundred years, English and German critics have regarded his greatest work. For it is not unlikely that a hundred years hence that impatience may seem as inexplicable as the contempt with which the virtuosi of the first half of the eighteenth century regarded the remains of mediæval architecture.

Even this inquiry is difficult, for the Romans were much better skilled in the criticism of oratory than in the criticism of poetry; and the best possible statement of what they found to admire is not too much to guide us in appreciating what they spontaneously admired more than we. The "*Æneid*" has a charm and a power which later Latin epic poetry has not, which Alexandrine epic poetry has not either: the extent of this charm and this power has to be learned from the mere force of the impression which Vergil made, first upon the Romans and then upon the whole world of the Renaissance, as the greatest classical poet, who lay at the foundation of all liberal culture. Its character we have to ascertain as we can for ourselves. Some of its elements are obvious enough: the sustained splendor and harmony of versification, the nobility of tone which is never overstrained, and hardly ever collapses, the rare union of elevation and pathos, have always been recognized. Then, too, the immense tact and felicity with which the antiquarian learning of the poet has been employed makes an impression of its own, not less effective for not being displayed. The national interest was, we may think, stronger for the Romans than for us, but the

national interests of the Roman of the Augustan age were co-extensive with the interests of civilization. And something is due to Vergil's unique position: he is the first writer who really mastered the Latin hexameter, and his work retains much more of the freshness and simplicity of the pre-Augustan period than that of any other Augustan poet; and when we compare him with his successors, his simplicity is as remarkable as Pope's, and is due to the same cause. The form is elaborated for its own sake, but the matter is still simple: it has not undergone the unmeaning elaboration which we find in later poets, who are always haunted by the ghosts of vanished effects, and so are never simple, and almost always tame. It is the more important to attend to this, because the rich harmony of Vergil and Pope undoubtedly made simplicity more difficult to their successors, and because Vergil had a very extensive and not very favorable influence on the future of Latin; which lost more in clearness, solidity, and regularity than it gained in picturesqueness and variety by the obtrusion of fragmentary phrases and constructions which every writer who had been educated upon Vergil imported into the language of Cæsar and Cicero.

Perhaps to all these elements of Vergil's greatness we should add another—his unworldliness. He seems always a spectator and never an actor in the drama of his time; he is like a visitor from another world, profoundly touched by what he sees of the sorrow and labors and achievements of this, but not otherwise concerned with them. His poetry is full of emotion, but the emotion is always contemplative and impersonal: it is not merely that he feels his own life separated, like Lucretius's or Horace's, from the coarse passions and desires of the crowd—he despises these much less than they do—but that he hardly seems to have a life of his own apart from his intelligent and respectful sympathy with the life of others. His impersonality is not the impersonality of Homer or of Shakespeare, who simply show us the world as it stands; Vergil yearns over the spectacle which he spreads before us.

It may almost be doubted whether the sober pensive spirit of Vergil, which is too refined and elevated for discontent, is

not Northern rather than Italian. It would not be a violent conjecture that he belonged to a Tyrolese family¹ settled in Italy; for he certainly clung to the belief that Mantua was before all things an Etruscan city, and the Etruscans of Mantua are more likely to have crossed the Alps than the Apennines.

Mantua itself stands on a plain, but there seems reason to think that Andes, the village where Vergil's parents' farm lay, was upon the hills that run up from the Mincio to the mountains. They appear to have been simple, flourishing people; for they were able to send their son to Rome and Naples to learn rhetoric and philosophy. The latter alone interested him, for almost alone of his contemporaries he was indifferent to glory. And what attracted him in the teaching of Syron was not the special aspects of Epicureanism, but the prospect which it held out, in common with all philosophies, of emancipating neophytes from sordid cares and passions. So too, on its speculative side, what attracted him was the realist explanation of nature, combined with a very impressive proclamation of the "reign of law."

There is always a stage in the progress of knowledge when science seems to offer the imagination a wider and securer pasture than it has found in the world of sense, which is still bounded by ignorance and harassed by alarms. And although the imagination cannot live for long upon results without processes, some very interesting poetical effects have been attained before the attempt is abandoned. In Vergil's case the interest is heightened because the poet is divided between admiration for science and sympathy for traditional piety. At first we should expect that this sympathy would have determined Vergil to the official religious philosophy of the period; but Stoicism, in making philosophy edifying, was always in danger of making it unmeaning. It is a kind of explanation of the fact that crows chatter before rain, that the change of pressure in the atmosphere must in some way make

¹ It might be added that the Tyrolese in many respects resemble the Bretons, and the resemblance would be intelligible if the Germans and Celts on their extreme frontier had blended with a pre-Aryan race.

them restless; it is no explanation at all that fate and providence bestow foresight upon dumb creatures for the benefit of men. Then, too, the Stoic doctrine of providence was really only tenable upon the artificial hypothesis that the chief purpose of the world was to produce and maintain a few chosen spirits, capable of finding the chief and adequate end of life in endurance or activity, irrespective of results; for Italy in Vergil's day had long left behind the stage (which every society leaves behind sooner or later) when the visible distribution of good and evil among mortal men commends itself spontaneously to the judgment of intelligent and kindly lookers-on.

It does not seem that Vergil ever took more from Epicureanism than a faith in the uniformity of nature, and a preference of concrete explanations of fact to a parade of verbal optimistic dialectics. Nor was there any real inconsistency between the meteorology which he took from Epicurus, the psychology which he took from Plato, and the views of national history and destiny which he inherited from his ancestors, who believed them to be guided by national deities. Eclecticism is only offensive when it is systematic: that a learner should be influenced by many teachers, and take from each what each knows best, is natural and right, if he has not the pretension to prove to each in turn that what he has taken is all that is worth taking, and that the only way to give a complete and coherent account of the universe is to piece together fragments of discordant traditions and theories.

It is curious that we know next to nothing of Vergil's purely literary education: we are sure that he must have been powerfully influenced by Lucretius, and when the "Georgics" were written it is likely that the influence may have been passing away, and the "Bucolics" are written under the fresh influence of Theocritus. But Vergil was born in 70 B.C., and the earliest of his ascertained poems cannot be earlier than 43 B.C., and may very well be a year later, and it is difficult to believe that he had been idle till then. His fastidiousness has left it uncertain what, if anything, among the pieces which have come down to us as the work of his

early years is genuine, for the appendix to his poems has not his authority nor that of his representatives. They are quite unlike his certain writings, and it is seldom possible to trace any points of connection and transition; and the general verdict of criticism has been against all, or almost all, upon grounds that would be as effective against most that Shelley wrote before "Queen Mab," or Scott before the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." What complicates the problem is that Vergil certainly did write a poem on a gnat, which Martial had read, and complimented the memory of Lucan by observing that before he was at the age when Vergil wrote it he had written the "Pharsalia." Consequently, we have to suppose that, if the poem on a gnat which we have is not Vergil's, it was composed in rivalry with him; and this at a late period of literature, when another Octavius than the heir of Julius could be invoked to prosper the labors of the poet. And one of the poems of the "Catalecta"¹ is addressed to a promising young Octavius, who died leaving a work on Roman history which the writer admires. It is tempting to identify the two, for the singer of the gnat addresses his patron as "sancte puer," which would have been a *gaucherie* as applied to Augustus after he had entered upon his inheritance. And, though Vergil was not incapable of this,² it is more likely that, if we have his poem on the gnat, he addressed it to some townsman who fancied that he was going to rise by the side of his illustrious kinsman. The poem itself is pretty, but tedious. An old man kills a gnat which came to wake him and save him from a serpent, and the gnat's ghost comes back with news of the world of spirits beyond the Po, which moves the old man to perform a solemn funeral in its honor. There is little or no connection between its parts, and the description of a summer morning and the reflections on the happiness of country life are developed at quite disproportionate length. The writer has no idea of subordinating his fluency to his subject (which is exactly what we should expect in an

¹ This means poems reckoned to Vergil, and is equivalent to our use of appendix.

² He laid himself open to ridicule before by coining a plural to "barley."

early work of Vergil); and the whimsicality of the whole thing just falls short of being amusing, though it might perhaps have been amusing to a certain circle when first produced. Of all Vergil's doubtful works it reminds us most of his certain works; and this, of course, it would do if it was composed in rivalry with him, or was intended to be mistaken for a lost poem of his. On some metrical grounds we should be inclined to think the poem later than Vergil's age; but the early works of a great metrist are not always the least finished, so far as smoothness of surface goes. The "Ciris" is a poem which certainly dates from a time when Vergil had not determined the definite form of the Latin hexameter. It is an interesting idyl of the same type as the "Epithalamium of Peleus and Thetis," addressed to Messalla by a poet who wishes to devote himself to the study of philosophy. There are numerous imitations of Catullus, both in metre and matter; and in the philosophical introduction there are reminiscences of Lucretius. It seems to have been a sort of rule in poems of this kind to frame two legends together, and accordingly the introduction contains a sketch of the story of the Homeric Scylla, with a lamentation, quite Vergilian in spirit, over the hardship of children suffering, like her, for the sins of their parents, before relating the legend of the Scylla of Megara. The only difficulty in ascribing the poem to Vergil when under the influence of Catullus is that we do not know how he can have been brought into relation with Messalla before the latter was reconciled to Octavian; and the "Ciris" is certainly not an advance upon the "Bucolics." Two other poems of less pretensions are thought less unlikely to be genuine: one is a copy of elegiacs to a Syrian barmaid; the other is a little didactic poem on salad, said to be imitated from the Greek of Parthenius.

Almost all the "Catalecta," including the elegy on the young Octavius, are more or less of the school of Catullus. There is one direct parody on the dedication of the "pinnacle," perhaps with a shade of sarcasm in it, as if a muleteer past work were no more uninteresting than a waterlogged yacht. One elegy, addressed to Messalla at the height of his reputa-

tion, after his Aquitanian triumph, is rather in the manner of Propertius, who, we know, looked forward with enthusiasm to the appearance of the "Æneid." It is a fine and spirited poem; but, if Vergil wrote it, he did wisely in excluding it from the collected edition of his works. The same may be said of an elegiac vow to Venus to secure her blessing on the "Æneid." In fact, the only poem among the "Catalecta" which readers of his acknowledged works would be sorry to lose is a poem of fourteen scazons on beginning the study of philosophy, full of delicate fervor tersely expressed. The best authenticated is a dull jest on a dull orator, vouched for by Quintilian.

Whatever we believe of the tentative or imitative works which posterity rightly or wrongly ascribed to Vergil, the "Bucolics" have all the character of a fresh beginning: they have all the *naïveté* and indecision of a timid and inexperienced writer. There is abundant charm and very little mastery. When one compares them with Theocritus, one feels how immeasurably below his model Vergil is in command of his materials: one does not feel the same, to anything like the same extent, when one compares the author of the "Ciris" with Moschus. Part of this may be due to the fact that Vergil was coming for the first time before a real public: the "Ciris," upon the face of it, is the exercise of an amateur, which the writer only finishes under the friendly pressure of Messalla. Part must be due to the disturbing influence of the writer's personal situation in the years when the triumvirs had to provide for their soldiers. All the agrarian laws of the Republic had dealt in the main with the public domain of the Roman city, and had left the domains of other Italian cities untouched. It is probable that in these much property was held upon tenures much short of absolute ownership, which gave the occupier a practically perfect title against his fellow-citizens, but not against the authorities of his city, nor against the authority of the paramount city Rome. The triumvirs were less scrupulous than the Gracchi: they confiscated the domains of as many cities as they found it convenient to pronounce guilty of rebellion against their authority, and they disregarded all

subordinate titles; but we have no reason to suppose that they technically confiscated the private property of any individuals, except those whose names were on a proscription: they simply refused to acknowledge any prescriptive right to privileges which, in theory, the city in which they were enjoyed had always been competent to resume. This affected Vergil, because the boundary of the territory of Cremona, which was to be confiscated, was stretched to include Andes, where Vergil's farm lay, and for the first and last time in his life Vergil was startled into practical activity. He addressed himself to Pollio, and his influence with Octavian procured an order which reinstated the poet. But the soldier who was in possession declined to be ousted; and after the war of Perusia, when Octavian and Antony were at variance, Pollio was superseded, and the new commissioners would do nothing for a friend of Pollio. The poet had to take refuge for some months in the villa of Syron, from whom he had learned philosophy. After a short time he was indemnified with an estate near Naples, and left a large fortune behind him at his death, which is more than can be said of any other member of the group of poets who enjoyed in different measures the favors of Augustus and Mæcenas.

It is probable that we owe the "Bucolics" to this crisis in the life of the poet: his sentimental interest in his paternal acres was quickened by the prospect of losing them; and, when he had once struck the happy vein, he was not inclined to abandon it too soon, especially as he was dissatisfied with his first experiments in epic poetry. He can hardly ever have been an energetic farmer in his own person; and his parents, when they gave him a city education, did not look forward to his settling down on the farm. Consequently we may quite believe that "Tityrus," although a slave, was practically the joint owner of the farm, paying a share of the produce to Vergil, and maintaining himself and the rest of the household with the remainder. This hypothesis would make the first and ninth Eclogues consistent, and dispense with some rather frigid allegory which would be necessary if in the first we had to identify the shepherd with the poet. But, after all, there

is enough unreality. A pastoral poet always lends his peasants the sentiments with which their life inspires him, and envies them the country as in all probability they envy him the town. But Vergil's sentiment is even further from reality than this: he never asks himself, and we had better not ask ourselves, whether he is writing of Sicily or of Lombardy: pines and poplars, mountain caves and water meadows, blend in his imagination; and one might almost say that the chief value of the country life of Lombardy to him is that it enables him to feel Theocritus, who reproduced real country life more perfectly than any other literary poet; for Wordsworth, by his very fidelity, often lays himself open to mere literary criticism. In one sense, the greater part of the "Bucolics" is a mere *rifacimento* of Theocritus; and it is easy to point out how much more definite and coherent the original is than the copy, even apart from the question which is most like nature. Yet, after all, the "Bucolics" of Vergil have a charm of their own—a soft playfulness, so tender as to be almost grave, which makes them, upon the whole, the more enjoyable reading of the two. They have taken a place in Latin literature which the clever and more stimulating work of Theocritus failed to take in Greek; and in modern times all pastoral poetry derives from Vergil, not from Theocritus. The truth is, that the temper in which we find pastoral poetry enjoyable is not a temper in which we care for true or keen perceptions. Theocritus always remains at the point where perception is passing into enjoyment, but Vergil begins when the transition is completed.

There is one other element in the "Bucolics" besides this naïve enjoyment of the holiday side of country life, which probably did as much at the time for the author's reputation, though it only serves to puzzle and annoy posterity. Vergil, like Theocritus, carries on a war of allusions through the "Bucolics" against his literary rivals; though, with questionable tact, he tries to mask his own personality, and sometimes theirs, under the names of shepherds. Bavius and Mævius are notorious, for Vergil named them, and his commentators have preserved anecdotes enough to damn them to an immortality of fame. "Codrus," a rival whom he half esteemed,

is generally supposed to be an anagram of Cordus, who is identified again with a certain "Maurus Iarbita," who may even be the same as "Iollas," who appears as the rival of the poet in the favor of Pollio's cupbearer, better known as "Alexis." But though there is a certain dexterity in putting the polemic into the mouth of shepherds, the polemic itself is tame, and the best that can be said of Vergil is that he did not allow himself to be entangled like Pope in an endless series of ignoble quarrels, though the temptation for both lay in a fastidiousness which had a noble side.

When we turn from Vergil's relations to his rivals, to his relations to his patrons, we are struck, not exactly by his independence, but by the liberality with which he distributes his homage. We should hardly find out that Octavian was a greater man than Pollio, or even that Pollio was a greater man than Varius. Even when the monarchy was established, it never had the effect which an hereditary monarchy has of limiting individual ambitions: and when the monarchy was still a thing of the future, it stimulated every individual ambition, as a prize within the reach of all. It seems quite natural to us that a pastoral in honor of the dead Cæsar should represent Nature mourning for him, as it mourned for the dead Daphnis,¹ and to find that he too is thenceforward to be a blessed presence in Nature. The apocalyptic anticipations of the "Pollio" seem natural too: all that was worst in the world had been uppermost for a generation, and enough good was left to expect that the turn of the righteous would come, though men could find no hope within the sphere of sober politics, and turned for comfort to signs in the stars of heaven, and to such echoes of Eastern prophecy as had reached their ears. But what is strange is, that all this miraculous hope should have settled on a new-born child of a second-rate partisan who happened to be consul at the time, and consequently much ingenuity has been wasted on the search for a child of higher destinies than Pollio's own.² At the time, it

¹ A personification not so much of the perishing summer sun as of the Sicilian herdsman's joy therein.

² The best perhaps among many bad guesses is that the poem was com-

was not strange, as all the family of the Asinii were celebrated for generations for their spirit.¹ When Augustus was discussing his possible successors, he mentioned Asinius Gallus as coveting a station which was too great for him. Of course Vergil had special reasons for idealizing Pollio's position and his prospects; so, too, he idealizes Cornelius Gallus, who succeeded him as land commissioner in Lombardy, in the last and perhaps the most beautiful of the Eclogues. All the gods of Arcadia come to console the love-lorn poet when his faithless lady has forsaken him to follow a rival to the wars. The passage suggested the august procession of the superhuman mourners of Lycidas, which in its turn suggested to Shelley the splendid pageant of Adonais. The poetry is so rich and tender that it would be churlish to remember either that Milton and King were not shepherds, or that the deserted Gallus certainly did not spend his time in roaming about Arcadia. Vergil's pomp of woe is so far beyond the occasion which the author of "Alexis" knew how to treat as it deserved as to invite a guess that the poem is really a dirge, written after Gallus's death, to make amends for the enforced suppression of the panegyric on him which it is said once closed the fourth Georgic. The assumed date of the poem is 36 B.C., when Vergil must have already been meditating the "Georgics;" but the alternative title of the "Bucolics" is *Eclogæ* or *Selections*, and a selection may be made at any time. Do we know when the selection was closed? Is not the solemn opening² more appropriate if Vergil was returning after an interval of many years to a kind of poetry which he had abandoned? If so, there would be a fitness in his prayer that the little which he says may be fit to move even Lycoris—and a sterner reader—and in the way that he dwells on the danger of the cold shade of evening and misfortune to the singer; and there would be admirable boldness in the lines where he speaks of

posed upon the chance that the first-born of Octavian might turn out a boy. Julia was born while Pollio was in office.

¹ Perhaps this is the best word to translate "ferocia" in the context.

² Whose solemnity young Milton reasonably exaggerated in the opening of "Lycidas."

his growing love to his friend, who was lost to him already when he wrote of his real sufferings. But the poem is, after all, romantic, and needs to be interpreted by a much fuller life of Vergil than we possess; for, however we are to interpret it, the writer's imagination has been inspired rather by feelings than by facts.

There is less to explain in the appearance of Gallus with his translation of "Euphorion" among the sensuous mysticism of the sixth Eclogue, where two shepherds find Silenus asleep, and bind him with flowers, while a nymph paints his face, as he wakes, with the juice of berries, and he buys his liberty of the shepherds with songs, and of the nymph with his love. The groundwork of the poem is really the same as that of Schiller's, where the god of wine brings the god of song and the god of love in his train. But Vergil does not stop short with this, as Schiller does; he counts over the treasures of knowledge and fancy, which float before his imagination, in the treacherous rapture which promises so much more than it performs. When we come to examine the list, we wish for some letters of Vergil to tell us what he had been reading when he wrote it. We can see that he had nearly finished Lucretius, and made some progress with Hesiod, and was probably deep in Callimachus, who anticipated the subject of metamorphosis. The legend which is elaborated most is the unpleasant legend of Pasiphae: we are reminded for the first and last time in Vergil of Attis and Smyrna, the masterpiece of Cinna.

The "Georgics" contain 2288 hexameter lines, and they represent the work of seven of the best years of Vergil's life, from 37 to 44: the year in which they were completed was the year when Octavian was settling the affairs of the East, after the victory of Actium, which put the seal on the most laborious and most fruitful part of his work in the restoration of Italy. The temper of chastened hope and serene endeavor which breathes through them is as characteristic of the time as the lofty note of thanksgiving which runs through the serious odes of Horace, written in the seven years after Actium, when Rome was gathering with joy the harvest which had

been sown in tears. Horace waited for Actium to be quite converted to the empire; but Vergil, who had never fought at Philippi, was ready to worship the new deity as soon as Sextus Pompeius had been subdued.¹ The worship was probably quite sincere, and as rational as any worship can be expected to be when the worshipper is not directly or indirectly under superhuman guidance. The feeling of reverence and loyalty was reviving under great difficulties, and in the early days of its revival it was neither easy nor helpful to separate its elements: loyalty had been the more deeply injured of the two, and much that had injured loyalty had in a way strengthened reverence. For the disturbance of all stable relations, which had gone on increasing in violence from the Social War to the war of Perusia, had forced upon men the feeling that their lives were governed by incalculable, uncontrollable powers, and this conviction always makes many turn for comfort to propitiatory ceremonies; and these were precisely the most vigorous part of the religion of Rome. When things mended, reverence and loyalty revived and coalesced, and sought a visible object, which the imagination could lay hold of: men needed an earthly providence, and for a time it seemed that they had found one. Besides, the belief in immortality had reached a stage in its development when it inevitably conducted to a belief in apotheosis. In the days of Hesiod there was the choice of imagining a man living on as a ghost in middle air or underground in a world of shadows, accessible through caves and river gorges, or simply in his tomb. In the days of Pindar it was possible to think that glorious spirits passed under earth with the sun, to rise again with him, sooner or later, in some bright region of the west. But when science had reached a positive conception of the terraqueous globe and the sublunary atmosphere, it was plain that there was no rest for the souls of the righteous till they reached the sphere of the fixed constellations, or at least the orb of the planet of their nativity. And astrology, which was then the only form in which men could give "scientific" shape

¹ The close of the first Georgic, with its sense of trouble throughout the world, must be early: the opening invocation is probably later.

to their belief that terrestrial life is governed by cosmical conditions, led straight to a conviction that spirits which reached the starry sphere were made equal to the highest gods. Of course, an artificial belief of this kind is always in a sense unreal: it has not the strength of either a true belief or a traditional belief; but when it corresponds to a real need it is held all the more vehemently and eagerly because it cannot be held steadily. A reader now can hardly do anything but smile at the suggestion that the deified Augustus should appear as a new star, and fill the gap between the Virgin and the Scales, or the Claws, as they were called then: at the time, a fanciful difficulty in arranging a star map represented a grave hiatus in spiritual science.

The religious temper of the "Georgics" reaches its highest fervor in anticipating the worship of Augustus; but it is founded on more permanent elements. The feeling is that all things are given to men abundantly, but that the terms upon which they are given are hard and not equal; the gods are bountiful in a sense and faithful in a sense, the earth is sure to yield her increase to those who till her fields with diligence; even the hardships of life are a discipline which trains men to higher perfection; but the poet never reaches the elevation at which it is possible to repose upon the thought of the goodness and justice of the Most High. He worships almost without praise, yet his worship is not a service of fear: his highest conception of gladness is a solemn sacrifice, where men pay their vows which they made in trouble. One may find many passages like those which tell of husbandmen performing festal rites upon rich grass, or of sailors paying their vows when they are safe ashore to Glaucus (the god of the evil-boding sea) and Panopea and Melicerta (child of Ino), and many complaints that all things go back of themselves, and only go forward by our care, and that life gives its best at first and then has nothing to offer but the lees, and that innocent cattle suffer like luxurious men. The famous passage where the Father is praised for the cares that edge the hearts of mortal men stands alone.

Agriculture seems to attract him as much by its certainty

and innocence as by anything else: it is the one pursuit in which endeavor never quite fails, in which success is attained without crime. His love of nature doubtless has its part in the matter, but his love of nature is of a kind which might easily become jealous of the encroachments of tillage: what pleases him in rustic life is its contrast with the life of the town, not with the life of the wilderness. He wooes Alexis to the *low cots* and *unadorned* fields.¹ When he fears that his want of faith and courage² (as we should say) may disappoint his hope of writing a great scientific poem,³ he cries for the woods and rivers, for the cool valleys of Hæmus, and for the mighty shadow of the branches to cover him; he longs for the steep slopes of Taygetus, where Spartan maids hold revel. When he comes to treat of breeding sporting dogs, his first thought is how exciting a night on Cithæron must be; and when the cry of hounds and the noise of cattle and of horses is in his ears, it is echoed back by the wood. The country deities whose knowledge is bliss are all deities of the wilds—Pan and Silvanus,⁴ and the nymphs—all dear to the imagination of poets who lived when mythology had come to be cherished by sentiment, all shapes of terror to real husbandmen, who lived when mythology was still growing out of men's dim sense of the hidden powers of the world.

All this is far short of the passion for wild nature which we know from modern writers. Bare crags to Vergil are not picturesque or sublime unless crowned with towers by human toil, but simply bleak and cruel. He hardly realizes what a great mountain is like, or rather, having never thought of climbing one, he is at the mercy of the commonest illusions of perspective; the nearest pine-clad peak that towers above

¹ "Sordida rura" as opposed to "nitidæ urbes."

² He speaks himself of the "cold blood about his heart."

³ He knew enough of Alexandrian literature to be sure that the grand scientific spirit of Lucretius had not made up for his total ignorance of science.

⁴ Silvanus is the creature of the fears of the hour, when every fantastic stump takes the shape of a deformed old man, and the wind, as it goes crashing through the woods, is felt and heard so vividly that it creates illusions of sight.

the horizon is the cloud-capped head of the giant, the snow-clad masses nearer the horizon are his shoulders in their white mantle, and the glaciers which run down from them are his beard which reaches his knees.¹ The picture has a kind of fragmentary momentary truth in its way, but it is very puzzling to readers trained at first or second hand to exact recognition of the permanent features of the landscape. Indeed, Vergil, who in many ways is so modern, is very unlike modern writers, at least English writers, in this, that he is quite a stranger to their habit of seeking natural beauty first by the isolated sense of sight. With Vergil the bees float through the clear summer, which is felt as well as seen; the chariots in the race "put it on down the course" or are deaf to the rein, the charger "twines by turns the arches of his legs," he² "lays back his pliant limbs" as at each stride the upper parts of the fore-legs are drawn back to the body; instead of watching the action of the horse, he feels it going on. In fact, it might be said that Vergil apprehends nature intimately where a modern poet would aim at representing nature accurately, and a primitive Greek poet would present the broader aspects of nature vividly. Vergil is quite as refined in his observation as the subtlest modern, but he does not deal with such large masses of carefully discriminated detail, and, like Shakespeare, he makes flowers blow together which cannot be found at once in any visible garden. Still, his method has its advantages; modern word-painting would have been quite out of place in a didactic poem, while Vergil, when he is most poetical, continues to be instructive. The famous passage on the praise of Italy contains a sufficient catalogue of Italian trees; and the description of the signs of the sky at the end of the first book is as highly ornamented, though not as impassioned, as the description of the signs of the times in which it culminates. Again, the plainest and most level passages have always some imaginative phrase to relieve them: it is the frisky unyoked heifer that will trample down the flowers that should be reserved for the bees (the milch kine and the

¹ "Æn." iv. 298 sqq.

² Or, as Conington takes it, "sets down his springy feet."

laboring oxen are sober and safe, the wild bullocks ought to be stalled up or in distant pastures). The vine-dresser follows his vine up as he crops it, he fashions it as he prunes.

It is this intimate union of the poetry with the construction which makes the "Georgics" the most masterly didactic poem in the world. Where Lucretius is a poet, it may be thought that he is a greater, at least a more powerful, poet than Vergil; but Vergil is a poet always, and through the greater part of his work Lucretius has no characteristic of a poet but impassioned earnestness. It may seem curious that a writer with Vergil's exquisite skill and judgment should have written a didactic poem at all. Hesiod would have certainly written in prose, if prose had existed then: the philosophers of the fifth century B.C. were not very encouraging precedents, and the Alexandrine guides whom Vergil followed still less so. Something must be allowed for external influence: Vergil was a diffident writer, he needed the encouragement of recognition to spur him on. Pollio had to press him for more "Bucolics;" Mæcenas had to press him, at any rate for the second part of the "Georgics," consisting of the last two books. Then, too, Vergil had always a predilection for the poetry of real life: he was surfeited with the adaptations of Alexandrine legends which had been common ever since Catullus. His ambition as an epic poet had been to write of Cæsar's wars, like all his contemporaries; he thought that what fired beyond all else the imagination of practical men ought to fire the imagination of literary men too, and that if it did not it was the literary men's fault. He frankly said that the task was, for the time at any rate, beyond his strength; and so he accepted another task which lay within it. And the task was not exactly superfluous. The Romans had excellent practical manuals of agriculture by Cato and Varro; but the former, at any rate, was too purely national to be on the level of an age when many new plants of all kinds had been naturalized in Italy, and neither had addressed the literary class. There really seems to have been a stage at which the natural course for a literary man who had mastered a practical or scientific subject sufficiently to wish to introduce it to his

peers was to write a poem upon it. A literary introduction to any art or science, addressed to the general public and written in prose, implies a far greater continuity between the public and the literary class and specialists than existed then.

No doubt, to a modern reader the "Georgics" have one of the worst faults that any introduction to a subject can have—they are not clear; but they were probably clear enough at the time. The description of the plough has puzzled many tyros; but any one who had seen an Italian plough could learn from the description how to make one. And this applies to the whole poem; readers who had the whole rural economy of Italy under their eyes found it interpreted sufficiently to carry them some way in practice. Indeed, we a little exaggerate the obscurity of the "Georgics" because we have lately recognized it: an attentive reader is never sure of understanding Vergil, a cursory reader is hardly ever arrested. He feels even less need than Vergil felt to decide between the alternative suggestions which were often present to his imagination; he is satisfied with a vague apprehension of what is presented with a mixture of subtlety and indecision, which is sometimes carried so far as to imperil the supremacy of grammar: as where we are told that things neglected go back¹ "not otherwise than he who forces a skiff against the stream by oars, if perchance he lets his arms slacken and the channel bears him down headlong to the rapids." Here the incompleteness is partly due to the artistic tact with which Vergil shrinks from polishing too far. He values the remains of primitive simplicity which he has been able to gather from Hesiod and Lucretius, and from old rustic saws, even when he has not been able to keep them intact. There are four things that the wise vine-dresser does early; he ought to be the last to gather his crop. The precepts are given with a show of archaic simplicity, but the requirements of metre have sophisticated all but the first and the last. Still, they have the effect of rocks cropping up in a park.

It is probably for the sake of archaism that Vergil gave the wonderful receipt for obtaining a swarm of bees by stifling a

¹ "Georg." i. 200 sqq.

bullock and shutting it up in a shed with four apertures, filled with scented herbs. For a panegyric on Egypt and the administration of Gallus could easily have been provided with a better introduction; and from a mere literary point of view Vergil's reputation has probably gained by the substitution of the exquisite idyl on Aristæus and Orpheus and Eurydice, which he is said to have substituted after the disgrace and death of Gallus. It might, no doubt, be guessed that one half the idyl, which deals with Aristæus and Cyrene, was part of the original design, as yellow-haired Lycorias, who has just become a mother, might very well be an allusion to "Lycoris" or Cytheris or Volumnia, of whom Gallus was not yet wholly weary. As it stands it is more in accordance with the regular double structure of an Alexandrian idyl, which in the present instance may be thought to have the disadvantage that the story of Orpheus is told at greater length and with more sympathy than Cyrene would have told it with, although she would have wished to melt her son with pity that he might humble himself more easily.

The "Georgics" are, beyond contradiction, Vergil's most perfect work: in England and Germany there has lately been a feeling that they are also his greatest—that the "Æneid" is more or less of a splendid failure, and, in fact, may be considered an elaborate mistake, into which court influence seduced Vergil against the promptings of his better genius. It is known that he wished, on his death-bed, to have the "Æneid" destroyed, and that he wrote to Augustus that he almost thought he must have been mad to begin such a work, especially as he was spending pains upon it that might have been better employed. But this means that he thought he ought to have been studying philosophy. He was not alone in the feeling that a person past middle life ought to *faire son âme*, as the French say, which has its natural explanation in the fact that, as soon as activity begins to be impaired, there is need to dwell more than before upon large beliefs that transcend personal cravings, if the character has to be saved from the fretting of irritable impotent desire. The "Æneid" is undoubtedly unfinished: there are half-lines and lines which

are filled up in some MSS. and not in others, where it is uncertain whether a copyist supplied a makeshift, or whether Vergil's original editors took the responsibility of omitting what Vergil had marked as provisional. There are other makeshifts which we can scarcely believe would have survived a final revision, as where Latinus swears by his sceptre, "for he had it in his hand at the time," and assonances and ambiguities which a final revision might have removed too, though the latter are an exaggeration of the indecision which we trace in Vergil from the first. For instance, when Lausus is dead he is praised as worthy to have been happier in paternal rule and to have had another father than Mezentius: the praise is almost a tautology, because Vergil did not decide in the first half of the phrase whether he thought of Lausus as under his father's rule, or ruling in the right of his father.

But it is certainly possible that Vergil was dissatisfied with the "*Æneid*" because he had tired of his task, not because he left it incomplete; and there can be no doubt that it did not lie so completely within his powers as the "*Georgics*." To adorn and to versify the precepts of an art whose spiritual aspects interested him was what he could do perfectly; to make the heroic past live again is really a hopeless undertaking, which will always tempt poets who are born too late. The Italian poets who make a kind of gracious burlesque of chivalry have come nearest, perhaps, to success. Ariosto has not yet become a butt for the criticism which has overtaken Vergil, and will most likely overtake Scott before long. But for the Civil War we should have had more poems like "*Comus*" and the "*Ode for the Nativity*," and critics to tell us that Milton's real greatness lay there, and that "*Paradise Lost*" was to be pardoned as the aberration of a noble ambition. No poet can be sure of surroundings that suit him entirely: he needs to see something like what he desires to sing, and yet his personal fitness to sing one thing rather than another is not determined by what he sees. The inspiration of Vergil and Milton was strong enough to carry them through immortal works; but these have less freshness and solidity than works

taken direct from life, like those of Shakespeare or Homer or Goethe, or even Burns or Jonson. Of course, even Vergil and Milton bear the impress of their time; the debates of Hell and the idyls of Eden reflect the grave pleasure of refined Puritanism and the passions of the Long Parliament: the contest between Drances and Turnus reflects what Vergil half inclined to think of the contest between Cicero and Antonius; the seductions of Dido are painted more harshly because the poet cannot forget the seductions of Cleopatra, who had been the hostess and the paramour of Julius before she became the successful temptress of Antonius, and the adversary and the unsuccessful temptress of Octavian; even the rising buildings of Carthage are watched by Æneas with the eyes with which Vergil had watched the rising buildings of the new Rome of Augustus; and the voyages of Æneas, especially the voyage which he relates to Dido, remind us of the sentimental tours of educated Romans in famous seas.

Both the "*Æneid*" and the "*Paradise Lost*," however, owe more to the reading of their authors than to their experience. Milton uses his reading in a way which we spontaneously admire: he recalls much without exactly imitating anything. Vergil insists upon repeating as many of the effects of Greek poetry as possible, and is anxious to have them recognized; and our first thought is that he reproduces because he cannot produce. A reference to other arts might abate this prejudice: a grand opera must have a ballet in a set place, and the hero or heroine must die in a duet; and the hero must be a tenor and the villain must be a bass. Raphael took figures with little change from Masaccio, and Poussin was never tired of adapting figures from the antique for use in his own compositions. Vergil himself judiciously observed to critics who thought him a plagiarist that it was easier to steal his club from Hercules than to convey a verse from Homer.

A more penetrating criticism is, that the episodes may be said to overpower the poem. When one thinks of the "*Æneid*," one thinks of the capture of Troy or the loves of Dido and Æneas, or the descent of Æneas to the underworld, or, perhaps, of Nisus and Euryalus or the fate of Pallas; when one

thinks of the "Iliad," one thinks of the persons and the subject; when one thinks of the "Odyssey," one thinks of the story. It is impossible to infer anything from the fact that the most brilliant episodes are to be found in the earlier half of the poem; for we are fortunate in knowing something of Vergil's method of work: he drew up a framework of the whole poem, and then wrote at any part of it which attracted him at the time; it was his habit to write two or three hundred lines in a morning, and to pass the remainder of the day in reducing them to twenty or thirty. It is not conceivable that the whole of the last six books were written after the pathetic episode of the young Marcellus was recited to Augustus and Octavia in 20 B.C., only two years before Vergil's own death, or even after 22 B.C., when Marcellus himself died.

The truth is that Vergil succeeds whenever the subject lends itself to romance or mysticism: he fails, at least he fails to interest, when it is a question of throwing himself into the homely every-day life of primitive times. His skill and knowledge are admirable even here: the court and empire of Priam are invested with all the splendor of the East; the court of Dido is equally splendid, but without the majesty of age. When the poet comes to Italy, we are never allowed to forget that we are on virgin soil. Everything belongs to a world that is young and small—the woods that hang over the Tiber, the thickets that surround the lair of Cacus on the Aventine, the arms of the tribes that muster to the war, the numbers of the contingents, the horsemen who fight with one another, instead of the heroes who rush through whole armies in their chariots, though Turnus, who in all respects is almost an Homeric figure, in this also makes some approach to the achievements of Achilles. Again, the first chance medley fighting over the slain hart is curiously lifelike: even the Fury standing on the thatch and blowing the alarm-horn is real compared with the far more brilliant and ingenious description of Fame in the fourth book. In dealing with the direct supernatural, Vergil is at a disadvantage compared with the old epic, which was written in the ages of faith: he is continually compelled to force the note; the bleeding myrtles, the harpies,

the convulsions of the sibyl, her gasping shrieks of prophecy, the serpent from Alecto's head which enters into Turnus's heart, the spirit which baffles him in his last battle, are all too dependent upon physical horror. The grand vision of the gods arrayed against Troy is the only thing we have to set against such pictures as Athene holding her ægis over Achilles at the trench and swelling his shout with hers; and even here the elder poet has the advantage of his effortless simplicity. In general, the gods of the "Æneid" expose their dignity much less and maintain it much worse than the gods of the "Iliad." Neptune's first appearance to still the storm is majestic, but before we have done with him he begins to scold the winds, and stops himself to remember that he had better calm the waves. The unscrupulous persistent hate of Juno is almost godlike tried by the standard of Homeric deity; but the tedious majesty with which Jupiter bears with her reduces her at once to a shrewish, meddlesome wife. The apparition of Venus in the first book, and the way that she vanishes when fully revealed, are happily devised; but she is much too skilful a rhetorician: when she speaks, she looks as if she had landed from a *machina* of Euripides.

Another point of contact between the "Æneid" and "Paradise Lost" is, that the poets have succeeded in one thing too well for their own reputation: they have fastened the main framework of their poems in the public mind as securely as if it had been an original part of the tradition; and this tells more to the disadvantage of Vergil, because the tradition upon which he built is no longer regarded with religious respect. If it were realized how completely the story of the "Æneid" is the creation of Vergil, his invention would be more praised than it is: it would still be less praised than it deserves. The wanderings of Ulysses interest more than the wanderings of Æneas, and yet the latter are much more skilfully contrived both for pathos and dignity. Ulysses goes from one place to another just as it happens, or rather in order that he may exhaust all the possibilities of adventure with which the Greeks were acquainted when the poem was written; Æneas is always on his way to the land appointed for him. He lands in

Thrace like Ulysses, but not for aimless plunder; he thinks to build a city—he is really brought thither to propitiate the manes of Polydorus; in Crete he tries once more to build for himself. Thenceforward he is tried, not by failures of his own, but by the successes of others; he regards the infant settlement of Helenus with affectionate envy, but the settlement of Dido in Africa is a temptation to himself, the settlement of Acestes in Sicily is a temptation to his followers. The meeting of Æneas with Helenus and Andromache is much more moving than the meeting of Telemachus with Menelaus and Helen. Dido outshines Circe and Calypso, for Vergil is the first great poet who lived in a society where the passions of great ladies could be studied from life: her fall (for it must always be remembered that her second marriage, even if it had been regular, is consistently represented as a fall) is the fall of a Roman matron; her commanding charm is the charm of an Egyptian queen, of a Cleopatra without caprices.

But, shifty and ruthless as he is, Ulysses is a hero: Æneas is a saint; and almost all saints are insipid except to their worshippers; and it is a disadvantage that the hierophant is only half a believer. What attracts Vergil in Æneas is before all things his piety, just as Homer is attracted before all things by the courage of Achilles. And each poet is attracted by what he feels to be most difficult: courage is precious when men are in bondage to the fear of death; piety is precious when the gods seem to overthrow cities in their innocence. In Vergil courage is comparatively a cheap virtue: the brave Gyas and the brave Cloanthus are intended as samples of the pervading heroism of the chosen remnant of Troy. It is not the choicest prerogative of their chief to be the bravest of the brave or the wisest of the wise, though he is not overshadowed by any of his followers, as Agamemnon is overshadowed by Achilles and Ulysses. But the true glory of Æneas is meant to be that he, above all other men, knows and keeps the will of Heaven. The condemnation of Dido and Turnus and Amata is that they are fighting against destiny. Dido rebels with her eyes open; she taunts Æneas with his fame for piety, she sneers at the pretence that the Epicurean

calm of heaven can be broken to make Æneas break his faith. The Italians resist, but they do not blaspheme; their offence is the blind refusal, selfish yet not ungenerous, of prejudice and passion to look beyond the obvious standard of worldly honesty which tells in their favor; they are headstrong, and that was sufficient to put them beyond the pale of the sympathy of a Roman poet and a Roman public. But the peculiarity of the position is, that while Vergil condemned them, while he exults in the future of Rome, to which they are sacrificed, he never says or feels that the power that will have it so is holy or just or good;¹ he feels exactly as we feel about people who disobey what are called the laws of nature, and he expects us to feel to Æneas almost as we feel to a man who obeys the law of God. And, besides this half-heartedness, there is a special difficulty in the case of Dido; her side of the story is treated in a thoroughly modern way, Æneas's side is treated in an archaic way; and we find ourselves complaining of his lack of chivalry in a way in which we do not complain of the recklessness of Ulysses in the "Odyssey," or the cynicism of Jason in the "Medea;" that is, we expect of him the tone of conduct and feeling which has been gradually cultivated, principally by the help of Provençal poets, to meet the class of situation whose possibilities Vergil was the first to begin to discern.

The catastrophe happily is not elaborated: we are spared the scene in which Lavinia had to reconcile herself to a husband who had slain her betrothed and brought her mother to suicide; we hardly learn the "laws of unequal peace" to which Æneas has to bow according to the prophecy of Dido. The story ends even more abruptly with the death of Turnus than the "Iliad" ends with the death of Hector.

To resume, all the shortcomings of the "Æneid" resolve themselves into one: it is the work of a divided genius. The interest in primitive faith and simplicity, and the interest in the serene elevation of civilized virtue and the subtle ques-

¹ The nearest approach to a suggestion of this is in the character of Mezentius, who is a tyrant of the blackest kind because he fears not God and therefore regards not man.

tioning and patient sadness of civilized intellect, sustain and balance one another in the "Georgics;" in the "Æneid" the attempt to embody both objectively in the same series of pictures confuses the interest as often as it heightens it; the rather that in the "Georgics" Vergil glorified the primitive life which he saw around him, and whose limits he so understood, while in the "Æneid" he looked back to a distant past through the distorting media of antiquarianism and mythology. Thus, the episodes in the battles are excellent, but the battles themselves are often tame; because special incidents in warfare can be invented or adapted, but the general conditions of warfare have to be known. Again, in describing exciting things which are seen seldom, it is a help to refer to more familiar experiences, and so the "Iliad" is full of similes; and as this proves that similes are the appropriate ornament of an epic, the "Æneid" is full of similes too—of similes conveyed with exquisite taste and judgment, and wonderfully little loss of truth and power, and occasionally with some gain in suavity; there are even new similes from housewives at their wheels, and bulls fighting for the mastery of the herd in the forest pastures, the one picturesque feature in rustic life in which Italy stood above Greece. But, after all, the similes in the "Æneid" are there not to help out the description, but to ornament it; the purpose which they serve in the "Iliad" is served in the "Æneid" by a whole machinery of abstraction and emphasis which the poet finds ready to his hand.

But the framework of the poem is of its essence: it is exactly preposterous to demand that Vergil should have written a series of heroic idyls instead. Heroic idyls presuppose that an heroic legend is already fixed and elaborated either by the activity of living popular tradition or by a poet or school of poets whose invention is still spontaneous and half conscious; but it was Vergil himself who fixed the tradition of the journeys and wars of Æneas. Besides, heroic idyls are almost a contradiction: they either tend to come together again into an epic, or to degenerate into mere romantic prettiness. Even a purely romantic figure like Camilla gains

much in seriousness and dignity when the whole story of the national strife in which she falls is told. The very picturesque combat in which Mezentius rides round Æneas, and hurls spear after spear into the shield that is always turned to catch them, is admirably fitted for an idyl; but, if it stood alone, Mezentius would be the hero conquered by the coward thrust that slays his horse. The steadfast endurance of Æneas in a real peril may pass for heroism when we know what he has borne and achieved, and what destinies await him.

The "Æneid," if finished, would still have been freer and bolder than the "Georgics" in metre and other ways. When we compare it with other great epics, we are struck before all things with its sustained sweetness and dignity; but when we compare it with Vergil's other works and with later Latin epic poetry, we are struck with its manliness and sonorous roughness,¹ and, besides, by its simplicity and directness. Sophocles is not one of the simplest of Greek writers, but Ajax's blessing to his son is plain and modest beside the suggestive grandiloquence of Vergil's counterpart; but that is calm and simple beside a comparatively modest specimen of the ferocious ingenuity of Lucan. Sophocles says, "Boy, mayst thou prove more fortunate than thy father, and like him in the rest, and thou wilt not prove amiss." Vergil says, "Learn, boy, virtue of me, and faithful endeavor; and fortune of other men." Lucan says (by the mouth of a centurion), "From those who must live the gods hide (how else could life be endured?) that it is happy to die." The phrase is as contorted as the thought.

¹ Much of this is due to a diligent study of Ennius, many of whose lines are embalmed in the "Æneid;" something, perhaps, to a study of a contemporary, Varius; and much, of course, to Vergil's own tact, which does not shrink from abruptness and elision and a plentiful use of the rolling "r." It was doubtless a sense of the value of the vigorous hemistichs which led Vergil to leave so many lines, especially in the second book, imperfect: he could have filled them up at a moment's notice, but he waited till he could do so without weakening them. Another effect of the resolution to be broad and epic is that epithets like *ingens* are rather over-frequent, and there is less of the precise felicity of the language of the earlier poems.

It is necessary to notice this, because Vergil's influence told in spite of his later practice almost wholly in favor of smoothness. We shall even find that during the Claudian period he was criticised as he taught posterity to criticise Ennius; and that Lucan might almost be considered as an exaggerated reaction in favor of one side of Vergil's method—the side which had been abandoned by Ovid and all who came after him, and was never fairly revived by any of the later masters of epic poetry. For Silius Italicus, who possessed the requisite simplicity, lacked the requisite energy; and Claudian, who, after all, comes nearest, was born much too late.

The truth is that Vergil represents almost the earliest stage at which perfect maturity of metre can be artistically attained. For instance, we think that our Elizabethan literature is primitive; but Vergil is incomparably simpler and more direct than "Lear" or "Catiline" or Shakespeare's "Sonnets," to say nothing of "Paradise Lost." Words are used in their natural sense; or, if the poet's insight or caprice charges them with a new weight of meaning, what he proceeds upon is still the natural ordinary sense: he does not take words in their conventional sense and then develop and exaggerate this. The order of the words is natural; the only transpositions we find are easily suggested by the metre and emphasis: there are no inversions introduced simply for effect, and out of impatience with what is ordinary. The reason that we attend so much more to Vergil's influence than to his personal tendency is that Latin literature in its later stages never succeeded in simplifying itself with the brilliant success with which English literature simplified itself in the reign of Queen Anne,¹ and again at the end of the eighteenth century, for the movement in that direction inaugurated by Hadrian and Fronto was, upon the whole, a failure. Such as it was, the movement went back to the Latin before Vergil, and never distinguished him from the literature which sprang from him;

¹ Compared with the literature called Elizabethan we may say that the literature of our Augustan age is artificial as opposed to natural; but it is simple compared with the quaintness and perplexity which marked the literature of the middle quarters of the seventeenth century.

and it is not surprising that it has become possible to modern scholars like Professor Munro to charge him with corrupting the native purity of Latin, as Milton might have been charged with corrupting the native purity of English if "Paradise Lost" had ever gained the position which the "Æneid" gained at once, of the indispensable school-book, governing all future writers both of prose and verse, with a supremacy that can only be faintly illustrated by the ascendancy which the consecrated cadences of King James's Bible have retained over all subsequent writers in English, for the reverence which has made that ascendancy permanent has kept its influence in the main indirect. Although these circumstances have led to an exaggeration of the charge, it would be rash to say that it is altogether unfounded. The poets of the Ciceronian age do write a language which is purer and more idiomatic than the greater poets of the Augustan age; and, in fact, it may be observed that all poets who are familiar with more languages than one tend generally, in proportion to their poetical rank, to transcend the special characteristics of their language. The two English poets whom one naturally would turn to as specimens of racy idiomatic style are Butler and Swift, and no one would deny that Delille is a model of French purity and lucidity of diction, while Victor Hugo is a great poet who has to write in French.

Note on the Metre of the Culex.

A single metrical test is not very decisive, but, as the late date of the *Culex* has been inferred from the rarity of elisions, it may be worth while to call attention to a peculiarity which points the other way. In the *Culex*, out of 413 lines, 16 (36, 38, 39, 49, 58, 62, 104, 172, 175, 213, 265, 268, 291, 348, 351, 385) end with two dissyllables. In all cases except 268 there is a monosyllable before the two dissyllables. In the 820 lines of the "Eclogues" there are 26 examples of this rhythm; in the 514 lines of the first *Georgic*, 6; in 902 of the sixth book of the "Æneid," 6. In 413 lines taken at haphazard from the "Pharsalia" there are none; in 465 lines taken from Statius's "Silvæ," III. ii.-iv., there are two. In the second book of Lucretius there are 26 in 1152 lines—a small proportion, considering the general irregularity of Lucretius. In Horace's "Satires" the proportion is high—38 out of 326 lines in the third satire of the second book; in his imitator, Persius, there are fewer—30 out of 549. All this

points to the conclusion that the rhythm belongs to the beginning of the Augustan age; on the other hand, in Theocritus the proportion is 21 in 434 lines of the first four idyls. In the first four idyls of Calpurnius the proportion is 20 in 460; in the next three, 18 in 298; in the last four, 6 in 309; but Calpurnius, like Persius, is an imitator.

CHAPTER III.

HORACE.

THE most versatile, enterprising, and frank of the writers of the early part of the Augustan age was Quintus Horatius Flaccus, the son of a freedman of Venusia, who made a modest living by getting in debts. The father was proud of his son, a remarkable child, of what would now be called a romantic temper: he took him to Rome for education, and put him under the care of Orbilius, a noted grammarian of Beneventum, who taught him Homer. He pursued his studies at Athens, where he learned the Stoic theory of right and wrong and the fashionable Academic mixture of curiosity and scepticism. His talents and good-nature gave him enough reputation there to raise him to the rank of tribune in the army of Brutus and Cassius. At Philippi he showed a lack of heroism which it pleased him to exaggerate, partly to imitate Alcæus, who also had lost his shield, and partly to prove that when he fought on the wrong side he fought half-heartedly. When he returned to Italy his father was dead, and the house and land at Venusia were gone. Horace may have been living on his capital, or included in the proscription. For three years, more or less, he lived in Italy without means, and wrote verses under the spur of want, expecting that his talent would be employed when known. At last Vergil and Varius introduced him to Mæcenas with a strong recommendation. If anything Horace had then written has reached us, it must be sought among the least important epodes and satires; but at the beginning of a great literary period very scanty and tentative performances may be the legitimate foundation of a considerable celebrity, for a real advance in form is easily perceptible to good judges, who say "there has been nothing like this before." Nine months after the first introduction

Mæcenas made Horace free of his house, and by-and-by gave him a farm in the Sabine country near Tibur. He accompanied Mæcenas to Brundisium, and perhaps followed Octavian to Sicily, in the neighborhood of which he escaped shipwreck at some time in his life. Mæcenas went to Actium without him: thenceforward they were in constant intercourse up to the death of Mæcenas, whom Horace only outlived for a few months. Some time before the end, Horace, like Augustus, had begun to loosen the ties which bound him to a man to whom they both owed much. Horace continued to write of Mæcenas, and to him, as if he loved him, but he told him he was querulous: he defended himself against his exactions, he even offered to restore his gifts. Augustus proposed to employ the poet as his private secretary, in terms so disrespectful to Mæcenas as to be hardly respectful to Horace. The proposal was declined without offence, and Augustus continued to complain that Horace was ashamed to seem intimate with him. He would have liked to have been one of the chief speakers in the "Satires;" he protested against being excluded from the list of Horace's correspondents; so Horace wrote him a letter to apologize for intruding on his political cares with literary discussions.

The genius of Horace was less impersonal than that of Vergil, who communicates little of his individual life, while Horace almost perplexes us by his free disclosures of his whole self, as a living man acting upon ideal impulses, practical inducements, animal appetites, by turn, and quite in earnest all the time in his desire to cultivate his mind and improve his character. In an early poem we learn that he had his fortune told by a Sabine witch; in the latest, most likely, of all, he asks himself seriously whether he has overcome the fear of witches, ghosts, and dreams. He makes much of all incidents that will take a miraculous color. Pigeons covered him with leaves to protect him from serpents when he strayed far from home in his childhood; a wolf ran away from him in a wood; he was caught in a storm and escaped shipwreck; a tree fell in his grounds and did not crush him as he passed. He even professes that thunder and lightning in a clear sky

converted him from Epicureanism, which had plenty of theories to account for thunder-storms which included thunder-clouds. It is even noticeable that almost all the poems which refer to his quarrel with an elderly procuress of the name of Gratidia, or, as he calls her, Canidia, turn upon her reputation for sorcery. All this shows that there was a perceptible vein of mysticism in Horace's temperament, which commonly accompanies a craving for enjoyment in all but vigorous men of action. Wieland began as a mystic and a pietist, to end as an Epicurean; Moore's habitual sentimentalism in literature was the other side of his habitual joviality in conduct; and, though the religion in which he was bred was more favorable than Horace's to pietism, he too gave way to a turn for humor which was often sceptical and sometimes irreverent. All three tended more or less to revery—perhaps it might be said to aspiration—in the intervals of pleasure; and all three, prizing the mood of the moment above everything, were indifferent to what is called the serious business of life, and so ceased to respect the conventions which regulate it; and when respect for conventions has disappeared, respect for religious traditions can hardly maintain itself except when it is fortified by asceticism.

Like Moore, Horace had a Platonic admiration for austerity; unlike Moore, his taste and judgment went together in favor of simplicity, though his vanity was flattered by invitations to share the luxuries of the great. But splendor, except as the appendage of rank, had no attraction for him; he honestly thought that wine and perfumes and garlands were best enjoyed in their simplicity, by a roaring fire in winter and by a shady brook in summer. Wine and love are old allies in the hearts of poets as well as in their songs; but Horace trusted wine, and he distrusted love. Wine cheered and excited him, and enabled him to follow in his cups the footsteps of the revellers of old, whose passionate sympathy with nature carried them through wilder solitudes than those to which the Muse drew him in the calm of day. Love was a trouble to him; he uses the metaphor of fire about it much more frequently and exclusively than the other poets of the

day; it meant little or nothing to him but the fever of desire at the sight of beauty; in his youth the desire was strong enough to determine pursuit by the help of vanity. He complained like other poets of the time, though with as little reason as any, that the reigning beauties preferred wealth to wit; but there is no trace that he was capable of the sustained passion of Catullus or Propertius, or of the tender sentiment of Tibullus, or even the restless curiosity of Ovid, which kept him long in a labyrinth of the kind of love-affairs best called intrigues. In his maturity he no longer cared to pursue: whether the desire was gratified or not, he learned early that the fever would pass. He came to think love was a game that it was pretty to watch and ill to play, at least with players who were young and keen, and had still to be taught to lose with patience. A lover has necessarily plans and hopes, and it was Horace's ambition to live without plans: his indifference to wealth was the one feature of his character which he thoroughly approved. Unfortunately, it is difficult for an impressionable, imaginative nature, constantly craving for joy, to escape the tyranny of caprice except by submission to a routine of duty, or by resolute effort to reach a high and distant goal; accordingly Horace reproached himself severely for his fitful temper and his restless wish for change. Caprices are often thwarted, and he reproached himself for irritability too. He was never vindictive, and at one time, before his position was assured, while it was still important to him to make friends and to be conciliatory, he had serious hopes of subduing his temper to a constant state of easy good-nature.

Horace was twenty-three years old when the battle of Philippi was fought; he was twenty-six before he was admitted to the intimacy of Mæcenas. During those three years he had everything in his own circumstances and in public affairs to make him anxious and uncomfortable; he had nothing to cheer him but his talents and his youth. Even if he inherited no foundation of homely virtue and good-sense from the father, whose *bourgeois* precepts of prudence and probity he always loved to recall, the experience of those three years was certain

to brace and harden a nature which they did not sour. One result of this was that Horace completely escaped the error of poets like Byron and Keats, who always seem to be more or less mistaking their talent for their character. Horace is a poet for men of the world and for men: he thought habitually of practical things—of his circumstances, his neighbors, his character, his behavior; he thought intermittently of ideal interests; he recognized the conditions forced upon him by the hardness of his early experience, perhaps too by the softness and openness of a temperament incapable of concentrating itself on any task except in solitary ease, and hardly capable of living long with any task alone. He tells us that he found it impossible to go home and write after going through the routine engagements of a man about town: it was of the observations of a man about town that he first began to write. We have no data for determining how early some of the slighter odes may have been written, but we know on Horace's own authority that he had a reputation as a satirist at a time when Varius was the leading heroic and Pollio the leading tragic poet, and Vergil was chiefly known by the soft grace of his bucolic jests and the tenderness of the "Georgics," then probably incomplete.

Whether Horace is right or wrong in his theory that Lucilius founded his art upon the old Attic comedy, there can be no doubt that his own "Satires" are founded upon Lucilius. The two main interests of Lucilius are both represented: we still find personal and social criticism combined with literary criticism, but neither reappears without change. Horace deprecates publicity: he only writes for his friends; he never recites; his works are not for sale: it is almost an absurdity to take so much trouble when there is no reputation to be had by it. No doubt Horace was shy by temperament; he shrank from a world which he never much admired, and was not yet in a position to treat with open disdain: but he traded upon this side of his character as he traded upon his humble birth—partly to disarm envy, to which he was always extremely sensitive (the thought that people with no power to hurt him were speaking unkindly of him behind his back was always

enough to vex him), partly too from a coquetry as natural to delicate talent as to delicate beauty. This reserve, whatever its cause, makes Horace very unlike his predecessor, who said his say openly, and had not the least reluctance to be known. As Horace's detractors seem to have said, Lucilius was by comparison a man of station, who might take liberties with less offence; but Lucilius offended citizens almost as powerful as his patrons, which Horace never did. Again, Lucilius is censorious, Horace is conciliating: Lucilius had no purpose but to vent his spleen and show up rogues, and give honest men their due; he has no style; the mere copious outpouring of vigorous and sometimes witty speech was enough for his age. Horace has a purpose and a standard: he wishes to give advice and to get it taken: his personalities are all incidental illustrations of some thesis in the major or minor morals: he is anxious to show the reader his faults without making him wince, to get him to join his monitor in a good-humored laugh at his own expense. Then, too, he is not only an adviser, but an artist: satire, he suspects, is a poor thing at best, it is so difficult to find what a satirist can be expected to say which any sensible well-bred man might not say too without the least pretensions to be a poet. Of course he would say it in prose, but then verse by itself does not constitute poetry. All this is a reason why a satirist who respects himself should take pains with his satires, which have no chance of being valuable unless they are perfect in their kind. To begin with, the redundancy of Lucilius must be retrenched; a satirist ought to say nothing that can be spared: besides, if he is to write in verse at all, the verses must run smoothly and easily. Then, whether satire and comedy are true poems or not, the satirist ought to be able to make shift to pass now and then for a poet or an orator; now and then he ought to show his breeding by keeping within his strength.

The metre of Horace hardly performs what he promises: he has not quite mastered the hexameter—the rather monotonous flow of Catullus was certainly unsuited to conversational satire; and Horace had not yet formed any clear ideal of the

type of line he wishes to keep to. The lines jolt less than the lines of Lucilius or even of Lucretius, but they jolt still; there is no systematic correspondence between the pauses of the metre and the pauses of the sentence: sometimes, though not often, the order of the words is forcibly disturbed by metrical necessities. The "Satires," so far as metre goes, are written as the author could rather than as he would; for the "Epistles," written after Horace had mastered the stupendous metrical difficulties of the Alcaic stanza, and had learned from the completed "Georgics" and the "Æneid" the full range and pliability of the Vergilian hexameter, are at least as easy and careless in diction, and often as lively, as the "Satires."

Another characteristic of the "Satires" for which we are not prepared by the programme is that, short as they are, they are really diffuse: so far as they are dramatic, they are abrupt. The dialogue is often elliptical; the transitions from one subject to another, from one speaker to another, are so rapid and so slightly marked that a modern reader is continually uncertain whether ancient readers were more apprehensive or whether the poet was obscure. But when the author gives us a piece of exposition in his own person, the meaning might have been put in many fewer words. The style is as much the reverse of "succinct" as the dress of Mæcenas. We cannot say the author is prolix—he checks himself always in time; but he is fragmentary and discursive, while in the lyrics of his full maturity he is terse or condensed. Perhaps, too, the "Satires" are personal in a way the "Odes" are not. In the "Satires" Horace seems to talk about himself for the sake of it, just as he tells us that when he had a piece of writing finished he took it straight to show it to Mæcenas, without thinking whether he was at leisure and in the mood. Like many reserved persons, he was never at ease unless he could take liberties: he is really afraid of the great public, but he claims all the privileges of intimacy with the reader. Perhaps ancient readers of the journey to Brundisium thought he presumed upon his privileges. The details of such a journey are unfamiliar to us, but to contemporaries they must have been familiar enough: and Horace and his friends seem to have

seen very little more by the way than any other travellers. The only points which can have been fresh at the time are the sneers at the notary (Horace himself was connected with the corporation) who set up for a great man as the Prætor of Fundi, the jest that ball is a bad game after dinner for people with weak eyes, and the lively description of a scolding match between two blackguards. Probably, too, they appreciated the discretion with which the writer just hints at the importance of Mæcenas's mission, which gives the zest of incongruity to the petty discomforts of his suite: and though the sort of interest of a Dutch picture is never a permanent interest in literature, it is an interest which always makes its appearance at a certain stage, and has sometimes strength enough to found a reputation.

Another satire turns entirely on a scolding match which it seems Horace witnessed when he was with Brutus in Asia: he says it is an old story, and unluckily the only point is a rather poor pun; but Horace did not make the story, and tells it with humorous exaggeration, and mock heroics were a novelty.

There is the same mixture of weakness and strength in another satire, which is really intended to invite public gratitude to Mæcenas for laying out the land near his gardens on the Esquiline for building, by a burlesque description of how the deified scarecrow he had set up there had frightened away a brace of old women, who made their living with less comfort than Dame Ursula Suddlechop, in the same doubtful way, and filled up their spare time by trying to bewitch those of their clients, generally of the opposite sex, whom they happened to have a spite against. For these purposes they found the cemetery on the Esquiline attractive, because necromancy was the most naturally stimulating form of magic at a time when it was difficult to believe in anything supernatural, except when the eerie sights and scents of a graveyard mingled themselves with the awe of a southern night. If all tales were true, there was another attraction: it was hard sometimes to come by a supper, and generally there was a supper to be found, by those who were not ashamed to snatch it, upon some grave or other.

The description of the incantations is well done, though in the fifth epode the same thing is done better: but the catastrophe is not only indecent, but inadequate: we were prepared for something more exciting. Priapus begins as if he were going to treat us to a burlesque epic, and instead he gives us an anecdote that might have gone in an epigram.

The most perfect of the "Satires" is certainly the ninth, which is also the earliest example of a method which runs through a great deal of Horace's later work. He begins with a close imitation of Lucilius (xvi. 12): following him for a line almost syllable by syllable, but the body of the poem is unmistakably new, both in form and substance. Here too we have to read between the lines: a story of a bore, generally supposed to have been Propertius, who fastened himself on Horace and stuck to him till peremptorily cited into court, turns out to be a panegyric of the principles on which Mæcenas managed his patronage, and a defence of Horace's own reluctance to give introductions. Here too the poem is made to end with a small jest, though the jest is better, and is not made the substance of the poem.

His relation to Mæcenas supplies the form of the sixth satire, while the matter is an exposition of Horace's theory of rank, which comes to this, that high station is a burden (to men of Horace's temper), that any one who aims at a rise of station is foolish, and that talent and character entitle a man of the lowest station to intimacy with men of the highest. Horace is far from holding, with Burns, "The rank is but the guinea's stamp:" he treats high station consistently as a presumption of high personal eminence. He admires Mæcenas for refusing senatorial rank, but he compliments him unweariedly on his distinguished pedigree: all the more perhaps because it seems his family had come down in the world. The Cilnii were the representatives of the old kings of Arretium; his paternal and maternal grandfathers had been in command of armies; but his father had been poor and obscure and taken petty municipal contracts. Equally characteristic is Horace's account of his claims to Mæcenas's friendship: he is not avaricious or stingy, or given to low debauchery;

he is pure and innocent, and his friends value him. All this is due to his father, who gave him the best literary education that could be had, and watched over his character in person: he is thankful for such a father, and all the more because, being a freedman, he has left him no appearances to keep up. It may be doubted whether his father would have appreciated the last ground of gratitude: he was careful that his son should look like a gentleman as well as behave like one. When he advised him to do a thing, it was by the example of one of the select judges, the aristocrats of his order; when he warned him, it was by the example of some neighbor who had an ill name. Horace tells us this as an excuse for the personality of his "Satires," which had given offence: his reply is noticeable, that to point a moral at the expense of strangers is better than to garnish conversation with depreciation of intimates behind their backs. The charge is noticeable too: it implies that average people find it easier to stand attacks upon their faults when they can surmise a personal motive in the assailant; disinterested censure strikes them as gratuitous malice. Perhaps their resentment was heightened because the censor stood so near themselves: there is nothing the least transcendental, or extravagant, or Bohemian in the ideal of life which Horace sets forth in his earliest satires, and which, with little change, he continues to preach to the end. His preaching comes to this: some of our wishes are natural; some are the result of fashion and vanity. The first are what gives life its value; they are strongest in youth, and it is, in a manner, indecorous that they should survive it. All plans and ambitions which interfere with their prompt gratification are vanity and vexation of spirit: so, too, are the wishes with which we inoculate one another—the wishes for fortune, and splendor, and mistresses that can be boasted of. These wishes have a further disadvantage—they not only spoil our proper pleasures, but they impair our resources: to diminish one's capital is as foolish as to hoard one's income, and that is the result of expensive artificial tastes. Besides, they give every one who is not immensely rich a bad name, and Horace thoroughly agrees with his

father in rating a good name high: in fact, of the two, he may almost be said to rate it higher, because he values it as an end, not as a means to a rise in station.

In truth, Horace's Epicureanism differs from Stoicism much less than we suppose: it is a difference of temperament, not of doctrine. The principle of following nature is common to both; only with Horace the voice of nature makes itself heard more plainly in normal desires than in normal activities. He goes heartily with the Stoics in their appeal to nature and reason from fashion and tradition, and he does not come in conflict with them on the question between virtue and pleasure: his objection is that the concrete Stoic is a pretentious, quarrelsome prig. It was quite true that he did not profess to be wise; but he was always thrusting "the wise man" in people's faces: and the wise man was a very grotesque object, a capital cobbler who had never made a shoe in his life, a king who could be hustled in the street, always in admirable health except when his phlegm was troublesome. And this ludicrous ideal was used to abolish all rational distinctions, and to prove that everybody else was "mad." This was a sure way to spoil one of the best things in life, friendship, by cultivating an unmeaning rigorism which could see nothing anywhere but faults: whereas Horace spends great part of a satire in proving (after Plato) that we should use our imagination in idealizing even the faults of a friend, as a lover idealizes the defects of his mistress. Still, his first satire leaves off with a fear that if he goes on he will be suspected of plundering the desk of blear-eyed Crispinus—a Stoical rival who thought himself cleverer than Horace because he wrote faster; and certainly a Stoic might have endorsed everything that Horace has been saying about the folly of people who never know their own minds, and are never content with a position which they do not really wish to change, and, worst of all, cannot hit the mean between being money-makers and spendthrifts.

There are signs in the first book of "Satires" that Horace was still only half reconciled to Octavian: he has a great quarrel with the memory of one Tigellius, a Sardinian singer, whom Octavian and Julius had patronized, and the quarrel is man-

aged in a way to reflect upon the patrons. It is hardly a compliment to Cæsar to say that Tigellius would sing when he was not asked, and would not sing when he was; but this might pass if it stood alone for an attack upon Tigellius. But it does not stand alone: Horace, who is so anxious to prove that his own conduct and character do credit to the discretion of Mæcenas, takes the low habits of Tigellius, who was just dead, as a text for a very plain-spoken sermon on the rules of behavior which he recommends as a succedaneum for chastity. He congratulates himself that his book is not for the hands of the vulgar, or Tigellius; that he founds himself upon authors whom Tigellius, and the monkey who never got beyond singing Calvus and Catullus, never read. He tells us, in a word, that Octavian petted a man who may have been good-looking and had a fine voice, but who had no taste and no sense, and worse than no character.

In the second book of "Satires" we find an advance, though a small one, towards the later attitude of the poet to the emperor. By a curious combination of circumstances, incantations had passed without any breach of continuity into lampoons; and so it was possible to imagine that the old legislation against incantations was applicable to lampoons. Horace takes refuge from this danger in the approbation of Cæsar: as Cæsar praises his "Satires," they cannot be *mala carmina*. Already, too, we find that the court is looking out for poets. Horace's mentor asks why, if he must write, he does not sing the achievements of Cæsar. Naturally Horace does not reply that Cæsar's achievements up to that date had been scanty, and those of which he could approve still scantier: he confines himself to the answer, which he never abandons even when an enthusiastic imperialist, that the subject is beyond his strength. But there are more unequivocal signs of independence than this: when he thanks Mæcenas for his Sabine farm which he had given him after seven years of intimacy, he is so explicitly grateful for having received all he can reasonably wish that he seems to protest against being expected to merit more. His only ambition is to get away into the country and gather his own friends round his own board, where he

can insure that everybody shall be free to mix his wine as he likes it, and can lead the conversation to philosophy, to the questions whether it is riches or virtue that makes men well off, whether interest or character is the bond of friendship, what is the nature of good, and wherein it culminates. Such discussions are pointed with good old wives' tales by a neighbor, who proves, for instance, that we ought not to wish for riches that will make us anxious by the fable of the Town and Country Mouse. The town mouse preaches exactly Horace's philosophy of enjoyment; the country mouse is frightened into his philosophy of prudence. And this comes at the end of a satire which sets forth how Horace panted to escape from his round of occupations in Rome, to read or drink or sleep as he pleased (he is the only writer of the time who rates sleep high). The truth is, Horace was affectionate and grateful, but he was not generous: he allowed himself to feel his relation to Mæcenas burdensome, and to try to escape from its burdens. He did not like being a personage, with visits to pay and appointments to keep and influence to bestow; to know some secrets, and to have to keep them, and to have the credit of knowing all. The net result in his mind was that every day he lived he was more exposed to envy; and so he simply resolved to be as independent as possible, and do what he could to hold aloof and take his ease.

The second book marks an advance in another direction too: the satires are more completely planned and more thoroughly finished; it is possible to assign the subject of each, and none is a mere anecdote, or string of anecdotes, like the fifth, seventh, and eighth of the first book; the didactic purpose is more unmistakable, the personalities are more subordinate. It is obvious that the author has been laying to heart the double criticism passed upon his previous writings, that he went too far and cut too sharply, and that all he wrote was mere chit-chat. He admits that in his hands satire has been a weapon of self-defence, and this can hardly refer to any of the extant satires; but he professes his wish for peace. Perhaps, at the same time, there is some loss of spontaneity: at least, there are more traces of preparation. One of his

critics tells him that he has taken Plato and Menander and Eupolis and Archilochus into the country with him; and even without this we might be sure that he is translating from some Greek source or another when he introduces a lady who asks her lover for five talents. This occurs in a satire on the thesis that all but "the wise man" are slaves; but the thesis is treated ironically: Horace's slave lectures him during the Saturnalia, and *he* has picked up his wisdom from the door-keeper of Crispinus. Horace does not commit himself to a judgment on his own tastes, or those of his contemporaries (for Davus reproaches him with much with which he never reproaches himself, *e. g.*, pretensions to connoisseurship and costly and illegal amours); he only shows in the most irresponsible way how much the refined desires of men of the world resemble the desires of a slave. In fact, by Horace's own standard, the slave is often the wiser of the two: his pleasures are safer and cheaper, and at worst the slave's gluttony only entails a beating; he can pay for an occasional debauch by the proceeds of petty thefts: the *gourmandise* of the master ruins his health, and, if carried far, his estate to boot. Besides, not only are the masters enslaved by unreasonable desires which they have not even the manhood to avow and pursue consistently, but they are a burden to themselves, never content with their own company, trying to cheat care by wine or sleep or travel. It is noticeable that Horace is almost alone in taking notice of the restlessness of the world. His contemporaries generally thought that, if they were uncomfortable or anxious, they always had something to be uncomfortable or anxious about, and did not inquire as to the origin of their susceptibility.

Another Stoic thesis is that all but the wise are mad, which is treated in the same ironical way: a crazy amateur who has ruined himself by collecting is saved from suicide by Stertinius, as great a sage as any of the seven, who convinces him that everybody else is mad too, and turns him loose to lecture his fellow-madmen who suppose themselves sane. Having no business of his own, the new missionary devotes himself to other people's, and so comes to know that laziness is a be-

setting sin of Horace, and begins by scolding him for not writing more steadily; he concludes by a list of the other signs of insanity to be found in him. These are that he builds as if he were Mæcenas; that he dresses above his fortune; that he writes poems, which no wise man does; that his temper is horrible; that he is in and out of love with boys and girls by the thousand, till Horace cries for mercy. The interval is occupied with a denunciation of avarice and ambition and waste, in good set terms and with the inevitable parade of mythology: every parricide is madder than Orestes; Agamemnon, when he sacrifices Iphigenia, is madder than Ajax when he butchers the sheep. Mad as Horace is, Damasippus is madder, for he makes no allowance in his system for the conventional compromises, which will not bear discussion, and yet are indispensable because nine people out of ten cannot find their way without them.

In two other satires Horace flies at smaller game; he distrusts himself when he has to attack the passions and ambitions which keep the world going; he is at once indignant and afraid and amused; he is amused without being either frightened or angry at mere social pretension. There were many who looked with a zeal that outran discretion for the precepts of a happy life in the cookery-book, with exactly the same fervor and seriousness, almost, one might say, with the same compunction, as others looked for them in books of philosophy. We cannot trace the precepts which Catius retails to Horace in Ennius or Lucilius; to judge by Pliny and Athenæus, they are a collection of truisms and falsisms, like the precepts of Damasippus, but more amusing. Catius is not a mere butt: he preaches the importance of completeness which Horace preaches too, as if he and his contemporaries were always tempted to find something to be proud of, and neglect everything else. With all its faults the theory of Catius is better than the practice of Nasidienus, who, it seems, asked Mæcenas and his friends to what was meant for a grand dinner. Fundanius tells Horace the result: he bored his guests with the rationale of an eccentric and faulty *menu*; the hangings came down and showed how dusty they were,

and the host lay crying till one of the guests made him an harangue on the uses of adversity; he grudged his guests the wine they called for, they refused at last to touch his dishes, and all the time they laughed at him behind his back. The ringleaders were two dependants of Mæcenas, whom he had brought unasked, and who probably supposed they were doing their duty to their patron by making their host as ridiculous as possible.

Horace takes the conduct of Mæcenas and his friends for granted. The refinement of feeling which can renounce the amusement of teasing an inferior animal is commonly reached very late: it was far distant in a society where a man who fed his lampreys with slaves only seemed to be overstraining the rights of property. But, though he was not struck by their discourtesy, he was struck with the inherent absurdity of the whole thing; the exclamation "poor riches" is the one phrase in the satire which is not ironical. He is expressing his sincere convictions in the harangue which he puts into the mouth of Ofellus, because Ofellus acted up to it. It is remarkable how convenient these convictions must have been to the government under one of whose chiefs Horace had taken service. Ofellus had lost his estate in some confiscation or other, no friend at court had procured its restitution, but the new proprietor was very willing to have his property worked by his victim, who throve almost as well as before, and took the change of circumstances very philosophically, reflecting that property was an unmeaning conception, that every one had the use of the land by turns, and no one had a real ownership: the moral of which is that young men should live hardly, and meet adversity with bold hearts. Plain living is the way to high thinking: a young man who pampers himself is undermining his health, and is making a fool of himself and so destroying his character; besides which, suppose his body should require indulgence, what new indulgence can a man give his body who lives at the fashionable rate while young? Exercise and abstinence will make the coarsest food palatable, and keep up the old Roman character and temper. Even the few who can really afford to keep a fashionable

table without being ridiculous should remember that a revolution may sweep away their property; and, therefore, while they have it they had better lay it out munificently upon public objects. For instance, it is a disgrace to a rich noble that there are temples falling to ruin. One sees throughout that Horace's tastes coincide with the interests of Octavian, who did not wish the huge fortunes of his leading associates to stimulate the emulation of the public at large, and sincerely desired to use the position which a revolution promised him to inaugurate a thorough-going reaction. The treasury was probably empty, and the funds which in ordinary times had met the censor's contracts for keeping public buildings in repair were not forthcoming; and, if private munificence could be appealed to with effect, the government would reap a two-fold advantage: its friends would make it popular, and it would not have to face the disappointment of a throng of greedy men of talent, like those who undermined the monarchy of July.

The eighth satire is a sequel to the fourth: the fifth is a contrast rather than a sequel to the second. There Horace had recalled the lessons of a sturdy survivor of the old régime, for the instruction of the generation which was beginning to form itself under the new: in the fifth he illustrates the meanness to which a man who seriously cares for money is sure to descend. Ulysses has been informed by Tiresias that he will return to Ithaca a beggar, and inquires how he had better repair his fortunes. The answer is: "Do what every clever reprobate who wants to make his way in Rome does: pay your court to every elderly man of fortune who is childless, flatter him, give him presents, do his dirty work in the law-courts, and say you do it out of devotion to his virtue; show your concern for his health, sell your wife to him—she will gladly consent if she gets her share of the price; don't be daunted by a single failure. When there is a rickety heir, pay your court just the same; it will do you credit, and you will not have too long to wait for the reversion. Very likely your patron will offer to show you his will: say you cannot look at it, and mind you do. If, as is likely, you are one heir among

many, look out for any invalids who inherit with you, and pay your court to them." There are other details, but even these do not satisfy the curiosity of Ulysses, and, in accordance with Horace's system of abrupt terminations, Proserpine calls Tiresias away before he has completed his description of the arts of the Roman fortune-hunter.

As was perhaps to be expected, the element of literary criticism is decidedly less prominent in the second book than in the first. It is one sign more that Horace was growing cautious, that he had passed the stage when an ambitious writer lashes out in all directions, and reached the stage when it seems prudent to limit the number of enemies and to secure as many allies as possible. The transition is marked by the last satire of the first book, where he winds up his controversy with Lucilius and his admirers, and decrees reputations to various members of Mæcenas's circle. Thenceforward whenever he has to mention Lucilius he is ostentatiously deferential to his predecessor, whom he acknowledges his superior both in rank and talent: only here and there we find a sneer at poor Furius, who blows himself out with a haggis, and then falls to singing how the Alps are sputtered over with snow, or at Fufius, who sleeps through the part of Ilione when Cæcilius is roaring "Mother! mother!" in the part of Deiphobus.

The "Epodes" are, in many respects, the most puzzling portion of the works of Horace; for this reason, among others, that he himself says so little about them. Once he tells the daughter of Canidia that she may dispose of the slanderous iambs as she will. Once he gives as a reason for not writing that he is asked to write such different things: Florus likes odes, another likes satires seasoned with Bion's black salt, another likes iambics. He speaks too, when forty, of his hot youth, when Plancus was consul, in the year of Philippi, and perhaps we are to understand that Athens was the scene of his earliest amours. The internal evidence derived from the "Epodes" themselves is scanty. The one which opens the book seems to have been composed when Mæcenas was going without Horace to the battle of Actium, and is a pathetic exposi-

tion of the anxiety of the poet at being left behind. The ninth deals with his exultation when it was known that the campaign of Antony had failed. The sixteenth must be early. The connection with Mæcenas must from the first have involved some deference to Octavian, who would have been affronted if Horace had published his despair of the republic when he was trying to save it. When Horace was still living among the vanquished of Philippi—some of whose chiefs kept enough strength in the Ægean to choose between the protection of Octavian and Antony—when the land-owners of Italy were making their last despairing stand for the last fragment of their rights in the dreadful war of Perusia, Horace may well have been tempted by the dream attributed to Sertorius of abandoning Rome to seek a refuge in the happy Isles of the West. The same note of despair is struck in the seventh; the fratricidal madness of the Romans will deliver Rome to the Parthian invader, and the blood of Remus will be avenged upon his brother's city. But there is no practical recommendation of any kind. Horace is no longer the irreconcilable purist who sees no safety but in emigration, but he is not the declared adherent of Octavian: he keeps to the safe generality that civil war is a disgrace and a calamity. The poem might very well date from the campaign against Sextus Pompeius, like a very spirited lampoon on a Spanish freedman who had obtained equestrian rank, and was appointed military tribune. Though the expedition cannot have been unpopular, the measures of Octavian were not yet sacred to the client of Mæcenas, and prosperity had not yet taught Horace to laugh as he does in the sixth satire at small class jealousies. When he had made his way, he could smile at a freedman's son for having been indignant that a mere freedman with a louder voice should be a more popular tribune of the commons than his freeborn self. With his way to make, he thought it hard that he who was freeborn should have to take affronts from a slave who had made a fortune, all the more because he had been a military tribune on the losing side before his rival was a military tribune on the winning side. Other poems turn on lighter themes; Horace

banter Mæcenas on his taste for garlic, congratulates him on his good-luck in love, and laments his own ill-luck, which, he tells Mæcenas and Pectius, interferes with poetry.

In general, the "Epodes," when they deal with love-affairs, have an air of greater actuality than the later poems, and this actuality is not always pleasant; among other things, the poet attracted the attention of an older woman who could afford to be liberal to her lovers. As might be expected, she was coarsely exacting, and she was repaid for her exactions and her gifts by obscene and insolent frankness. Under the patronage of Mæcenas, Horace was charming, though irritable and satirical; when he was a penniless adventurer he was attractive, vindictive, and bitter. And the "Epodes," for the most part, exhibit him in this less amiable phase, and are generally regarded as the least valuable section of his writings: the late Professor Conington did not think them worth translating. But what has little positive value may be very useful in tracing the development of a writer's art and the first rudiments of his achievements. This is so even when the earlier work, like most of Shelley's and some of Wordsworth's, has very little in common with the work of the poet's maturity; but the transition from the "Epodes" to the "Odes" is an evolution, not a revolution, accomplished under influences to be described later. The "Epodes" themselves are distinguished from all other poems of Horace by their straightforward simplicity. The "Satires" are by turn prolix and curt, fragmentary and discursive; the "Odes" are terse, pregnant, and antithetical. It is only in the "Epodes" that Horace says what he has to say plainly and continuously, in its natural order from beginning to end. He hardly seems to select; when a topic occurs to him he works it out without interruption. Neæra promises to cling to him closer than ivy to ilex, as long as the wolf shall vex the sheep, and Orion, who stirs the winter sea, the sailors, and the breeze shall wave Apollo's unshorn hair. His successful rival may be richer, and it takes two lines to say this; as beauty and wisdom are less important, they are dismissed in a line apiece. Again, the catalogue of the enemies who did not injure Rome runs

on for six lines continuously, and the list of the portents which must occur before the refugees return to Rome for ten; the natural advantages of the happy isles occupy sixteen, and one is surprised to find the mythological voyagers who never reached them dismissed in four.

But the triumph of the tendency to simple enumeration is reached in the second epode, where the joys of country life are recounted at length for sixty-six lines, with obvious sincerity and a wistful freshness of anticipation that are plainly the expression of the poet's own feeling, who had begun to find that to roam through woods and meadows, by streams and waterfalls, and now and then to try a little hunting, was a remedy for the discomforts of love, and to look with admiring desire not yet divorced from hope upon the family life which he was never to share. To a *blasé* reader there may seem to be something pointless in the catalogue of such simple joys: he might miss more than one pretty line by the way, and look impatiently to the end. There Horace is ready for him. All that he has been reading or skipping are the words of Alphius the money-lender, when he was so impatient to retire into the country that he got in all his money in the middle of one month, only to look out for fresh investments at the beginning of the next. When one turns back, one sees that the finale has been kept in mind throughout the farmer's pleasure culminates in the sight of the swarm of home-bred slaves, the true wealth of the house. He does not dream of sacrificing more than a lamb at the great feast of beating the bounds; or, if he indulges in a kid, whose flesh is more savory, it is only when the wolf has mangled it; when he snares thrushes, he reflects that a thrush is a greedy bird and eats his fruit. Even the use of a wife is to serve a dinner which you need not buy. The assumption is not carried through quite consistently. It is more like Horace than a money-lender to reflect that a farmer is not roused like a soldier by the pitiless trumpet, and need not shudder at the anger of the sea, and can keep, above all, from the forum and the haughty thresholds of the great. Then, too, though the farmer's diligence in training his vines and trimming and

grafting his fruit-trees is hardly like Horace, his sense of the romantic side of country life is hardly like Alphius, who, again, would hardly have noticed the drooping necks of the oxen, almost too tired to draw the light plough home with the share turned up.

This is perhaps the nearest approach we get in this epode to the manner of the "Odes." The image is subtle itself, and made more subtle by the reticence with which it is presented; the one word *inversum* marks the exhaustion of the oxen who find the light plough hard to draw, even when it has not to be drawn through the resisting soil. But Horace is not yet sure of himself; he cannot make his points in passing; even this is prepared by an exaggerated contrast: the sheep who have been taking their ease hurry home from pasture in a way in which they certainly do not hurry home in England. One traces slighter anticipations of the writer's later manner in the value given to single epithets, as in the line

Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pira.

The use of an epithet where a modern writer or an early Roman writer would have used a relative clause is characteristic of Augustan poetry, and still more of the poetry of Horace. Another epithet which is characteristic in a different way, and more characteristic, it may be, of Vergil than of Horace, is *tenaci* for grass: it is obviously the direct reflex of a purely physical impression. Perhaps the nearest English equivalent would be "matted," which renders not the physical impression itself, but an apprehension, partly intellectual, partly fanciful, of the group of conditions which determine it. We have not an epithet for the mere sense we have of the grass; before we can find one, we have to notice the way the leaves and stalks twine together, and then to remember that the fibres of a mat cross each other very much in the same sort of way. There are fewer illustrations to be found of the more complex felicities of Horace's later manner—the studied collocation of words to pique the curiosity of the reader, and give every word of the group a factitious yet not an exaggerated interest. The tricks and turns of construction which

meet us in the "Odes" are alike the product of the metre and of the ingenuity needed to master it. In an artificial age a metrical effect suggests a grammatical or rhetorical effect, in the same way as in a simpler age a musical tone calls up a moral feeling. And, if this seem far-fetched, it is sufficient to observe that in the "Odes" themselves these felicities are abundant in proportion to the intricacy of the metre. From the "Epodes" we may extract one or two specimens, like—

Me libertina, neque uno
Contenta, Phryne macerat.

Unde expedire non amicorum queant
Libera consilia, nec contumeliæ graves;
Sed alius ardor, aut puellæ candidæ,
Aut teretis pueri, longam renodantis comam.

One feels that the turn in the last line especially is taken from the Greek; and the same may be said of the whole poem, whose last lines we quote because the Græcism in them is more effective in Latin:

Illic omne malum vino cantuque levato,
Deformis ægrimonix dulcibus alloquiis.

The first three books¹ of "Odes" belong to a well-marked period; none can be proved to be earlier than the battle of Actium; or later than the restoration of the standards taken when Crassus was defeated. The most characteristic of them, with hardly an exception, can be proved to fall within the seven years; and upon the work of those years those who consider Horace a great poet would probably rest his claim. They belong to the middle of Horace's life, to the years between thirty-four and forty, and this is noticeable because they

¹ The third book is an after-thought, explained by the opening series of odes on the several reforms of Augustus; and their effect is perceptible in the contrast between the closing ode of the second book and the closing ode of the third. In the first, which is intended to sum up his lyrical activity, Horace thinks of nothing better to say than that he feels he is turning into a swan, and knows that he will be read from the Danube to the Tigris; in the second everything grotesque and unreal has disappeared, he only dwells upon what is purely Italian—the stately ritual of the Capitol, the parched plains and roaring torrents of his native Apulia.

dwell much more upon the shortness of life than the earlier and later poems. The preoccupation with death varies very much in its strength in different ages, and in the same age among different individuals: it was much stronger in Horace than in Vergil or Ovid, and it took rather a different form. So far as Vergil felt it, he felt it as a matter for sympathy which was very nearly disinterested; it was the spectacle rather than the prospect of mortality that moved him. It would be wrong to say that Horace's feeling was selfish: the prospect of the mortality of others moved him as much as the prospect of his own; but it is still true that he was moved by the prospect rather than by the spectacle. And the time when the prospect moved him most was when his physical prime was just beginning to be over, and when his spiritual prime, which is commonly at least as fleeting as the physical prime, was just setting in. It was his rare good-fortune that his spiritual prime coincided with one of the happiest and most promising moments of the spiritual life of the world. For the seven years which are covered by the first three books of "Odes," Horace's relation to his contemporaries was the most favorable which a man of genius can possibly occupy. The improvement in their life was large enough and swift enough to lift him up and to carry him forward; and the spring and buoyancy of his own nature was still sufficient to keep him well above them. One well-marked sign of this superiority is a serious exultation which carries with it an exemption from anxiety. His indifference to "rumors" would have been enviable to the author of the "Imitation," and he lived at a time when rumors had unusual power: great events had just happened; hardly anybody was left in a familiar and assured position. Within the Roman Empire the work of restoration was going on with results that were dazzling for the moment, and really full of solid promise for the future; but most of those who profited by the work were lookers-on, who were not called to help, and had no help to give. In fact, they often profited by the improvement without sharing it. Rome was a much wholesomer and pleasanter place to live in, while some effort was being made to restore family life among the upper

classes: but Propertius was very much afraid of being called to found a family of his own. Horace, who was not a knight and did not come under the new laws, could afford to be enthusiastic. But spectators less capable of enthusiasm transferred all the restlessness which the events of the last generation had bred in them to the chances of what might happen abroad, at a time when the frontier of the Euphrates had been repeatedly violated and the frontier of the Danube had not yet been established. The loungers in the streets of Rome were full of fears of what the Dacians would do, or what might happen to Tiridates; while Horace was wrapped up with the Muses when he was serious, or was forgetting graver cares in wine or love.

His exaltation was more intelligible to his contemporaries than to us. An Italian of the Augustan age with a new type of Greek poetry to naturalize was in very much the same position as an Italian of the fifth or the nineteenth century with a new cult to naturalize. And Horace was in more exclusive possession of his field than most of the writers of the time. We have the judgment of Quintilian that he was practically the only Roman lyric poet worth reading; while in heroic and elegiac poetry there were many writers of whose success we are still able to judge, and the unanimous tradition of Roman literature assures us that many of the numerous writers of tragedy attained what was accepted as success.

Horace's method of work is not so easy to ascertain. We hardly know how much he borrowed, nor how far what he borrowed was transformed, and all conclusions must be a little uncertain, because the greater part of Greek lyrical poetry has been lost. Nor do we know the extent of Horace's obligations to other parts of Greek literature; for instance, the image of Europa at nightfall might very well be taken direct from Moschus, although it is impossible to prove that the Alexandrian and the Roman poets were not both imitating a lost Hellenic original. When we see what a very large proportion of the extant lyrical fragments have certainly been imitated, it is probable that there are very many imitations which we can only trace by guess. But if it could be shown

more completely than it can that Horace's materials were borrowed, we should still have to ask whether he was a mere echo; and, if that is a suggestion to be set aside at once, where his originality lies.

For one thing, he has transformed the Alcaic and Sapphic and Choriambic metres in the same way as Vergil has transformed the hexameter. He has given them the smoothness and exactness which were needed in a language where consonants were much more plentiful than in Greek, sonorous vowels and diphthongs much rarer, while syntax was far more developed, and inflections at least as well preserved, though less copious, so that the free use of particles was superfluous. Then, too, in both we trace the influence of newly perfected Latin prose: there is the periodic structure which is independent of the metrical structure, and yet always kept in harmony with it, so that the emphasis of the sentence and of the metre heighten one another. But in Horace this effect is carried further than in Vergil; and perhaps we may find an explanation in a peculiarity of Greek choral poetry. The collocation of words in Pindar and in many of the choruses of Æschylus and Sophocles is quite unlike anything else in Greek literature, and is hardly explicable on purely literary grounds. Still less can we suppose that such great writers were baffled by metrical difficulties, and arranged their sentences as they could rather than as they would. A possible explanation might be found in the difficulty of singing and dancing at once, which would lead to much arbitrary transposition of words, in the more or less extemporary choral songs which must have preceded and accompanied the rise of great schools of choral poetry. If this were so, it would be intelligible that choral poets took what may be called the choral dialect for granted, and did not add to the difficulties of their task by clinging to the *lucidus ordo* of ordinary speech. But though Horace is further than any other writer of the Augustan age from the natural order of Latin, which we find still substantially unimpaired in the writers of the Ciceronian age, he always has a *lucidus ordo* of his own. His Pindaric transpositions are utilized, like the correspondences between

the metrical and syntactical emphasis, as far as a delicate and fastidious artist could utilize them; and they are only admitted so far as they could be utilized.

Another and more important debt to Pindar is perhaps to be found in the structure of the more ambitious odes. Horace wisely refused to write in metres like Pindar's, which he could not scan; and the intricate implicit harmony of plan which Boeckh and Dissen have traced beneath the apparently aimless discursiveness of so many epinicia was not at all in the spirit of Augustan art. But the combination of mythology and ethical precept and political enthusiasm is in itself like Pindar, only, as we should expect in a Roman poet, the proportion of political enthusiasm is larger; for in Pindar the spirit of jubilant sympathy with the heroic and spontaneous side of life is balanced by a spirit of dry caution, not to say of timid reserve, in all that concerns its practical business. Moreover, for Pindar the glory of the state is centred in the glory of heroic houses, while for Horace the glory of individuals shines brightest in the glory of the state. Still, though there is much to limit the resemblance, such a poem as the fourth ode of the third book recalls Pindar in the method and arrangement, at any rate from the seventh stanza onward; and the third ode does so even more completely, though the resemblance is masked by the greater development of the parts of a scheme which, though simplified and reduced in its proportion, is very like a scheme of Pindar's.¹

If Horace had done nothing but write Pindaric odes in Alcaics on Roman subjects, in a Roman spirit, this would in itself have been a kind of originality; but, besides this, there are many elements of interest which are due to his special share of the culture of his time. There is the constant inculcation of unworldliness, of the limitation of personal aims, and the sufficiency of virtue, which contrasts both with the

¹ Subordinate resemblances may be traced in the abrupt close of this ode, and in the odd antiquarian parenthesis in the fourth ode of the fourth book about the Amazonian axes of the Vindelici. In Pindar such a digression would not offend us, but in Horace the general finish of surface is so even and elaborate that the interruption seems trivial and we wish it spurious.

party spirit and personal peevishness of Alcæus, and with Pindar's oscillations between enthusiasm for the assertion of the absolute worth of his patron's personality, and his sense of the necessity of caution and sobriety in dealing with others. Sometimes, in preaching sobriety, Pindar seems to come near Horace, but there is always a difference: the elder poet is concerned chiefly for prudence in conduct; the younger is concerned for the more inward prudence whereby a man possesses his own soul in patience and peace. Then, too, Pindar idealizes wealth; Horace idealizes poverty. The passion of the nobility for planting and palace-building which alarmed Horace would have aroused the admiration of Pindar. And this suggests another contrast: in his "Odes" Horace is less independent than Pindar; he never admonishes Augustus as Pindar admonishes Hiero or Arcesilas. Where he cannot abound in the sense of the emperor, he is discreetly silent; all the progressive side of Augustus's work is passed over, and, as might have been expected, no incense is burned at the shrine of the great Julius: no enthusiasm greets the architectural magnificences of the reign which found Rome brick and left her marble. That the old temples should be rebuilt was well, but there is no hint that it was well that the new temples should be more gorgeous than the old: all that Horace cares for is that pontiff and vestal should go up to offer sacrifice in silence, as in the days of Numa.

Again, the commercial activity which followed upon the restoration of a tolerable degree of order is nothing to Horace, or next to nothing. The sea is a barrier that it is impious to cross; it is strange that men should risk their lives for pepper or spice. Almost the only good thing he says of trade is that it enables a lover to bring home a little fortune to his sweetheart: but the poet is more serious when he denounces the wife who leaves her convenient husband¹ to keep an appointment with a broker or ship-master from Spain. All Horace's heart is in the moral regeneration, which seemed to be more distant than ever, in spite of a better government and

¹ It is noticeable that Horace is the only Augustan writer who speaks of this character with natural indignation.

external prosperity. The generation that came into life after Actium was very like the generation that came into life after the 2d of December; but the temper of Horace is more like the temper of Lamartine and Chateaubriand—ideal aspiration without ideal activity, which is not favorable to cheerfulness or hopefulness.

The extension of commerce and military relations gives a new character to the geographical background which Horace, like his Greek predecessors, values rather more than a modern reader. To Pindar the wide world beyond was full of memories of heroes who had wandered through it; to Horace it is the waste field, to be replenished and subdued by his own fame and by the laws and genius of Rome. Every Eastern embassy, every exploring expedition with a military escort, was the occasion of poems which claimed as accomplished more than the most sanguine observer could rationally hope. But these exaggerations are never quite uncalculating. When there is an expedition to Arabia, Horace warns his friends, both in jest and earnest, against wishing to join it to make their fortunes. When the standards taken with Crassus were at length restored, it may have occurred to Labienus and others that the standards had been restored without the captives. Horace was prepared for such cavillers: Augustus was a god upon earth who had subdued the Persians; it was scarcely conceivable that captives should have survived; and, if any had, they deserved to be left to their fate, on the principles advocated long ago by Regulus. Perhaps we ought to read between the lines an apology for the ingratitude of Augustus in the ode where Horace invites Mæcenas to keep with him the feast of his deliverance from the rotten tree. We know that Mæcenas was hurt at being left in ignorance of state affairs; and Horace, who had often complimented him upon his freedom from ambition, advises him to profit by the exemptions of his private station.¹ In the same way, he con-

¹ Perhaps we may find a remoter allusion to the same grievance in the majestic ode where Horace defies the uncertainty of fortune, from which, personally, he had little to fear; while Mæcenas might with less absurdity torment himself with the suspicion that the loss of power foreshadowed the loss of station and fortune.

soles Mæcenas for the reports of his wife's infidelity by a persistent optimism, and meets the complaints of a broken-down politician and voluptuary with promises of fidelity to death and reminders of the bright days he had known, especially of the applause he had received when he appeared in the theatre after an illness. In a more independent mood, Horace half adopts the grievances of Lollius, who had a bad name among historians for charges which Horace expressly sets himself to rebut. Horace had a strong imaginative sympathy with anything that looked like sturdiness. He liked to imagine Augustus a model of constancy, proof against the tyranny of one and the madness of many, because he frowned on the dream of transferring the capital to the Hellespont under the name of restoring Troy. No doubt the civil wars fought out on the coasts of the Ægean had led many to see that Consular Asia was a more desirable country than Italy. But there was no effective pressure upon Augustus to anticipate Constantine; there were only exiles and loiterers in no haste to return. An ode to Munatius Plancus, one of these refugees, is a cento from the Greek with a Roman application; a Greek epithet of Argos is rather awkwardly paraphrased. In a letter to Bullatius, we have the same patriotic precepts in a less ambiguous shape. There is as yet no homage to Augustus in either poem, nor in the ode on the restoration of Pompeius Grosphus, who found it easier to forget his wrongs in wine than to thank the unnamed benefactor who had restored him to the gods of his fathers and the sky of Italy, as if a Roman had no political birthright.

Manliness, according to Horace, does not imply the least attention to civic duties. There is nothing anywhere inconsistent with the hearty sneer at *opella forensis*,¹ the drudgery of the forum. The ordinary business of a young man of spirit is to exercise himself in breaking horses and hurling javelins in the Campus Martius; his ordinary pleasure is with the lass who loves and hides, and is caught because she cannot keep from laughing at the bewilderment of her lover, who snatches a bracelet or ring as a pledge that at their next meeting she

¹ Unless we count his esteem for a great advocate.

will be as punctual and less coy. The doctrine that the pleasure of the moment is always to be taken in youth is not only an affair of temperament with Horace; it is a lesson of experience. He had lived with men who could never be certain of the morrow, and whose plans always failed: the worth of such lives was realized, as a matter of fact, in moments, and not in the long-run. Another result of this life is the idealization of ease, which we find in a Sapphic ode to the same friend. The poem is interesting in another way, as almost the only indication of conscious rivalry with Catullus, who denounced ease with a vehement passion only less impressive than Horace's tone of intense yearning, and we may note Horace's clear conviction that it is only to be won by a moral effort to resist the restlessness and anxiety which are the plague of half-occupied men.

After all, the hours of gladness and the days of repose were not the whole, or anything like the whole, of life; there was always a background of dissatisfaction and irony. The last weighty words¹ of the great series of ethical odes at the beginning of the third book really sum up the expression of an undercurrent of feeling which flowed on beneath the poetical enthusiasm of the patriot and the bacchanal. The wounds of the civil war seem to have been always bleeding inwardly. He recurs to the subject again and again, as if the stain could never be effaced; and when Pollio undertook a history of them, Horace's complimentary anticipations of the result almost read like dissuasives. He shudders at the thought of the shrill trumpet ringing in his ears: he sees great chiefs laid low in the dust, which is no dishonor, and all the world subdued except the fierce spirit of Cato—the one anti-Cæsarian hero whose praise the Augustan poets felt it safe to sing, because his opposition had been disinterested, not to say unpractical. He sees all the perils of the work, and he does not seem to imagine it could have lessons. For instance, though he is fond of the topic that true friendship which does not

¹ "The age of our sires was worse than the days of our grandsires; we, its children, are waxen worse, and our posterity shall be yet more corrupted."

change with fortune is a rare distinction, it does not strike him that it is a distinction especially rare in revolutionary times; for when great positions are seldom shaken, respect for them is strong enough to survive the shock. As it is, he shrinks from the subject, as he generally does shrink from higher subjects altogether, partly from a sense that he himself cannot be serious without unreality, and partly from a distaste for the subjects about which he was expected to be serious. He often tells us that Phœbus forbade him to sing of battles and of conquered cities, and that he must leave such themes to Varius, who could soar aloft on the wings of Homer; but for once he is entirely frank, and says that Mæcenas had better write Augustus's deeds—in prose.

All this explains the shortness of the period of Horace's spontaneous activity as a lyric poet: illusions came to him late and did not stay long. He had always felt that wine and women were for youth, and he was quite in earnest with his resolution to forsake both at the proper time. He had not the constitution of an Anacreon to tempt him from his resolution. He feared the spiteful comments which he had bestowed himself on the companions of his revels who had gone on too long. When the time came to keep his resolution, he found that it made him languid and irritable. The Muse had forsaken him, and her kisses left him weak. He professed to regret his youthful inspiration no more than his youthful locks, and to think sleep a better occupation for a man of his years than writing verses. He reflected soberly on the chances of failure, and was resolved not to run the risk of exposing the decay of his powers to public contempt. He had other interests in prospect, and hoped, not unreasonably, to find compensation in philosophy. He saw clearly that character was the foundation of national and individual happiness, and that reflection and self-discipline were capable of producing great and beneficial changes in character. Besides, the mere magnitude of philosophic problems excited him. Philosophy was the study of the vocation of man; how could a man live rightly without studying his vocation? how could a man who was studying his vocation fail to be well employed? Horace

was quite ready to adopt from Stoicism its exaggerated sense of moral responsibility and its exaggerated condemnation of the natural man, who lives by habit or temper, not by system. But the system of Stoicism did not grow upon him; besides the objections which he felt from the first, the attitude of comparing doctrines and trying experiments was much more favorable to self-complacency than going humbly to school when he was growing old. Sometimes he thought of doing all the business which could not but come in the way of an intimate of Mæcenas heartily, and making himself a useful citizen; sometimes he indulged his natural love of ease, and found reasons for staying at his Sabine farm or elsewhere, to arrange things to his own mind instead of trying to fit himself to the course of the world. Naturally the study was not a great success; Horace found himself as irritable as ever, and more peevish than he had been before; the letter to Albinovanus contains a confession of his failure. But in spite of discouragement he persevered; he knew that a neglected character goes to pieces in a disgusting manner when the constitution gives way, and that a character well trained in time gains in purity and dignity as the lower nature decays. Although he probably knew that he had no natural vocation for perfection, that he was born with a weak will as he was born with weak eyes, the inference he drew was that it was needful to take care of both, and he probably felt his superiority to the mechanical one-sided absolutism of the Stoics, when he observed that it is possible to go on to a certain point, if not permitted to go further. It is of a piece with this, that in the first letter to Lollius he concludes with a resolution to go his own pace, without waiting for laggards or pressing on those in front of him. It is characteristic, too, that he lays down the principle that Homer is a better ethical teacher than Chrysippus or Crantor. This is a way of saying that what he wants is not a body of ethical doctrine, but an illustration of a very few ethical aphorisms. One has been often quoted which tells how peoples suffer for the faults of kings; perhaps Horace attached more importance to the comparison between himself and most of his contemporaries and the

worthless crowd who fill up the background of the "Odyssey." The craving for coarse pleasure, the indifference to noble action, which are always general on the morrow of revolutions, disturbed him almost as much as the recklessness with which people allowed envy, anger, and avarice to grow upon them without reflecting on the misery they were laying up. It is noticeable as a proof of Horace's conscientious good-sense that he does not attack the cynic, who thinks that virtue is so much words as a wood is so much logs, and throws himself with conviction into money-making. Such a man is really not avaricious; he is never at leisure to be tormented by the craving for money, which is felt most keenly in the irksome intervals of energetic efforts to get it.

This state of mind is not favorable to literary activity, and Horace wrote little except letters, and we cannot assume that anything like all the twenty letters contained in the first book, which was published when he was forty-four—with serious doubts as to whether it was worth publishing—were recent then. Several are mere notes of introduction or invitation, and even an introduction is the pretext for the lecture on money matters to Iccius, who had philosophical pretensions, and a temperament more given to gain than Horace approved. So, too, the letter to Albinovanus seems a congratulation on his position as secretary to Tiberius in his Armenian expedition, which in one way or another is the occasion of several of Horace's notes. The letters which show most deliberate intention are the first to Mæcenas, which must be one of the latest, and the pair of letters to Scæva and Lollius on the whole duty of a retainer. That to Scæva brings out the reasons a young man of spirit has to court the great—unless he chooses to vegetate in a corner, "for, after all, to be born and die without notice is no bad life." At the same time, he must remember his own dignity, never ask for money or money's worth, either because he is really poor or because he says he has been robbed. Lollius apparently had entered upon the career about which Scæva still was hesitating; and Horace lectures him on a fault opposite to that on which he lectures Scæva. The retainer must not give himself airs of indepen-

dence about trifles: if he tries to set up for being as fine a gentleman as his patron, he makes himself ridiculous: it is only a very rich man of high station who can afford to play the fool. Then, too, the retainer, besides avoiding self-assertion and display, must be willing to humor his patron and to share his interests. He must be careful how he gets his patron talked about, and he must avoid the mistake which Vergil made about "Alexis:" he must be careful what introductions he gives; and, when he has given one, he must defend the friend he introduces, in case of need, up to the latest possible moment. After all, it is a risky line of life, in which success depends very much on the retainer having a temperament to suit the patron; and at Horace's age, whenever it is possible to get quietly into the country, nothing in the way of advancement seems so desirable as to live the end of life to one's self in health and peace. This was difficult enough, as we see from a letter to Mæcenas in which Horace apologizes, with an odd mixture of *cajolerie* and obstinacy, for his determination to prolong a five days' leave of absence indefinitely: Mæcenas would not surely wish him to risk his health in the heats of autumn; and then, when winter comes on, he will have to take care of himself and get into a corner and read. Mæcenas knew the value of his gift when he made Horace independent; and if he disapproves the use he makes of his independence, it is for the patron to reclaim his gifts: they will be restored as cheerfully as they have been enjoyed. This, like the letter at the beginning of the book, looks late. That which stands last but one may be earlier: it seems to date from the days when Horace still drank hard and gayly, and had apparently not written many of his loftier odes. Another letter equally early, not earlier, may be that to Tibullus, which implies that Horace was mainly known as a satirist, and is probably a remonstrance, half literary, half political, on the inactivity of a charming poet who to the last refused to rally to the empire. The letters to Fuscus and Quinctius about his farm are likely to be early too: in the first he observes that his farm has æsthetic attractions, which Fuscus found hard to imagine; in the second we see that most of his friends thought more of its value

than of its beauty, and turned first to the question whether it grew corn or oil, because there was a profit to be got out of oil, while corn could not be depended upon for more than a living.

Of course, we have no right to suppose that the later letters were the only product of the years of comparative idleness which came between the publication of the three books of "Odes" and that of the fourth. In fact, the superb ode to the elder Lollius cannot but fall within a year or two of the publication of the three books; and if we disregard the tradition which makes the Vergil of the twelfth ode another than the epic poet, we should be obliged to date that before his death. The whole book, however, has rather the appearance of "after-math:" the main harvest has been reaped, and the later crop, though rich in quality, is scanty. Like its predecessors, the fourth book draws its inspiration from events. The campaign of Tiberius and Drusus in the Grisons and the country towards the Danube naturally appealed to the pride of the emperor and to the sympathies of the poet: it was long since such a considerable military achievement, so wholly matter for gratulation, had been wrought so near to Italy. It seemed a pledge that the dynasty would be happily carried on, and so called out the enthusiasm of those who felt anxiety for the future which they could not express, although it is half uttered in the ode which complains of Augustus's prolonged absence in Spain. Another source of inspiration was the vigor with which Augustus was following up his legislation in favor of public morality, which, as Horace grew older, seemed more and more the one condition on which he could hope for real durable improvement. The enthusiasm of such a shrewd observer is probably the measure of the good effects which followed the temporary conformity to well-meant laws. The illusion was never complete, it would not have lasted; but there came one fortunate moment of complete fulfilment. In the year 737 it was decided that the Sibylline books required the celebration of games in honor of Apollo and Diana at the completion of a *seculum*, which was supposed to consist of a hundred and ten years, and to mark the extreme duration of human life. At these games a choir of children with both

parents living, whose mothers had only married once, had to sing a hymn; and of course Horace had to compose it. The occasion appealed to his sense of piety, which, as commonly happens with cultivated, self-indulgent men in an old society, attached itself to ritual rather than to belief. The hymn is stately and solemn, in spite of an official air, which strikes a modern reader more because he has little sympathy with the fervor of the poet, even where it is most genuine, and comes nearest to the tone of the "Psalms of Degrees." It looks like a second attempt, for in the fourth book we find another ode to Apollo and his sister,¹ which shows perhaps a fresher interest in the celebration, which he hoped would be a life-long memory for the choir. In taking up the subject for the first time, he followed Greek precedents too closely, and dwelt more on topics of mere mythology than suited the occasion; though perhaps they suited Horace's talent better than the attempt to bring out the physical and ethical aspects of the worship of Apollo and Diana, which we find in the "Carmen Seculare" itself. To find a measure of his exultation as the chosen psalmist of Rome, we must turn to the devout ode to Melpomene, which marks, too, a sense that occasional inspiration may lead to an enduring consecration. Whoever has been visited by the Muse is a being apart, to whom the business and the interests of the world have lost their meaning.

As this ode shows the persistence of Horace's unworldliness, others show that his hopes that years would subdue his animal nature came to little. Love did not cease to torment him, nor wine to cheer him, though one notices that the enjoyment of both is quieter; he speaks of being "mellow" instead of being "drunk." When he invites his mistress to keep Mæcenas's birthday with him, he tells her with an air of conviction that he is too old to love again, and he only asks to be accepted as a *pis aller* instead of "Telephus," whom "Phyllis" would have if she were not forestalled by a lady as willing and richer. This frank recognition of unideal relations does not exclude real delicacy of feeling; but there are signs that Hor-

¹ Unless, indeed, like the similar ode in Catullus, it may have been intended for some minor ceremony.

ace was not satisfied with himself. He had called himself a pig of Epicurus's sty: one might almost suppose that he was still thinking of himself in the memorable lines which end the second book of letters. If so, he thought it was time for him to die without waiting till

Youth that wears
Its motley better kick thee down the stairs.

However this may be, he did not become indifferent to literature because he had outlived his own literary activity: he wished to be a whetstone for other men's wit when his own had lost its edge. His criticisms are extremely penetrating, though fragmentary and not very fruitful. He pointed out shrewdly enough the most conspicuous defects in contemporary literature, and it is possible from his criticisms to form some idea of the general condition of which these defects were symptoms; but a large and connected scheme of doctrine is necessary for a writer whose criticisms are to issue in a literary reformation. It is true that when we come to Horace's continuator, Persius, we find traces of a change of fashion among the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease. What Horace complains of is a tendency to fluent showy incorrectness; what Persius complains of is a fluent mechanical overfinish. One can account for the change from rude vigor to empty pathos by the decline of public spirit and national energy, but the eager search for refinements of verbal melody is not a necessary consequence of this change, and it is not unlikely that the fashion which ran to seed under Nero may have been influenced in some degree by writers who had half appropriated, or misappropriated, a precept of Horace.

The real objection with Horace lies deeper: he shows some perception that Roman literature suffered from being the accomplishment and the pastime of a class instead of being the work of trained organs of the national life. Poets formed a mutual-admiration society: some elegiac poet (Tibullus?) told Horace he was a new Alcæus; the elegiac poet was a new Callimachus. If that seemed cheap praise (Propertius had appropriated it), then he was a new Mimnermus. Admission to the society was easy. Everybody, educated and uneducated,

wrote poetry: and it was more than doubtful whether it was worth while to convince bad poets that their poetry was bad; it amused them and hurt nobody, and Horace was too reasonable to suppose that everybody, or nearly everybody, who enjoyed writing bad poetry could learn to write good by taking pains. He has a sort of fellow-feeling for even bad poets, for the world at large despises good. The average respectable Roman was, above all things, according to Horace, a man of business: compound addition and subtraction were the foundation of education; and in the character which this education developed, all the springs of feelings which express themselves in poetry, or respond to poetry, were dried up. Such sentimental or æsthetic interest as the man of business is capable of clings round old associations: he gets to be fond of what his fathers admired before him. Horace is always coming back to the grievance that the literature of the Scipionic age was popular among his contemporaries in a way in which the literature of the Augustan age was not: it is significant in the same sense that plays like Sheridan Knowles's sometimes had a striking success. The public, if it was to listen, liked to listen to showy handling of ethical or political commonplaces, set forth by characters whose behavior was governed by a strong sentiment of their age and station: if they could say "How like a young man!" or "How like a slave!" they did not miss mere æsthetic merits, gracefully conducted dialogue, telling situations, or skilfully managed plots. Then, too, the part of the audience which valued itself on its judgment was still at the stage of judging by the moral: Horace himself was still at the stage of respecting and accepting any success that was reached by what could be called literary means; for the public, even the instructed public, had reached the point at which their whole pleasure in a play was derived from the spectacle. So far as his advice to literary aspirants is directed to their own conscience, its burden is finish and self-criticism: nothing is to be treated that cannot be treated brilliantly; nothing that can be treated brilliantly is to be left till it is brought to its full effect. One of the topics which were most discussed was the tone of diction

to be adopted. The popularity of the old-fashioned poets told in favor of archaism: there was, besides, a current of mere "urbanity," catching the tone of good society and tending to a narrow fluctuating vocabulary, often half unintelligible except to the initiated. Horace lays down that the poet will not fly too much in the face of usage, and that, subject to this, he will avail himself of all the resources of the language. Perhaps the theory is founded upon Vergil's practice. Another point on which Horace lays stress is the *ars celare artem*: it is noticeable that he illustrates this by the skill of a practised dancer, as he illustrates the preliminary training, with which poetasters were so ready to dispense, by the training of the athlete. Both illustrations are suggestive: it seems as if Horace thought of the poet as having learned to do difficult things easily when he was at his best; and, when he came short of doing his best, trying over and over till the best came of itself.

It is in the same spirit that Horace urges the Pisos to con the models of Greece by day and night. He is still without a theory of art, and can only recommend repeated and fastidious endeavor in the presence of the best results. And it is to be noticed, further, that he practised what he preached, for in the fourth book and the "Carmen Seculare" we find a slight tendency to revert to the freer metres of Greece. He certainly decided that in the Sapphic a weak cæsure, as in the line

Siderum regina bicornis audi,

supplied a valuable element of variety, which might be freely used provided that the line, where it occurred, was otherwise sonorous. He was inclined to doubt whether it was necessary that the first choriambus in his favorite glyconic rhythm should end with a word; but a line like

Non incendia Karthaginis impiæ

did not seem to invite repetition: and the next line, which begins with an ignoble pronoun,¹ suggests that the experiment

¹ *Ejus* only occurs here and in one other passage of the "Odes;" both have been obelized by ancient and modern hypercriticism.

may have been partly the result of indolence—perhaps, too, of haste, for the poem to Censorinus was probably intended as a New-year's gift. It is remarkable that Horace, who in his letters depreciates the literary achievements of his time, and ridicules the commerce of adulation which he shares, should speak *more* seriously and loftily of poetry in his "Odes" than any other contemporary writer; and still more remarkable, that his estimate seems to have risen as his inspiration flagged. In the early odes the feeling seems to be that the Muse admits the poet into an ideal world, from which all the sordid anxieties and agitations of the real world are happily excluded: in the later odes, the feeling is rather that the poet idealizes history, that all the great men of the past whose memory is the light of the world owe their glory to the poet. Perhaps this view was suggested by Horace's knowledge that the grandeur of the Augustan age had a side which was not ideal, and that it required a special effort to see, and a special power to show, the ideal side, which he had made it his mission to glorify. We are accustomed, rightly or wrongly, to believe that the best that is done in the world is immeasurably better than the best that can be said of it: and, therefore, Horace's view of the functions of the sacred bard may offend us. If it is less reverent than Vergil's blessing on those "who were faithful bards and spake aright in Phœbus' name," it is higher than the view of the elegiac writers, who seem most serious when they anticipate the personal reputation which is to reward their accomplishments. One finds this feeling in Horace too; it comes between the worthier feeling of the ode to Fuscus and the ode to Lollius.

CHAPTER IV.

TIBULLUS; PROPERTIUS; OVID.

WHEN we turn from Vergil and Horace to Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid, we find that Augustus had done as much to emancipate frivolity as to embody day-dreams. We are taken into a world that seems emptied of all serious interests, where everybody is out of work, and sad for love out of pure idleness. Tibullus stands aloof from the contemporary enthusiasm, and will not recognize any hero but Messalla, who stood aloof too. And he only honors Messalla because he loves him: he loves him not for his glory, but in spite of it. His natural mood is indignation that men should let politics and war withdraw them from the true interests of life, which are only to be found in the heart and the home. He hates effort; his ideal is to go through a narrow, simple round of pleasures and duties with tranquil, meditative enjoyment. It is cruel to bid him go to the wars or to sea. He likes to pity himself for misfortunes which were almost imaginary. If his mistress asks for money or turns to a rival with a fuller purse, he is almost heart-broken: he is almost ruined to his own satisfaction because in his minority the agents of the triumvirs revised the boundaries of his ancestral estate; though Horace, in one of his earlier letters, rallies him on his indolence, and congratulates him on his good looks and his wealth. In the same way, he thinks himself intensely devoted to Messalla,¹ for whom he had never done anything, except follow

¹ It is not quite impossible that his devotion made him blunder into hexameters. A contemporary panegyric on Messalla, remarkable for nothing but a tasteless display of erudition and enthusiasm, appears among all the MSS. of Tibullus; but this proves little, as any remains of the works of other members of Messalla's poetic circle would naturally be in the hands of those who possessed the genuine writings of the one considerable poet among them; and sooner or later some copyists of the collection would

him in the Pyrenees, and perhaps in the Levant. In an elegy on Messalla's Aquitanian triumph in the first book, after appealing to the rivers of Aquitania to attest the deeds which they witnessed with him, he asks if he shall sing of Cydnus and the Nile, as if he had the same right to appropriate Messalla's exploits there. Probably he had, for he goes off into a hymn to Osiris, as if he meant to celebrate his mysteries in honor of Messalla's triumph. This is not clearly made out: the construction of the poem is, as often, vague. Tibullus has plenty of ease and beauty and feeling, but he pieces his verses together almost at random; he hardly ever keeps to one plan or one view of one subject through a poem. For instance, in the middle of the fifth elegy of the first book, the faithless Delia is in Armenia with a rival; at the end, Tibullus is at her door in Rome, appealing to her pity, and warning his rival that one is at hand to supplant him in his turn. Sometimes the incoherence goes so far that editors, in despair of establishing a connection, are driven to take refuge in asterisks. Even poems which can be read continuously have little tirades embedded in them about peace, husbandry, war, and avarice.

Tibullus is not alone in dilating on the last topic. The reigning beauties were willing enough to encourage writers whose homage flattered their vanity, increased their celebrity—it may be, touched their feelings. They were not willing to sacrifice luxury and display to a sentiment; nor were poets, with the exception of Horace, manly enough to accept facts and hold their tongues: still Tibullus cries out loudest. When a rival carries the beloved into the country out of reach, Tibullus detests the country, and wishes man had continued to live upon acorns. Of course this is sentiment run mad: no poet loved the country better, his sweetest day-dream was to have his mistress living in the fields—with him—in chastity—and waiting upon Messalla. The pieties of country life charm him; he is the one genuine believer among the poets of the age; he has the simple faith for which Vergil sighs. He never questions the ways of the gods; he doubts nothing but start a tradition ascribing the whole to the best known or only known author of any part.

the infallibility of evil omens, or at least of evil dreams. He is half in earnest with his thanksgivings that heaven winks at lovers' perjuries; he is quite in earnest with his prayer that the curse upon the fickle Delia may not come true, with his tender anxiety to propitiate the deities on her behalf. The tenderness is just a little morbid: he always fancies himself dying in the arms of Delia, or Delia dying in his. In the same spirit he says of his second love, Nemesis, who was as false as the first, that he is not worth a single tear of hers. Such delicacy is unique in Latin literature: until we come to Apuleius, there is hardly another writer who understands what delicacy means. Other poetical lovers beat their mistresses, and then ask to have their hands tied; instead, Tibullus wishes that he might never have had hands if he could think of such a thing.

There is less tenderness in what may be called the dramatic elegies of the third and fourth books: the third deals mainly with the loves of Lygdamus and Neæra; the fourth, in a more fragmentary manner, with the loves of Cerinthus and Sulpicia. We may guess that we have a series of *billets-doux*, or only the scraps of verse out of them; or we may guess that we have the germs which, if Tibullus had lived, would have grown to poems on the scale which we find in the first two books, which close, not very impressively, with a poem on the departure of Macer, another poet and lover, to the wars—whither Tibullus would follow if he could leave his love behind.

As Tibullus's own love-affairs were too prosperous for the moment to write about, it is intelligible that he should have written about his friends', and that he should not have written so well. But it is generally held that the inferiority in the fourth book, at any rate, is too marked to admit such explanations. The topics in the third book are practically the same as those of Tibullus. The lover is still patient, and the mistress is still false: the shadow of death is still over all; there is the same contempt for wealth; the same anxious affectionate piety; the same confession that drink drowns a lover's cares, though there is a sort of homage to love in the very im-

patience with which Lygdamus calls for wine and bids the cup-bearer mix a heady draught. One fresh topic appears in the fourth book: Sulpicia is a lady of station, and is jealous of a rival in a rank below her own; perhaps it is doubtful if Cerinthus could have legally married her. If so, this would be an additional reason for the obscurity of the fourth book: the lovers, or whoever wrote in their name, would think it prudent to write in riddles, especially as the narrow circle for whom the poems must have been collected would have the key to the riddle in their knowledge of the circumstances.

Tibullus, with all his piety, is very indifferent to mythology, and indeed to erudition in general: all his poems have the character of a musical *tête-à-tête*, in which the reader is asked to surrender himself to a kindly egotist, completely taken up with himself, or his friend, or his love. His own skill in poetry is precious to Tibullus only as it commends him to Delia or Nemesis. If they are deaf to his strains, it is better for him to be silent; he desires no fame himself, he grudges it them. If they were known only to him, it would be easier for them to be true. The splendors of the reign of Augustus are nothing to him. He agreed, indeed, to send a copy of his works for the library of the Palatine, with an added poem on the Sibylline books, which he treats rather in a spirit of edification than of curiosity. He stands alone in his frank indifference to fame, more unaffected than Horace's indifference to wealth; he stands alone in his independence of Alexandrine learning. Perhaps, like Horace, he went back to the pre-Attic literature; perhaps he is the friend who was not quite satisfied till Horace had hailed him as the Roman Mimnermus. If so, Horace was less adroit than usual when he thought it a compliment to hail him as the Roman Callimachus.

The Roman Callimachus in his own conceit was Propertius, at once a poet and an antiquary, a lover and a mythologist; though Callimachus, with his graceful, temperate self-possession, might question whether a successor so boisterous, so exuberant, so incoherent—nay, sometimes so clumsy—had not failed to appropriate the best part of his inheritance.

In most things the Roman Callimachus is a complete contrast to the Roman Mimnermus: in one thing he is like him—he is in earnest with his love. Even here there is a difference: he respects neither himself nor his mistress; he is passionate, not sentimental, and he does not spare us a single phase of his passion. We have his triumph, his indignation, his suspicion, his insolence, his infidelity, all with a plentiful parade of mythological illustration. Cynthia (whose real name was Hostia) was one of the most learned of a class who often piqued themselves quite as much upon their learning as upon more genuine accomplishments, so that Propertius had a right to display his erudition for her benefit. He is credulous as well as learned, more superstitious than Tibullus in proportion as he is less pious. Tibullus trusts the gods of his own farm spontaneously: he trusts the god of song for healing, and the god of wine for comfort; he enters naturally into the devotion of his mistresses to outlandish Egyptian deities. Propertius thinks little of the gods when things go well: when they go ill, he is afraid of death and of ghosts. He tries to make Cynthia afraid of thunder, that fear may keep her true. In spite of such traits, Propertius is not an unmanly or ungenerous writer: he is absorbed by a selfish passion, but not without a protest. He does not imagine that such passions are the only interests in life; after the first book he admits that they are not the highest. He attempts a national work upon Roman antiquities in the style of Callimachus, which would have covered the same ground as the "Fasti." The plan would have been different, and perhaps better. Ovid wrote at least half of a poetical almanac; Propertius left behind him fragments of a poetical guide-book. He is eager about all national concerns: he has a song of triumph for the victory of Actium; he gloats over the glorious spoil which Cæsar, the new god, is to win in India. Only one thing in the new *régime* displeases him: it is the abortive attempt, soon abandoned, to turn him and all other Romans of equestrian rank into virtuous *patres familias* by law. In the same spirit of obtrusive enthusiasm, he poses as the trumpeter of Vergil and the panegyrist of Mæcenas; he writes the epi-

taph of Gallus. Posterity, represented by the scholiasts, has taken him at his word: it has accepted him as the chosen friend of all with whom he linked his name. As he pays no tribute to Horace, it is not unlikely that he is the importunate acquaintance on whom Horace wrote his one really biting satire; and, beyond his own testimony, there is nothing to show that his homage was valued at the time.

To judge by the epitaph, and by the twentieth elegy of the first book, he was intimate with Gallus, precisely the most unreasonable poet of the age, whose egotism and abruptness resembled his own. He is not incoherent in the same way as Tibullus: he always aims at organic unity, but seldom, if ever, reaches it. He is obscure because he is impatient; he is abrupt and desultory in the exact sense of those words. Two topics or more are in his mind, and he says something of one, stops without finishing, and goes to another: he leaves his editors to devise or invent the connection, and conjecture, if they please, that he would have made it clear if his feelings had not been too impetuous for language. Feelings too impetuous for language are seldom deep and strong: the full river runs itself clear. A mind that is restless and *not* full must always be working, and often must work upon borrowed materials.

Propertius is less original than Tibullus. He seems to have translated much with little change from Callimachus: even the elegy to Gallus is like a translation, though it fits the circumstances well, and the epitaph, if it were not too stiff, might very well be an extract from the anthology. The obscurity of the first book is just the obscurity which we should look for in a translation. And there is this excuse for the obscurity, that the author is absorbed by the question of metre; he is fascinated by the charm of the polysyllabic ending of the pentameter. Catullus gave no special pains to the matter: in his early poems polysyllables are frequent, in the later he seems to settle down to dissyllables without much choice. In Tibullus the dissyllabic rule is observed in almost all cases without reflection; but in the first book of Propertius it is the polysyllabic endings that are studied, and the dissyllabic that

come of themselves. The attempt is interesting; for the comparative absence of short open syllables and little words makes it impossible, as has been said, for a Latin verse to be an exact copy of a Greek: except in iambics and hendecasyllables, a Latin verse has to be more highly finished than a Greek, if it is not to be more unfinished. Still, the attempt at an artificial grace compromises the independence of Propertius: he ends too many lines with Greek proper names; he is driven, too, to particular Latin terminations, especially to datives and ablatives of the so-called third declension; just as, in English, writers who aim at the uncongenial ornament of double rhymes end a disproportionate number of lines with *-ing* and *-eth*. Even with these resources there are whole elegies in the first book, which was published separately, where the natural dissyllable-ending prevails, with perhaps the insertion of one solitary quadrisyllable: in others the beginning of an elegy is full of polysyllables, and the end subsides into dissyllables as if they were easier.

The first book has a character of its own in other ways: it is more delicate and reserved, and less passionate. The author is still on his good behavior: he boasts of his own devotion, not of his mistress's favors; his reproaches to her are gentle and vague. It was wrong of him to leave her, as it was wrong of her to wait to dress before she visited him in his illness. Already death haunts his imagination: he is content to die, if Cynthia will cherish his memory. When he meets the heroines of the Trojan war, he will see none so fair as Cynthia; when he is a shadow among shades, it will be seen that he is the shadow of Cynthia, not of his old earthly self. He promises to come back to her as Protesilaus came back to Laodamid; but he will come in vain, against her will. Love will have dried her eyes: no girl, however true, can brave the displeasure of love. Since death must part them, let them live and love while they may.

In the second book there is more originality. Propertius is trying to be an independent poet, and to make himself useful in the same way as Varius: he would like to leave the old tales of the wars of the Titans, and the worthy deeds of Marius, to

sing of Cæsar and Mæcenæ, and he finds, to his surprise, that love is too strong upon him. Whereupon all the heroes who ever were in love are cited to excuse the poet who is more in love than any hero. The period of sentiment is over, and the period of bitterness is not quite come: he has ceased to idealize his mistress; indeed, her character is so doubtful that he is tempted to beat her; but as that would be an unscholarly revenge, he resolves to brand her for all time with a verse, which is either unsymmetrical or ungrammatical or corrupt as it stands—

Cynthia forma potens, Cynthia verba levis (II. v. 28)

—"Cynthia a shape of power, Cynthia light of words." If we might think that Propertius coined two perfectly regular compounds, and that neither he nor any one else ever used them again, we might read—

Cynthia formipotens, Cynthia verbilevis.

The spell of her beauty is unshaken: he swears, while cursing her and her other lovers, to have no mistress himself but Cynthia, with her stately stature and her long taper hands and her robe of bright red gauze, with her skill in dancing and poetry. In more cheerful moods he boasts alike of the friendship of Mæcenæ and his fidelity to Cynthia, which was not quite disinterested, for he noticed that most lovers sank into common ladies' hacks. He is still as full as ever of mythology: when Cynthia objects to being left alone, she has the opportunity of emulating the heroic constancy of Penelope, or Briseis, who was, to be sure, more faithful than Achilles. In the third book, at last, the poet breaks loose: he is able to sing of other things than love, and he sings of love all the better. He takes Cynthia as he finds her, scolding her, using her roughly, even treating her to a little wholesome neglect. He is still anxious when the summer heat makes her ill; though he improves the occasion by suggesting that her illness was the effect of her perjuries. As no doubt her other lovers exacted as much perjury as Propertius, she had plenty to worry her and something to reproach herself about, and

she seems to have been really superstitious. Propertius complains that she goes now to try the lots at Præneste, and to propitiate Hercules at Tibur; now to worship Diana at Aricia by torchlight, with half Rome in her train, instead of staying with Propertius in Rome. There was a crowd wherever she went, so it was useless for her to pretend that she left Rome to be out of the crowd.

In the fourth and fifth books we have less of Cynthia: in the seventh elegy of the fifth book the poet tries to lay her ghost. Having done with his own love, he sings the loves of others (V. iii.), and announces for the first time his full literary pretensions. He is the Roman Callimachus. Like Callimachus, he prefers love and legend to heroic poetry, and, like Callimachus, he expects a higher reputation from posterity than from his own contemporaries. In a sense he was right: Varius was a much greater poet in the eyes of Mæcenas, A.U.C. 731, than Propertius, who seemed to be allowing an unworthy passion to fritter away his powers and deprive him of the reputation which he might have earned by his unmistakable power of splendid declamation in verse. It may be taken for granted that contemporaries were quite as alive as editors to all the disconnectedness of a poet who lived in a state of suspicion and over-excitement which incapacitated him for steady work. They were more sensitive than editors to all his harsh and doubtful phrases, like that which tells how "that death is best which comes fitly when our day is spare;"¹ for they had not the inducement to display their knowledge of Latin by defending the MS. text, or suggesting emendations only less harsh, and could recognize intuitively the phrase which his irregular fancy was distorting under more or less pressure from metrical necessity. They would perhaps be less sensitive than modern readers to the vulgarity of the imitation² of Vergil's aspiration³ after poetry and science. The originality, such as it is, consists in the frank sensuality. Propertius finds it pleasant to have haunted Helicon in early youth, and to have twined his hands in the

¹ Optima Mors parca quæ venit apta die.—IV. iv. 18.

² IV. iv. 19-46.

³ "Georg." ii. 475 sqq.

dances of the Muses. He finds it pleasant, too, to bind his spirit with much wine, and to have his head always in the roses¹ of spring. It is only when he is too old for what he understands and enjoys, when the heavy years have cut off love, and hoary age has sprinkled his sable locks, that he trusts he may have a mind to learn the ways of nature. Then he goes on for twenty lines or more with an empty, frivolous enumeration of the points which arouse his curiosity, which is never æsthetical, never ethical. What he is nearest being serious about is the life to come: and even then he only wonders whether there are judgments of the gods and torments of the giants underground, whether it is possible to hunger in the midst of fruit, and thirst in the midst of waters. For himself, Propertius is credulous: when Cynthia is dead, he has a long conversation with her ghost, who appears in the form of her corpse as he supposed the funeral pyre to have left it. When in a later poem he describes the death of a Roman lady of rank, the incoherence is still more glaring. The speech of the dead Cornelia is eloquent and pathetic, and it would be hard to overpraise it,² but it is unreal to the last degree. The poet has seen that the farewell charge of a dying wife and mother would be interesting, but he is not content to confine himself to this source of interest, nor yet to renounce it when he is attracted by the idea that she is answering for her whole blameless life before the inflexible judges of the world to come. Even this thought is not steadily kept in view. The speaker calls the living to bear witness in her behalf. She is not quite sure whether she is in Elysium already; and her last word is, "Conduct has found the way to heaven; may my desert make me worthy to have my bones borne in a chariot of honor."³

¹ Does he wish for a crown of roses, or for a pillow of rose-leaves?

² Admirers of Propertius stake his fame as a great poet on this work, though it has none of the musical and picturesque redundancy of the first book, or of the glowing passion of the third or fourth. In fact, we are asked to be grateful that Propertius is on the way to become like everybody else; and no doubt a powerful and eccentric writer commends himself most to general approval at this stage.

³ Moribus et cælum patuit; sim digna merendo
Cujus honoratis ossa vehantur equis.

The transition from Tibullus and Propertius to Ovid is the transition from the poetry of personal feeling and passion and ambition to the poetry of self-possessed, self-conscious art. Ovid is emphatically a "ladies' man;" he is the only poet of the Augustan age, except Vergil, who was a water-drinker. The excitement of haunting women took the place of wine to him, and he had no need of sleep like such sentimentalists as Horace and Tibullus. He is singular, again, in having the sense of society. He liked the company of many women at once, without needing to be in love with any. The love-affairs of others were as interesting, perhaps we should say as entertaining, to him as his own: he never seems to get beyond being interested, or at most teased; a mistress might be provoking, but the lover was always cool. This is the more remarkable because Ovid allowed himself to be much longer and more completely absorbed by love, as he understood it, than most of his contemporaries. The other classic poets were hardly capable of anything but elegy; moreover, they died young. Quintilian has the air of repeating the opinion of the Augustan age when he says that Ovid could have done much more if he would have submitted to the restraints of a severe form of art, such as tragedy; and we know that he did write one tragedy, the "Medea," which was highly praised, and that he had hesitated between elegy and tragedy himself. The hesitation was not very serious; it left no trace but a very conventional dream of two women who challenged the poet's allegiance by a display of their contrasted charms. The imitation of Prodicus's choice of Hercules is decidedly more frigid than Lucian's burlesque hesitation between literature and statuary. It is certain that his "Medea" has gone the way of the "Thyestes" of Varius, and that the "Letters of Heroines" have held their place among the most vital and most fruitful works of the Augustan age. In form they are not absolutely original: the transition to monologue is always an easy resource when the dramatic faculty is no longer at home on the stage, and Lycophron, the obscurest of the Alexandrines, had shown the way in his "Cassandra." There are hints of less repulsive writers, including Callimachus, who had

shown that it was feasible to conduct a monodrama in elegy, but it does not appear that any of their attempts were celebrated. Now Ovid was celebrated at once. He had, to be sure, a talent for being celebrated: he wrote much and well about his own books, and doubtless talked more than he wrote; and he had none of the shyness of Horace, who, though he knew how to advertise himself to a high-class public, preferred, upon the whole, that his reputation should be select.

The "Letters of Heroines" are an early work: they have a generosity and purity of feeling which could hardly have survived the composition of the "Art of Love," and made the Middle Ages regard the book as a work of edification—a character which it certainly deserves by the side, not only of Ovid's other elegies except the "Fasti" (which are uninteresting) and the "Tristia" and "Letters from Pontus" (which are positively dull), but of the wholesomer works of Tibullus and Propertius. It is true that the situations are often extreme; but the horror of extreme situations in literature is only intelligible when the majority of steady, well-conducted people can count with almost absolute assurance on keeping outside such situations in real life; and, in fact, it may be said to date from the moral revival which accompanied the expansion of English industrial civilization in the latter part of last century. When the art of writing elegiacs revived at the Renaissance, Ovid received the compliment of imitation: it is admitted upon all hands that the three replies to Phyllis, Hypsipyle, and Ariadne, which are printed in most collections of Latin poetry under the name of Sabinus, are a work of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. We know that Sabinus, a friend and contemporary of Ovid, actually did write replies to the three heroines named, for Ovid tells us so; but, apart from the absence of MS. authority, many vaguenesses of language show that the author was composing in an unfamiliar tongue, although he has caught the superficial aspects of Ovidian Latin sufficiently well to give a kind of content to uncritical scholars. Besides these imitations, there are many of the letters of the heroines which are doubtful, because the MSS. of that portion of Ovid's

works vary considerably in the number of letters they include, and it is not clear whether the later and fuller MSS. represent a lost archetype, or the supplementary ingenuity of some imitator more successful than the pseudo-Sabinus. And when such a question has once been started, it is easy to see how long the discussion can be kept up, by a minute examination of all discrepancies of style and diction between the doubtful and acknowledged elegies, and by a microscopical investigation of the correspondence and divergence between the letter of Sappho and the allusive account of it which Ovid wrote long afterwards; and the question is further complicated because the genuineness or the reverse of the letter of Sappho would have its weight in deciding the antiquity and credibility of the tradition that Sappho ended her career at the "Lover's Leap" of Leucas. Certainly the poem must be called a failure by the side of others: there is, one might almost think, a visible transition to the frigid mythology of the "Fasti." When Ovid is speaking in his own person, we may forgive him for learning dull legends in dreams: it is worse that Sappho should learn the legend of Leucas in the same way, and write a letter to say so, on the eve of suicide. She has nothing else to say but commonplaces. The thought of Phaon makes everybody else insipid: she dreams of him, her dreams are very vivid; and the rough tufa of the cave where they met before he avoided her was more beautiful, in her eyes, than Phrygian marble. So Juvenal complains of the marble which defaced the grotto of Egeria; but our author is just as likely to have remembered the cave of Dido and Æneas, and to have invented the contrast of marble and tufa for himself. The general inferiority is probably due to the fact that Sappho's story had never been worked out by a succession of poets; it had lingered in the state of local tradition, and even for a local tradition had never been clear.

A modern poet would have felt himself more at ease upon virgin soil; but Ovid, who is modern in many ways, succeeds much better with Dido than he or his imitator succeeded with Sappho. Without being in the least embarrassed by the hazard of a competition with Vergil, he uses Vergil without

scruple, as a pianist improvising a fantasia uses the airs of greater composers; nearly everything in the fourth book of the "Æneid" comes over again in a quarter of the space, and yet Ovid looks flowery and redundant in comparison with the passionate simplicity of Vergil. This is possible, because the story is taken for granted by a series of ingenious allusions, just sufficient to reconstruct it by. The signature, as usual, gives the key to the poem, and, as often, is turned into a rather heartless epigram, which has to do duty as an epitaph. But Ovid intends his Dido to be tenderer than Vergil's. He does not care about her dignity. Instead of cursing Æneas and his people with her last breath, her fear is that his guilt may expose him to shipwreck: she would rather lose him by any way than death. For herself, her supplications are only another form of complaint; she hopes nothing, and only writes at all because, after losing her virtue and her reputation, she thinks it a light thing to lose her words. She certainly does not spare them; she reproaches Æneas on the chance of being responsible for the death of an unborn brother of Iulus.

If we turn to the lamentation of Hypsipyle and Cēnone, who, like Dido, had done service to lovers who had deserted them, we shall see more and more reason to admire Ovid's inexhaustible fertility. There is singularly little repetition. It is not that Hypsipyle is so unlike Ariadne, or Ariadne so unlike Cēnone. The situation is reviewed from without, not from within; but no circumstance is lost sight of. For instance, Cēnone brings in the virtue of Andromache and the wisdom of Antenor, and hints that Paris will find a successor in Deiphobus; and, with a pretty affectation of ignorance, she wonders how far he was forestalled by some Theseus or other, and gives herself airs of superior virtue to any woman who can leave her country with a stranger. It never occurs to Ovid to alter the tradition that Apollo had been the lover of Cēnone before Paris; it never occurs to him either to make Cēnone humble herself to Paris because he was not the first; and he does not overrate his resources. His Cēnone is proud of the favor of the god who built the walls of Troy, which will

fall by the guilt of Paris, and she is proud of her own ineffectual resistance: if Apollo overpowered her, at any rate she tore his unshorn locks. This is on the borders of vulgarity; here is a passage which comes nearer to poetry:

"That day brought doom upon poor me; thenceforth began the evil winter of changed love, that day when Venus and Juno, and Minerva, who looks better when she puts on her armor, came naked to your judgment. My bosom quivered with dismay, and a cold trembling ran, as you told the tale, through my stout bones. I questioned (for my terror was beyond measure) beldames and hoary elders, and both were sure it was sin. The pine was felled, the beams were hewn, the fleet was ready, the azure wave parted before the trim galleys; you wept at parting, spare me at least a denial of this: that love of yours is more reason for shame than the love that is gone by. You did weep, and I wept too: you saw the tears in my eyes; each of us was sad, we mingled our tears. No elm is clasped as close by the vine set against it as your arms were twined about my neck. Ah! how often your shipmates smiled when you would complain that you were wind-bound; the wind was fair. How often, after letting me go, you drew me back for one kiss more! how hardly did your tongue bear to say farewell! The light breeze lifts the canvas that laps idly on the stiff mast, and the water whitens beneath the plunging oars. Poor I can but follow the parting sails with my eyes while I may, and moisten the sand with my tears. I pray the green maidens of the sea that you may come home with speed. Alas! your speed was to my undoing. So it was my prayers that brought you back, and brought you back to another! Woe is me, that I humbled myself to the profit of my hateful rival! A mass of native rock looks upon the boundless deep, a mountain once, and still strong to breast the billows of the main. From my station here I was first to mark the sails of your galley, and my impulse was to meet you through the waves. While I linger, purple methought gleamed on the front of the prow: I trembled sore; it was no garb of yours. The bark drew nearer, the breeze was swift, it touched the shore: my heart

shrank as I saw the cheeks of a woman. Was not that enough? What bewitched me to stay and see your shameful leman clinging to your neck? Then I did rend my robes and beat my breast, and my nails shivered as they tore my tearful cheeks. I filled holy Ida with the storm of my complaint, and thence I bore tears of mine to my rocky home."¹

¹ Illa dies fatum miseræ mihi duxit, ab illa
Pessima mutati cœpit amoris hiems;
Qua Venus et Iuno, sumtisque decentior armis
Venit in arbitrium nuda Minerva tuum.
Attoniti micuere sinus, gelidusque cucurrit,
Ut mihi narrasti, dura per ossa tremor.
Consului, neque enim modice terrebar, anusque,
Longævusque senes: constitit esse nefas.
Cæsa abies, sectæque trabes, et, classe parata,
Cærulea ceratas accipit unda rates.
Flesti discedens: hoc saltem parce negare.
Præterito magis est iste pudendus amor.
Et flesti et nostros vidisti flentis ocellos.
Miscuimus lacrimas mœstus uterque suas.
Non sic appositis vincitur vitibus ulmus,
Ut tua sunt collo brachia nexa meo.
Ah! quoties, quum te vento quererere teneri,
Riserunt comites! Ille secundus erat.
Oscula dimissæ quoties repetita dedisti!
Quam vix sustinuit dicere lingua, Vale.
Aura levis rigido pendentia lintea malo
Suscitat; et remis eruta canet aqua.
Prosequor infelix oculis abeuntia vela,
Qua licet; et lacrimis humet arena meis.
Utque celer venias, virides Nereïdas oro;
Scilicet ut venias in mea damna celer.
Votis ergo meis alii rediture redisti?
Hei mihi! pro dira pellice blanda fui!
Adspicit immensum moles nativa profundum.
Mons fuit; æquoreis illa resistit aquis:
Hinc ego vela tuæ cognovi prima carinæ,
Et mihi per fluctus impetus ire fuit.
Dum moror, in summa fulsit mihi purpura prora.
Pertimui, cultus non erat ille tuus.
Fit propior, terrasque cita ratis attigit aura:
Femineas vidi corde tremente genas.
Non satis id fuerat: quid enim furiosa morabar?
Hærebat gremio turpis amica tuo.

In a sense, nothing can be more picturesque or terse or musical: it is even moving. On a second or third reading it strikes one that CEnone is too voluble to be deeply moved herself; but this is hardly a reproach to a poet who would not press Horace's maxim, that he who would make another weep must grieve himself, too far. His heroines are never self-forgetful in their grief, and self-forgetful grief gets little sympathy; though CEnone carries self-command rather far when she brings botanical science to bear upon the levity of Paris: he is lighter than a leaf, that is not enough; than a withered leaf, that is not enough either; he is lighter than a leaf just then when it flies before the wind whose motion has parched it and it has no sap to weight it; there is less substance in him than in the top of an ear of corn that is burned stiff with the long sunshine. The self-possession of Phædra is still more astonishing; the confusion, which is even more apparent than the passion in Euripides, is wholly absent. Even the passion is a matter of inference: the writer puts his whole strength into ingenuity. The tragic part of the situation is left to the reader's memory, while Phædra displays her seductions, and dwells upon the ease with which Hippolytus, if he only will, may yield. It is probable that contemporaries recognized the seductive matron as a much more intelligible type than the shy queen of Euripides, who dies without declaring herself; though there Euripides had yielded to *his* contemporaries, and rather sacrificed the rôle of Phædra to Hippolytus.

The style and metre of the "Heroines" is already masterly: the neat-fitting couplets without a superfluous preposition or conjunction hint at everything that can be hinted at in the space, and leave the connecting links to be supplied by the reader for himself. The structure of the parentheses, which to a practised ear are never an interruption, is complete from

Tunc vero rupique sinus, et pectora planxi,
Et secui madidas ungue rigente genas:
Implevique sacram querulis ululatibus Iden:
Illinc has lacrimas in mea saxa tuli."

Ovid, "Her." v. 31-72.

the first. Only in one point one notes an imitation of Catullus which disappears later on: we have the spondaic line, like

Non hæc Æsonides sed Phasias Æetine,

where both the spondee at the beginning and the pretty affectation at the close are unlike Ovid. On the other hand, the "Heroines" are free from an affectation of Ovid's own, which in his later elegiacs, from the "Fasti" onwards, becomes very wearisome. *Puella* in almost all its cases is a capital word to end an hexameter with, but neither *puella* nor *femina* nor *mulier* is convenient at the end of a pentameter; and, unfortunately, it occurred to Ovid that *nurus*, which properly means a daughter-in-law, was absolutely convenient if used without respect to its natural limitations of meaning.

The transition to the "Amores" from the "Heroides" is the transition from the ideal to the real. Ovid wishes us to believe that he is relating his own experience, and boasts that it was not exactly creditable. Perhaps the personal element would have been clearer if the original edition in five books had reached us: in reducing them to three, nothing that was not typical and of permanent interest would be preserved. As they stand, the "Amores" are a complete course of erotic philosophy, teaching by example what the "Art of Love" and the connected treatises teach by precept: one might almost say that they are an elegant letter-writer for the use of lovers. In fact, they are this and more. A lover could hardly be in a situation in which he could not find a love-letter in the "Amores" to suit him, and he might be full of sentiments which he could not conveniently put into a letter. Then, too, Ovid supplies him with model entries for a sentimental journal. For instance, it must have been a common adventure to be stopped by a swollen river on the way to an assignation; and Ovid supplies a distressed lover with over a hundred lines¹ of appropriate reflections, to be let off while waiting to see whether the flood-water will run off in time to let him keep his appointment.

First he tells the river that there is no bridge or ferry, and

¹ "Am." III. vi.

that he remembers it used to be quite easy to ford; that he is in a great hurry, and will be no better for his haste if kept standing there; then he wishes for the wings of Perseus, or the dragon-car of Ceres. Presently he reflects that these are fables, and tells the river to flow within its banks; especially as that particular river cannot afford the unpopularity of stopping a lover. In fact, lovers have a special title to the protection of rivers, so many rivers have been in love, from Inachus to Tiber, who fell in love with Ilia, "though her nails had marked her hair, her nails had marked her cheek!"¹ Then comes a long passage of mythological pathos, in the manner of the "Heroides:" at the end Ilia "drew her raiment over her swelling eyes, and so cast herself to perish into the swift waters. They say the gliding stream spread hands to bear her bosom, and made her the lawful partner of his bed."

Ovid is not quite clear whether he means to rationalize the tradition into the suicide of Ilia or not: perhaps two passages about Ilia in the first edition are run together in the second. At any rate, it does not occur to Ovid that the whole story of Ilia is just as credible or incredible as the whole story of Perseus; nor does it occur to him that the story of Leander is more credible than either, and at least as relevant. Instead, he opines that the river which stops him has had a love-affair of its own, of which the groves and woods have been faithful confidants. Meanwhile, he notices that the river has swollen instead of going down, and abuses it in good set terms for a nameless, good-for-nothing torrent, which deserves nothing better than his parting curse, that the sun may pass over it quickly to smite it, and winter always leave it dry.

Perhaps we owe this poem to the fact that Ovid had mistresses in more parts of Italy than most poets. Corinna was the first, but she was not the only one, though she has the honor of being the heroine of the poem² which every elegiac poet seems to have felt called to write in honor of the first time when the lover embraces the beloved. Naturally, there

¹ "Ungue notata comas, ungue notata genas."—Ovid, "Am." III. vi. 48.

² "Am." I. v.

is nothing of the imitation of a marriage contract which we find in Propertius, always more earnest than his contemporaries, and often in worse taste. All the other commonplaces recur with variations, and an evident desire to be complete. Ovid is most original in his description¹ of the quarrel in which the lover beats his mistress, and brings her hair about her ears. He has more sense of humor than Propertius: instead of discussing the merits of the case, he plays quaintly with his pity for the poor lady who was so surprised and frightened, and with his own amazement at his own barbarity. There is, of course, the assurance that the disorder was becoming, and, equally of course, not a hint at the real story. We learn from the "Art of Love" that his remorse sprang from the perception that a lover who gave no costly presents could not afford to lose his temper. In the "Amores" he suggests that, if too angry to confine himself to words, he ought to have bitten her throat, or just gone through the form of tearing her dress. In fact, it had pleased the lady, when her color and her wits came back, to insist that her dress *had* been torn in the scuffle: and, though Ovid did not believe her, he had to pay for the imaginary damage. Even economical lovers had to give presents, and Ovid has a very pretty poem² on the sentiments which may accompany a ring, the tenderest of all cheap presents, tenderer than many costly ones. He wishes that a gift in which there is nothing to prize but the love of the giver may be accepted. He hopes that the ring may fit as well as he and she fit each other. He envies the gift that his mistress will handle: then he longs for the art of Circe or of Proteus (he does not name either) to change him into his gift; if that could be, he would fain be the ring touching her body, as the left hand steals under her tunic. It would be charming to slip from her finger where the ring had clung so close and fall on to her. Then, too, it would be his privilege often to be pressed to her lips when she had billets to seal, for fear the gem should be dry or sticky, and so pull the wax with it when the stamp was raised, only he hopes he would never have to seal a letter to a rival. When

¹ "Am." I. vii.

² "Am." II. xv.

she wishes to put the ring away, if he were the ring it should never come off, and so forth. He concludes, as always, with a touch of irony. All his prayers are vain: a ring is only a ring, not a man; but still he speeds his little gift on the way, with a wish that his mistress may feel that he has given his faith with the ring.

In the next elegy, Ovid endeavors to compete with the rustic sentimentality of Tibullus; but his ingenuity is unconquerable; he puns, and is too accurate in his topography. Ovid is in the country, and he presses his mistress to come to him there: he did not care for the country himself, as Tibullus did, and was too experienced to expect his mistress to care for it either: he only ventures to appeal to her promise, though the words of a girl are lighter than falling leaves, and are trifles that wind and wave bear whither they will. Still, if she has piety enough to care for the lover whom she left,¹ she will think of going on from promise to performance, and shake the reins herself over the streaming manes of her ponies as they whirl her little car along. The swelling mountains are to fall before her, and change to an easy way through winding valleys. The real attractions of Sulmo are set forth with appreciation that just stops short of enjoyment. In the vintage Sulmo is healthy, because there are plenty of streams which never run dry in the greatest heat; the soil is never hard, and the grass is always green; the rivers float over the fields; the grass, as it rises again above the water, casts a shadow on the moist soil; the cool breeze caresses the leafage of the trees. Then, too, it is a good country for corn, and a much better country for wine, and not impracticable for oil, and it was also the home of his sires; and yet Ovid was restless there, and fancied himself among the savages of Scythia or the Caucasus or the Taurus, or the wilds of Britain where the natives dye themselves green. With his mistress he could go anywhere: if they were shipwrecked to-

¹ Hence we may infer that Ovid was able to get his mistress to come down with him when he went to Sulmo, no doubt for the prosaic purpose of looking after his property, though she took the first opportunity of escaping to Rome.

gether, she would be safe; as he puts it, "If the windy might of Neptune prevail, and the wave sweep away the gods who would have helped, still do you lay your snowy arms upon my shoulder; it will be easy for my body to sustain the sweet burden." He remembers that Leander was drowned, but then Leander's love did not light his way. One touch is very like Tibullus—it was a cruel idea to have long distances in the world. Perhaps the tone of his model is better preserved in the eighth elegy of the third book, where he complains that, though his mistress likes and praises his poems, he cannot find his way, like them, to her presence, because some blood-stained soldier has come home with a full purse and a ring as a knight. All the notes struck are characteristic of Tibullus. There is the sentimental contrast between the pure holy poet and the cruel mercenary with his scars; there is the mythological regret for the discovery of gold running off into a sentimental regret for the progress of industrial civilization. There is even the note of political independence—"Men have built cities; they have trained their hands to arms, they have crossed the sea: all folly. Why could they not be satisfied with earth? If they must have the sea, why not the sky?" Then comes the answer, "They do what they can: they build temples on earth to their dead, to Romulus and to Liber and to Alcides, and now to Cæsar." This couplet might be a later interpolation, but there is a political flavor about the denunciation of the "census" which is the key to honor, and gives gravity to the judge and character to the knight. And this points to a tolerably late period of the rule of Augustus, when the gloss had worn off his reforms, and there was room for discontent at court. It might almost seem as if Julia liked to sneer at her father and his uncle. The sneer is unlike Tibullus, who is never malicious and never witty, and Ovid's wit in this poem is a fair promise of the ingenuity that runs riot in the "Art of Love." We know that he was writing, if he had not written, that work before the last poems in the collection of the "Amores" were finished. On the other hand, there is no allusion to the "Fasti" or the "Metamorphoses." There are anticipations

of the manner of the "Fasti" in the vision¹ in the grove where the poet chooses between elegy and tragedy, and recognizes the former by one foot being longer than the other; and perhaps a pleasanter one in the poem² on the mourning of Ceres, who is thanked for her benefits, and bantered, not too disrespectfully, upon her own love-affair with Jupiter in Crete—even Cretans tell the truth sometimes—just to prove the inconsistency of trying to do her honor by suspending all other love-affairs upon her festival; which, like all other feasts of the lord gods, ought to be kept with the acceptable offerings of love and song and wine.

On the whole, it is safest to suppose that the three earlier series of elegies proceeded *pari passu*, though, speaking roughly, the "Heroines" may be put at the commencement of that stage of Ovid's career, and the "Art of Love" at its close.

He had exhausted all phases of the subject in practice; he had even married; and one of the prettiest of the later elegies is on the feast of Juno at Falerii,³ which he attended because his wife was a native of the place. There is no love in the poem, and only a vague account of the legend: such legends are clearer in the "Fasti." What Ovid could feel for a wife is better seen in the "Tristia." His feeling was never of the same kind as his feeling for his mistresses; and his feeling for his mistresses always ended in disgust, partly at himself, and partly at his mistress. He boasts of his emancipation; he boasts of the reputation he has conferred, and then complains that he has given himself rivals. He soon comes round to the admission that he hates and loves at once, and is afraid that love will prevail. He appeals to his mistress to decide whether he shall love her of his will or against his will. The last elegy but one is still more ingeniously abject. The poet is quite content that his mistress should be false, if only she will not force him to know it. After the cynical humility with which Ovid deprecates her cynical effrontery, we are not surprised or sorry to hear him bid the mother of tender loves seek another poet, and are

¹ "Am." iii. 1.² Ib. 10.³ Ib. 13.

rather grateful to horned Bacchus, who has put it into his mind to tread a wider floor with his mighty steeds.

But though Ovid takes leave of elegy here, we have still to consider his great work, the "Art of Love." This poem is divided into three books, of which the first two are addressed to men, and the third, by an after-thought, to women. They are all remarkable for their daring and ingenuity. The pretence that the love he teaches does not soil the robe of a Roman matron is only a pretence. All the ladies whom he teaches the art of courting are married, more or less; a great many of them have law business, important enough to make an excuse for claiming the attendance of their lovers; not a few have enough property to bequeath to make it worth while to be very anxious and attentive while they are ill. Some ladies are a little too "savage" to be approached by ordinary means; then it is wise to begin by "paying court" as a dependant, until it is possible to pay court as a lover. With a lower class, the inevitable overcrowding at the circus gave many opportunities for gallantry (especially in days when it was possible to lift a lady's robe out of the mud and pay one's self by a peep at her ankles). It is needless to bid a lover interest himself in the horse or actor that she favors (one hears much more about the horse than the actor, as if ladies of all ranks followed the fashion set by the law, which admitted "matrons" to the circus and excluded them from the theatre). Of course, neither the theatre nor the circus is the only scene of gallantry; and the whole description of gallantry implies that the idea was a novelty, and that the lover would require a great deal of encouragement to enable him to make the sacrifice of paying such attentions as could be commanded from a servant. This throws a new light on the habit the Augustan poets have of calling their mistress *domina*, which is more noteworthy, for they call no man *dominus*. One does not trace the idea at all in Latin comedy, where the heroines are, for the most part, only too thankful to be caressed and protected. One finds the word in Lucilius, but even in Catullus it is hardly established. In "Acme and Septimius," Acme prays that she and Septimius may continue

fellow-servants of one love. Catullus himself, though he was more absorbed by his passion than he liked, was much more anxious to master Lesbia than to pose as her slave. There is always something unreal in the love which consoles itself for the discovery that a mistress is capricious and tyrannical by ostentatiously hugging her chains.

Ovid is never serious for an instant, and he is always affecting seriousness and even enthusiasm. Cæsar's pageant of a sham sea-fight (? in 2 B.C.) is described¹ as having brought all Italy together, and many love-affairs were the result: and then the still more glorious triumph which Cæsar is going to win over the Parthians is described with apparently a disinterested glow of flattery. The avenger of Crassus is at hand; he will approve himself a general in his first campaign; he is a boy, but he conducts a war too great for a boy. But faint hearts ought not to count the birthdays of a god. Virtue comes before its season to the house of Cæsar. Hercules crushed the snakes in his cradle; Bacchus is still a boy, and can have been no more when he conquered India: and so on for forty lines. And then, when we have finally come to the procession of conquered generals, with chains on their necks to prevent their finding safety, as heretofore, in flight, we learn they will be a show for joyous lads and lasses, and the minds of all will be enlarged that day. When one of them asks the names of the kings, and of the countries and mountains and waters whose emblems are being carried by, the lover will do well to have an answer for everything; indeed, he had better not wait to be asked. He should tell all that he knows, and all that he can guess; the blue hairs of one river god must do for the Tigris, and the crown of pale-green reeds is to be the ensign of the Euphrates. He will always be able to name the generals, even if he does not happen to know them by sight.

Then a festival leads to a feast, and a feast is full of opportunities. There Love pushes back the horns of Bacchus; there Love wets his wings till he cannot fly away. Only a lover must be careful not to commit himself by lamplight,

¹ "Ars. Am." i. 171 sq.

which makes every woman beautiful. The great question, however, is not how to make sure of the lady: every woman is to be won. Those who say yes and those who say no are both glad to be asked. Mythological precedents are so encouraging that we almost wonder that the thriving wooer must begin by making sure of the maid's good word before he accosts the mistress; it is a knotty point whether it answers to be in love with both. Ovid, who always leans in favor of decency, thinks not. Apparently the most likely time for the lady to yield is when she is in high spirits, with nothing to be in high spirits about, for whenever there is any special attraction (for instance, some extra decorations in the circus) she is sure to put her lover off impatiently. Unlucky days, however, do a lover no harm: he may begin a prosperous courtship on the day of Allia, or on the Sabbath of the Syrians, which was recognized as a day unfit for business.

On the other hand, the lady's birthday is eminently unlucky, because a present is sure to be expected; not that precautions against presents are much use: a hawker will call when you are there with just the wares your mistress wants, and she will be sure to tell you that it is a capital time to buy. If you tell her that you have no cash ready, the salesman will be happy to take your note of hand. Besides, it is no good keeping away on the day you think is her birthday; as many days in the year as suits her she will greet you with a birthday cake, and expect a present in return. It is better to submit to her rapacity with a good grace, though it is worth a great effort to win the first caresses without buying them.

Everything is analyzed in the same style of heartless, kindly ingenuity. Ovid is always careful to inculcate prudence, politeness, and decency: sometimes, as in the matter of correspondence, it is possible to give a relative assent to his rules; sometimes, as in the matter of feasting, the change of manners makes his rules grotesque, and his sincere anxiety to hold fast the restraints and comforts of piety in every department of life but one must always have been amusing.

In the next book Ovid treats how love is to be held fast when won, and it is curious that he should have thought it

worth writing, as he treats fidelity as out of the question on either side. One can hardly suppose he recommended *liaisons* to be kept up from interested motives, as he regrets the way that various *petits soins* had been profaned by legacy-hunters, though his encomium on ladies of a certain age is, to say the least, suspicious. He has little to recommend but boundless patience and good temper. Philters are criminal and useless; and it is clear from the case of Ulysses, who fascinated two goddesses, that beauty is not indispensable. For a poet, he has a very poor opinion of the value of poetry; no mistress, under the most favorable circumstances, will rate the most beautiful verses higher than a present of game. It is surprising to find that all were vain and good-natured enough to be much pleased when the lover gave their influence credit for a favor which it suited him to show his slaves. Not that he relies exclusively on this form of flattery; the really important thing is to persuade your mistress that you believe in her beauty.

After an ironical burst of self-laudation on his own prowess as a lover, which ranks him with half a dozen of the most famous heroes of the Trojan war (beginning with Podalirius the surgeon, and ending with Automedon the charioteer), Ovid passes, in his third book, to give advice to the ladies. The book has something of the character of a palinode: after warning young men of the wiles of the fair, he has to turn round and admit that most women are good; constancy is a feminine virtue, and many have been victims to it. The reason was, they did not know how to love; if all the forlorn heroines who died of broken hearts had only had Ovid for their master, they would have lived in peace. Here much more is promised than is ever performed. Ovid's study of the relations of his world was one-sided: he knew just enough of women to know how they were to be won, but not enough to teach them new arts of conquest, or to appreciate the feelings and the skill with which they used the arts they knew. Horace, who says far less of his mistresses, comes much nearer to showing us their inner life than Ovid, or even such true lovers as Catullus and Tibullus. What Ovid has to tell his class of

ladies is simply how to dress well, and make the most of their advantages. And even here he is something less than masterly; he has observed very attentively, but we cannot see that he has reflected much, or digested his observations. His two profoundest counsels are, not to begin to make a gain of a lover too soon, and to affect jealousy *à propos* without feeling it too much. There is always the chance that the jealousy may be unfounded; and, besides, there is no use in trying to monopolize love, which is not diminished by being divided. He is decidedly opposed to too much expense in dress, partly, no doubt, in the interests of the lover, and partly in those of the mistress; we learn that the two most expensive toilets were double-dyed purple and strips of brocade (*segmenta*) used to border dresses. The title of the last is curious: it proves that women prized the rich stuffs of Eastern courts without daring to covet a whole dress of them. There is choice enough, he adds, among other colors from air color to amethyst; and there is good mythological precedent for each. The general rule is contrast: brunettes should wear white and blondes dark colors. This itself implies that the majority of Ovid's clients were not exactly beautiful, and needed to be made up for exhibition; accordingly, we find directions for all kinds of toilet observances,¹ from cleaning the teeth upwards, which have to be practised extensively; false hair is very likely an inevitable misfortune, but there is no need to court it by dyeing one's own. Other cautions are no more complimentary: ladies have to learn how to laugh and cry becomingly, how to clip their words prettily in talking, and how to beat their bosom and tear their hair with a grace so as to be laying snares for a new lover while mourning an old husband.

But the most attractive morsel of the third book is the story of the jealousy of Procris,² and the death which came to her just as she was undeceived: there is more feeling than in

¹ For further instructions on the great art of cosmetics Ovid refers to his short but labored treatise on the subject; of which we have only a fragment, treating of the most harmless kind of face-powders.

² "Ars Am." iii. 685-746.

most of the legends of the "Art of Love," if less than in the "Heroines," and the half-humorous tenderness shows that the poet is not yet callous.

Mythology almost disappears from the "Remedies of Love," which is not altogether a loss, for most of the legends in the "Art of Love" are rather too palpable digressions. It is certainly relevant enough that Agamemnon cured himself of his love for Chryseis by sending for Briseis. The longer digression upon the poet's ill-wishers is not exactly misplaced. Ovid never suppresses his own personality, and has a right to argue against those who already proclaimed that the "Art of Love" was an immoral work, and to illustrate with complacent prolixity the familiar thesis that the envy provoked by his success will not survive his day, and the reasonable boast that his elegies would always rank with the classics of the Augustan age. He has to vindicate himself against other critics, who thought it inconsistent to write against love. Ovid answers, "His remedies are only to be applied to get rid of passions that cannot possibly turn out happily."

There are two stages at which such love may be conquered, at its beginning and in its decline. Before love has taken firm hold, a little resolution will be effectual; afterwards the lover had better make no efforts, but yield to his folly and watch its effects. Ovid knows all the ways in which a man can learn to depreciate a woman, and warns his pupils not to test their disgust too early: it is better to go on cultivating a woman when she begins to be a weariness, to bear a good deal from her caprice, and only decline her favors when she is very pressing. Of course all the processes by which an artificial admiration can be worked up may be reversed; with a little aversion to begin with, real defects may be exaggerated, doubtful qualities may be turned into defects, just as with a little goodwill it is easy to turn questionable or even unquestionable defects into admirable qualities. Besides, a lover has in most cases only to read or to employ himself: it is a favorite thought with Ovid that love is a labor or a warfare, and that it is the labor of those who live at ease, and, therefore, whoever can renounce ease will soon be cured of love. Only the cure will re-

quire care to maintain it. The lover on the way to emancipation must not boast of his indifference: he may criticise his mistress as much as he can to himself, but it is dangerous to rail at her in company, and still more dangerous to enter the company of lovers. Solitude is dangerous too: until the cure is confirmed, the patient is safest in the hands of an affectionate inseparable comrade, who will sympathize with him in everything but his folly; and Ovid observes that this was the chief value of Pylades to Orestes. All the description of the care the lover must take to see his mistress at her worst is full of ingenious though coarse detail, and as usual Ovid puts forward one or two suggestions which he thinks too trivial or too shocking to be practical. One suggestion which he develops with great complacency is open to the criticism that the remedy is worse than the disease. No doubt a man who worries about his cash, or his crops, or the stinginess of his father, or the bad terms that he is on with his wife, or the dishonesty and carelessness of his slaves, will be less likely than another to worry over the unkindness or infidelity of a mistress; but, if it is positively necessary to worry, it might be thought that a mistress was the least humiliating subject to worry about. The great difficulty in emancipation is, that we cannot get rid of the belief that we are beloved, and the self-complacency of each makes us all a pack of dupes. The only way is to trust no words, which are but false breath, and rate the everlasting gods as light as air. A woman's tears should never move the wise, who know a woman's eyes have been schooled to weep. The mind of a lover is assailed by arts without number, as the waves of the sea that beat against a rock. It is better not to go into the reasons which make you prefer to part, and not to say what vexes you, though you must remember to nurse your vexation privately. Do not remind her of her faults; she will explain them away. You will favor her pleading against yourself, and wish her case better than yours. Silence is a sign of firmness, and whoever says much to a lady is too interested in her by half: if he scolds her, it is only to give her a chance to satisfy him. Another point, more important than it looks, is to burn all the lady's

love-letters: there is great danger of relapse in looking them over and remembering how kind she used to be. By parity of reasoning, the natural dislike to your successor is to be subdued by an affectation of cordiality, which may be trusted to produce the reality.

Although the "Art of Love" and the "Cure of Love" are properly placed at the close of a series, yet the audacity with which they are written throughout confirms the boast of the poet that they are, after all, an early work. Ovid's manhood is represented by the "Metamorphoses" and the "Fasti;" and apparently the "Fasti" were completed (in whatever sense) first of the two, for he is always apologizing for the imperfect state in which the "Metamorphoses" were left at his exile, while he only once alludes to "The Imperfect Work of Days." Apparently the "Fasti" were never carried beyond the first six months of the year, for there are no perceptible signs of want of finish in what we have (it is true that he continued to work at them in his exile, iv. 281-284). Possibly when Ovid wrote *Sex ego Fastorum scripsi totidemque libellos* he was past his prime, and the dupe of his own periphrastic facility. If so, he might conceivably have failed to notice that his words would naturally be taken to mean—"I wrote six books of Fasti, and as many more," not "I wrote upon the calendar, and got through six months in six books." If not, it would be natural to guess that in July, the first month of the second half of the year, the poet had sung the praises of one or other Julia, and that when (as seems most probable) he was involved in the catastrophe of the younger Julia, this may have led to the destruction of half his book. But he protests more than once that all his works, with the one exception of the "Art of Love," were innocent and inoffensive; and therefore the last half of the "Fasti," if ever written, must have been lost by accident, very early, for there is no trace of its existence in antiquity.

The "Metamorphoses" themselves are a most brilliant and interesting work. In one sense it is the most "romantic" work in Latin literature: there is the same perception of the picturesque, the same quick appetite for what is strange and

horrible, only there is not the same ready sympathy with all kinds of emotion. It might almost be said that Ovid always begins where Victor Hugo leaves off, and the inexhaustible ingenuity of detail reminds us of the "Botanic Garden" and the "Loves of the Plants." To take one specimen among many: when Perseus has slain the sea-monster (one is glad that in Ovid he does not even use a magic wand, much less turn the brute into stone with the Gorgon's head), he draws water from the sea to wash his victorious hands; and then, not to mar the snaky head, he spreads leaves and wands of tangle of the sea upon the ground below, and lays the visage of Medusa, child of Phorcis, thereupon. The fresh wand, whose pith was quick yet with its draught of brine, caught the powers of the portent and hardened at its touch, and put on strange stiffness in leaf and bough. Anon, the sea-nymphs put the wondrous fact to proof in many wands, and take pleasure to find the same come to pass upon all, and double-sow the waves with seeds culled from the stony plants. The same nature abides in corals; still they harden at the touch of air, and what was pliant as osiers under the sea, above the sea turns to stone!¹ How like the angel of the flowers who gave the rose a veil of moss, although there the sentiment disguises the real coldness of the invention!

What is characteristic of Ovid is the zeal with which he elaborates the parts of the story to which legend had paid least attention. For instance, the rock into which Perseus had turned the monster was shown near Joppa; but this, the most interesting feature of the legend, is dismissed very briefly, and all the pathos of the virgin doomed to die for an idle word of her mother's is hurried over, not for want of appreciation. Perseus would have thought her a statue of marble but for her hair that moved in the light breeze, and her eyes that were trickling with tears. She is a maiden, and hardly dares to speak to a man. She would have covered her eyes, if her hands were free: she only speaks at last lest it should seem she has guilt of her own she is loath to confess.² Short as this part of the story is, the fight between Perseus

¹ "Met." iv. 740-52.

² Ib. 672 sqq.

and the monster is told comparatively fully; that is to say, in comparison with Vergil or any other writer who is not prolix. But when it comes to describing the conflict between Phineus and his Cephene and Perseus, Ovid puts forth all his strength. One cannot tell in each special case whether anything has been taken from Callimachus or Nicander, but in general it is clear that Ovid must have gone, to say the least, as far beyond his Greek models as Valerius Flaccus does beyond Apollonius Rhodius; and the originality (to give it that name) of Valerius Flaccus, though always conscientious, frequently ingenious, and occasionally elegant, is almost always a little tedious; whereas the originality of Ovid is always superbly vigorous, even when it seems gratuitous. There is no single trait that is to be called admirable in the contention of Phineus and Perseus; but it is all spirited and entertaining, and just a little exaggerated, and it is amazing that any writer should have been capable of supplying so much matter of such remarkable quality. Here is an average sample. After telling of the death of the dainty, innocent Athis, whose mother was one of the nymphs of Ganges, the poet goes on: "Lycabas saw him fall with his fair face quivering in gore — Lycabas, the Assyrian, his close companion, who took no shame of his true love: and when he had made his moan for Athis, breathing out his young life under the wound, he caught the bow that Athis strung, and 'With me be thy strife,' quoth he, 'nor shalt thou delight thee long in a boy's death, which brings thee more curse than praise.' Before he had ended his words" (the business-like Ovid feels that there is little time for a scolding-match in serious fighting) "the piercing weapon flashed from the string, and, shun it as he would, hung in the folds of Perseus's vesture. The child of Acrisius's house turned Harpe, proved by the slaughter of Medusa, against him, and drove it home on his breast. He, with death upon him, and his eyes swimming under black night, looked round for Athis, and bowed himself upon him, and bare to the world below the comfort that in death they were not parted."¹ Then two more slip in the blood, and

¹ "Met." v. 59-73.

the sword withstood their rising, driven home to the side of one and the throat of the other; against the next Perseus "reared in both hands a mighty bowl, raised high with graven figures, and of massy weight, and crashed it on the wight." The aged and pious Emathion is slain, like Priam, at the altar, fighting against the impiety of Phineus with his tongue, and cursing his guilty arms: his head "falls upon the altar, and there uttered the sentence of wrath with failing tongue, and breathed out the soul into the midst of the fire. So the battle rages, till at last Perseus is compelled by odds to bare the Gorgon's head." Thescelus bids him carry his conjuring tricks elsewhere, and, as he made ready to hurl his deadly dart, in the very gesture he stood fast, a marble statue. Ampyx "aimed at the breast of Lyncides with his sword: his hand stiffened as he aimed, and would not move to or fro." Eryx "was ready to charge; earth held him on his track, and he abode stiff stone, a statue in armor." One soldier of Perseus saw the Gorgon, and stone mounted up his limbs. Astyages assaulted him, and "his sword rang shrill on the marble: before his wonder was past he was marble too, with the gape of astonishment upon his features."¹

And here even Ovid draws the line: he declines to invent dying attitudes for two hundred nobodies more, whom up to this point he has decided to leave alive, and gives five-and-twenty lines to the fate of Phineus. He calls in vain to his men for help; he cannot believe there is none to hear him; he feels all who are in reach, and finds them stone, and turns with abject words and gestures to the conqueror whom he dares not face. He has nothing to plead but that he spoke first, and is ashamed of not having given way to his rival's better right, nothing to ask for but bare life. Perseus's reply is superb: "'Poor coward Phineus, what I can give (it is a great gift to a dastard) I will give. No steel shall scathe thee; nay, I will give thee a memorial that shall endure forever, and thou shalt always be for a sign in the house of the sire of my wife, that she may comfort herself with the image of the betrothed of her youth.' Then he turned the Gorgon

¹ "Met." v. 74-206.

upon his shrinking face; still he strove to turn away, but his neck stiffened, and the water in his eyes changed to stone. But his coward visage still remained in the marble, with the look of supplication and the slavish outstretched hands, and the craven brow."¹

After this the fate of Polydectes is an anticlimax, and is dismissed in a sentence; and in another sentence² we learn that Minerva parted from her brother at Seriphos, and went to Helicon to ask the Muses if the report about Hippocrene was true (it will be remembered that Pegasus sprang from the Gorgon's blood). As they are telling her of this, she hears pies in the trees, and then finds that they are nine sisters (the Pierides, would-be rivals of the Muses), who gave her a short *précis* of the wars of the giants as sung by the Pierides, and then, after due bashfulness, the song of Calliope, who told of how Ceres sought for Proserpine, and more especially the transformation of Cyane, Stellio, Ascalaphus, and Lyncus. As an episode we have the flight of Arethusa, who explains how she got to Sicily in time to give Ceres her first news of her daughter. When the Nymphs decide in favor of the Muses, the Pierides protest and wax abusive, whereupon they are turned into birds. Oddly enough, Minerva thinks it will be to her glory to tell³ how she turned her rival Arachne into a spider: the poet thinks it will be to his glory to tell the story himself, as two narratives at second-hand close together would be wearisome. Unfortunately he is not very loyal to the goddess, or rather his prudential piety is too sincere to let him see that it is ignoble. Minerva illustrates the contests of the gods among themselves by her victory over Neptune, and the contests of the gods with mortals by the fate of Rhodope and Hæmus turned to stone, and the Queen of the Phrygians turned to a crane, and the daughter of Laomedon to a stork, and Cinyras waiting to be turned into a swan and mourning for the fate of his daughters. Arachne illustrates the humiliating disguises which the gods assumed for love. Her work is quite as good as Minerva's, who loses her temper, tears up Arachne's work, and beats her

¹ "Met." v. 224-35.

² Ib. 250 sqq.

³ Ib. vi. 1-145.

with the shuttle; and, when the poor girl hangs herself, saves her life, with an odd mixture of spite and pity, by turning her into a spider. Niobe, it is decided, knew Arachne before she married Amphion and went to Thebes; and this serves to introduce the story of her woes.

Here, as in the case of Phineus, the poet seems to be writing largely from works of art, and perhaps the framework of his poem might be taken from a play on the model of Euripides, with a haughty speech of Niobe at the beginning, and the long *rhapsis* of a messenger describing her calamity at the close. Then we learn¹ that the honor of Latona reminds some spectators of the fate of the Lycians who had driven her from a spring and been transformed to frogs; and their fate in turn brings up the story of Marsyas.² But Ovid has not done with Niobe: the crowd, we learn, were sorry for her husband and her children, but no one except Pelops was sorry for her; which makes it stranger that every city within reach should have sent its king to condole with him. Ovid, however, wanted an occasion to mention the ivory shoulder he bared in his sorrow, and thought that the deputation of kings was as good an opportunity as any to introduce the story of Procne and Philomela, by the observation that the Athenians would have sent to console Pelops too if they had not unfortunately been engaged in a war, in which they supposed Tereus would be a useful ally.³ Ovid is never cleverer than in describing the infatuation of Philomela and the diabolical cunning of Tereus, who pleads a commission from Procne for whatever is to further the passion that will break her heart. Perhaps the horrors culminate when Pandion intrusts Philomela to the escort of Tereus. "I give her thee, dear son, since a tender cause constrains me, as she and her sister both desire, and you, Tereus, desire too; and pray you by your faith, and by the hearts akin to both, and by the gods above, that you will protect her with a love like mine, and send me back the solace of my anxious age as soon as may be. Every delay will seem so long. And you, too, Philomela,

¹ "Met." vi. 316-81.

² He gets this from Thuc. II. xxix. 4.

³ Ib. 382-99.

come back at your best speed if you have any duty: it is enough to have your sister far away.' He kissed his daughter at every word of the charge, and asked the hand of each as a pledge of their faith, and joined them each to each as they laid them in his, and bade them not to forget to give his greeting to his daughter and her children far away, and hardly said the last good-bye for the sobs that choked his voice, as he trembled at the presage of his own mind."¹ We know all that is coming after this, but Ovid does not spare us anything; and if we could read the story for the first time, there is hardly a line that would seem wasted, except two or three² in which Procne boasts to her sister of all the crimes she feels ready to commit. In the midst of her boasts she sees her son, and sees her way: her first thought is "How like his father!" as she seethes with silent wrath. "But when her son came near and greeted his mother, and drew her neck down with his little arms, and kissed her close, and fondled her as children can, then her mother's heart was moved, her anger was broken and came to a stand, tears found their way to her eyes, which grew moist against their will."³ So far the picture is simply elaborate, or, if you will, overwrought; but presently we have the characteristic ingenuity of Ovid, who is never far out of sight of the borders of the burlesque, and seldom fairly over them. "As soon as she felt she was giving way, because the mother's tenderness in her was all too strong, she turned from him again to eye her sister's face; and looked by turns on both, and asked, 'Why does one press his fondness on me, and why is one tongueless and mute? When he calls me mother, why does not she call me sister? See, child of Pandion, what a husband you have married! You are falling below your rank: piety is guilt in the spouse of a Tereus.'" She stayed no more, she caught Itys, and drew him as a tigress by Ganges draws the suckling fawn through the dense thickets."⁴

The transition from poetry about Tereus to poetry about the Argonauts is furnished by some score or two of clever

¹ "Met." vi. 495-590.

² Ib. 614-19.

³ Ib. 621-28.

⁴ Ib. 628-37.

lines about Boreas and Orithyia, whose sons sailed with Argo. There is not a word to explain what relation, if any, there is between the Phineus whom Perseus turned to stone and the Phineus whom the sons of Boreas delivered from the Harpies.

The "Metamorphoses" are a tolerably complete manual of mythology; every legend is at least alluded to, and the poet has been at the pains to construct a chronological framework into which they are to be fitted. But his diligence stops short at these mechanical arrangements. He does not, indeed, allow his ostensible subject to hamper him. For instance, he does not give any conspicuous transformation in connection with the story of the Argonauts, and what he tells is subordinated entirely to the love of Medea. All in the legend that is like a fairy tale is sacrificed: the golden fleece, and the fire-breathing bulls, and the warriors who spring from the dragon's teeth are just not omitted. As for the crushing rocks, and the battle with Amycus, and the fate of Absyrtus, and the romance of the northern seas, they disappear entirely. The struggles of Medea between love and honor are perhaps the most interesting part of the picture to a modern reader; but what Ovid finds most interesting is the mere witchcraft by which Æson and then a ram are restored to youth, and the shocking butchery of Pelias by his daughters. All through, this magical interest is the chief one; we may forget, if we please, that Pelias has wronged Æson and deserved his fate. All the tragedy of Corinth is hurried over, simply that the author may get Medea to Athens, where she vainly attempts the life of Theseus. With the mention of Theseus we pass into a new cycle of legends, connected chiefly with Minos and Ægina. Here we have a glaring instance of Ovid's inconsequence. Ægeus is glad to get his son back to defend him against Minos, yet we hear of no fighting. Athens is conquered in spite of the return of Theseus, and the tribute of victims for the Minotaur imposed and paid twice before he put an end to it by the help of Ariadne. Apparently Ovid did not care to tell the history of Ariadne over again, though he had no objection to repeat the less hackneyed story of Cephalus and Procris. Cephalus tells it to the house of

Æacus, while he is waiting for a fair wind to sail with them to the aid of Athens, and has already heard from Æacus the origin of the Myrmidons, probably introduced for the sake of the splendid description of the pestilence, composed in rivalry with Lucretius and Vergil. The most original trait is the vain appeals to heaven. Æacus stood between the corpses of his people strewn in the way,¹ like to the apples fallen from the bough, or acorns shaken by the wind, and the lofty temple of his father, where so many brought their vain oblations; and often a wife praying for her husband—a father for a son—with words of supplication on their lips, breathed out their soul on the altar which was deaf to their prayers, with some unburnt frankincense clasped in their stiffening hands. Bodies were cast down before the holy gates; yea, before the very altar, to reproach the gods the better with their death. Of course we have the familiar trait that the bearers of the dead fought for funereal pyres; but Ovid is not content with this: the plague leaves no room for graves, and no trees to burn the dead, which, to be sure, matters less, for none are left alive to mourn. The story of Cephalus is very pretty; the moral standard is low, and the hero and heroine make a touching effort to be above it. The way that Cephalus lingers over the years that they led a happy life together is an advance upon the treatment of the legend in the "Art of Love," though it may be doubtful whether the tragi-comedy of the jealousy of Procris is so well handled as in the earlier poem: when Cephalus becomes sentimental and explanatory over it, there is more difficulty in forgetting that the legend is, after all, absurd. While the house of Æacus were listening to the history of Cephalus, Minos was besieging Nisus in Megara.² It cannot be said that the fall of Scylla is an improvement in any way on the fall of Tarpeia in Propertius. In fact, Tatus was better fitted for a hero of romance, just because less was known about him. He was simply a barbarian or a tyrant; while Minos was a solemn figure, one of the judges of the under-world, who could only be made ridiculous if represented as the object of a girlish passion. To Ovid he is chiefly

¹ "Met." vii. 583 sqq.² "Ib." viii. 6-151.

the taskmaster of Dædalus; and the trite legend of Icarus¹ is narrated with the same amplification as the trite legend of Phaethon, which shows that the lesson of moderation was dear to Ovid's heart. The partridge who was once a pupil of Dædalus appears rather mechanically,² to exult over the misfortune of his master; and then we are carried back to Theseus and the Calydonian boar,³ who, strictly speaking, has no business in the "Metamorphoses," except that Meleager died in consequence of the hunt, and that his sisters were turned into birds—we do not know what birds. The hesitation of Althæa is much labored and rather frigid: she rings the changes through fifty lines⁴ in the conflict between her feelings as a sister and a mother. On his way home⁵ Theseus is stopped by Achelous, who affably explains that he and all the rivers round are flooded, and that it will be better to wait till they are gone down again. While feasting in Achelous's cave, Theseus and his friends notice an island (one of the Echinades) and learn that she and her companions were nymphs, all of whom Achelous carried out to sea; after which he fell in love with one, and she was changed into an island to save her life, and the others followed suit. The profane Pirithous, the son of the godless Ixion, ventures to throw doubt on this, but the venerable Lelex reminds the company of the omnipotence of heaven, and enforces his doctrine by the story of Philemon and Baucis, whose piety preserved them from the destruction of their country, changed their house into a temple, and merited that when the end of their life came they should be changed to trees together. The end of the story⁶ is very quaint and pretty. "They were standing by the steps of the temple, and talking of the hap of the land, when on a sudden Baucis espied leaves upon Philemon, and Philemon, the elder, espied leaves upon Baucis; and now as the crest of the trees outshot their faces, they exchanged greetings while they might, and each said 'Farewell, my spouse!' at once, as the shoots grew over their faces." The hero and the poet are perfectly serious, for Lelex goes on:

¹ "Met." viii. 195-235.² Ib. 236-59.³ Ib. 270 sqq.⁴ Ib. 461-511.⁵ Ib. 548 sqq.⁶ Ib. 713-25.

"The natives of Tyana still show two twin trunks that entwine their bulk, and I heard the tale from elders who were not light-minded, and had no cause to mock me. I saw festoons upon the boughs; and as I laid fresh garlands for my part I said, 'The gods care for the righteous, and give worship to their worshippers.'"

Achelous caps the story with the fate of Erisichthon,¹ who brought upon himself the curse of endless hunger by cutting down a sacred tree in the grove of Ceres, and, having sold everything else, sold his daughter, who, thanks to Neptune, was able to change her shape when she pleased, so that as often as she was sold she came home to be sold again, until at last her ravenous father set her free by devouring his own limbs.² He afterwards tells the story of his unsuccessful battle for Deianira, which, after all, left him little the worse, while Nessus was slain, and caused the death of Hercules, which is described with more wit than sublimity. Juno does not mind his deification, but is angry that Jupiter should hint that she would object if she could. Alcmena meanwhile has nothing to do but to talk over the anxieties of the present and the wonders of the past with Iole.³ So we hear how Galanthis delivered Alcmena and was turned into a weasel,⁴ and Dryope into a lotos, and how her son embraced her face as it was just disappearing.⁵ While the two women were crying over this tragical history,⁶ Iolaus appears with his youth renewed, and then, after a sharp burst of condensed mythology, we learn that Minos in his old-age was harassed by fear of Miletus.⁷

And the mention of Miletus brings us to the first of a series of studies in voluptuous psychology, where Ovid shows more poetical power than in most of the "Metamorphoses." Perhaps he is strongest of all in the horrible legends of Byblis⁸ and Myrrha,⁹ the latter of which from the days of Catullus had attracted special attention from poets. There is nothing in his treatment of it to discredit the proposition that at bot-

¹ "Met." viii. 739-879.

² Ib. ix. 4 sqq.

³ Ib. 275 sqq.

⁴ Ib. 285-323.

⁵ Ib. 329-93.

⁶ Ib. 397 sqq.

⁷ Ib. 441 sqq.

⁸ Ib. 454-664.

⁹ Ib. x. 300-502.

tom Ovid was a right-thinking man. He has the same formula for the repentance of Myrrha as for the repentance of Midas.¹ Both have gone far astray, and there is a kind of mercy for both. Midas is delivered from the curse of turning all he touches to gold, and Myrrha is delivered from earthly life and from facing the dead by the doom which changes her into a tree always weeping; while her child, the child of sin, has a charming life as Adonis and is beloved by the Queen of Love. There is plenty of subtlety, though less strength, in the picture of the love of Hippomenes and Atalanta.² When Hippomenes enters himself for the match, Atalanta wonders what god can bear such a grudge to beauty as to wish to undo him, and bid him stake his dear life upon such a bride. She judges herself that she is not worth such a price. Not that she cares about his beauty, and yet he has enough to touch any woman; but he is a mere boy still. It is the age, not the person, that interests her. "And then," she adds, "his courage and the spirit unabashed by death, and his descent in the fourth degree from the god of the sea: and then his love for me; his counting a marriage with me so precious as to be willing to perish if hard fortune will not let him win me. Ah, friend, depart in time! leave the bloody bower behind! My wedlock is cruel! There is none but will be willing to wed with thee; a wiser maiden might well desire thee. And yet why care for thee when I have so many slain before? It is for him to look. Let him perish, since the slaughter of so many wooers leaves him unwarned, and he is driven on to cast away his life. And so he is to die for wishing to live with me, and bear to be paid for his love with a shameful death. The indignation at his death will be more than my victory will sustain: it is no fault of mine. Ah! if you would but draw back; or, if you will be mad, that you were swifter! And what a maidenly look on the poor boy's face! Ah! unlucky Hippomenes, I wish you had never set eyes upon me! You deserved to live. If only I were happier, and my hard fate did not forbid me to wed, you were the only one I could ever have borne for a bedfellow." After

¹ "Met." xi. 134, cf. x. 488.

² Ib. x. 611-35.

this it is not surprising that Atalanta picked up all the three apples, nor is it surprising that she allowed Hippomenes to scandalize Cybele, who avenged Venus for the ingratitude of the lovers by turning them into lions. Naturally, too, Venus dislikes lions ever after, and tells Adonis the story to explain her disgust, and enforce her advice never to hunt anything braver than deer. Venus herself comes in at second-hand: Orpheus tells her story and Myrrha's, while he is bereaved of Eurydice; and, as soon as he has told it, the Mænads come and tear him into pieces. Apollo turns the snake which would have devoured his head into a stone, and Bacchus turns the Bacchanals into trees. First their feet are caught in the ground; and the more they pull, like birds in a snare, the faster they are caught. When they want to slap their thighs for their sorrow, they find them as hard as boards; when they stretch their arms, you would think them as stiff as bare boughs, and be quite right.¹ Meanwhile Silenus was missing, and was restored to Bacchus by the hospitality of Midas. His double blindness brings us to Phœbus, and Phœbus brings us to Laomedon and Telamon. The latter brings us to Peleus; for, if he had not been married to a goddess already, the rescued Hesione would have been given to him rather than to Telamon. All the history is told at length, and there are a great many episodes about Dædalus and Ceyx, Alcyone and Psamathe, and Æsacus and Hesperia. And here we come to the Trojan times, and, one way or another, these fill two books and a half.

The remainder of the work deals with purely Italian legends, and their poverty does nothing to remove the impression that Ovid was wearying of a task in which he succeeded best when he had the stimulus of emulation to sustain him. All Greek legends, even the obscurest, had been turned every possible way by the tragedians, the Alexandrines, and the artists; for these did not confine themselves to the poets by any means, and a writer like Ovid could inspire himself quite as well among Greek painters and sculptors as among Greek poets. When he came to Latin ground, he had everything to

¹ "Met." xi. 71-84.

invent afresh, and was reduced to a long Pythagorean discourse¹ upon the nature of things, with especial reference to the transformations which the world has undergone. Numa is the pretext for this treatise, which a great epic poem could hardly afford to omit. Vergil gives it us in the "Æneid," Lucan makes Cæsar listen to it in the "Pharsalia."

Ovid was probably quite sincere in his vegetarianism; he was a water-drinker even in his hot youth, and might perhaps have been very thoroughly tamed if he had fallen upon a period when strict moral discipline was enforced by society. He had an immense curiosity, which liked to amuse itself upon dangerous ground; but few poets have had less of the spirit of rebellion. The Centaurs and Ajax fill him with a feeling that comes as near moral repulsion as he is capable of knowing, while the cool ingenuity of Ulysses fills him with complacency. Probably there is nothing more dramatic, in our sense of the word, in all ancient literature, than the great speech of Ulysses in the judgment of the arms.² All the oratorical skill of the forum is combined with a complete realization of a mythical personality. There is the affectation of modesty; the *lene submissumque principium* was never carried further. Ulysses is quite free from the animosity against his rival to which Ajax gives way. Ajax is admirably abrupt and stormy; any one of his indignant little outbursts is quite credible, but the whole is incurably ingenious. Ajax will not boast of his descent from Jove, except because he shares it with his cousin Achilles.³ After this, Ulysses may well claim to have done all the deeds of Achilles, inasmuch as he brought Achilles from Scyros to the camp. He is still more successful in clearing himself of the charges of treachery to Palamedes, and of cruelty to Philoctetes. Ajax has to accuse Ulysses of having misled the Greeks, and Ulysses can appeal to the Greeks to acquit themselves and him.

The "Metamorphoses" close with a panegyric upon Augustus and the whole Julian house, as if the poet were still in the height of court favor. The "Fasti" are the most decorous, if not the most loyal, of all his writings. Except the

¹ "Met." xv. 60-478.

² Ib. xiii. 128-380.

³ Ib. xiii. 29 sqq.

later epistles from Pontus, they are least interesting. There is an endless limpid stream of colorless and tasteless antiquarianism, without even the merit of accuracy or *naïveté*. What Ovid gives is not so much the crude tradition as the crude conjectures of Varro or somebody else. Perhaps one might make an exception in favor of the description of the Sementiva, the holiday kept when the seed was in the ground.¹ Even here the feeling is neither so fresh nor so warm as in Tibullus, and there is a little pedantry in the half-dozen lines where he starts and solves the objection that it is a movable feast. The legend of Evander² is told very smoothly, which is all that can be said for most of the others. Lucretia's fate is told really well,³ though a little too rationalistically. The poet is over-anxious to account for the success of the ravisher, although here he is entitled to divide the blame with his predecessors. Many dull facts are told about the calendar itself, as, for instance, that March was the third month of the year at Alba and the fifth at Falerii, and that Aricia and Tibur reckoned like Alba, and that the early Italians were not learned enough to reckon the year by the course of the stars.⁴ In the account of the Matronalia⁵ there are a few pale flashes of the humor of the "Art of Love," and one may smile a little with the poet at the scenes between Numa and the deities,⁶ especially at the dialogue between him and Jupiter, which would have been racier if it had been bolder, and if the dutiful poet had not shrunk from implying that Jupiter wished for human sacrifices and was cheated out of them.

There is little but mythology in the fourth book: the legend of Cybele and Claudia⁷ is neat; one may admire the skill with which Ovid goes over the old ground of the rape of Proserpine, and the sorrow of Ceres, without repeating himself;⁸ and he is more entertaining than often on the Palilia, the classic holiday which exercised the pen of every fledgling poetaster.⁹ There is also a lively description of the Floralia,

¹ "Fast." i. 568 sqq.

² Ib. i. 471. sqq.

³ Ib. ii. 721 sqq.

⁴ Ib. iii. 89 sqq.

⁵ Ib. 169 sqq.

⁶ Ib. 295-348; cf. v. 621 sqq.

⁷ Ib. iv. 305-44.

⁸ Ib. 417 sqq.

⁹ Ib. 721 sqq.

and of the origin of the feast, put, as usual, into the mouth of the goddess to whom it was held.¹ In May, each of the nine Muses gives one of the current theories of the origin of the month;² in June, Juno and Hebe and Concord give one of the current etymologies from Juno, juvenis, and jungo, as if the month was named in honor of the union between the Romans and Quirites.³ The poem ends abruptly, but it seems to end. The poet asks the Muses⁴ why the last day of the month is sacred to them and to Hercules; and they answer that Philippus, the husband of Marcia, the aunt of Cæsar, had dedicated a temple jointly to both. "Alcides nodded assent and hushed the lyre." Before the lyre is hushed we learn that Marcia was not only noble, but fair; and it is no shame to praise beauty, which is an ornament to the greatest of goddesses; and Marcia was worthy of the holy house which she adorned.

Perhaps the eulogy on beauty may be a compliment to the younger Julia, whose ruin appears to have involved that of Ovid. He is always talking of his misfortune in a way that must have been intelligible to those of his contemporaries who were in any sense behind the scenes, but it is very perplexing to us. He seems to admit that he had been guilty of something which gave Augustus a right to be very seriously displeased, and that it would pain him to have the offence, whatever it was, precisely described. Yet Ovid will have it that his guilt was purely involuntary; that he was ruined by an error, not by a crime. He asks once,⁵ "Why did he see anything? why did he bring guilt upon his eyes?" He compares his fate with Actæon's. It would fit all this to suppose that accident or curiosity or indiscretion had acquainted him with the secrets of a princess who was then able to compel him to accept the position of a confidant, perhaps an accomplice, in intrigues of love or state, which, hazardous as it was, need not have been unattractive to the author of the "Art of Love." It is clear that, so far as Augustus condescended to explain himself, the publication of that work was the justification of

¹ "Fast." v. 195 sqq.

² Ib. 9 sqq.

³ Ib. vi. 13-100.

⁴ Ib. 798 sqq.

⁵ "Trist." II. i. 103-5.

Ovid's banishment. He always says himself that two things, "song" and "error," were his undoing.

The mere fact that he had written a loose book many years ago could hardly have injured him under any government, still less have been treated as an unpardonable offence. We have our choice of supposing that the Julias, one or both, had been distinctly the worse for reading it, and supposing that it justified in the mind of Augustus the severest view of Ovid's conduct. In the later poems of his exile, Ovid abandons the attempt to vindicate himself, even to the extent that has been hinted. Augustus had resolved to allow no extenuating circumstances, and unless Ovid were resolved to tell everything and to brave everything, he had nothing to do but plead guilty without reserve. It is hard to see why, as he still had friends, his endless and abject supplications to be allowed to live nearer Italy and out of reach of war were so pertinaciously rejected; especially as they were coupled with the most earnest protestations that a complete pardon was beyond his hopes. It may have been wished that he should die, and it was known that at Tomi everybody who saw him could be counted, and that he could be killed without remark if he proved indiscreet.

One of the earliest poems after his ruin was a stiff and tiresome elegy entitled "Ibis," which is probably the cipher of some enemy whom he threatens to name if further provoked. Its only interest is, that he wishes his enemy, with every appearance of sincerity, all the plagues of mythology, generally omitting to name the mythical prototypes who first endured the curses he invokes; and that he admits¹ having been piqued into imitating a style which he disapproved as a matter of taste—perhaps as a matter of reason too. The admission is interesting, as a proof that Ovid could not quite forgive himself for sinking to the level of Callimachus. There are five books of "Tristia," and four of "Letters from Pontus," and they are all about Ovid and his misfortunes. Taken altogether, they are decidedly wearisome; almost any letter from the "Tristia" is interesting by itself. The earlier are even

¹ "Ibis" ad init.

pathetic, and for a long time even the second series, taken separately, are ingenious, though the growing disappearance of mythological illustration may be taken as a sign of failing powers. He complains himself that his old fluency was disappearing, and that, though he had nothing to do but write, he had less and less satisfaction in writing. He actually learned the Getic language, and wrote in it in praise of Augustus and Tiberius.¹ His contemporaries did not know that the poem would have been a more precious linguistic monument than the translation of the Bible by Ulphilas. It is not quite clear whether he wrote on the same subject in Latin; we have a fragment of a poem, which was dull enough, on the fisheries of the Black Sea. Although he was over fifty when banished, he had the courage to exert himself in the defence of Tomi, which was almost always in a state of siege, so that the natives gave him the freedom of their city, for what it might be worth.

It cannot be said that Ovid allowed his misfortunes to unman him. In the early days he was energetic enough in asserting that he was only relegated, not banished: he retained all his rights as a Roman citizen, though commanded by competent authority to reside at Tomi. To the last he kept up and made the most of all the friendships that could by any chance be of any service to him; for, apart from the great question of his return, his property, never very large, was exposed to dilapidation; and, even if his wife had been more successful than she was in keeping his property together, there was no bank at Tomi with a Roman correspondent, so that he needed a good deal of help in money matters. Perhaps this is why he is so profuse in his acknowledgments to Sextus Pompeius. His other chief friends were Fabius Maximus and Cotta Messallinus, of whom Juvenal speaks highly and Tacitus severely; but there are signs, even before the end, that he had worn out his friends' patience. He lived to write a congratulatory letter² to a mere centurion, and in the last book but one he asks the forgiveness of his friends for having had good hopes from them, and promises not to offend again.

¹ "Epp. ex Pont." IV. xiii. 21-28.

² Ib. IV. vii.

He will not trouble his wife: she is true to him, no doubt; and if she is a little cowardly, and afraid to try what can be done, like everybody else, it is not her fault. His comfort must be to think that Augustus has never refused to pardon him (because he has never been asked), and thereupon to make up his own mind to end his days at Tomi. He was, as he was meant to be, very uncomfortable; and he did not make a sudden change from volubility to silence, which would simply have stupefied him; besides, his case was a very hard one, and it was a natural relief to write about it, especially as he was more or less (if we are to believe him) betrayed by his own household and his own set, whom he ought to have been able to trust. One curious effect of his misfortune was, that as soon as Cæsar had ruined him he began to be as much afraid, in a disinterested way, of Cæsar as of the thunderbolt (which, in the literal sense, had never struck him); the less he hopes and the longer he suffers, the more he worships; he is the earliest authority for the idea of "piety,"¹ of which we get so much in Martial. He is always practising it himself, and congratulating Cotta, and everybody else who, he hopes, may be an intercessor, on his proficiency in it, and with every appearance of sincerity. He anticipates that Augustus will be deified, and he is constantly humbling himself and putting himself into the attitude of a mortal before a god; and his feeling seems to be as genuine as a conscientiously cultivated feeling can be.

¹ The loyalty of a citizen to his country is the foundation of the feeling, and so far Ovid is anticipated by Cicero; but it is new to find this feeling so completely transferred to the head of the state (though Cicero speaks of his *pietas* binding him to Pompeius, as also to Lentulus), still newer to find this feeling so completely fused with the feeling of religious reverence.

CHAPTER V.

THE LAST POETS OF THE AGE OF AUGUSTUS, AND THEIR SUCCESSORS.

§ I. THE banishment of Ovid rather than the death of Augustus may be said to mark the close of the most flourishing period of Roman poetry: it marks the time when the society which encouraged poets got discontented and cautious. Augustus himself had the misfortune to overlive the best of his prosperity; and after the defeat of Varus there was very little enthusiasm anywhere, although the busybodies still fluttered about, praising and criticising, according as they were good- or ill-natured. The activity which they shared, or helped, or hindered was for the most part restless, aimless, listless; there was very little in the state of affairs under Tiberius, at any rate till the fall of Sejanus, to repress literary activity, if there had been a strong spontaneous tendency thereto in any vigorous section of the community. Tacitus mentions literary men, especially philosophers, who got into trouble by writings with a flavor—commonly a very faint flavor—of sedition about them; but those who took offence at the course of the literary movement during the middle of the eighteenth century in France possessed much more vigorous means of repression, and used them with more steadiness, if with less extreme severity. But the literary movement was not impeded in the least, because the authors cared seriously for expressing their ideas, and the public really wished to assimilate them. It is clear that clandestine circulation of literature judged to be scandalous encountered no practical difficulties; but authors were not content to disavow some of their most brilliant works, like Voltaire, and could not sacrifice the pleasure of reading their books to a numerous and distinguished circle as soon as they were finished: it was their vanity which compelled

most of them to be prudent, if not absolutely safe. Anonymous writing as an instrument of literary warfare was confined to pasquinade; and if large sections of the literary class were discontented and silent, this would be rather a relief than otherwise to a public which, alike in the good times of Trajan and in the bad times of Domitian, found it one of the most wearisome of social duties to attend to the prælections of friends.

When Ovid, in his last letter from Pontus, enumerates the contemporaries among whom he was distinguished, it is noticeable that almost all passed away without leaving enduring works behind them. It is not merely that their works did not reach us, but that they had almost all been practically forgotten in Quintilian's time, for the simple reason that the grammarians did not think it worth while to use them as reading-books, because they were frequently careless and unequal. Quintilian¹ tells us this himself of A. Cornelius Severus, whose six books on the wars of Sicily were illustrated by a brilliant little threnody on the death of Cicero, which is remarkable both for the vague exaggeration of the language and for the disconnected character of the thought. Marsus, who was probably the most celebrated, was the most completely forgotten, because he was the most fluent. According to Martial, the one book of Persius was oftener quoted than the twenty-four which Marsus had devoted to the wars and lives of the Amazons; while his namesake, who had devoted himself to epigrams, left a reputation which it was decorous for Martial to rate above his own. A great deal of the poetry of the period was of the kind expected from poets laureate; court festivities, and still more court calamities, gave great opportunities for writers with more ingenuity than inspiration. There was a Roman knight, C. Lutorius Priscus, who made a reputation by a poem on the death of Germanicus, and composed another poem on the death of Drusus, the son of Tiberius, who was only ill. Unfortunately, he read the poem aloud, and was put to death by the vote of the senate, and of course both poems were lost.²

¹ x. i. 89.

² Tac. "Ann." iii. 49.

§ 2. Accident has preserved a favorable specimen of the mechanical skill of an earlier generation, in the "Consolation to Livia" on the death of the elder Drusus, the brother of Tiberius, which is generally printed as an appendix to Ovid. The author is inexhaustible in varying and amplifying the obvious points of his subject—the grief of a mother who has lost one out of two very distinguished and exemplary sons. This note is struck at starting: "When they say 'Your son,' you will never ask which." Further on Livia herself says, "When I hear that Nero has come home in triumph, I shall not ask, 'The elder or the younger?'" Of course Livia, with two such sons, is the most fruitful of mothers; of course she looked forward vainly to seeing Drusus come back in triumph; almost of course, she is pitied in one place for not having been there to close her son's eyes, and half congratulated in another on having only heard of his last agonies, and been prepared for the worst by anxiety—which does not exactly contradict the opening passage on the proud hopes with which she awaited his triumphant return. Augustus is completely deified: he can only leave earth for heaven, and the tears of a deity are the greatest honor of the funeral of Drusus. Less is made than we might have expected of the funeral march of Tiberius through the Alps in winter beside his brother's bier. There is one fine line—

Dissimilemque sui vultu profitente dolorem¹

—on the way his grief broke through his habitual self-command. But there is decidedly more pains spent on the reluctance of the army to part with the body of their commander. The public mourning is described with a good deal of ingenuity; and, as the temples were shut, the poet conjectures that the gods, who could not save Drusus, were ashamed to be seen; a pious plebeian who was going to make a vow for the life of his son resolves to give up hope, since the gods did not hear the prayers of Livia for Drusus. Oddly enough, the poet, who belonged to the equestrian order, says nothing of the senate taking part in the mourning. The

¹ v. 87.

army, of course, does homage to the dead general. Tiber does homage too; he is so swollen with tears that he could put out the funeral pile, and thinks of doing so with the laudable purpose of carrying off the body uninjured by the flames. Of course the funeral was in the Campus Martius, and therefore it was quite suitable for Mars to interfere, and persuade the river god to resign himself to the decrees of Fate. Mars has resigned himself. He entreated the Fates for his race, and was told that he could be heard only for Romulus and the two Cæsars: these alone out of so many heroes were the gods whom Rome was to send to heaven. There is a touch of pathos in the limitation, in which, perhaps, we ought to see a homage to Tiberius's modesty; as the instinct of a court poet would be to treat the heir-apparent as an embryo deity. After this rather frigid episode, the corpse is permitted to burn, and the poet consoles himself with the prospect of the execution of the German leader who dared to exult at the death of Drusus. This will be the great grace of the triumph of Tiberius, and the poet takes care that the picture shall lose nothing in his hands. He will behold the necks of kings livid with chains, and the hard bonds knotted on their cruel hands, and their visages pale with fear, as tears fall, against their will, on the proud rebels' cheeks. Their haughty souls, the prouder for the death of Drusus, will have to be yielded to the executioner in prison gloom; and the poet will stand and feed his eyes at leisure, on their naked bodies, cast in the filth of the streets.¹

From this burst of Roman ferocity we are carried back, with a little confusion, to the grief of Tiberius and the army, and the wife of Drusus, who was like Andromache or Evadne. She is consoled with a vision of his triumphal entrance to Elysium, where all his noble ancestors crowd round him: the passage is imitated partly from the quasi-apotheosis of Cornelia in Propertius, partly from the Elysium of Vergil. Then we return to Livia, and the style of the poet rises. She too ought to have found comfort in the glory of her son. Let her think what becomes the mother of a Drusus, the mother of a

¹ vv. 273-80.

Nero; let her think from whose bed she rises in the morning. Fortune has set her on high, and bidden her keep a station of honor; let her bear the load to the end. Every eye and ear is upon her, all note her deeds, and no word can be hidden that comes from the mouth of a princess; let her abide on high, rise above her woe, and hold her spirit—for this she can—unbroken to the last. Fate is above all, and deaf to prayer. The threefold world—earth, sky, and sea—is doomed to death: and can a mortal complain? Fortune may punish complaints, and, after all, Livia has, upon the whole, more reason for thanksgiving, since both her sons have often been victorious; as we learn in some ringing lines, almost strong enough for Propertius, and smoother. Besides, there were signs in heaven which foretold the coming sorrow; and this sorrow will be the last (a thought to which the poet recurs as eminently comfortable).¹ It occurs to him that Livia found a comforter in Tiberius, and the picture of him and Augustus exerting themselves to keep the bereaved mother from starving herself to death is not quite conventional; nor is the closing address,² in which Drusus speaks from the shades, wanting in manly dignity. The poem professes to have been written and read during a period of general and deep emotion; and, if it leaves a modern unsympathetic reader cold, it need not have left an ancient reader cold too: there are many lines which, when recited first, must have seemed to quiver with the true sob of elegy. The author is generally taken to be C. Pedo Albinovanus, whose work on astronomy earned the title of "starry" from Ovid; but the MSS., all of the latter part of the fifteenth century, give no author's name, and give the work as an appendix to Ovid, like the three letters of "Sabinus" which appear in no MS., and are probably the work of the scholar of the Renaissance who saw the *editio princeps* of Ovid through the press.

§ 3. Like Pedo and several other authors Ovid mentions, Grattius Faliscus devoted himself to didactic poetry. He wrote a treatise on hunting, of which only six hundred lines have reached us. He imitates Vergil more closely than hap-

¹ vv. 411 sqq.

² vv. 447 sqq.

pily: he is involved and obscure, and, though he shows that he appreciates Vergil's charm very accurately, he fails to reproduce it for long, because he has no inner depth or fulness. His one merit is a sort of sober, serious grace. He has a feeling not very unlike Vergil's for the toil that makes civilization of any kind possible; he is quite honest in treating even the huntsman's art as a revelation, for the hunter is far above his game. There is the same feeling that the play of human faculties is desirable for its own sake; that there are few better things in the world than exercise. He carries the reactionary tendencies of the Augustan age perhaps to an extreme: he does not think that the art has made much real progress since the days of Dercylos, who was illuminated because of his special piety. It does not occur to Gratus to distinguish between practical improvements and the pretentious fopperies of rich amateurs, who carried out all their caprices without respect to experience, and had monstrous blades to their hunting spears, and enclosed the ground for a drive with swords, when spikes were perfectly sufficient. In the same way, he judges horses by their race rather than their looks, and is especially enthusiastic over the scrubby ponies of Agrigentum, and is inclined to recommend British dogs in preference to the bulkier and showier Molossus, which was the celebrated dog of the period. He speaks rather mythically about the Hyrcanian breed, which was supposed to be a mongrel between common dogs and tigers; and mentions a rather more credible breed, which are mongrels between jackals and dogs, and gives some curious notions about the natural history of jackals. We are familiar with the theory that they are cunning and manage to make themselves of use to the lion, and so are allowed to feed upon his leavings: Gratus takes it in another way—they are bold enough to snatch the prey out of the lion's mouth.

Long as the treatise is, it is probably only a fragment. It begins with a discussion of weapons, and then goes to dogs, their breeds, their training, and their diseases (with reference to the last, one thinks Gratus advocates "stamping out" in the kennel, because Vergil had advocated it in the fold);

horses come last. To make the treatise complete, he should have treated of the habits of different kinds of game and—a topic on which a Roman would have very likely been fuller—the times and the places and the arts by which a hunter might make his advantage of each kind of game.

§ 4. A writer who was probably a contemporary of Gratus, since he wrote under both Augustus and Tiberius, escaped the notice of Ovid, because very likely he did not care to publish; he survived authors who published—with applause in their day—because his subject is one that in almost every age has been of absorbing interest to a small circle of readers who hand on their treasure in secret. Manilius, whose name is only known to us from the MSS., which, as often, leave his other names a little uncertain, devoted himself to the poetry of science, the only concrete science which existed then—the science of the stars. It would be unfair to say that his poem is on astrology, for the distinction between astronomy and astrology did not yet exist. Those who studied the stars did not confine themselves to the positions of the fixed stars, or the orbits of the stars which were not fixed. Men born in a certain region were supposed to be born under the constellation which served to mark its position before maps and a terrestrial globe were possible; and men born at a certain season were supposed to be born under the constellations which marked the season of their birth before calendars were possible. It was a natural and pardonable confusion to imagine a mysterious power in the stars which produced all, and more than all, the effects which we now attribute to climate and the seasons. From this the step was easy to giving a significance to all the combinations of the heavenly bodies; and the calculations founded upon these served to give a pseudo-scientific prestige to predictions about the future: these of course owed such success as they had to personal shrewdness, sufficient to stimulate, without satisfying, the curiosity of the increasing number of people to whom luck, in some form or other, seemed the most important element in life.

It is not clear that these calculators were insincere. Combe believed in phrenology, though he had a considerable power

of making it mean anything, and his measurements and manipulations simply provided him with an articulate method of putting his views of character into shape, and he had a real gift of reading character. Besides, astrology, like phrenology, had the attraction for impatient thinkers of bringing just what looked most complex and uncertain and important in life under what looked like immutable laws; and astrology had the advantage of appealing to laws which, if they existed, were more primary and more imposing than those of the cerebral centres. Of course the rise of astrology implied that people no longer found the distribution of success or ill-success sufficiently accounted for by conduct and character, so far as character finds its adequate expression in conduct. When it appears that circumstances which could not have been foreseen, and idiosyncrasies which in themselves are neither blamable nor laudable, count for quite as much in determining a man's lot as his own choice for good and evil, it is a moral and intellectual relief to refer all the apparent disorder to the steadfast stars, which seem at first sight a mere confused splendor themselves. And yet there is nothing whose revolutions are so sure; nothing convinces Manilius¹ so powerfully that Lucretius must have erred when he pronounced Chance the mistress and mother of the world, as the stable order of the stars, which have kept their courses without haste and without rest ever since the days of the Trojan war. How many kingdoms have been overthrown since Troy was sacked! how many people have gone into captivity! how often Fortune has gone round the world bringing empire or slavery to mortals! She has put away the memory of the ashes of Troy; she has fanned the embers to a mighty empire, while the fate Greece brought upon Asia has overtaken Greece. It would be weariness to count the ages, and how often the fiery sun has gone his round and surveyed the world since then. Change comes to all that is created beneath the law of mortality, and earth does not know herself through all the rolling years. Nations change: they cast their fashion through ages as a serpent casts its skin; but the world abid-

¹ i. 481 sqq.

eth fast forever, and all that it hath is safe; nought therein is increased by multitude of days or minished by old-age. They hurry no tittle in their going, and are not weary in their course; but it shall be the same forever, since it hath been the same from everlasting. It was not another world which our fathers have seen, or another world that our children's children shall see; it is a god who changeth not forever. That the Bears never turn round; that the sun does not run down to meet them, nor change his path nor turn his course to his rising to show the new-born dawn to unfamiliar lands; that the moon never transgresses the appointed bounds of her light, but keeps the measure given of old for her waxing and her waning; that the stars which hang in heaven never fall to earth, but wear out the seasons meted out for them to shine in—is no work of chance, but the order of a mighty deity.

And here, of course, we see the weak point of the system. The year and the starry sphere keep their appointed way: how, then, do the changes of earth originate in heaven? And here comes the fantastical conception of planetary influences. Given the point of view, observation shows that the sun, the most conspicuous of the planets, influences the world differently, according to his conjunction with different signs; and then it follows that other planets must have an influence of the same kind, and perhaps even a more extensive influence, as their spheres are larger. As each constellation is appropriated to a special region upon earth, it follows that the characteristics of that region are derived from the constellation, and that the characteristic effects of the constellation must modify any neighboring planet. Here was ample scope for calculation, and the whole science of judicial and horary astrology in its later developments depends upon these; and it is probable that the Chaldæans whom Tiberius had consulted and banished had already made some progress in that direction. But, to judge by Manilius and his contemporaries, the rudiments of the quasi-science which stood in some relation to facts still occupied most attention. Indeed, what strikes us throughout in Manilius is that all is rudimentary together. When one compares him with Lucretius, the

proportion of argument is very much less, and the proportion of description is very much larger; and the description has always the character of laborious explanation. For one thing, the Romans, though masters of compound addition and subtraction, were not familiar with other ways of manipulating large figures; for another, maps and globes were not familiar objects in every schoolroom, and therefore the zodiac took a great deal of description. The division of the sphere into three hundred and sixty degrees, the relation of the plane of the ecliptic to the plane of the equator, and the fact that six signs of the zodiac are above the horizon together, although the sun is only in one, are all rather difficult to imagine, especially as the imagination of the student would be beset by the prejudice that births in a particular month ought to be confined to the influence of a particular sign. Still, after all allowances, Manilius is prolix, being perhaps seduced by the example of Lucretius, who is redundant out of pure vehemence of conviction. And, after all, when one reads the description of the Milky Way,¹ it seems as if writing in verse such matters as we are accustomed to read in prose tended in itself to prolixity. We are reminded of Lucretius again by the style of his speculations on the different causes which might have produced the Milky Way. As a Stoic, he refuses to rest in simple curiosity: he is shocked at the thought that men should contemplate a catastrophe of the world without awe, and speculate idly on the chance of the Milky Way being a crack in the firmament through which the light of the empyrean is beginning to stream. As a Stoic, also, he is bound to treat mythology seriously. The fall of Phaethon may conceal a genuine tradition of a cosmical catastrophe; even the legend of Juno's milk has to be gravely told.

Still more like Lucretius is the speculation upon the origin of comets:² he does not really care whether comets and shooting stars originate on earth or heaven or in middle air. Perhaps comets rise in the neighborhood of all the stars, and are attracted by the burning heat of the sun; perhaps they are sparks from the burning furnaces below, "which threaten

¹ i. 675 sqq.² i. 831.

Olympus with Ætna;" at any rate, they are proofs of the omnipotence of fire throughout the universe. With the usual inconsequence of a fatalist, he is willing to conjecture that God manifests them out of pity, to warn mortals of impending fate, though elsewhere¹ he proves himself more consequent than the Pharisees. Their maxim was, "All things of God except the fear of God;" but Manilius lays down that to know the ways of fate is itself a gift of fate; and it is of a piece with this that he should regard insight into the ways of the universe, which makes our little lives what they are, as a proof that the spirit which dwells in the universe dwells also in us. When he comes to find illustrations of the truth of his fatalism in history,² he turns to what seems to him unique and extraordinary: the common facts of human nature, which are made the main argument for modern determinism, seem to him to need no transcendental explanation—they have their explanation in themselves; and the attraction of fatalism to him is that it presents us with an external constraining power which should account for what exceeded the power of mere mortals. That nature should be rational, that man should be powerful, are the two problems which Manilius undertakes to solve by the help of the stars. His spirit, in approaching the solution, is truly scientific; his enthusiasm is the enthusiasm of knowledge; he takes a solitary path, not so much because he is weary of hackneyed themes as because he wishes to turn from fable to truth. Of all didactic poets he is the most courageously didactic: he never seeks digressions except when he generalizes, and manfully confesses that his subject refuses all ornament, and is content to be explanatory. He even makes less use than most writers of the metaphors from the course of a ship and the course of a chariot. He seldom says it is time to loose his horses from the car or to bring his ship into port. He is conscientious too: he explains³ at length the risk of mistake through forgetting that the triangle of constellations is often only approximate, and at the same time, the influence of the triangle is much more powerful than the influence of the square, which is easier to establish cor-

¹ iv. 118.² iv. 23 sqq.³ ii. 296 sqq.

rectly. Then, when any sign or star is powerful, we are duly told¹ in what part of the body to look for its effect: the head and neck, for instance, are affected by the Ram (about whom Manilius is always trying to be poetical, reminding us of his golden fleece and his passage of the Hellespont); while the Fishes, at the other end of the zodiac, influence the feet.

It is to be noticed that he takes the constellations for granted: he is exercised by the question why the whole pattern of the figure is not made up visibly with stars, and explains that the world would not bear so much fire. This shows that he is completely under the dominion of Greek science, for the Chaldees and their baser followers still grouped the stars fresh from one month to another, and were not averse from the notion of seeing the whole sky turn into an eagle or a lion. Of course the purely fanciful element has all the more play in consequence. One fifth of the whole work is devoted to observations of this kind. When the sun is half through the sign of the Virgin, or, rather, when the Virgin² floats along with thrice five of her parts stretched from the sea, the glorious memorial of the Crown once set upon Ariadne will be reared above the waves, and grant all dainty arts; for these make the gifts to shine which are given to a maiden: whence it follows that whoever is born then will be a gardener or a perfumer, or something ornamental. But whoever is born under the Ear of Corn, which rises soon after the Crown, will be a practical, money-making agriculturist, or miller, or architect. And here we have a protest against luxury: the only gold we ought to dig from earth is the gold of harvest, the only use of architecture (especially fretted roofs, which were the fashionable feature) is for temples.³ This protest is repeated⁴ *à propos* of the Roman fancy for eating outlandish birds, since it is the duty of a writer on the stars to explain the business to which a bird-catcher is condemned by his birth under the constellation of the Swan; and, again, when Manilius has to speak of the adventurous money-seekers of different kinds born under the Fishes.⁵ As the *Fidiculæ* was an instrument of torture, it follows that all born under the Lyre

¹ ii. 450 sqq. ² v. 251 sqq. ³ v. 287. ⁴ v. 365. ⁵ v. 396 sqq.

will distinguish themselves as inquisitors, more or less conscientious and public-spirited.¹ Perhaps this kind of thing reaches its climax when we learn that whoever is born under the human half of the Centaur will be muleteers and the like, while those born under the animal half will be veterinary surgeons.²

§ 5. Phædrus, like Manilius, escaped the notice of Ovid, though he began to write under Augustus. He certainly wrote under Tiberius, for he hints³ that he was persecuted by Sejanus. He addressed freedmen of Claudius, but the freedmen of any prince of the imperial house may have been great men in the eyes of Phædrus, himself originally a slave of Macedonian extraction.

His fables are short, for the most part, and thoroughly faithless. He does not think that it is worth people's while to take good advice. He seems to regard the fable as an instrument rather of criticism than of correction. His favorite epilogue is, "This complaint will do for any one who has found his hope betray him," or, "This example will serve to make so and so ridiculous." He was obviously a person who expected very little from the world: he had renounced money-making for literature, and he hardly expected to be read even by his brother freedmen. When we consider how long he was writing his thousand or so of lines, it is curious to see how solemn he is upon the subject, and how entirely he requires his readers to give themselves up to him.

The imitation of "Æsop" is never very close. In the prologue to the second book we are warned that, though he imitates the style of the old gentleman as well as he can, he does not confine himself exclusively to his matter. In fact, one of the best of the fables⁴ is directed against busybodies at Rome who are, strictly speaking, "officious," and are very aptly rebuked by an anecdote of Tiberius, who told a slave, whom he noticed ostentatiously laying the dust before him at Misenum, that he was wasting his labor, and would have to do much more than that to earn a box on the ear. In the prologue to the fourth book, he tells us that henceforth he will imitate

¹ v. 410 sqq. ² v. 350 sqq. ³ Phæd. Prol. III. 41 sqq. ⁴ Ib. II. v.

rather than copy, and calls his fables not *Æsop's*, but *Æso-pean*. It is generally thought that, so far as he was a copyist, his principal source was Babrius; but it is to be remembered that Babrius was merely, like Socrates,¹ a versifier of tales which were already floating in the air; and as he was not the first versifier, so he was not the last. He was the chief, perhaps the last, of the Greek fabulists; but the Latins, from the days of Ennius downward, had occupied themselves more or less with the mass of folk-lore which from the days of Herodotus onwards had been associated with the name of *Æsop*. *Æsop* himself is associated with the court of Cræsus, which is close to the home of the Milesian tales. As these turned largely upon a parody of human life among animals, it may be suspected that the whole literature is derived from the popular heritage of the non-Aryan population of Asia Minor; as a great deal of the folk-lore of India seems non-Aryan, since more than one collection is stated to be told by a "devil," or translated out of the language of "devils;" and a devil in India meant a non-Aryan, as an embodiment of all the fears and dislike which attached themselves to the unknown.

However this may be, Phædrus has been the chief agent in floating down the fables of *Æsop* to posterity. Much of his popularity is due to his plebeian temper: he grumbles and sneers, without aiming at elevation or refinement, and his language is thoroughly plain and popular, and in a sense more really Latin than that of the great Augustan poets. He writes the language—if not of Terence, or even of Laberius—of the composers of the prologues of the seventh century: he is terse and unaffected; and whenever he is a little antithetical in structure, there is always a finite verb in each member of his antithesis. He has none of the subtlety of Babrius, little of his elegance and refinement, and his pathos is different: one might take the fable of the swallow and the nightingale as a specimen of the pathos of Babrius,² and the fable of the old hound whose teeth are too rotten to hold the boar,³ so well known through the wood-cut of Bewick, as a specimen of the pathos of Phædrus. One might trace the contrast, again,

¹ Plat. "Phæd." p. 600.² Bab. 12.³ Phæd. V. x.

in the way that they treat the fable of the wolf and the lamb. In Babrius,⁴ the wolf begins with the possible charges. First, the wolf suspects the lamb of affronting him (and Babrius has another fable in his collection where a lamb on a wall does affront a wolf⁵), then of trespassing on the wolf's ground, then, at last, of muddying the stream at which the wolf is drinking, and the lamb is simply too young for everything; the wolf eats the lamb at last out of pique, because he cannot let the lamb have the last word. In Phædrus,⁶ the wolf is determined to eat the lamb, and begins with the impossible charge of troubling the brook where the lamb was drinking below the wolf, and the wolf tries for something on which the lamb cannot contradict him. Of course, in Phædrus the iniquity of the wolf is more obvious; in Babrius he behaves more like an oppressor in real life.

The same desire to force such moral as there is shows itself in the way Phædrus varies the fable of the frog and the ox. In Babrius,⁷ the ox treads upon one of the froglings, and the survivors tell their mother that the victim was crushed by a great beast. She swells and swells to try and reach the size of the ox: they tell her she may swell till she bursts, and never be as big. In Phædrus, she actually bursts,⁸ and asks after her first effort if she is not bigger than the ox. Again, when the frogs lament the marriage of the sun, because one scorches them, and a family of suns would make life impossible, Phædrus⁹ prefaces the story with the remark that *Æsop* told it at the marriage of a noted thief, while Babrius⁷ does not think it necessary to point the moral at all. There is more political interest in Babrius: the mice, when they go to war, ascribe their defeat to the want of conspicuous generals, and so we get an explanation of why the generals had the high crests which intercepted their retreat;⁸ while Phædrus⁹ does not care to go beyond the fact that it is a misfortune to be conspicuous in time of trouble. In general, Phædrus gives us the impression of accepting the imperial dispensation very

⁴ Bab. 89.⁵ Ib. 96.⁶ Phæd. I. i.⁷ Bab. 28.⁸ Phæd. I. xxiv.⁹ Ib. I. vi.¹⁰ Bab. 24.¹¹ Ib. 31.¹² Phæd. IV. vi.

heartily. His only grievance is that his merits do not meet due recognition, or rather that he is envied for his talents.¹ This envy showed itself in a severe criticism of his fables, which are of a kind that it is easy to regard as childish; and he actually tries to meet this charge by parodying a tragedy.² The prologue to the "Medea" is very sensible, because Medea would have done no mischief if the Argo had never found its way to her.

He succeeds rather better with contemporary anecdotes. The evergreen story of the vain individual who appropriated to himself the loyalty displayed by a whole theatre to the head of the state has seldom been better told than by Phædrus,³ who makes the mistake just plausible enough. "Prince" was a piper who used to play for Bathyllus, and so had some celebrity; and, owing to a fall from the machinery at some game or other, had broken the "pipe"⁴ of his left leg, though he would have been better pleased to break both the pipes which he played on the right. He was carried home groaning, and it was some months before the cure was completed. As the custom of play-goers is (they are really a nice sort), they began to miss him; his breath had kept a dancer up to the mark so often. A noble was just going to exhibit some games, and Prince was getting on his feet again; the noble plied him with money and compliments only just to show himself on the day of the games. As he arrived, there was a buzz in the theatre about the piper: some were sure he was dead, some that he would come on at once. Well, when the curtain fell (for the show to begin), and the roll of the thunder was over, and the gods had spoken in their figurative fashion, then the chorus set up a song (which the absentee had never heard) to this effect: "Rejoice, Rome, for thou art preserved—thy Prince is safe." Everybody stood up to applaud; the piper began to kiss hands; he thought his friends were congratulating him. The equestrian order understood his stupid mistake, laughed heartily, and encored the song. Of course it was repeated; my hero

¹ Phæd. Prol. IV. 15.² Ib. IV. vii.³ Ib. V. vii.⁴ The thigh-bone.

prostrated himself at full length on the stage, and the knights jeered and applauded, and the people thought he was asking for a crown. But as soon as the truth of the matter had run up all the benches, Prince, with the white fillet rolled round his leg, and his white tunic and white boots too, as he plumed himself on the honor paid to the Holy House, was bundled out by everybody head foremost. The truth is that Phædrus is more preoccupied with his own private anxieties than with public: if Particulo would keep his promise to give him money enough to make him easy for the rest of his life, as Particulo¹ did at last, imperial politics did not concern him much. It was only a question who should load the panniers, but there was very little risk that the ass would have to carry double. It is curious that he should treat fables as a safety-valve for slaves,² for a head of a household in our time would, if affronted by comment at all, be more affronted by comment disguised because known to be offensive.

§ 6. A pretty collection of bucolics, which has come to us under the name of T. Calpurnius Siculus, may be most conveniently described as a sort of appendix to the Augustan poetry; for there is a general consent that the first seven idyls are by a contemporary of the first five years of Nero, and probably the remaining four are by him too: though either the blunder of an ignorant scribe, or the conjecture of an ambitious scribe, or the knowledge of a learned one, has imported some uncertainty into the MSS.; and there are sometimes peculiarities, just visible—like the avoidance of the hiatus after the first foot, and the shortening of the final *o* of verbs—which have been quoted in support of the distinction.³ But the poems are an echo of Vergil, with no perceptible trace of later influences. Calpurnius follows Vergil even more simply than Grattius, because he has no real subject of his own. He is undeniably musical, and very little more. The only original observation which his shepherds make is that the noise of a brook over gravel rather interferes with singing, and it is as well to get away from it into the shade. The allusions to real life of the "Eclogues" reappear, though with a great loss of

¹ Epil. IV. 4, 5.² Prol. III. 33 sqq.³ See also note, pp. 281, 282.

truth and color. There is a patron Melibœus, who, the swains hope, may bring their song under the notice of Rome and Cæsar;¹ Corydon hopes to be accepted as the successor of Tityrus,² although he knows the extent of his ambition. There is another patron, Thyrsis,³ who comes round the folds and awards prizes for competitions between the shepherds, which Corydon misses when he goes to see some games in Rome, held by a young god with a face like Mars and Apollo at once,⁴ so far as could be seen from the back seats at the top, where a countryman who came in a black blanket had to stand, for all the lower seats were reserved for citizens who were respectable enough to come in togas, all of whom seem to have had some official position. This same emperor is saluted in a prophetic poem,⁵ which Ornitus reads to Corydon after going out of the heat for a singing match. He is to deliver the world from oppression and war, and bring back the Saturnian age. He succeeds a prince who triumphed abroad, and brought discord home with him; he threw the senate into chains. His successor is accomplished, and, while yet in his mother's arms, it was his favorite amusement to play at pleading causes.

Most of this would fit Nero well enough, and, though all the other notices of him imply that he was given rather exclusively to poetry,⁶ it is quite possible that there may have been a little early taste for oratory, which Seneca may have thought it well to discourage, as he took a very severe view of the juridical ambition of Claudius. It is tempting to identify Melibœus with Seneca, for Melibœus is a very important person and a guardian of the laws; and apparently a philosopher, for the lamentations on his death in the eighth idyl begin with a pompous invocation to Æther, father of all, and Fluids, the cause of things, and Earth, the mother of the body, and Air, whence we draw the breath of life—which recalls Vergil's Silenus, as the first idyl recalls his Pollio. But there is a grave difficulty in identifying Melibœus and Seneca. Melibœus, whoever he was, died after patronizing Tityrus through-

¹ Calp. iv. 157 sqq.² Ib. vii. 6 sqq.³ Ib. i. 33.⁴ Ib. 64.⁵ Ib. 83.⁶ Tac. "Ann." xiii. 3.

out the life of both (one of many indications that Calpurnius was past his youth), and apparently his friends had nothing to deplore but the death of a good old man in a good old-age, full of days, riches, and honor, and yet were inconsolable because he was too good to die. Now it is difficult to imagine a poet publishing any lamentation on Seneca's death at the time without immortalizing himself, and it is more difficult to imagine a poet with so much constancy as to lament Seneca abstaining from denunciations of Nero; and most difficult of all to imagine how any poet living under Nero could expect praise and promotion for praising Seneca. There is the same procession of the powers of nature to mourn for Melibœus as come in Vergil to console Gallus and mourn for Daphnis.

Calpurnius gives one the impression of knowing country life pretty well; and, being a countryman, the "city" is always something distant to dream of, and the splendors of the show make rather a disproportionate impression on his mind. His shepherd must have visited Rome before the completion of the Coliseum, for the seats were still supported on wooden scaffolding.¹ But the decorations made amends for the meanness of the structure. A marble wall went round the arena, protected from the animals by a strong timber fence cased with ivory, which had the double advantage of being too smooth to give their claws a hold, and of looking magnificent. There were bosses of precious stones (probably jasper and onyx and colored spars) round the front of the lowest row of seats, and there was a good deal of gilding on the covered arcade assigned to women and the commonalty; and this was a novelty which impressed a city sight-seer as much as it impressed a countryman who had never seen anything before. We get a good deal of light as to what was wealth in the country parts of Italy. Idas² is a rustic, but not a barbarian; he often kills both he-lambs and she-lambs; he has plenty of milk and cheese. Astacus³ has potherbs all the year round; he makes a cake for Priapus quite as often as Idas sacrifices to Pales, and cakes and honey are quite as accept-

¹ Calp. vii. 23.² Ib. ii. 61 sqq.³ Ib. 74.

able to gods and men as fresh lamb. Idas promises fleeces in autumn, and Astacus promises chestnuts. And at bottom both lovers are very practical: as soon as it is night and time to go home, the shepherd orders his men to the right and left to bring up the flocks, and the gardener orders his man to open the sluice of the canal. It is true another pair of lovers are less reasonable;¹ and they are not even rivals; for their mistress is equally well inclined to both, and they are content to divide her. But her parents think it is better to keep the girl at home; consequently one of the lovers forgets for three days to take the heifers out for grass or water, and forgets himself to make baskets.

There is more of a story in the fifth idyl, where a forlorn swain has lost two hours and got badly torn in looking for a stray heifer; and gives up the search to lament his love, who has left him for a worse musician, who cannot give her so many presents. After telling the story of the quarrel, which was much aggravated by his indiscretion in stripping her and beating her, when her interest in the rival had not gone beyond a mere caprice, he resolves by the advice of his friend to attempt a reconciliation; so he composes a poem, which his friend promises to take down on cherry bark and carry to the offended beauty. The lover offers his mistress the satisfaction of tying his hands behind his back (which we have seen was part of Italian etiquette): he, of course, as he is a countryman, is careful to give her alternative of osier or vine, and to remind her how many presents she has had from his hands, while the hands of his rival were bound, not for a lover-like indiscretion, but because he was detected in an attempt to rob the fold at night. Perhaps the point is ingenious enough to deserve some of the praise which the poet, as usual, awards himself by the mouth of the friend who compliments the lover on his verses. The latter promises himself a happy reconciliation, for he sees one of his men on the right with the missing heifer.

In most of the poems Calpurnius aims more at story and dialogue than Vergil, just because he cannot trust himself to

¹ Calp. ix.

let a lover fill a whole poem with his complaint. When Myron lectures Canthus on the art of goat-keeping,¹ when he is going to turn over his flock to him, the lecture begins when they have gone out of the heat of the sun, and after a little more than a hundred lines Myron observes it is getting late, though he has much more to say. Still, he manages to give rules for the management of a flock from one year's end to another in the space, and to give some useful hints how to cure sores caused in shearing, how to keep serpents from the fold, and how to mark the flocks as a precaution against lawsuits. The language is fairly good throughout, and there is an attempt at the simplicity of the practical parts of the "Georgics;" elsewhere, in general, Calpurnius refines upon Vergil, and is vague and unreal in consequence. When a shepherd wants to say that "though summer is nearly over, it is as hot as ever," he begins, "the sun's horses are no gentler yet as summer slopes down."² When a shepherd wishes to strike a loftier strain, he tells us that "it must not have the echo of the woods."³ Even this is simpler than the original, for, since the sound of the voice rebounds from a wood sometimes, Calpurnius allows himself to say "rebounds" for the sake of the metre, without intending much more than "sounds," if, indeed, he intends anything. "The blessing of Fame has paved a kindly way for Tityrus thus far from the woods, and broken the full clouds of envy." But here praise has to stop: "already the sun is sending down his steeds from the summit of the universe, and counsels us to grant the flocks the moisture of the rivers."⁴

Note on the Epicedion Drusi.

The genuineness of this work has always been called in question since 1849, when Haupt suggested that it was written by a Renaissance imitator of Ovid. In 1878 E. Hübner, in an elaborate paper in *Hermes*, while establishing the imitative character of the work by an exhaustive array of quotations from both Ovid and Propertius, combated Haupt's linguistic arguments for a late date, and maintained that the imitation was too perfect for the young scholarship of the fifteenth century. None of his quo-

¹ Calp. v. 13 sqq. ² Ib. i. 1. ³ Ib. iv. 5. ⁴ Ib. viii. 84-7.

tations are very decisive, for Ovid certainly imitated both Propertius and himself. Still, it is startling that a poet who wrote 745 u.c. should be as familiar with the turns of expression which we find in the "Metamorphoses" and the "Fasti," to say nothing of the "Tristia" and the "Letters from Pontus," as with those of earlier works. Less stress can be laid on the coincidences with the consolatory works of Seneca, and upon the bare possibility that the poet may have taken the river Isargus from Tacitus—from all which Hübner infers that the "Epicedion" is a work of the second century, in which case it must be a school exercise. In any case, the treatment of Tiberius is singular if the poet wrote after his death; while, if it was written at the time by a member of Ovid's school, it might have been elaborated afterwards.

CHAPTER VI.

LIVY.

LIVY's position was less dignified than that of many of his contemporaries: he was the tutor of the grandchildren of Augustus, a position which might have been filled by a slave or a freedman. It is probable that he owed his selection partly to the reputation of his native town for severity of manners—a reputation which was not impaired by its wealth. Livy mentions that in his day there were five hundred citizens of equestrian census, a larger number than was to be found in any other town of Italy, except Rome and Capua. Patavium had grown, like Venice, because it was in the way of trade and out of the way of war. It had repelled the invasion of the Etruscans and of the Gauls and of the Spartan Cleonymus, but it had not known the constant harassing warfare through which colonies like Placentia or Cremona struggled into greatness. The colony founded there by the Romans was in no sense a protection against the natives. These belonged to the nation of Heneti or Veneti, who had expelled the Euganei. It was generally admitted that the Heneti of Venetia were descendants of the Heneti of Paphlagonia, whose king Pylæmenes had fallen before Troy, and that they had settled in Italy under the conduct of Antenor. Livy himself speaks half as if he believed the legend, which he tells in its baldest form. Æneas and Antenor were spared by the Greeks, on the obvious ground that they had been on the Greek side throughout the war: they naturally left a ruined country to settle in Italy. It is only when we come to the miraculous that Livy is sceptical. The legend of the white sow with her litter of thirty staggers him; as for the wonderful birth and nurture of Romulus, he can only say it is due to the majesty of Rome that the world should refrain from questioning what is incredible.

But he has no doubt whatever of the tradition which links Rome and Patavium together, and his judgment is of the more weight because it agrees with that of Vergil, one of the most learned of Italian antiquaries. Probably the tradition would have belonged to the same class as the French and Welsh traditions of their descent from Troy. We are on surer ground when we remember that the same mixture of races flourished at Patavium which afterwards flourished at Venice.

Livy was born B.C. 59, or 57, according to the reckoning of St. Jerome; and it seems that he was about thirty-two when he began the great work of his life, for the indications in the first decade (*e.g.*, the mention of the temples, iv. 20) point between 27 B.C. and 20 B.C. He prosecuted his work with insatiable industry till his death in A.D. 16; though long before he left off he had done enough, even in his own judgment, for fame. His hundred and forty books carry the history of Rome from its foundation to the death of Drusus, the brother of Tiberius—an event which might have served for the terminus of a contemporary history, or simply have marked the last stage which a septuagenarian historian lived to reach.

The extent of his work is a marked contrast with the historical writings of Roman aristocrats like Asinius Pollio, who took the Civil Wars for his subject, or L. Arruntius, who wrote on the Punic War with a tiresome imitation of Sallust. But Livy did not confine himself to history; he wrote to his son-in-law on rhetoric, and rebuked the obscurity of Sallust: he wrote dialogues of moral edification, which were praised by Quintilian, and have gone the way of the dialogues of Aristotle, which fascinated and inspired Cicero.

The same tendency shows itself very plainly in his history: like Rollin and Fénelon, he never forgets that he is a school-master. Edification in one shape or another is the only topic of his long and interesting preface. He doubts whether his labors in such a gigantic task will not be in vain; he knows the ancient history which interests him will seem tame to readers in a hurry to get to the Civil Wars. He does not write for fame; he has not Sallust's pretension of writing

because he wishes to occupy the leisure forced upon him, nor does he aim, like Thucydides, at eliciting principles which will be a guide to men through the future revolutions of human affairs. Rome seems to him a fitting subject for the historian because it was the greatest city and displayed the greatest examples both of good deeds and of evil. And Rome was not only the greatest city in the world, but the best; it had honored poverty and withstood luxury longer than any other, and this when it had greater temptations to luxury than any.

What strikes him is not what strikes a modern—the wonderful organizing power so often displayed by the ancient heroes of Rome, or the political talent of the whole people, which we are apt to treat as an ultimate fact. He is more impressed by the turbulent side of Roman public life than by its stability; he looks for the principle of Roman greatness in the moral qualities which made discipline possible. And there can be no doubt thrift and parsimony are simpler than the habit of military and political discipline: they are among the conditions on which discipline depends, which is quite incompatible with self-pleasing. Livy feels like Vergil,

Moribus antiquis stat res Romam virisque,

and is rather indifferent to material sublimity: he is little impressed by the greatness of such works as the Cloaca Maxima or the Via Appia; the tradition that the Potitii died out in the consulship of Appius because they agreed to his proposal to delegate the rites of the great altar of Hercules to public slaves is recounted at greater length than the censor's engineering triumphs, to which Livy is so indifferent that he never connects them either with his obstinacy in retaining office for the full term of five years, or with his innovation of admitting freedmen's sons, doubtless including his own contractors, to the senate. The portion of this work that has reached us is little more than a quarter of the whole in bulk; but in time the proportion is different. The first ten books cover 460 years (not counting the period between Æneas and the foundation of the city). Out of this the first covers 244, the four

that follow 121, and the next five 95; the next ten, which are lost, covered seventy years; then came ten books which we still possess, which covered the events of eighteen years, the terrible second Punic war; while the fifteen books which follow cover the period from the final defeat of Hannibal to the final overthrow of the Macedonian power: leaving ninety-five books for the events of about a hundred and seventy years—almost, that is, at the rate of a book for the events of every two years.

The disproportion shows that the author has only an imperfect mastery over his materials. He started with the method of using and amplifying all the records which he found to his hand, in order to make them at once intelligible and edifying. When the records are meagre, he is a creative artist; when the records are full and the subject trivial, he degenerates into a compiler capable of incorporating the vulgarities of the original. To the last, the final characters with which he dismisses a great man upon his death are carefully and skilfully done, with a general intention of generosity, which rather breaks down in the case of Cicero. One might very well expect that Cicero, with his good intentions and private decency, would have been treated exceptionally well; but Livy could not forgive him for seeing through Pompeius. If Cicero had been a partisan, it would have been easier for the nobility to hold their own: his pretensions and his insight both acted as solvents. It is remarkable that Livy, a retainer of the imperial house, a native of the country beyond the Po, which owed its admission to full Roman citizenship to Cæsar, should have written the history of the civil war with a strong tendency to favor Pompeius. It is unfortunate that his history has not reached us, for none of the histories that have come down give the case for Pompeius with force enough to counteract the growing bias in favor of Cæsar—due partly to his amiability, partly to the perception that his success was inevitable. Probably for this very reason the latter part of Livy was not so much read after the reign of Domitian; for, though criticism of bad emperors was free to the last, criticism of the imperial system was forbidden; and it is doubtful if

criticism of the events under which it originated was really free after the reign of Augustus, for the "Pharsalia" is a gigantic escapade, and, as it proved, a perilous one. Even Vergil and Horace only use their liberty to glorify Cato, against whom, to be sure, Cæsar had written a monstrous pamphlet. Labienus, son of the only lieutenant of Cæsar who made the mistake of joining Pompeius, had not damaged himself so deeply by his bad life but that he damaged himself by his zeal for Pompeius in his histories. Another reason for the neglect of the latter part of Livy doubtless was that his eloquence was beginning to show signs of the garrulity of old-age. The falling-off in the fourth and fifth decades is already very marked, and cannot be wholly accounted for by the deterioration of the subject. For the same reasons, it is probable that the second decade, which dealt with the dulness of the first Punic war as well as with the sensational campaigns of Pyrrhus, was neglected by readers anxious to reach the thrilling story of the campaigns of Hannibal.

The first and the third decades of Livy are two of the greatest historical books of the world: it may well be doubted whether of the two the first is not the greater. It is quite true, of course, that Livy believed much that is incredible to modern scholars, much that was incredible even to learned contemporaries; true that in all the material conditions of history Livy was careless, even for a man who had no practical acquaintance with affairs; true also that, like Hume, he preferred to write from chroniclers when he might have made some approach to writing from documents. His history is full of stories like the escape of Clælia and the rescue of Rome by Camillus, which are condemned without appeal by the casual allusions of Tacitus to the surrender of the city to Porsena, and to the ransom paid for it to the Gauls. Again, antiquarian research would have made constitutional questions of all kinds much plainer than Livy makes them—much plainer than antiquarian speculation can make them now: he talks of the "people" and the "commons," and nowhere states any distinction between the two: he seems to imagine that the "fathers" are the senators, yet he is not quite ignorant of the

connection between them and the patricians; and he knows of plebeian senators at a time when the commons were still excluded from every office but that of tribune. One never learns the relation of the *comitia curiata* to the *comitia tributa*, or of the *comitia centuriata* to either. To sum up all in a word, he constantly confuses the conflict between the authorities of the city of Rome and the inhabitants of the Roman territory with the conflict between the rich and poor, the high-born and the base-born; between which it is possible that Niebuhr and some of his successors have drawn too sharp a distinction.

But, with all this, the first decade of Livy gives incomparably the fullest and clearest picture of national life as a whole which any ancient historian has given us. The incidents are often misconceived and misplaced, but the atmosphere and the scenery are always lifelike. It is generally recognized that "Quentin Durward" has a great deal of historical truth, although (to mention nothing else) the Bishop of Liege was not massacred, nor William de la Marck slain, on the occasion of that revolt of Liege which Louis XI. helped Charles the Bold to suppress. Now, very few of Livy's inaccuracies are on a larger scale than this, and he has always the kind of truth which we expect in an historical novel—the kind of truth which we accept in conjectural reconstructions of primitive history, especially the history of religious institutions, where our interest in the subject disposes us, as patriotic pride disposes Livy, to make the utmost of imperfect evidence. It is easy to exaggerate the imperfection of the materials: for instance, the discontinuity of family as distinguished from gentile names in the very early history shows the good faith of the annalists, for if they had worked simply to flatter the vanity of great houses, every family name would have been carried back to the beginning of the Republic. It was a less serious falsification that when a plebeian of the same gentile name as an ancient patrician distinguished himself after the days of Pyrrhus or Hannibal, the complaisant annalist reckoned him a direct descendant of the older celebrity, one of whose heirs was supposed to have gone over to the

commons—probably not an uncommon process when a country gentleman did not care to leave the district where his land lay often, and probably had no objection to espouse the quarrels of his country neighbors. But Livy complains that what had happened sometimes was represented as having happened often.

This is a fair instance of the sort of criticism on his authorities which we find in Livy. He has been called credulous, like Herodotus, because he has no canons of what is absolutely incredible, and because he is not ashamed of a reverent curiosity about omens and prodigies. Even about this he is not exactly free from scepticism, or rather he has a clear perception that their value depends rather upon human carefulness than any efficacy of their own.¹ He quite approves of the distinction drawn by Papirius between the responsibility of a general and of an augur on the occasion of a profane *pullarius*, or keeper of the sacred chickens, which were carried about with Roman armies, as it was supposed that when they fed heartily the soldiers were likely to be in good heart to fight. When moral conditions became more important than physical, the soldiers were ready to fight when the chickens were not ready to feed; and at such times a *pullarius* was tempted to falsify his report. The general's nephew, we are told, was careful to inform his uncle of the real facts. The general replied that he was justified in fighting, since he was officially informed that the omens were favorable, and that the *pullarius* was answerable for his own falsehood. Accordingly, we are told that the Romans gained a decisive victory, and that the *pullarius*, who was set in the front of the battle, was killed. There is the same quaint casuistical tone in the discussion on the treaty of the Caudine Forks.² Livy is evidently uncomfortable that an unauthorized convention, which had been solemnly sworn to in the name of Rome, had been repudiated. It comforts him a little, to be sure, that there was no regular treaty, which would have been concluded by *fetiales*, and necessarily been sanctioned by all the powers of the state. Probably, while two

¹ Liv. X. xl.

² Ib. IX. v. 2.

consular armies were in the field, it was impossible to hold an assembly whose decision would be binding. Accordingly, the Samnites could only insist that the consuls should pledge themselves and their staff that they would carry a treaty to the mind of the Samnites: and, according to Livy's version (as it was desirable to do what was possible to bind the authorities at home), two of the tribunes of the commons were made to pledge themselves also.¹ Livy dwells at great length, and with great unction, on the contrast between the devotion of the consuls who were anxious to be given up to the Samnites, that the convention might be annulled, and the selfishness of the tribunes, who insist that the convention is binding because they fear to be given up: he composes a forcible and eloquent speech, in which the consul dilates on the infatuation of the Samnites in thinking that the army could possibly bind the state. If we compare his account of the behavior of the Romans with modern usage, it almost seems as if the Romans were excessively scrupulous. Instead of punishing the consuls themselves for exceeding their powers, they gave up every one who had sworn to the convention to the Samnites. Yet Livy feels as if they had not done enough: the Samnites refused to admit that the Romans could clear themselves at the expense of individuals, and so they set all the victims who were offered to them at liberty. Livy's last word is, "Perhaps they had saved the public faith by their surrender; at any rate, they saved their own."

Just the same mixture of patriotic pride and moral scruple meets us in the story of M. Scaptius.² Ardea and Aricia disputed, it seems, the ownership of a patch of land, and referred the question to Rome; and Scaptius informed the assembly that he had served in the campaign in which the Romans had conquered the debatable land from the Volscians at the time of the capture of Corioli. Hereupon the assembly voted that the land was the property of the Roman people, to the horrible scandal of the "fathers" and the historian, who yet insists that the right of the Roman people was so clear that a disinterested judge could not fail to recognize it. The sequel of

¹ Liv. IX. viii. sqq.

² Ib. III. lxxi., lxxii.; IV. ix.-xi.

the case is more curious: Ardea sends an embassy to complain at Rome; the senate say that they will watch for an opportunity to make amends. Soon after there is a sedition at Ardea, arising out of a faction fight over a marriage, in which the popular party call in the Volscians. The Romans come to the rescue, and, as Ardea is depopulated, a colony is sent there; it is arranged that the land which the assembly voted to be Roman territory shall be assigned to the colonists, and that natives shall have a preference over Romans in the assignment. When it is too late, the commons detect the plot, and the tribunes prosecute the commissioners who assign the lands. The "fathers" themselves or their leaders are inclined to abandon the commissioners, who take refuge from the storm by settling in their colony. It is plain that the story is made a great deal more edifying in Livy than it can have been in reality; it suggests that the aristocracy of Rome were in league with the aristocracy of Ardea to manage the open land to their joint profit, and that the aristocracy of Ardea got the best of it. The further question that arises is, how Livy comes to have such minute information of the internal affairs of Ardea long before the Gallic war; for we seem to be in the presence of a real, though a perverted, tradition. There can hardly have been a record at Rome of a kind to survive the capture of the city, and therefore Livy or his authorities must have got their information at Ardea. The quarrel at Ardea has too many parallels from mediæval Italian history to be regarded as fictitious.

Livy always succeeds in giving a great look of probability to his narratives of internal dissensions: he has the keen-sightedness of hatred in describing them; he has a far keener sense of the misery and criminality of sedition than of civic right. He blames the "fathers" whenever they provoked sedition; but he blames them little, if at all, for their exclusiveness, or for their monopoly of the public lands, or for their harshness to their debtors. He disapproves of the tribunes by instinct, and sees only the anarchical side of their office; in this he is like most ancient writers, who also dwell exclusively on the capricious side of the institution of

ostracism. It was a real political progress to appoint officers to do, in the name of the commons, without resistance, everything that the commons could accomplish by the force of their numbers. It is a consequence of this that Livy does not explain why the multiplication of the tribunes was always a popular measure. They had two functions: one was to propose laws, which Livy treats as the most important; the other was to protect individuals against the acts of the authorities. Any increase in the numbers of the tribunes made it possible for the "fathers" to get one out of many to impede legislation which they disliked, but one or two tribunes could be influenced to allow a levy or a strict application of the law of debt, but it was difficult to effect this with ten tribunes, or even five.

There is the same want of perception of the growth of institutions in the anecdotal explanation of the appointment of curule ædiles:¹ he never thinks of comparing them with the public prosecutors, who were as old as the monarchy, any more than he thinks of comparing the prætor with the præfectus urbi, who often appears² as one of the regular magistrates of the period just before the Licinian laws. Nor does he explain why, when it was decided that the censors should not hold office for the full term of five years, the term of eighteen months was fixed.

These questions do not seem to have perplexed Livy; he is more puzzled by the recurring Æquian and Volscian campaigns. He has not yet arrived at serious scepticism as to the numbers which he finds in his authorities, and so he makes the reflection that both nations must have been exterminated many times over.³ He gives the solution himself in an earlier chapter:⁴ the Æquians had a talent for brigandage, and the Romans were not able, for many reasons, to occupy the country from which the Æquians descended. Now and then there was something like a pitched battle, and then the Romans were almost always victorious, as the English were in their battles with the Scots. If further explana-

¹ Liv. VI. xlii. 9.

² E. g. IV. xxxi. 2; VI. vi. 9.

³ Ib. VI. xii. 2, 3.

⁴ Ib. III. ii. 14.

tion is required, it is to be found in the fact, which Livy mentions, that a regular levy of the whole force of the Æquian nation was a very exceptional thing, only to be accomplished by the employment of special religious rites: while year by year the Romans were accustomed to swear to their commanders such a binding oath that they found it easier to kill the commander to whom they had sworn than to desert their colors while he was alive.

Their disappearance after the capture of the city by the Gauls was so obvious that Livy hardly notices it. For many years, if the Campagna was plundered, it was plundered by Gauls; and when the Gauls were driven back, the same measures as kept them out would serve to keep out the degenerate Æquians. It has been noticed that when the Valerii are in office we generally find not only an Æquian, but a Sabine war; and hence it has been inferred that Livy follows Valerius Antias in a rather uncritical combination. The Valerii were in the habit of thinking of the same predatory bands under the name of Sabines that the Fabii thought of under the name of Æquians, and consequently their special traditions always recorded a Sabine campaign; while the general tradition, which was the only guide when the Valerii were not in office, only records an Æquian one. Probably the combination was already accomplished in the "Annales Maximi;" for Livy is careful in noting the discrepancies in the annalists whom he follows, not exactly without discrimination: when they differ, he asks himself which is the oldest, and which tells the most probable story. But he never attempts to go behind the annalists. Augustus had seen a linen breastplate, dedicated by A. Cornelius Cossus, at the Temple of Jupiter, which stated that he was consul, and had slain Lars Tolumnius and had dedicated his spoils. The other authorities all agreed that when he was consul there was no important war with Etruria or elsewhere, and that when he won the spoils he had no higher rank than tribune.¹ It never occurs to Livy to enter the shrine and inspect the inscription himself: it is doubtful if he could have done so without special permission.

¹ Liv. IV. xx. 4, 5.

But he attaches paramount value to a contemporary document, especially a contemporary document attested by Augustus: he declines to explain how the mistake in the Fasti arose, and takes it for granted there must be one, so that he does not hazard the easy conjecture that Cossus was not able to put up a permanent record of the dedication of his spoils until he was consul. It is just the same with the "Linen Books," which contained lists of magistrates, and were kept in the Temple of Moneta. Livy carefully notes when Licinius Macer appeals to their authority against other authors,¹ but he never dreams of consulting them himself, not even when the authors who appeal to them, as Macer and Tubero, differ as to what they say.

One notices that Augustus hardly seems to have entered the Temple of Jupiter Feretrius as a matter of course, although he was Pontifex Maximus: the temple, like many others, was out of repair, and he entered as part of his official inspection. There were only fifteen men in Rome who had the right of reading what the Sibyl was supposed to have written; and though the number of officials who had access to other public records during their term of service was greater, there is no reason to think that they were open, of course, to every historian.

And if Livy's opportunities had been better, he is too much in bondage to edifying anecdotes to make the most of his materials. For instance, all the treatment of the second Samnite war, up to and including the convention of Caudium, is colored by Livy's view of the purely ethical merits of the case. It is an axiom with him that every state which renews a war with Rome after a treaty is perfidious, and disloyal too: there is a sort of reflected lustre of the world-wide empire of Rome thrown back upon the early days, as if every state which signed a treaty with Rome ought to have known from the first that it was signing an indenture of vassalage. The word "*rebellare*" has from the first a good deal of the associations of "rebel." It is the guilt of rebellion which makes the Samnites unsuccessful at the outset of the war; it is a conscious-

¹ E.g. IV. vii. 13.

ness of guilt that makes them resolve to surrender Brutulus Papius, the leader of the anti-Roman party. And when the Romans refuse to renew the treaty after his dead body has been given up, Gaius Pontius has a reasonable expectation that the gods will change sides; and the final victory of the Romans is due to the arrogance of the Samnites in sending the Roman army under the yoke. In the same way, the battle of Sentinum is decided by the religious effect of the devotion of the younger Decius, quite as much as by the superior tactics of Q. Fabius; and the final triumph before Aquilonia is explained by the displeasure of the gods at the human sacrifices with which Oвий Paccius had consecrated the last army.

As a work of art,¹ the picture of the pompous musters of the two armies which, at the end of each war, were overthrown by a Papirius is decidedly impressive, even after the suspicion has occurred to us that the family legends of the Papirii may have something to do with the coincidence. And the Samnites are the only adversary of Rome whom Livy can bring himself to respect, with the exception of the Latins. The Latin war fills him with horror—partly at the audacity of the Latins in demanding incorporation on equal terms into the Roman state, and actually claiming to have one consul permanently allotted to them, partly at the fratricidal character of the war (this gives him an opportunity of describing the tactics of the Romans and the Latins at the time of the decisive conflict), and partly also at the great risk the Romans ran. But the Latin war was short and sharp; the Samnite wars lasted as long as the Punic, almost as long as the tedious and desultory conflict with the Æqui and Volsci: and Livy is weary of the long war, and ashamed of his weariness.² The Samnites were not weary of being conquered, the Romans were not weary of conquering, and Livy has no right to be weary of writing, or we to be weary of reading. Perhaps he idealizes a little when he says that the Samnites never tired of an unblest battle for liberty, and chose rather to be conquered than not to fight. They were fighting, not

¹ Liv. IX. xl.; X. xxxviii. 2.

² Ib. X. xxxi. 6, 7.

merely for liberty, but for access to the sea; the treaties which closed the first and second Samnite wars both left the independence of Samnium untouched, but the first cut the Samnites off from Campania, and the second cut them off from Apulia and Lucania: and the wars were, besides, less of an unbroken chronicle of Samnite disaster than Livy represents them. Not only does he often disguise Roman defeats and embellish drawn battles into brilliant victories, but he does not take account of anything but pitched battles and the defence or attack of fortified towns. The likelihood is that almost to the last the Samnites had the best of the booty, as the Romans had the best of the battles. There are incidental notices of plunder, which we only hear of when it was recovered from the Samnites; while it is always matter for a triumph by itself when a Roman army roams about the open country without meeting an enemy, especially if there had been a bloody battle which could be claimed as a victory. The political situation is treated like the military: the fact that there were Samnite and Roman parties in Apulia and Lucania is not affirmed or denied, and, instead, we have a declamation on the perfidy or levity of Apulia and Lucania, whenever there was a change of sides in those nations to the disadvantage of Rome.

Still more perplexing is the account of the relations of Rome to Etruria from the days of Porsena and the Cremera onwards. The family legend of the Fabii doubtless obscured the fact that their house had practically been banished from Rome because it was always involving Rome in wars for the debatable territory between Rome and Veii; but it is strange that Livy should not have understood that the truces concluded with the great cities beyond the Ciminian wood were for so many years of ten months. Consequently he complains of the perfidy of the Etrurians in so constantly resuming hostilities before the time, while he never invents a speech to express the indignation which the Romans must have felt at the time if the case had been as he puts it. The decisive struggle with Etruria coincided with the decisive struggles with Samnium; and there can be no doubt that on this period

the traditions of the Fabii, embodied in the oldest annalist, Fabius Pictor, would certainly have been valuable if critically used. As it is, Livy has taken little from Fabius but the lively picture of the dismay of the common people at Rome when Q. Fabius Maximus marched through the Ciminian wood. It was only two hours' march, and it must constantly have been traversed by traders; and yet to the average idler of the forum and the average soldier in the field it seemed the boundary of another world, the haunt of all kinds of ghostly monsters. It must be remembered that narrow mule-tracks were quite sufficient for all the wants of commerce, and that the pioneers who entered them for the first time would feel none of the security against the terrors of the forest which a wide military road naturally gives; and that the Romans were always very sensitive to change in their surroundings, and prone to imagine themselves in another world upon all sorts of pretexts—because they were on the shores of the ocean instead of the shores of the Mediterranean, because they saw fresh constellations or lost sight of familiar ones, or found the shadows fall in a new way.

The same source, no doubt, accounts for a good deal of dramatic and doubtful detail about the campaign of Sentinum, where Fabius and Decius defeated the Gauls and Samnites. According to Livy,¹ Fabius first asked for Decius as his colleague, and then quarrelled with him because both wanted to go to Etruria and neither wanted to go to Samnium. In quite a different connection,² Livy tells us that the service in Samnium was generally unpopular, and a change to Etruria a welcome relief, because the cold in the Abruzzi was so severe. Historians who were not of an anecdotal turn simply said that Fabius and Decius fought in Etruria; but Livy has a long tale, which he only half believes, of the debate between Fabius and Decius (he is careful to call attention to the curt archaic character of the speeches of men who were better in the field than in the forum), and of the advance of Fabius into Etruria at the head of a small army to refute the false alarms of Appius Claudius (who was naturally opposed to Fabius,

¹ Liv. X. xxii. sqq.

² Ib. X. xlv. 9.

since it was in the censorship of Fabius and Decius that his demagogic constitution had been overthrown by the restriction of freedmen, who were mostly domiciled at Rome, to the four city tribes). Then Claudius raises the alarm at Rome, and at last Fabius and Decius combine their forces against the Samnites and Gauls. There were annals that went further, and gave two contentions of Fabius and Decius, and a heated debate between Claudius and Fabius at Rome.

This is too long a story for Livy, who is strongest in isolated episodes. For instance, he does not attempt to trace the growth of the demands of the commons, or explain why the question of debt seems to have become urgent about the time of the Gallic wars, or how the author of the Licinian laws had become a senator of old standing. But the description of how any given riot passed into a revolution is always masterly. Perhaps the most splendid instances are the account of the laws of Publilius, with the surprise at his decision to legislate for the public good instead of prosecuting for his private wrongs,¹ and the restoration of the old constitution after the decemvirate.² It is true that Livy has not taken as much pains as he might to ascertain all the special features of the case. He knows less than Dionysius of what the Icilian laws were; but his description of the reaction in favor of the senate, and of the enthusiasm which greeted the restoration of the consuls and tribunes, is infinitely more dramatic. He succeeds again in the scene of the rescue of Fabius from the wrath of the dictator,³ who wished to execute him for having fought a successful engagement without orders; and the success is the more noteworthy, as he has encumbered himself with the assumption that before Fabius could be spared the authority of the dictator must have been vindicated, and that the tribunes and senate and people must have acknowledged that they could do nothing but entreat humbly for the free pardon of one lawfully condemned. It is a suitable close to the episode that long after, when Fabius is consul, and has won his great victory beyond the Ciminian wood, the senate's anxiety about his colleague compelled him to name his old

¹ Liv. II. lv.-lviii. ² Ib. III. xlv.-lv. ³ Ib. VIII. xxxi.-xxxv.

enemy dictator at midnight in deep silence.¹ Another episode, which is decidedly well treated, is the institution of a paid army in connection with the siege of Veii.² First we have the useless opposition of the tribunes to the principle of pay, on the ground that the commons would have to find the money to keep the military chest full; and then, when it is resolved to keep the troops before Veii all the winter, we have an admirable speech of a consular tribune on the stage which the Romans had reached in their progress to the conquest of the world. It had become possible for the first time to give a practical shape to the principle that the Romans would never end a war without a victory: hitherto, though wars had been commenced with abundance of ceremony, they commonly languished after one or two campaigns, if the enemy abandoned the offensive.

In general, the speeches of Livy are admirable; they always comment instructively on some of the most important elements of the situation, through conventional assumptions of what the situation must have been. For instance, in this speech the tribune gravely contrasts the constancy of the Veientes, who bear the siege and even the burden of a newly re-established monarchy, with the impatience of the Romans. It is hardly a demerit that Livy, who writes as an advocate of authority, masks the question whether the pay was not given because otherwise the troops would have refused to lose their harvesting; and whether, when it was given, they found that they lost their chance of getting the next year's crops as well, as they were not home in time to plough and sow.

But, in spite of unreality and reserve, Livy's speeches have not the empty scholastic air of those of Sallust; and he has every reason to boast that he never seeks digressions from his main subject, though he makes the boast³ as an introduction to his curious discussion as to whether Alexander the Great could have conquered Italy: no doubt it was an old school discussion when Livy wrote, and he could hardly have passed it over. One smiles at the list of the great Roman generals any one of whom would have been a match for Alexander;

¹ Liv. IX. xxxviii. 7, 8. ² Ib. IV. lix. lx.; V. ii.-vii. ³ Ib. IX. xvii.-xix.

but it is quite true that the worst of them was very much better than any general whom Alexander met in his Persian campaigns. Alexander was a very great tactician; but it would have required a very great tactician indeed to bring a million of men into effective action against a force which never numbered fifty thousand. Livy is quite right in insisting that the Roman system of tactics was far superior to the later Macedonian, and that it would have been much harder to conquer a Roman consular army than any number of Asiatics. It is also relevant that Alexander could not have invaded Italy in his prime, that neither he nor any army that he could have raised were the same men as they were when they invaded Asia. The rhetorical indignation at the measures which Alexander took to commend himself to his Oriental subjects may seem excessive to admirers of Alexander's genius, but it is true that the adoption of Persian pomp would have proved a very bad preparation for an invasion of Italy. The invasion of Pyrrhus really gives a tolerable measure of the success which Alexander might have expected: besides, as Livy points out, Italy at that time had nothing to reward an invader in comparison with Carthage and even Sicily, which Alexander would certainly have conquered first. The suggestion that Carthage might have supported Rome if Italy had been attacked first is not exactly preposterous; and perhaps some weight is due to the reflection with which Livy characteristically begins, that the "fortune" of the Roman city was more enduring than that of any individual, and that Alexander died too young for it to be seen whether a reverse of fortune such as overtook Cyrus and Pompeius was not in store for him. There are some grotesque exaggerations, like the statement that the terror of the name of Alexander could not have daunted the Roman people, because they had never heard of him. Considering that the senate had, long before the death of Alexander, been engaged in diplomatic correspondence with Tarentum, and that the rite of burying Gauls and Greeks in the forum proves the familiarity of Roman superstition with Greeks, it is unlikely that Alexander's name was unknown, even to the country folk

whose children called elephants Lucanian oxen when they saw them for the first time in Pyrrhus's army.

The second decade contained the conclusion of the Samnite wars (which shows that the division into decades was not Livy's own, or he would have finished the subject in the first decade), and their renewal on the invasion of Pyrrhus. It is clear from the epitome that all the romantic stories were told at length, and there were a great many observations of what happened for the first time. It was left, for instance, to Curius Dentatus to invent a moderate method of coercion for men who declined to enrol themselves when summoned. Instead of involving his lictors in the risk of a wrangle with the tribunes, he simply put up the defaulter's goods for sale. The first show of gladiators came considerably later, and was, perhaps, of more importance.

The history of the first Punic war was prefaced by an account of the origin of the Carthaginians, and the early days of their city; and the author had been careful beforehand to provide for the bad impression which the story of the Mamertines made. The Mamertines had been called in to garrison Messana, just as a Campanian legion had been called in to garrison Rhegium: in both cases the garrison appropriated the town to themselves; and the Romans, with a severe sense of justice, compelled Rhegium to surrender, and put the Campanian legion to the sword. When the Mamertines in the same circumstances applied to Rome for help against Carthage and Syracuse, there was a strong effort made to uphold the strict view; but in the assembly regard for morality and the law of nations was finally overborne, partly by the hunger of the commons for the rich corn-lands of Sicily, and partly by a fellow-feeling for Italians who were fighting for their lives against Greeks and barbarians. Livy is too scrupulous to approve either motive; but in his eyes the war was justified, because Carthage, which doubtless had a treaty with both Tarentum and Rome, had sent a fleet to the aid of Tarentum when the two were at war; and the Romans, who took treaties much more strictly than the Greeks, no doubt assumed that their own treaty was violated: although the Athenians and

Spartans would have thought the conduct of the Carthaginians, in defending one ally when invaded by another, quite excusable, if slightly irregular.

The incidents of the long, confused, and indecisive war seem to have been left in their native obscurity, and in some ways the difficulties of an historian were greater than in the earlier period. He had sources independent of the Roman annals, but none of them were so decisively superior to the Roman as Polybius was for the second Punic war. The principal Greek authority was Philinus of Agrigentum, whose resentment of the sack of his native city led him invariably to color his narrative in the interests of Carthage to an extent which scandalized Polybius. Polybius himself had no special sources for the first Punic war, such as his friendship with Scipio supplied him with for the second. Consequently Livy, who even when Polybius is at his best follows him capriciously, seems to have treated him as one of many authorities to choose from as he happened to think their stories probable. The most interesting part of the war was Hamilcar's occupation of Ercte and Eryx; and this Polybius found too intricate for detailed narration; and, to judge by the epitome, Livy was of the same mind. On the other hand, the legend of Regulus and his martyrdom, which was treated as uncertain by many writers, and finally denied by Dio Cassius, was told at length. The Romans, as we see from Cicero, had long settled that Regulus was a hero for protesting against a treaty of peace and an exchange of prisoners, and still more for returning to Carthage afterwards. There seems to have been some ground for believing that Regulus thought himself that the Carthaginians meant to murder him, and had actually given him slow poison, and his family had no doubt of his murder after his death. As the Romans had a legend of how he had gone back to torture with his eyes open, so the Carthaginians had a legend of the cruelty of Regulus's family to Hasdrubal and Bostar, who were certainly handed over to them according to Roman authorities, either as hostages or for purposes of retaliation. Probably Livy had no explanation to give of the fact that, a few years after he dated the heroic and fruitless

embassy of Regulus, an exchange of prisoners was carried out as a matter of course. All the Roman anecdotes of the war found a place: how the army of Regulus were frightened by a monstrous snake a hundred and twenty feet long on the banks of the Bagradas, and had to destroy it with stones from *balistæ*; how C. Duilius won the first sea-fight, and was rewarded with the privilege of having pipers and link-boys to march before him when he came back from supper;¹ how the handsome Claudius lost a fleet by his contempt of the prophetic poultry, and his sister incurred a fine by regretting, when she was hustled by a crowd, that he was not alive to command another fleet.

The eventful twenty years between the first and second Punic wars were hurried over in a single book, though they included the decisive struggle with the Gauls, who had come over the Alps at the invitation of their kindred in Italy, in which C. Flaminius, who fell at Trasimene, acquired his reputation as a doughty champion of the commons, by not only defeating the Gauls, but dividing the conquered land among the poor of Rome. The event which the epitomist thought most interesting was, that M. Claudius Marcellus won the last *spolia opima* by slaying the king of the Insubrians. The censors had to repeat the feat of Fabius and Decius in confining the freedmen to the city tribes (which Livy, when he first mentioned it, treated as a final settlement), and this proves how the Punic and Gallic wars had exhausted Italy; for many farms must have been in the hands of bailiffs, whom the widows had been compelled to emancipate.

It is true that the eventful history of the conquest of Spain was to be told as an introduction to the second Punic war; but this is one of the weakest parts of Livy's work: he does not enable us to see the situation at all, or explain why the Carthaginians got on so much better with the Spaniards than the Romans. It is a minor grievance that he involves the actual *casus belli* in hopeless confusion. There seems to have

¹ This proves how strict the police of the Roman streets was, for in most ancient towns a man who could keep pipers was at liberty to have them play in the streets.

been some kind of understanding that Carthaginian influence was not to extend to the north of the Ebro, and Livy mixes up this understanding with the Roman claims to support the Saguntines, who claimed alliance with them, whose city, though Livy did not always remember it, lay well to the south of the Ebro. The siege of Saguntum is told at oppressive length; although Spanish sieges have always been remarkable for displays of passive heroism, as there have always been found those who could force the impatient to suffer in silence. Of course the final scene is exaggerated: the Roman party committed suicide, and burned themselves with their families and goods, and they are treated on this occasion as if they were the whole town; while afterwards Saguntines are mentioned as if the town had surrendered in ordinary course. The changes of fortune in the Spanish war, which began soon after Hannibal's invasion of Italy, are not more inexplicable in Livy than in the other authors who have treated of them. Perhaps the nearest explanation is to be found in the campaigns of Lord Peterborough. The capture of New Carthage by the younger Scipio is a feat exactly in the manner of Lord Peterborough; and it is not unlikely that the admirable marching powers of Spanish irregulars threw the offensive now on one side, now on another, in a way very perplexing to the reader. It is also to be remembered that Scipio was a mystical and untrustworthy person, and that he represented himself as having driven the Carthaginians, including Hasdrubal, out of Spain; although it is certain that Hasdrubal must long have been anxious to leave Spain as soon as he safely could, in order to join his brother in Italy.

Modern readers object, perhaps too much, to the complacency with which Livy assumes that Hanno the Great and his party, who opposed and thwarted the war in every way, who would have been delighted to surrender Hannibal to the Romans if they could, in order to avert the war, who depreciated his successes and refused him the means of following them up, were the true patriots, the best and wisest of the Carthaginians. It is clear from Livy's own showing (and Polybius completely bears him out) that the ruling class at Carthage

was very corrupt; but this does not prove that its interests were at variance with those of the bulk of the citizens. Carthage was a commercial city, whose rich men had extensive estates, cultivated by serfs, whose condition would be improved in no way if their masters were heavily taxed to recruit a mercenary army in Italy. If the taxes reached a point at which they trenched on capital, the trade of the city and the mass of poor who depended upon it would have suffered. There was much to be said for the view that Carthage, having once been defeated by Rome, had better renounce ambition, and avoid giving provocation for the future. The commercial aristocracy of Rhodes actually took the course which the commercial aristocracy of Carthage wished to take, and Livy is consistent in approving both. Then, too, Livy had an instinctive sympathy with the sense of civic independence, which was shocked at the hereditary predominance of a single family. First, Hamilcar had ruled the south of Spain on his own account, then his son-in-law had taken up the reins, then the son-in-law sent for Hannibal to be trained to take up the succession in his turn. Barnevelde and the De Witts were very good patriots, though they were strong opponents of the House of Orange, and the Grand Pensionary De Witt did not maintain his ground without abundant bribery. Of course, too, Livy applied to Carthage the standing assumption that the aristocratic party, which was also the Roman party, was the prudent and respectable party; and it is to be noticed that this assumption rests upon the most ancient experience. It goes back beyond the days when the Campanian aristocracy appealed to Rome to protect them from the Samnites: even modern writers are of opinion that at Corinth, if not at Carthage, the party of subservience was more rational and respectable than the party of independence; and though Carthage was more powerful than Corinth, it was more vulnerable, because even before the existence of the city was in peril it had so much to lose.

The ambition of Capua to displace Rome by the help of Carthage was not heroic; and Livy does not admire the despair of the final banquet, when those who had been most

intimate with Hannibal escaped the executioner by taking poison. The suicide of the Saguntines in like case strikes him as sublime; but the sublimity is not so much that they died for liberty as that they died to keep their faith with Rome; while the Campanians died, not to keep their faith with Hannibal, but because they had broken faith with Rome through pride. In the same spirit, Livy makes Hieronymus, the grandson of Hiero, sink from a king to a tyrant as soon as he broke away from the Roman alliance. The Romans before Livy's time had got into the habit of feeling that a king was not a king unless it pleased the Roman senate to recognize him as one, and the assumption held good of barbarian chieftains from Masinissa to Ariovistus and Maroboduus, and to some extent of the later Ptolemies; but, as applied to Hieronymus, it is certainly an anachronism, and it is difficult to see the folly which scandalizes Livy in his resolution to take advantage of the distress of the Romans after Cannæ. Hieronymus's downfall is, of course, an admirable text for a moral essay on the true wisdom of uncalculating fidelity; but that is the peculiarity of Livy throughout: he assumes the standpoint of a moral essayist, though he does not interrupt his narrative nearly so often as Polybius to introduce good advice to the reader; but the tone of edifying assumption is far more pervading. There was not a commoner theme for declamation than the mischief done to Hannibal's army by its winter in Capua; but Livy shows no wish to be especially eloquent or impressive about it, though it is one of the points upon which he has been most severely criticised. It is quite true that as Hannibal's army maintained itself for many years in Italy after the battle of Metaurus, the deterioration of which the ancients speak cannot have gone very far. But it is quite true that immediately after the army of Hannibal moved out of Capua it had lost its superiority. The armies of the Romans were worse than they had ever been; for Trasimene and Cannæ, coming one after the other, had gone far to annihilate the able-bodied men of a certain age: and yet we repeatedly find Hannibal outmarched and outmanœuvred, and worsted in partial encounters, which were not always insignificant, although Livy

exaggerates them as much as Polybius underrated them; for he formally laid down, no doubt on Scipio's authority, that Hannibal, when engaged in person, had never been worsted till he was overthrown by Scipio at Zama.

The same moralizing tendency makes Livy more than just to the caution, which was partly incompetence, of commanders like Q. Fabius Maximus Cunctator. They undoubtedly had more self-control than men like Varro, who thought it a plain duty to fight Hannibal and beat him, and they recognized his greatness as a general sooner. They were right in thinking that the commander of a mercenary army, without a military train or a military chest, could do nothing in the long-run in a country full of fortified cities, and that even if a few towns joined him he would not be able to defend them long or effectually. But Livy's admiration of their self-control carries him far when he assumes that it was the only right and virtuous course to let Hannibal burn and plunder as he liked, and only follow him up and down Italy from one fortified camp to another. According to Appian, the battle of Cannæ was fought, not only to please the hot-headed Varro, but a large body of senators in his camp: and perhaps it was a proof of consistency as well as magnanimity that Varro was officially thanked for coming back to Rome after the most crushing defeat that a Roman general had ever survived. If he had stayed to be killed like his colleague, who did not want to fight, of whom Livy, like posterity, makes a spotless hero, it would have been clear that he despaired of the Republic. It was really a pusillanimous resolution never to fight a pitched battle because the Romans had no light cavalry and were disconcerted by a general who systematically made his main attack, not on the enemy's front, but on his flanks. Livy gravely assures us that when C. Claudius Nero had marched with a picked corps to reinforce his colleague, who was opposed to Hasdrubal, the colleague seriously proposed to delay the action, and give Hasdrubal time to discover how weak the reinforcement was, as then the Romans would not run the risk of engaging unprepared with an unfamiliar enemy. One cannot say that such imprudent prudence was quite im-

possible, for Livy is not alone in asserting that Fabius and his admirers threw every difficulty in the way of Scipio's invasion of Africa, because Hannibal was still encamped in Italy, and might have resumed the offensive if another Roman army had been cut to pieces in Africa like that of Regulus. Livy gives a perfectly impartial account of the dispute, for both Fabius and Scipio were accepted heroes of Roman respectability; and Livy's simple piety, which his critics handle so severely, makes him very penetrating about the mystical pretensions of a Scipio. He thinks it quite proper that solemn supplications should be made to Vesta when the priestess on duty had let out her sacred fire, though he knows that the whole blame of the accident lay with the priestess, and that it betokened neither the guilt of the city nor the wrath of the gods; but that a private individual should presume to hold converse with Jupiter on the Capitol, and meditate all his resolutions in his presence, and countenance rumors that he was of superhuman birth, was evidently not quite compatible with good faith or perfect reverence. Livy's tone is never more nearly rationalistic than when he is dealing with a pretentious mystic. He does not presume to criticise the mystical temper that took hold of the public generally; all the prodigies which accompanied the war of Hannibal are related quite simply and seriously, though he is aware that he is writing for an incredulous generation. In the same spirit, and with less anxiety, he recounts the importation, in the most literal sense, of foreign deities—the Great Mother from Phrygia, Æsculapius from Epidaurus—and the touching care with which old games were performed and new games instituted, at the height of public distress.

The most impressive part of the third decade is certainly the recurring spectacle of Roman constancy. There are few scenes in history like the census when the censors were afraid, because the treasury was empty, to contract for ordinary repairs, and the contractors begged them to let the contracts as usual, and promised to wait for their pay till better times. Of course the transaction had a commercial side to it, and Livy does not conceal that the heroism of the nation had to

be braced by the government. He is quite as proud of the severity of the censors to young men of rank who neglected to serve as of the generosity of the women who gave up their ornaments to the treasury when they were forbidden to wear them, and dwells with satisfaction on the police measures for limiting the period of mourning and prohibiting crowding in the gates after Cannæ. In the same way, when Ti. Sempronius (the grandfather of the Gracchi) raised an army of slaves under the promise of freedom, Livy not only gloats over their achievements in cutting up a Carthaginian army under the principal lieutenant of Hannibal, but dilates with relish upon the strict and slow degrees by which Sempronius doled out the fulfilment of his promise. This contrasts curiously with the indifference to the death of Sempronius, who fell in an ambush, whereupon his army dispersed, though doubtless available for future conscriptions. Nor does Livy ever care to trace the results of military events, except in the case of the occupation of Capua and of the battle of Metaurus: he mentions, or intends to mention, everything as it occurs, but holds that if he explains the succession of events the connection may be left to take care of itself.

This uncritical temper has some advantages: we learn the more of what was believed at the time of such episodes as the passage of the Alps and the escape from Casilinum. We are not told where Hannibal crossed the Alps; and, considering that the Gauls had often crossed them with women and children, it seems as if Livy a little exaggerated the difficulty Hannibal had in passing them with elephants and baggage, just as he exaggerated the passage of the Ciminian wood. But the exaggerated rumors of the camp which turned every steep slope into a precipice, and seriously persuaded itself that a road had been cut in a day through rocks first heated by fires and then split by vinegar, belong, in their way, to history in the same sense as the venerable stratagem of oxen with torches tied to their horns; which would have made it impossible to drive them in any one direction, and otherwise they could not have produced the effect of an army.

The transition from the war with Carthage to the wars with

the successors of Alexander is managed with a good deal of dignity, and the reluctance of the people to make the efforts which the senate felt to be necessary is a familiar subject that suits Livy well; but the dilatory and indecisive campaigns, with the large crop of rumors which floated about the idle camps, are very tedious, and Livy is obviously overweighted by his materials. He breaks down into short sentences, and tries to copy the baldness of older annalists. He takes no ethical interest in the politics of the period between the war of Hannibal and the visit of Prusias to Rome, after the fall of Perseus. The only opponents of Rome whom he can censure with the old spirit are the Ætolians, who overrated their services to Rome, while the Romans were always ready to sacrifice them either to Philip or to the Achæans.

The majority of the wars of that period were undertaken without an intelligible *casus belli*, and Livy himself apologizes for the campaign against the Gauls who had settled in Asia Minor, and were always at variance with the state of Pergamus, which had early attached itself to the fortunes of Rome, being in danger both from the power of Macedonia and from that of Syria. It is characteristic of Livy that he dwells upon the "luxury" which followed the battle of Magnesia and the triumph of Lucius Scipio, and never explains how Pergamus and Alexandria came to be committed to a standing opposition to Antioch and Philippi, or how the Romans came to be so undecided in their dealings with Antiochus, and so vindictive in their dealings with Carthage (it is clear from the "Epitome" that the final demand upon the Carthaginians to remove ten miles from the sea scandalized him). Again, why had the wars with Macedonia such a peculiar character — always beginning with a long series of marches and countermarches in difficult country, which continually brought the Roman army into a position of great embarrassment, until at last it extricated itself by a decisive battle, where the superiority of the legion to the phalanx was sure to assert itself? Livy understands the superiority of Roman tactics very well, but the degeneracy of Macedonian tactics and the uncertainty of Roman strategy are left unexplained.

Naturally, nothing is done to remove the confusion of events in a period when the Romans were indiscriminately at war with enemies who were or were not formidable, and who did or did not repay the cost of conquest. The annalistic method is not unsatisfactory, when the Romans had only to fight in Italy, or even when they were fighting the Carthaginians at once in Sicily, in Spain, and in Italy. But after the Gauls of Italy had been conquered (which it was necessary to do immediately after the conclusion of peace with Hannibal), the wars with the barbarians of Piedmont, the Valley of the Rhone, and the mountains to the northeast of Italy, and the more serious combats with the tribes of Western and Northwestern Spain, had no connection with the wars against the civilized powers of the Levant,¹ although they were practically contemporary with them. To make any one set of these transactions intelligible, it would have been necessary to treat it continuously; but this Livy never attempts. When he has to mention a state or a nation for the first time, he takes pains to describe it to the reader, unless the press of greater events left no room, as was the case with the first conflicts between Rome and Philip during the war of Hannibal.

There is little of interest in the internal history. Livy is ashamed of the way in which the state compounded with its creditors on the outbreak of the Macedonian war, and hurries the matter over. It is part of the supercilious dignity of Latin history to be brief, too brief to be quite intelligible, in describing financial arrangements; but the grievance of the creditors must have led to many scenes of the kind that Livy is fond of dilating upon in the early part of the history. Again, the repeal of the Oppian law would have been one of the most brilliant episodes of the first decade, if it had happened early enough. As it is, there is simply the stereotyped formula that there was a great deal of excitement about what looked a very small matter, followed by a tame though prolix assertion that the women descended in a body into the streets to support the repeal of the law, and blockaded the houses of the

¹ The affairs of Illyria and Macedonia were inextricably entangled, though Illyria was barbarous and Macedonia was not.

tribunes who supported Cato in his desire to maintain the law. There is a speech on each side, and Cato's is very racy and peremptory: it turns upon the mischief which would follow the emancipation of women and legislation in obedience to street demonstrations. The law is scarcely defended at all upon its merits apart from the general principles of frugality; and, as Livy did not dwell upon the reasons for the enactment of the law at the time it was passed, it is easy for Cato to make his defence of the law quite independent of the distress which was over.

The elder Cato is one of the few characters that stand out sharply after the Punic wars in Livy, and it is only one side of Cato of which this can be said. Livy does not show at all the side of Cato on which Cicero dwells with predilection. We should not learn from him how clever and inventive Cato was; and that, not content with upholding the old-fashioned Roman ways against the license and contempt of the Hellenizing party in the nobility, he was also anxious to compete with the Greeks in such of their accomplishments as he recognized; just as he studied the methods of Carthaginian husbandry and introduced them to his countrymen, while he wound up every speech in the senate with "*Delenda est Carthago*." Of course Livy does not give a hint that his animosity to Carthage had its root in commercial rivalry. Carthage had long ceased to be formidable to the supremacy of Rome in any part of Europe; but, so long as any part of the old domain of the city was protected from Masinissa and his horsemen, Carthage competed formidably in Italian and neutral markets.

Nor does Livy notice the curious contrast between Cato's interested implacability to Carthage and his disinterested patronage of Lusitanians and Rhodians, and his general desire to limit the foreign dominion of the Roman state, which in his opinion only tended to foster a denationalized class of aristocrats, with pretensions greatly at variance with abstract justice and with the convenience of the hard-working majority.

When Livy has to deal with the typical specimen of this class, the younger brother of Publius Scipio Africanus, he

takes refuge in vague phrases about "luxury" and "arrogance," and finds the climax of the trial of Asiaticus in a dramatic scene of popular ingratitude; though, for one reason or another, he omits the famous legend of the tearing up the accounts which would have secured the acquittal of Asiaticus if only they had been read in court. The final secession of Scipio to Cumæ is left unexplained, though Livy does not fall into the mistake of Seneca and Pliny, who make Scipio in his retirement a model of antique simplicity, because they compare the rudimentary luxury of the Republic with the developed luxury of the Empire. No fragment has been preserved which bears upon the story of the Gracchi, though it is clear from the "*Epitome*" that he took the severest view of their enterprise. The most important agitation which he has to chronicle is a long quarrel between one Postumius and the senate, who refused to allow him to triumph for his performances in *Ætolia*; whereupon Postumius fell into a constant state of accusation, and would allow no one else to triumph if he could persuade the people to prevent it.

It is remarkable how very little Livy was quoted: the only considerable fragments which have reached us are on the assassination of Sertorius, where the MS. is very imperfect, and the narrative of the death of Cicero, preserved by the elder Seneca. The latter is curiously meagre: the last thing Livy can find to say of Cicero is that he was "*Vir magnus, acer, memorabilis*." Even here one word is characteristic; to say that Cicero was *acer*, "sharp-set" both in judgment and action, is to say something that most modern critics miss. They see nothing in Cicero but his sensitiveness and vanity, his good intentions and his perplexity—all which Livy sees too, except the last; and it is something to be reminded that, of all the politicians of the day, he was the strictest and keenest except Cato, and perhaps Bibulus.

The language of Livy, in general, rises and falls very closely with the thought. He is rather copious than verbose: he does not spend many words on what he mentions, but he mentions almost everything he knows and believes. When his knowledge is meagre, he is constantly on the strain, as

in the first decade, to impose some unity on the fragments by compression, and to fuse conjecture and assertion into a single sentence. When his materials are more abundant, he is content simply to set them side by side. Instead of the historical infinitive and *oratio obliqua*, we have sentences with no predicate but a passive participle without a copula, and a decided diminution in the number of speeches; while such as are recorded are almost all in *oratio recta*. There is another change as the narrative advances: Livy is not only more matter-of-fact, but more critical. He suspects Valerius Maximus and Claudius Quadrigarius when he can compare them with Polybius, and finds that they record battles with enormous slaughter which are not mentioned by Polybius; he still retains the battle and the victory, but he insists that the numbers must have been enormously exaggerated.

Livy did not stand alone in the magnificent scheme of his history. The Greeks were inexhaustible when the Romans were at leisure to listen to them. Dionysius of Halicarnassus wrote a Roman history which was even more copious than Livy's, much more laborious, and not much more trustworthy, for his antiquarian curiosity made him the dupe of a certain Cn. Gellius, who had accumulated much lumber. Diodorus of Sicily wrote without pretension to style and without much attention to accuracy. Pompeius Trogus,¹ who was not improbably of Greek extraction, though connected with Gaul, wrote in Latin, and was supposed to have written with eloquence and dignity the history of the world in the comparatively moderate compass of forty-four books, from the foundation of Nineveh to the overthrow of Varus. We only know the work from the "Epitome" and from the copious extracts of Justin, a writer of the second century, who made it his business to run all the showy episodes together, so as to make a brilliant reading book. The result is that the narrative is

¹ His third name, Trogus, is Greek, and is of the nature of a nickname. It implies that he or some ancestor had a trick of nibbling dainties. Such nicknames were not uncommon among native Romans of the highest rank, at a somewhat earlier period; but a Pompeius with a Greek cognomen is likely, in the reign of Augustus, to have owed his citizenship to Pompeius.

disproportioned and disjointed; but perhaps this is the fault of his abbreviator: perhaps it is not uncharacteristic that he is by the accidents of history one of our chief sources for the Sacred War, which ended in bringing Philip to the frontiers of Bœotia. His notion of what is impressive seems to depend rather upon quantity than quality. He dwells upon great calamities, great armies, great revolutions, rather than upon great personalities, whom he does not understand. His reflections are trite, and he is at bottom a pessimist, regarding history as a gloomy though splendid spectacle.

CHAPTER VII.

TECHNICAL LITERATURE.

TECHNICAL literature was not neglected. Hyginus, a Greek grammarian of Spanish extraction, wrote as voluminously as Varro, though time has spared nothing but two fragments. One is an abridgment of his work on genealogies, which Burian conjectures was made in the Antonine age; it has the title of "Fabulæ." Probably this includes most of the stories which had been used in literature, while the antiquarian learning and compliments to distinguished families which one looks for in genealogical treatises, ancient or modern, were omitted as of no use to a schoolmaster. The other is on astronomy, and extends, even as abridged, to four books, which are largely concerned with the constellations and their history. Fenestella, a native of high position, undertook a great deal of encyclopedic writing in the spirit of Varro, but apparently without his originality and humor. M. Verrius Flaccus was, in the opinion of Augustus, the first grammarian of his age; he was appointed tutor to the emperor's grandchildren about 10 B.C., and was allowed to move with his old school into the palace on pledging himself to take no fresh pupils. His reputation seems to have been rather burdensome to posterity, for a good deal of the little we know of him comes to us in the form of quotations from other grammarians who wrote against him, and some hundred and fifty years after his death the meek Aulus Gellius picks a quarrel with him, and is wrong. He endowed his native town of Præneste with a learned marble calendar, of which the first four months have been recovered by excavations, and the town repaid the compliment by erecting a marble statue in his honor.

His work on the meaning of words must have been enormously extensive, for Gellius quotes the article on *ater dies* as

from the fourth book, so that at least four books must have been devoted to the letter A. Again, *Parasitus* came in the fifth book of the letter P. It is plausibly maintained that each letter had a first and second part, and that the order of the first part was fairly alphabetical, while in the second there was an arbitrary grouping by subjects, which might account for *Parasitus* coming so late. He began with Augustus, partly in compliment to his patron, and partly for the sake of auspiciousness, just as he put Jupiter Lucetius at the beginning of L. He is no better than other Romans in his etymologies: for instance, he derives *adolescere* from the Greek ἀλδήσκω, and *amœnus* from a *privativum* and *mœnus*, because a place was *amœnum* when it owed its owner no profitable task; and *augustus* is derived *ab avium gestu*. More than once he contradicts himself, putting down one author's explanation in one place and another's in another, when his plan brings him back to the same word. And he accumulates the views of different authors on the same word to an extent which puzzled Sex Pompeius Festus, a grammarian who quotes Martial, and otherwise has left no clew to his date. He objected, too, to the multitude of words which Flaccus inserted without explanation of their meaning or authority for their use, simply to complete the list of all the old words he had met in his reading of old books, ritual, formularies, and other grammarians. All that Festus cares for is explanation of obscure words and etymologies, and such antiquarian information as was easily intelligible. He liked to give himself an air of independence by correcting or supplementing his authority. For instance, after quoting Verrius for the fact that *Opseus* was the old form of *Oscus*, he proves, from the use of *obscenus* in Vergil, that Verrius was wrong in deriving *obscenus* from *opseus*. So, too, after quoting Verrius's bad etymology of *prodigium* from *prædicere*,¹ supported by *monstrum* from *moneo*, *portentum* from *portendo*, he supplies from his own invention *ostentum* from *ostendo*. It is also believed that he made use of other works of Verrius, especially those on augury and the obscurities of Cato, to supplement the work

¹ Elsewhere Verrius connects *prodigium* with *prodigo*.

on the meaning of words, which he only quotes twice because he wishes to seem an independent writer. He reduced Verrius to twenty books, of which an extremely fragmentary MS. existed in Illyricum in the latter half of the fifteenth century, which was brought to Italy, and some leaves fell into the hands of Lætus, and have now passed out of sight, while the other larger portion passed from the hands of Manilius Rullus through several others to a safe resting-place in the Farnese Library. In the ninth century Festus in his turn seemed too cumbersome to be used, and one Paulus Diaconus, who is thought to have been a bishop, since he calls himself "pontiff," reduced the work to a simple vocabulary, leaving out everything he did not care for, and rewriting what he did not understand, and dedicating the result to Charles the Great under the name of David, which he bore in the school of the palace. Both the Illyrian MS. and the oldest MSS. of Paulus Diaconus represent the same corrupt text. And those of a date considerably before the Renaissance are already emended by scribes able to notice one or two gross blunders, but not learned enough to give their conjectures real value.

If we doubt whether a grammarian like Verrius belongs to literature merely because he stood at the head of his profession, and had continued to keep his own Latinity uncorrupted by the many anomalies which he had met with in the course of his reading, what shall we say of a would-be architect like Vitruvius? He had been employed on one or two small works, and apparently his physical defects had kept him back from larger work, and so he paraded his accomplishments on paper for the edification of Augustus, with a sort of hope of getting recognized as the highest speculative authority upon the subject. He is stiff and pretentious in his prefaces, the only part of the book which has any attempt at style, and the technical rules are often so brief as to be obscure. He does not confine himself strictly to his subject, but digresses from the rules of architecture (which are still to be traced pretty strictly to Greek originals) into all manner of sciences, the existence of which is presupposed by architecture, whether an architect

need personally know of them or not. He even goes so far as to connect water organs with the chapter on aqueducts, and in this way he throws a good deal more light than more interesting authors on the material side of ancient civilization. The date of Vitruvius's work cannot be fixed more precisely than by the facts that the Portico of Octavia had been built, and that there was only one stone theatre in Rome.

The date of Pompeius Mela, who composed a gazetteer, can be fixed a little more precisely, but he has now less claim upon attention than Vitruvius, for we possess Strabo and Eratosthenes, writers far superior to him both in scientific spirit and in range and accuracy of knowledge.

It would be interesting to know more than we do of the speculative movement of the Sextii, which seems to have struck both the elder and the younger Seneca very strongly. The elder speaks of it as a Roman school of thought, started very vigorously, and presently dropped in connection with the general intellectual decline which he seemed to himself to have witnessed. The younger contrasts their Roman spirit with their Greek language. The father, Q. Sextius, out of a spirit of independence, refused to be made a senator by Julius Cæsar; the son seems to have had no practical experience. Their doctrine had little originality; it was an edifying and somewhat enigmatical amalgam of Pythagoreanism and Stoicism, taking up the Pythagorean discipline of self-examination and abstinence without the fiction of transmigration, and the Stoic ideal of the godlike and blessed life without the depressing pedantry of Chrysippus's dialectic. The contrast between the wise man with all possible and impossible perfections who was nowhere, and the fools who were everywhere and all alike, can never have been inspiring.¹ Seneca says Sextius described the blessed life so that every one might feel its greatness, and no one need despair of it, as we might praise a Christian preacher who praised the blessedness of the ideal saint, leaving every sincere believer to appropriate it in his measure. He claims Sextius as a true Stoic, contrary to the

¹ Sen. "Ep. ad Lucit." lxiv.

common opinion, apparently because he insisted on the all-sufficiency of virtue; the only extract which he gives that is at all striking is a saying that the sage should go through life like an army marching in a hollow square, ready to fight on any front.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DECLAIMERS.

THE real intellectual activity of the latter part of the reign of Augustus took a different direction; the educated class ceased to spend themselves upon either poetry or learning; they spent themselves upon declamation. Asinius Pollio, who was still an orator, liked to exercise himself upon imaginary themes, and was so pleased with his own efforts that he invited the public to witness them; but he was soon surpassed. During the latter half of the reign of Augustus there was a whole crowd of famous speakers, few of whom attempted to speak on practical subjects, and fewer still were fit. On the other hand, there was a large public with itching ears, who were willing to be entertained, or even to be disappointed, by a speaker clever enough to raise expectations he was not serious enough to satisfy.

We know this world of activity from a fragmentary book of the elder Seneca's, a Spanish professor of rhetoric, who in his old age amused himself and his children with recollections of what he had heard in his youth. The book itself is fragmentary, and the state in which it has reached us more fragmentary still. The author tells us repeatedly that his wonderful memory had failed him in great measure; that he is compelled to put things down as they come; to quote, not the best that there was to quote from a particular speaker, but what he remembered best, and the like. Out of his ten books, half, have reached us, not un mutilated; we have excerpts from the whole ten. The collection was once known as the "Ten Lesser Orators" (which almost suggests that the "Lives of

¹ The first and second, and the seventh, eighth, and tenth books. The excerpts from the third and fourth books have the introduction. The introduction to the eighth is grievously incomplete.

the Ten Orators," which have reached us as an appendix to Plutarch, are older than his day). The scheme of the book, so far as it has a scheme, is that Seneca describes some noted declaimer to his children, in the preface, and then begins by describing some controversy in which his hero distinguished himself; after which he passes to others. Before he has come to the end of his task, he is much ashamed of it. He was attracted at starting by the prospect of being carried back to the days of his prime, but he found out before he left off that the whole subject was too silly to occupy the time and thoughts of an old man. From the first he is careful to classify those declaimers, especially Greeks, who were too egregiously absurd, and to explain the difference between relative sobriety and good sense, and the licentious pursuit of effect at any cost.

The soberest of all was M. Porcius Latro, who seems also to have been among the earliest; he is the subject of the biographical part of the introduction to the first book. He almost belonged to the age of Cicero. He died in the 194th Olympiad, *i.e.*, before A.D. 19, more than sixty years after Cicero; but the life of Seneca had been long enough to have given him a chance to hear both, if the war of Munda had not kept him at home when Cicero was giving private lessons in oratory to lads hardly older than Seneca. The art of declamation, as Seneca described it, did not yet exist at Rome in Cicero's time; he tells us himself that when he was young it was thought safer to speak, for practice, in Greek. It was when the forum became dull, because all speakers were compelled to respect the government and abstain from appeals to political passions, that the schoolman drew the public, who had been used to get as much excitement as they wanted by frequenting orators. There had long been professors of rhetoric, who gave their pupils not only rules of how to speak, and subjects, if they wished it, to speak upon, but examples of their own skill (which was still a novelty in the time of the "Author to Herennius," whoever he was); but the reputation of such professors depended rather upon their judgment than their eloquence. Even when we make full allowance for the

defects of Seneca's memory, it seems that the declaimers whose feats he records owed their reputation chiefly, though not exclusively, to the brilliant things they said.

A course of declamation was a school of impassioned casuistry; its interest lay in the discussion in the most *outré* form of all the questions suggested by family and political life. The standing subjects always brought up the relation of father to son, step-son to step-mother, and the like; the commonest type of question is, Was a father in a given case justified in repudiating and disinheriting his son? Nor are public affairs exactly excluded, but they are always combined in some way with a family squabble. For instance, a son is commander-in-chief, being elected when his father had stood for the office; afterwards he is taken, his father fails to ransom him, he is crucified, and on the cross tells the ambassadors, sent from home to try and save him, to beware of the traitor. The father is tried for treason. Of course, the story is absurd, as absurd as the story of Massinger's "Old Law;" but it is full of exciting points, and any speeches that were made upon it would be lit up by the inarticulate excitement of the audience, and so seem finer than they were. For all sensational literature depends for its effect upon an excitement so intense that its occasion is not distinctly conceived. Take another case: it is assumed that a law exists enacting that a son who strikes his father shall lose his hands. A tyrant commands two sons to beat their father: one commits suicide; the other, after beating his father, succeeds in killing the tyrant. Here was an endless field for exciting epigrams. Two of the best are, of the father pleading for the son, "Would that I could plead for two," and of the son defending himself, "Nothing in the whole tyrannicide was harder to do." Besides, underlying the controversy there was the whole question whether purity or utility ought to be paramount; and there was the literary interest of finding a form of suggesting, without bombast or bathos, that, even at the time, the father would sooner have had a son beat him than commit suicide. Of course, this led to plenty of grotesque expedients; one orator actually made the father say that both

sons wanted to commit suicide, but that he succeeded in saving one who, the by-standers wrongly thought, had struck him in the scuffle.

Another favorite subject, which brought up a social rather than a political question, was the slave who married his master's daughter, to the disgust of his master's son. A tyrant was supposed to have decreed that the slaves should take the free women to wife, the men being either slain or driven into exile. One slave continued to treat his master's daughter with respect, and when the republic was restored her father gave her to him in marriage: the son (in order that the cause may come before some imaginary court) accuses the father of madness. It was, of course, quite possible that a tyrant should have issued such a decree, but in the days of the Greek tyrants the pride of caste had not reached the pitch that it had under the empire. All the ability of the leading speakers was spent on the side of the son: they did not trouble themselves to prove that the father was out of his mind; they dilated with emulous ingenuity upon the position that the girl was badly used. They hardly condescend to recognize that the slave had any merit at all in the matter: he was afraid of being crucified on the restoration of the republic, as the rest had been; at the utmost, he hoped that when his mistress was married he might be emancipated. If he had any merit, he lost it, thanks to the folly of the father. He was sufficiently rewarded by looking on in safety, when less cautious slaves were punished. It is noticeable that none of the defences of the father are hearty: they never go to the length of asserting that the generous slave was an equal of freemen. Albutius raised the question, What is a slave, or what is a freeman? trying to prove that the distinction was merely conventional, not that it was a real distinction which might be transcended by adequate merit. Latro, who was always thorough and practical, dwelt a good deal on the difference between misjudgment and insanity; others invented disparaging excuses for the father; he wanted to keep his daughter at home, and to give her a convenient, obsequious husband, and there was no money to provide a proper dower,

or, after all, in a family like his it was no use looking high, and if his daughter was to marry a freedman, she had better marry a freedman of her own: and, after all, a son-in-law who could despise a tyrant was not to be so much despised. Even this was not putting the matter on low enough ground: one ingenious person thought that the father was influenced by prudence in descending to the common level; it would have been too invidious, if the only maiden left in the community had married in her own rank. This does not seem to strike Seneca as absurd, although he is shocked when the son, after wishing the daughter might be childless, went on to explain that the wish was only reasonable, since tyrants, he heard, were bred from such matches.

A slave is a little better treated in another discussion, of which we have only the summary, though the subject is too monstrous for any country but Rome. A man dying of an incurable disease asked one of his slaves for poison. The slave refused, and the master provided in his will that his heirs should crucify him: the slave appealed to the tribunes. The argument in favor of the will admitted that the slave would probably have been crucified if he had done as his master bade him, and only insisted that the slave must have deserved the cross already, or no master would have given him such an order; and another peroration was made up of the sacredness of wills and epigrams, of which this is a specimen: "Why, you gallows-bird, do you mean your master is to die when you please, and you not to die when he pleases?" But even in the summary it is clear that the slave's cause was considered the best. Still, it was thought that the master had a case, and this is intelligible when we see the state of feeling shown in the declamations about foundlings. A man did not, it seems, lose his rights over his children by exposing them: if, when they had grown up, the person who had saved their lives wished to keep one to adopt himself, it was quite intelligible that the father should go to law with him and bewail with the sincerest tenderness his misery in being forced to choose between his children. So, too, if the foundlings were crippled in order that they might bring a profit to their owner

by begging, it seemed a serious aggravation of the crime that, if the unnatural parent was ever inclined to recognize them, he would not be able to know them.

The relation between husband and wife, on the contrary, is less unequal. Very often the wife is assumed to bring an action for ill-treatment, in order to bring the father into court for his harshness to a son, who had no rights at all unless he undertook to prove that his father was insane. A wife, on the other hand, can always bring an action for an unjust divorce or for ingratitude, as the legendary lady did,¹ who was tortured by a tyrant to make her disclose her husband's plan of tyrannicide, and was afterwards divorced for being barren, when her husband had killed the tyrant. The action for ingratitude is one of the most unreal elements of the declaimer's laboratory: it has no relation, or very little, to the actual institutions of Greece or Rome: it was one of the fancy improvements upon human law which appeared in more than one of the philosophical constitutions which, from the fifth century onwards, it pleased philosophers to draw up. It touched the actual life of Rome on the side of the relation between client and patron, but this was not what the declaimers valued it for. They wanted the law in order that they might try Popillius for the slaughter of Cicero, on the ground that Cicero had defended him, and, to make the case more piquant, they assumed that he had defended him on a charge of parricide. Another, and yet more famous case, was that of Cimon and Callias. Callias had paid the fine to which Miltiades was sentenced, and so released Cimon, who gave himself up as a prisoner for his father's debt in order that his father might be buried. Then Cimon married Callias's daughter, and on her adultery put her to death. Was this an act of ingratitude to Callias? The declaimers were inexhaustible. Had Callias conferred any benefit upon Cimon? Was it not much more glorious to be in prison as a witness for the innocence of Miltiades (for if Miltiades had taken bribes he could have paid fines), than to be the son-in-law of Callias? If there had been any benefit, Callias can-

¹ The heroine of Fletcher's play, the "Double Marriage."

celled it when he wished to protect an adulteress. If any return was due to Callias, Cimon paid him, and overpaid him, when he married into his family. If Cimon owed Callias any thanks for his daughter and her dower, he repaid him by putting the unworthy daughter to death, as Callias should have done. If Callias had really done Cimon a service, still Cimon was not bound to waive his rights as a man and a husband out of gratitude; and so on, and so on. The same audacious orator, who thought Callias ought to thank Cimon for killing his daughter for him, opined that Cimon had put his wife in the way of adultery in order to get rid of the burden of gratitude to Callias.

Another instructive theme was the story of Flamininus, who obliged his mistress by the sight of an execution after dinner, and was afterwards tried himself for conduct unworthy the majesty of Rome. The best thing on the subject that Seneca quotes is due to Senecio, whom he did not admire. Senecio said he felt easy about a prisoner who stopped at criminals when he wanted to be cruel, and at a courtesan when he wanted to take his pleasure. A more serious speaker, Votenus Montanus, who was still more noted for his ingenuity than his judgment, brought up the whole imperial practice of prosecutions for treason, enumerating everything that might be punished under other laws, or reasonably enough left, unpunished, to public opinion; after which he went on to an enumeration of all the distinguished commanders who had taxed the forbearance of the Roman people quite as severely as Flamininus. Another favorite subject from Roman history was the death of Cicero. Something has been said already of the motives which led the declaimers to expand the doubtful tradition that the party which hunted Cicero down was led by a Popillius whom Cicero had once defended in a private suit. The debates were overloaded by conceits like these. It was certain now that Popillius had murdered his father as he had murdered his patron; or, it might fairly be hoped that he would be convicted now that he had no Cicero to defend him. Some ingenuity was displayed in working in quotations from Cicero himself. Cestius Pius quoted the passage on

parricide from the speech for Roscius of Ameria; Marcellus Æserninus introduced a quotation from the fourth speech against Catiline, making Antonius reflect that Cicero was indifferent to death, which could never come untimely to a consular or grievously to a philosopher; but that possibly he might not be indifferent to being killed by his own client. The fact that Popillius, when he once had received his orders, had no choice and ran no risk was naturally indifferent to the declaimers. Some of them debated whether, supposing that necessity excused some crimes, it could excuse the crime of killing Cicero; some remembered that they would have run some risk themselves if they had accused Popillius under Antonius or even Octavian. Some reflected that the order might have been given to Popillius because his commander disliked him, and tried to get some pathos out of the imaginary hesitation of an imaginary coward. Only one had the boldness to lay down that Cicero deserved his fate, and to say something for Antonius as well as for Popillius. Cicero had carried a decree that Antonius and all his adherents were enemies of the State. What was this but to proscribe Antonius and Popillius? This was thought a harsh method of pleading. It suited public feeling better to make Popillius say that his only way not to kill Cicero was for Cicero to kill himself; and to kill himself had been too hard a task for Cicero. It was assumed, of course, that Cicero was in hiding, and that no one but Popillius would have been admitted to his retreat; although the fact that he died as he was being carried along the open country in a litter was perfectly well known.

Greek history was, upon the whole, less fruitful. There were the questions, what Alexander was to do when he came to the Sutej, and what Leonidas and his Spartans were to do when they were left alone at Thermopylæ; but these belonged to the lower department of the declaimer's art—they were *suasoriæ*, not *controversiæ*. The only *controversia* besides the ingratitude of Cimon was the legend of Parrhasius, who bought an Olynthian captive in order to make him serve as a model for Prometheus on Caucasus; the slave died under the torture, and the picture of Prometheus was dedicated to Minerva.

Curiously enough, the only ground on which it seems Parrhasius could be prosecuted was that he had injured the Athenian State—either by the sacrilege of dedicating such a picture, or by the disgrace which must fall on a city where such cruelty was possible, or by his contempt for the decree which gave Olynthians equal rights at Athens.

The Greeks all made a point of honor of declaiming against Parrhasius, and introducing some dreadful conceit about Prometheus, as if to outrage a model of a picture was to outrage the subject of the picture. Seneca was shocked at the suggestion that to torture the Olynthian with hot irons served Prometheus right for stealing fire for men: it was all right to complain that man and fire should be turned against Prometheus. A point of law which the Romans were fond of was how the republic was injured by a man using, or even abusing, his power as a master over a slave; and the same thorough-going speaker, who said Cicero had no right to complain of Antonius, went fully into the question whether the decree which conferred the rights of Athenian citizenship upon all Olynthians who got safe to Athens acted retrospectively in the case of an old man who had been sold and tortured before the decree was passed, or, at any rate, before Parrhasius knew of it. Most who defended Parrhasius were content to observe that the Olynthian was an old man, who would soon have died any way. Seneca thought it objectionable to add that he was a wicked old man: if anything of that kind were to be said, it was so easy to add that he was a traitor to Olynthus. Of course the point that Parrhasius treated his slave worse than Philip treated his captives was pressed every way. When the Olynthian was bound down he said, "Philip left my limbs free." The Olynthians begged life of Philip, but of Parrhasius they had to beg for death.

A Greek theme, which proved very fertile and attractive, was the privilege assigned to special acts of bravery, which could always be complicated with the question of parental authority. A "brave man" might have lost his hands, and then order his son to kill his wife and her paramour; or a "brave man" might be forbidden to go to war by his father, who had

lost other sons ;¹ or both the father and son might be brave, and dispute which was to choose his reward first. This last led to a very pretty complication : the son was to insist on choosing first, and to choose that the people should erect a statue to his father, who thereupon was to disown his distinguished but disobedient son.

In general, the whole of this ingenious literature was a sort of parasitic growth of the oratory of the period that succeeded Cicero. Its two guiding ideas were sense and sound : facts were an encumbrance even in actual pleading,² for the witnesses served rather for ornament than use, and perjury was not exactly discreditable. When a man was accused of an indiscretion, it was spiteful to denounce it, and spiteful or cowardly to swear to it ; while a friend who must have known if the indiscretion was real won the praise of "constancy" by denying any knowledge. The court, in the main, had to go, not by evidence, but by the *a priori* probabilities of the case ; and it seemed a real progress to disengage these from the long-winded plausibilities and amplifications which make up the staple of Cicero's narratives. The court was supposed to know the facts, which each side was bound to assume to have occurred, by common fame ; it was only necessary to examine these narratives, not to repeat or to adorn them. The use of aphorisms, which had been introduced by the Asiatic school, was not therefore abolished : only, they had to be incorporated into the argument ; it was all the better if they could be made concrete. The triumph was, if all the argument could be turned into a dazzling string of aphorism and apostrophe.

There was another trace of the period before Cicero in the great formality of division, which we know was introduced by Hortensius. In the hands of the declaimers this received a new development, for every declaimer was expected to divide not so much his own speech as the question. If he could speak on both sides of each of the subordinate questions into which the main one fell, so much the better ; but if not, it was

¹ There is a play of Beaumont and Fletcher's on this.

² Cicero, in the "Republic," i. 59, puts the aphorism into the mouth of Lælius : "A good judge attends more to arguments than to witnesses."

something to be proud of to have started as many questions as possible on each case. It was a grave shortcoming if a declaimer gave, by way of division, simply the heads of his own speech ; that was a method only fit for an orator who expected a reply.

The opponents of Parrhasius, for instance, might treat his guilt in four degrees : he tortured a man ; an Olynthian ; he imitated the torments of the gods ; he brought his picture into the temple of Minerva. But if Parrhasius was to reply, it was impossible for him to justify under these four heads—to say that there was no harm in torturing an Olynthian, and the like ; whereas it admitted of being asserted or denied that cruelty to an Olynthian was an injury to the state of Athens.

There was a constant rivalry between the orators who actually pleaded in court and the declaimers ; and Seneca was all for making the distinction as sharp as possible. A declaimer who gave himself the airs of an orator was, to his mind, the absurdest thing in the world. Not that Seneca thought the declaimer was necessarily inferior to the orator, for the orator was a declaimer for practice. The truth was, the declaimer was much freer than the orator. He had not to observe the conventional optimism which an orator who wished to rise could not escape, and the orator was seldom more than a second-rate declaimer. One fundamental difference was that the orator spoke out-of-doors, and the declaimer adapted his voice to a room. M. Porcius Latro, the manliest of declaimers, once tried to plead in open court, but found himself completely at a loss ; and his friend, the Proprætor of Hither Spain, actually adjourned the case into a room where he could make himself heard. This made declaimers ridiculous to their contemporaries ; but we, who can hardly imagine the possibility of finished speaking out-of-doors, need not wonder that the declaimer wished for the natural conditions. In fact, though Juvenal still laughs at the poor rhetorician forced to come down from his "rhetorical shade" to fight in the open forum, the declaimers only led where the orators were soon to follow : the covered basilica, with its large apse for the tribunal, tended in ever-increasing measure to supersede the

forum. The declaimers, if of sufficient rank, simply admitted the public to hear them exercise their voices and invention in their own large halls; the others commonly took advantage, like poets, of the spacious baths which were opened in different parts of Rome. This had its disadvantages, for it destroyed the teacher's authority over his class. Seneca once was listening to Murrhedius, who had a very high opinion of himself, and a very poor opinion of Cicero; so, as he was complacently explaining that whatever line he had entered he would have been the greatest man in his line, Seneca interrupted the climax by saying that if he had been a pumpkin he would have been the greatest pumpkin in the world. Poor Murrhedius insisted that Seneca should apologize or leave before he would go on. Seneca coolly said he had nothing to apologize for, and had no intention of leaving a public bath till he had quite done bathing. Murrhedius and his class were helpless, and had no choice but to go away in a rage.

It was a distinction of Latro that he never would hear his pupils declaim: they might listen to him and learn, and they might profit, if they could, by his ironical comments upon his rivals, whom he often parodied, till at last his hearers were afraid to applaud him. Seneca gives an amusing instance of his irony: he solemnly said, at the end of a burst of eloquence, "*Sepulcra inter monumenta sunt.*" The phrase was between a bull and a platitude; but it had the right ring about it, and the audience applauded to the echo, till they were scolded into silence. Seneca, who, like him, had come from Spain to Italy, gives us a lively picture of his habits and his immense mental activity: he was invariably occupied in speaking or preparing to speak. He was so eager that he made himself hoarse by waking up in the night to study, only taking a short nap after dinner, which, of course, impaired his digestion. These exertions were rather fitful: he allowed himself no repose when at work, and naturally he worked himself to a standstill; and then he would be completely idle until he had recruited himself by a holiday in Tuscany, where he would farm and hunt as eagerly as he had declaimed, without touching a book or a pen. When he came back, he was at the height

of his power, and astonished every one by his fertility and energy, and by his complete command over his subject and his audience. Though he did not trouble himself to imitate the speeches of real orators, he avoided the fantastical display of ingenuity which tempted most speakers on unreal themes. He always tried to find some broad, simple issue which would give sufficient field for eloquence, instead of trying to raise as many questions as possible. In the same way, when it was clear, as it generally was, that one side was altogether in the wrong, he never went far afield for a "color" to put on the case; although this left plenty of room to invention, since, in an imaginary case, "extenuating circumstances" might be multiplied or complicated at pleasure.

It is unfortunate that the fragmentary state of Seneca's compilation has left us in ignorance of his portrait of Gallio, who was, in his judgment, the second rhetorician of the day; in the judgment of many, the first. Seneca says that whenever they were matched against one another, the glory would have been with Latro and the palm with Gallio; as if Gallio had been the more exquisite and brilliant, Latro the more fresh, vigorous, and telling speaker. The extracts which are given from Gallio are not very characteristic, and do not throw much light on the traditional criticism of Augustus preserved by Tacitus.¹ The phrases of Gallio quoted by Seneca do not seem to be more "jingly" than those of other speakers; and Seneca himself seems to think that it was not Gallio but Albucius Silo who was most disposed to rely upon sound; though brilliant aphorisms with great display of voice are not exactly the same as the jingles which Augustus detected in Gallio.

The reputation of Albucius stood the higher that he did not presume upon it. There were only five or six days in the year that he ventured to invite the public to listen to him; very few had the privilege of hearing him in private, and they found the privilege worthless. He took no pains for an audience too small to be inspiring; he began to speak before he rose, and he luxuriated in idle speculation; he did more

¹ "Tinnitus Gallionis," Tac., "Dial." c. 26.

than lay out the question, and yet he did not speak on it. He was only copious when there was a crowd to listen, and then he would often speak for three hours at a time, for he wished to say everything that possibly could be said. The argument was overloaded, for every proof was proved to be cogent, and every division of the subject was treated as if it were the whole; every part was separately established and dilated upon, and digressed from, and put the speaker into a separate fit of virtuous indignation. He was not willing to trust himself to speak extempore; and, to hide the fact that his highly ornamented declamation had been carefully prepared beforehand, he was apt to make excessive use of low words like "vinegar" and "lantern" and the like. He wished to disguise the fact that he was a mere rhetorician, and spoiled himself at last by his attention to Fabianus and Apollodorus, the standard writers upon rhetoric, who insisted much upon the importance of varying the style. The result was that in his later speeches there were long stretches of simple dulness, which were meant to be terse and vigorous. His reluctance to be a mere rhetorician led to a very mortifying failure in open court: he was pleading a cause of inheritance, and challenged the other party to swear by the memory of his father and his unburied ashes. It was, of course, a mere figure of speech, but Arruntius had influence enough with the court to insist that the phrase should be treated as a serious proposition; though poor Albucius said that at that rate figures of speech would perish from among men, Arruntius retorted that the world would survive the loss. Happily, figures of speech were quite safe in the school, and Albucius, who could not give them up at any price, might console himself with the reflection that no one had such large audiences in the forum as he had at home. But even at home he was exposed to a good deal of ridicule. When the dutiful son had to put a brother suspected of parricide to death, and instead put him on board a leaky boat (with a view to his being picked up and saved by pirates, and subsequent complications), it occurred to Albucius that, as parricides were, as a rule, sewn up in sacks, it would be an effective allusion to call the leaky boat a wooden sack,

as we call dangerous ships coffins. But Cestius made the conceit absurd by transferring it to the statement of the controversy: "One brother put another aboard a wooden sack to sail to Kennaquhair." The same speaker, whose success as a critic was as marked as his failure in original work, took another opportunity of vexing Albucius, who had gravely inquired why a cup breaks when it falls, and a sponge falls without breaking, by telling his own class to go and hear Albucius declaim on the question why cucumbers did not fly like cuckoos. The poor man died in character: he suffered from an incurable complaint, and went home to Novara to die; whereupon he invited all the commons of the town to hear him deliver an oration on his reasons for abstaining from food. His career was always a disappointment; he never satisfied an audience, and always interested them.

A reputation of very much the same kind was left by Mamercus Scaurus, who exhausted the forgiveness which the Romans were long willing to give to his name and unmistakable talent. He was too indolent to prepare his speeches, and none were good throughout but by accident: all contained something to prove what a great orator was lost in him. He affected the gravity and dignity of antiquity; he was choice and aristocratic in diction, and had a ready and a pretty wit, whenever he could drag his opponents into an altercation. He committed suicide three years before the death of Tiberius because he was accused of a treasonable tragedy by Macro, the prætorian prefect. Tacitus seems to imply that his eloquence was as remarkable as his life was scandalous.

The same combination of talent and censoriousness and dissoluteness meets us in T. Labienus and Cassius Severus. They were not only declaimers, but orators and historians, whose works cannot have been valuable, for they were neglected as soon as Caligula removed the prohibition against having and reading them. Labienus was the earliest: when the decree for burning his books was published, Cassius said he ought to be burned too, inasmuch as he had learned them by heart.

Cassius Severus was a man of more serious talent; as an

orator he made an epoch, and as a declaimer he was, if not in the first rank, a respectable champion and a formidable critic. He was the most effective of all speakers upon the favorite theme of the man who mutilated children who were exposed, in order that when they grew up he might trade upon their profitable infirmities. Most speakers were content to dwell upon the obvious point, that at any rate he had treated the children better than the parents who turned them out to die; but Cassius developed the subject into an attack upon all the injustices of contemporary civilization. It was useless to contend that the heartlessness of an individual was an injury to a state all whose members were as heartless in other ways. This bitter censoriousness was the secret of his power: no one trusted him as an advocate, but he had abundant practice in speaking for the defence, as he was prosecuted himself so often. But he preferred, when he could, to prosecute, and even then he never convicted. It was one of Augustus's jokes, "I wish Cassius would prosecute my forum," which hung on hand, "because then it would be sure to be absolved," which in Latin meant either "acquitted" or "finished"! He was so libellous in his attacks upon the honor of men and women of position, that Augustus felt compelled to extend the law of "majesty" to punish such offences; the theory being, that offensive publications which disparaged persons of rank impaired the "majesty" of the state, and of course this applied *a fortiori* to any disrespect to the person of the emperor. Cassius was banished under this law to Crete, and, as he was equally active in mischief-making there, he was finally banished to Seriphos, in the tenth year of Tiberius, where he died of old age, being really too insignificant for further punishment.

But there is a complete consensus of authority as to his very remarkable eloquence. Throughout the dialogue on the orators, he is recognized on both sides as the real founder of the new school of oratory; and the elder Seneca and Quintilian bear witness to the completeness of his victory over all the obstacles in his path—his low birth, his bad life, his unpopular politics. He was practically the only speaker after

the age of Cicero whom Quintilian thought profitable to students of his own day. Tacitus gives him credit as the one orator of the new school who had retained the liberal training of the republican period, who knew philosophy and history and law. The orators of the reign of Vespasian read nothing and knew nothing but the forum; and even the declaimers had abandoned erudition, and accepted a complete dependence on text-books and compilations. Latro knew every event in the life of every general sufficiently to get the rhetorical points out of it, but even in the days of Latro such independence was rare. Few took their vocation seriously enough to work for it. Montanus, who was as genial as he was grotesque, said that he did not write his declamations, for fear that the foolish things that he said should fix themselves in his memory and form vicious habits of speaking.

With all his praise, Seneca quite agrees with Quintilian and Tacitus in his description of the limitation of Cassius's powers as a speaker; he was, after all, too constantly heated, and his speeches had no development or repose. As the ancients said, he had more energy than blood;¹ he lacked the fulness and pervading glow of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, though it might be said of him, as it could not be said of Cicero, that there was nothing otiose in his conduct of a case, nothing that the hearer could miss without loss, nothing which did not tell and was not furnished with a proof of its own. Then, his voice and person were full of charm and dignity. Like so many Roman speakers, he is praised in the same breath for being suave and for being cutting, for the audience were never supposed to sympathize in any measure with two parties at once, and a speaker had no need to observe any measure in wounding his opponent.

Seneca explains that no quotations could do justice to the oratory of that period.² Cicero and one or two of his contem-

¹ "Plus vis quam sanguinis."—Tac. "Dial." 26, 4.

² This may account for his total failure to convey to his readers any sense of the eminence of Q. Arellius Fuscus the elder, whom he ranks as the fourth of the great declaimers: his extracts are wearisome, and remarkable, if for anything, for arid acuteness. Seneca says he was a very capricious speaker; the framework of his declamation was dry to a degree, but

poraries were as good to read as to hear, but it is a general rule with Seneca that speeches were more effective when heard than when read, and it was, moreover, very uncertain whether any particular speaker would do such justice as was possible to any particular speech in writing it out. Every speech was like a fine acting play, with the further advantage that it was acted by the author; many speeches were like acting plays which owe their success to the improvisations of the actor, inspired by contact with his audience. A speaker who failed in preparation might be roused at the moment of speaking, but he would not be able to recall the effect at will. Another might overload himself with superfluous ingenuity, and this was a defect apt to be exaggerated in publication, because his first thoughts were best, and, if he inflicted his second thoughts upon an audience, he was apt to inflict his third thoughts upon his readers. Votienus Montanus, the Ovid of the declaimers, made his reputation by a speech before the centumviri, who decided little but cases of inheritance, and consequently had plenty of leisure to listen to young speakers. His client was a lady accused of poisoning her father, who consequently left her only one twelfth of his property. Montanus said, what in Seneca's judgment ought, if he had left it alone, to have endured to all ages—"Uncia nec filiæ debetur nec veneficæ,"¹ but he spoiled the effect by more variations than Seneca could remember or cared to go through. "In a father's will a daughter should have her own place or none." "A daughter ought not to have such a narrow footing in her father's will." As Seneca says, each variation is good, but none equal to the original, and when he came to publish he was not content with what he had spoken.

the cadences were always soft, flowing, and effeminate, and he never lost any opportunity of luxuriating in flowery description; there was nothing rough, or keen, or earnest in his speaking. This meagre and paradoxical criticism is given incidentally when Seneca is characterizing Fabianus, an amiable philosopher, who took great pains in his youth to learn the manner of Fuscus, and afterwards to unlearn it, as not quite worthy of a philosopher.

¹ "A twelfth is the due neither of a daughter nor of a poisoner."

CHAPTER IX.

HISTORICAL COMPILATIONS.

THE rhetorical activity of the time made reading for its own sake superfluous and burdensome, and there was more demand for compilation than for independent works. A person who cared to hear declamations required a certain knowledge of history to understand the allusions; a person who intended to cultivate declamation wanted a reading-book to supply him with illustrations. Besides, a person without intellectual interests did not like to be entirely ignorant either of the outline of events or of the most edifying and exciting anecdotes. It is our good fortune to possess a specimen of each kind of compilation, and it is instructive also to learn that it was the reading-book for rhetoricians which had the largest measure of success.

There is scarcely any ancient book which is so little quoted in ancient or mediæval times as the two books of M. Velleius Paterculus, who composed a summary of Roman history for Vinicius, consul A.D. 30. Priscian names him once at length, and two scholiasts mention him under the name of Paterculus. He has given a tolerably complete account of himself, or at least his military services, from the first to the fourteenth year of our era, when he and his brother were appointed prætors, being the last to receive that honor from Augustus, and the first to receive it from Tiberius. As he says nothing of further promotion, it is probable that he did not receive any, although he might have held a provincial government without feeling called to mention it if it did not bring him into personal contact with Tiberius. It might not be uncharitable to suspect that he took advantage of the consulate of a personal friend to see if he could recall himself to notice by an enthusiastically loyal history: he speaks of the pleasure with which

he reflects on his visits to the East in the first days of his service, as if the experience had not been repeated.

No book, on the other hand, was more popular than the collection of memorable words and deeds by Valerius Maximus, whose patron, Sextus Pompeius, was consul A.D. 14, and pro-consul of Asia in 27; the latest date he mentions is the fall of Sejanus, A.D. 32, while in the preface to the sixth book he addresses a chamberlain of Julia, the mother of Tiberius: she died in A.D. 29. There were two abridgments of his work, executed at the beginning of the fifth century by Julius Paris, who still wished the book to serve its old purpose as a manual for young declaimers, and at a somewhat later period by Januarius Nepotianus, for the benefit of a young student, Victor by name, who showed his singular proficiency by desiring that ancient writers should be abridged for his benefit. Probably there were few who read anything beyond the necessary text-books, while a student (probably an ecclesiastic) who wished to know as much of ancient literature as possible found that his time for reading was limited by other duties; and, besides, the wordiness of Valerius Maximus was as disagreeable to a reader more familiar with the psalter than any other book, as the simplicity of the Old Testament had been to a student of Cicero like St. Jerome.

Velleius is, as he tells us repeatedly, a very cursory writer: he divides his book into two halves at the capture of Carthage, and of these the first has only reached us in a very fragmentary condition. The writer had not confined himself strictly to Roman history, which was his ostensible subject: in the early history he seems to have told in outline what he knew both of the beginnings of Greece and of the farther East, but this has to be made out from later allusions, as considerably the larger part of the first book has been lost, including the whole regal period. What there is of it is not very characteristic: the author has better opportunity to display his ingenuity in the later part of his work, where he can draw the outlines of familiar characters. He makes a system of optimism; when he has to relate Sulla's reconquest of Athens he is careful to assert that Athens was always faithful to the Roman al-

liance, and only needed to be delivered from her tyrant; and when he comes to Sulla's reconquest of Italy he insists on his endeavors to arrange the war on just terms and equal conditions. He admires Cicero without reserve, and calls him *vir novitatis nobilissimæ*, a "new man of the highest nobility:" he makes no excuses for the conspiracy of Catilina, and applauds the energy with which Cato forced the senate to decree the execution of the conspirators by taunting the advocates of mercy with complicity. So, too, he tells with great unction the story of the homage paid to Q. Catulus when he opposed the Gabinian law: he does not know which to admire most, the generosity of the people who could see the greatness of an opponent, or the modesty of the statesman whose opposition was at once disarmed by the generosity of his countrymen.

This general optimism should be taken into account in judging of his language about Augustus and Tiberius, which is extremely enthusiastic, especially about the latter. We naturally compare Velleius with Livy and Tacitus (as if the tone they take was what any Roman who respected himself would take), instead of with those who lived under Elizabeth in England or under Louis XIV. in France; so that, though the loyalty of Velleius does not exceed what we might find then, it produces all the effect of servility, the rather that his loyalty has a strong religious color. He talks of having been a witness and a minister of the most heavenly occupations of Tiberius before he had succeeded Augustus, although Tiberius would never allow his work to be called "heavenly" or divine even when he was emperor. It is true that he served under Tiberius when Tiberius was at his best in the German and Pannonian campaigns, after his return from Rhodes, and that, when Tiberius showed his real care for his men by placing his own litter at the disposal of the wounded, Velleius profited personally by the kindness. Still, one feels that devotion is a little forced when the retreat to Rhodes is represented as the heroic action of a hero, even of a misunderstood hero, a hero whom, as Velleius hints, it was not always easy to understand. He succeeds better with the few moving words that tell the silent fire which burned in the old man's heart

for three years (A.D. 27-29),¹ thanks to the disloyalty of his daughter-in-law, Agrippina, and her son. And the description of the blessings of his orderly rule is not overcharged: it is true that the provinces and the capital, up to the time at which Velleius wrote, enjoyed complete repose than they had known under Augustus. About Augustus the writer is less enthusiastic: he feels that the proscription requires a great deal of apology, and is only half satisfied to throw the blame upon the other triumvirs, especially Antonius, who is denounced in good set terms for the death of Cicero. Even Antonius is not altogether sacrificed—at least, he fares better than Plancus, who deserted him; and between Cæsar and Pompeius the author is almost impartial: all honest men wished both to put down their armies. There is some shrewdness in the remark that Pompeius raised forces for his war against Mithridates and most of his other wars at his own discretion, and dismissed them at the discretion of others.² Sextus Pompeius, one of the most curious figures in history, is rather slurred over: the writer forgets to mention some of the most important things that happen in their place.³ The book is, as he says, very hurried: no attempt is made to explain or describe a battle or a campaign, except in the contrast between the conditions of the opposing fleets at Actium;⁴ even then we learn nothing of the battle, except that Antonius's men went on fighting for some time after he had run away after Cleopatra, a theme for some leisurely antithesis.⁵ Sometimes the antithesis is helped by the hurry. We are told nothing of Cæsar's campaign in Africa, except that he fought first with doubtful fortune, then with his own.⁶

In spite of his brevity, Velleius always finds room for digression, on such subjects as the constellation of genius which is to be found at certain limited epochs, or the behavior of freedmen, slaves, wives, or children during a period of proscription.

¹ "Quamdiu abstruso, quod miserrimum est, pectus ejus flagravat incendio? quod ex nuru, quod ex nepote dolere, indignari, erubescere coactus est."—Vell. "Pat." II. cxxx. 3.

² II. xxxiii. 3.

³ E.g. II. lxxiii. 2.

⁴ II. lxxxiv. 2.

⁵ II. lxxxiv. 3-6.

⁶ II. lv. 1.

As a rule he prefers, when he has made sure of a striking general fact, to leave it for subsequent explanation. It is a shrewd observation that freedmen behaved better than wives, and slaves better than sons, and it is to Velleius's credit that he nowhere shows any enthusiasm for the *Patria potestas*, that singular survival of which so many Roman writers were proud.

Valerius Maximus is less discriminating; he waxes enthusiastic over the obedience of a certain tribune of the commons, who, though resolved to carry his agrarian law in defiance of the senate, who were prepared for armed resistance, came away at once, to the full content of the commons, when his father led him away from the rostra.¹ He omits to inform us that, in spite of his deference to his father, Flaminius carried his law. On the other hand, he exults in all the stories of wills that were set aside because made at the expense of family ties. He is just as pleased² when a son whose father passed him over because he had been adopted into another family (in which, of course, he was to be provided for) ousts the clients of Pompeius, as when the father of eight sons³ recovered the estate of the eighth, who also had been adopted into another family and thought he had a right to leave his money away from his own. Whenever a father puts a discreditable child to death, or drives him or her to suicide, Valerius is ready with applause. He applauds Hortensius the orator for making a will in favor of his unsatisfactory son, because he had traded upon his sentiments as a father when defending his son in court. He applauds a nameless father who, hearing that his son meditated parricide, first entreated his wife to say whether he was in very truth his own son or no, and, being satisfied that he was, immediately took him to a lonely place and offered him a sword to cut his throat, to spare him the trouble of employing a brigand or buying poison: the son, we learn, was converted. The story looks very like a rhetorician's theme, dating, perhaps, from a time when themes were not sharply divided into *controversiæ* and *suasoriæ*.

One of the points in which the influence of rhetoricians

¹ Val. Max. v. 4, 5.

² vii. 7, 2.

³ vii. 7, 5.

shows itself most plainly is the writer's sensitiveness to "color" in the technical sense; it is quite a typical case when he tells us¹ that Horatius was acquitted for killing his sister because the people thought that "the childish love of the maiden had been visited rather severely than unkindly." (It is a curious notion that it was too soon for her to be in love with her betrothed; she should have waited till they were married.) Very much in the same spirit he treats the refusal of Cæsetius to oblige Cæsar by casting off his son, who, as tribune, had done what he could to annoy Cæsar. In Valerius's opinion Cæsar was so divine and generous a person that he ought to have been obeyed, of course all the more because Cæsetius had two other promising sons left, to whom Cæsar was good enough to promise promotion; and so Cæsetius figures among a list of fathers who were more or less culpably indulgent; while Hortensius, whose son was absolutely worthless, is classed with the fathers who showed commendable moderation.

Valerius's tone about the empire, if not as fervent as Velleius's, is quite as exaggerated. Sejanus's designs against his father-in-law are a unique specimen of the crime of parricide. When Cæsar (as ædile?) took the opportunity of arresting a man who had abused the license of Sulla's time,² we are told that "Cæsar's equity drew back the rudder of Roman Empire from Sulla's violence, since a more righteous ruler swayed the state." In spite of this there is an unreserved admiration for all the heroes of the old republic. The fiction that the empire was the republic under superhuman citizens is treated quite naïvely as a fact. And this explains why Valerius sometimes seems to protest covertly against the new *régime*. For instance, Tiberius had invented the system of making over the slaves of suspected persons to an agent of the treasury, in order that their evidence might be given against one who was no longer their master; and yet Valerius tells us three times over, as if it were always a special

¹ Val. Max. viii. 8, 1.

² He had seized the property of a man whom he chose to call his father, ousting the real son.

proof of justice, of eminent Romans who had refused the decisive evidence of a slave against his master in some important trial. But very likely he is blind to the contrast, just as he is blind to the point of three stories he tells of men who owed their success in life to Lucullus, to Augustus, and a less illustrious patron. All promised to leave their fortunes to those who had helped to make it, and all broke their word after keeping up the farce to the very last, one presenting his patron on his death-bed with the rings that he had, to hand over to the heirs. Valerius tells the stories under the heading of "Wills which were not upset," though they might have been, and is much more impressed by the meanness of the testators than by the state of subservience in which they had lived. That Atticus took the money which was left to him after being promised to Lucullus does not shock Valerius, who perhaps did not notice the circumstance. He is not particular as to details at any time. For instance, he makes Spurius Cassius, the first victim of the charge of seeking to restore the monarchy, a tribune of the commons, because he was in some sense a demagogue; and there are several cases where people of the same name are confounded.

The work has neither chronological nor logical arrangement. It begins with religion, and instead of an invocation of Jupiter, which Velleius piously puts at the end of his history, we have a prayer to the Deity of Tiberius. The book ends with a chapter on Wonders, beginning with the apparition of the Twin Brethren at Lake Regillus, and ending with the serpent that was bombarded by the army of Regulus. Then comes a second book, which seems intended to illustrate human institutions, beginning with marriage, and passing through such external things as the public spectacles and the right of triumph, to such specimens of "majesty" as C. Marius frightening off the Cimbrian who was sent to kill him at Minturnæ, and Cato followed to prison by the whole senate when Cæsar committed him for obstructing business, or Harmodius and Aristogeiton, whose statues were treated like the images of the gods at Rhodes, when Seleucus sent them back from Asia to Athens. Such traces of a scheme as have been visi-

ble disappear with the next book, which begins with instances of precocious virtue and rambles through all kinds of personal traits — fortitude, patience, self-indulgence, degeneracy, constancy, and the like, gratitude and ingratitude, love to kith and kin and fatherland, clever sayings, resolute sayings, justice, severity, perfidy, study, and industry, which in a methodical writer would have been brought into a close connection with a chapter on precocity, just as a chapter on chastity would have been brought into connection with the chapter on marriage. There are several chapters where the author is careful to insist on the danger of vindictiveness: a man who propitiates Nemesis is always safe; a man who forgets her is always sure to be disappointed. Every chapter is divided between Roman and foreign examples of whatever trait the author wishes to illustrate, and he does not succeed in being impartial; for instance, the battle of Cannæ is in his eyes an instance of barbarian cunning bordering upon treachery.

His principal sources, so far as they can be traced, are Livy, Herodotus, Sallust, Cicero, Cornelius Nepos, and Pompeius Trogus. He does not name any often: Pomponius Rufus, a nearly contemporary author, whose commonplace book is quoted under the title "*Collectorum*," is only mentioned once. His style has little distinction; fortunately, for the most part he reproduces his authorities without much change, but the addition of a tame epigram of this calibre: "So the poor man felt more unhappy in the author of his murder than in the murder itself."¹ The story is of a man whose son betrayed him during the proscription of the triumvirs, and is probably taken from Livy, for it is found in Orosius. When he is original, his style is a clumsy copy of the declaimers. He lacks their energy of movement and their point and fire; he is fond of flat apostrophes, and lacks neatness of phrasing; he is given to devices like beginning a new paragraph with *ergo*. His last chapter is on people who have thrust themselves on families to which they were strangers, and perhaps may be the occasion upon which the tract upon proper names, of which fragments have reached us, was annexed to his trea-

¹ IV. ii. 5.

tise as a tenth book. It may be inferred that the work in its present state dates from the fourth century, as it does not appear that grammarians had hit upon the device of calling the second *cognomen* (e.g. Africanus, Numidicus) *agnomen* until that date.

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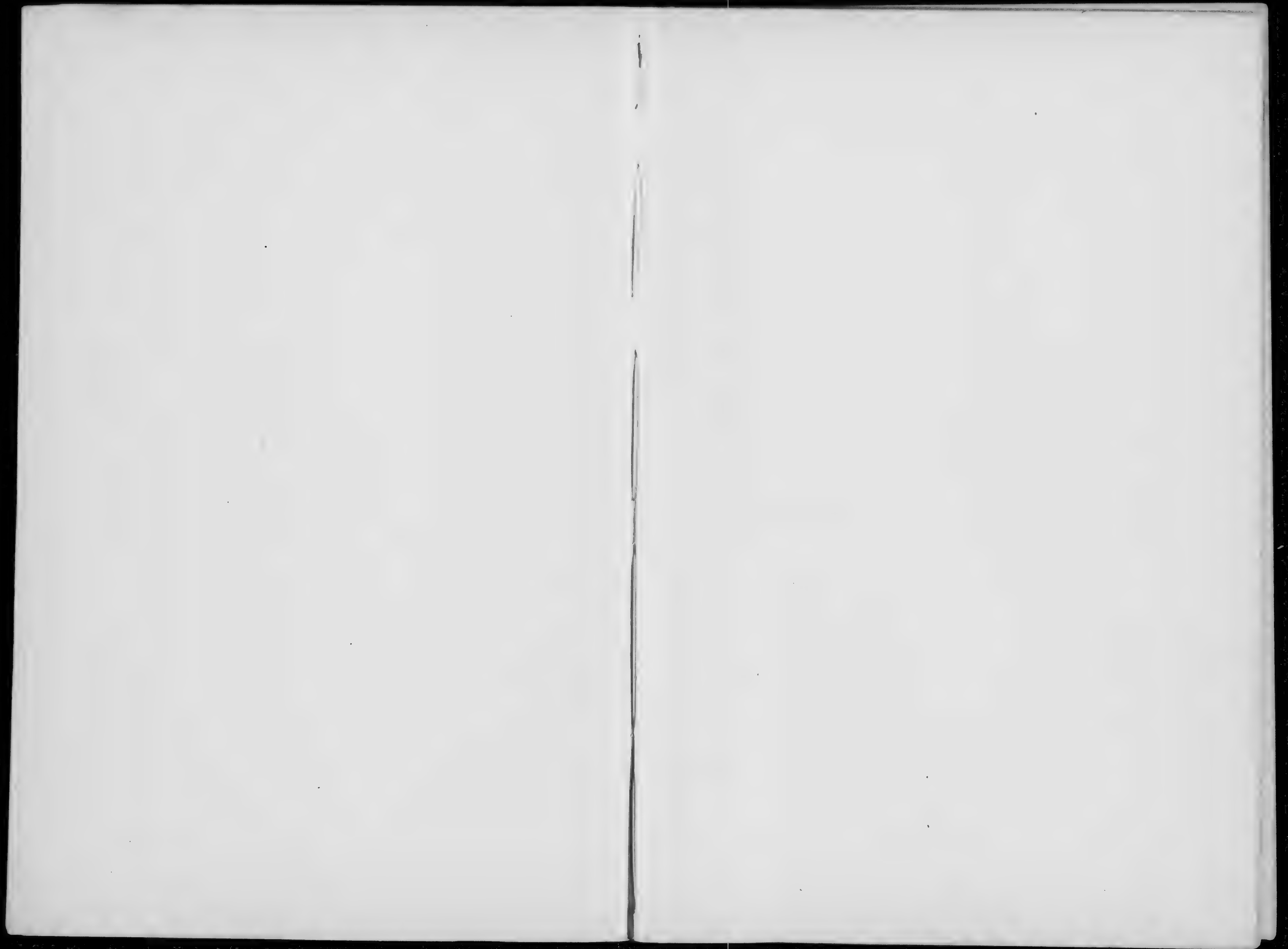
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FROM
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FELLOW OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD

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CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

	A.D.	
	30	C. Masurius Sabinus, the founder of the Sabinian school, is admitted also to the equestrian order. C. Cassius Longinus, the jurist, is consul.
	34	Birth of Persius.
	35	? Birth of Quintilian. Cyclopædia of Celsus (A. Cornelius), five books on agriculture, eight on medicine, still extant; six on rhetoric, often criticised by Quintilian, six on philosophy, principally an outline of the views of different schools. He also wrote after Corbulo's campaign one book on tactics. Julius Atticus writes upon the culture of vines.
Death of Tiberius	37	Cn. Domitius Afer, of Nîmes, is consul.
Suicide of Silanus, the father-in-law of Caligula. Caligula marries Lollia Paulina, the heiress of M. Lollius	38	Cn. Lentulus Gætulicus, a poet and historian (? historical poet), who had commanded for ten years in Upper Germany, is put to death.
Caligula visits Gaul	39	? Lucan brought to Rome. Execution of Julius Græcinus, the father of Agricola, who wrote on agriculture and followed Celsus. Birth of Statius?
Caligula is killed	41	Exile of Seneca.
Servius Galba (afterwards emperor) invades the Chatti. Conspiracy of Annius Vinicianus and M. Furius Camillus Scribonianus, proconsul of Dalmatia.	42	Q. Asconius Pedianus flourishes. Most of the extant scholia on Cicero are ascribed to him; those on <i>Pro Milone</i> , <i>Pro Sestio</i> , <i>In Vatinius</i> , <i>In C. Clodius</i> , <i>De Æve Alieno Milonis</i> , <i>Pro Rege Alexandrino</i> , <i>Pro Archia</i> , <i>Pro Sulla</i> , <i>In Catilinam</i> , <i>Pro Muræna</i> , <i>Pro Ligario</i> , <i>Pro Rege Deioturo</i> , <i>Pro Scauro</i> seem to be more or less genuine. Those on the Verrine orations hardly prove that the scholiast had Asconius before him. Death of the elder Arria.
Claudius invades Britain.	43	Martial born. Q. Curtius Rufus writes history of Alexander the Great in ten

	A.D.	
		books, of which the two first are lost. The only date is a rhetorical allusion to the accession of Claudius.
Censorship of Claudius .	45	
	46	Cn. Domitius Afer passes for a celebrated orator. Claudius rebukes the people for their levity during the performance of the tragedies of P. Pomponius Secundus.
Domitius Corbulo invades the Chauci . .	47	After the British triumph of Claudius, Pomponius Mela, of Tingentera, in Spain, writes his description of the world (ed. Parthey, Berlin, 1867).
Ostorius Scapula in Britain. Messalina marries Silius and is put to death	48	Q. Remmius Palæmon is celebrated as a grammarian. M. Antonius Liberalis, the rhetorician, is his rival. Crispus Passienus, the orator, and husband of Agrippina, dies.
Claudius marries Agrippina	49	Recall of Seneca from exile; he is intrusted with the education of Agrippina's son, adopted by Claudius.
Foundation of Camalodunum	50	
Surrender of Caractacus.	51	
	53	
Death of Claudius . . .	54	Q. Haterius, the orator, is consul.
Death of Britannicus, his son	55	Seneca (L. Annæus) is consul.
	57	Death of Aufidius Bassus, the author of an historical work which was probably carried to the death of Claudius. It was continued by the elder Pliny, and is only known by chance allusions and by the excerpt in Seneca on the death of Cicero, which leave it uncertain whether it included the work on the German wars, for which he is oftenest quoted.
	58	Exile of P. Suillius, a celebrated orator and declaimer.
Murder of Agrippina, mother of Nero . . .	59	Julius Africanus distinguishes himself by exhorting Nero to bear his good fortune with courage. Deaths of Domitius Afer in old age, after he had outlived his reputation, and M. Servilius Nonianus, who had almost an equal reputation and a higher character. He wrote a history of Augustus, besides his orations; both are lost.
The war of Boadicea . .	61	The bucolic poems of Calpurnius Siculus belong to this period (on the last four see M. Haupt, Berlin, 1854, and
Victories of Corbulo in Armenia	"	

	A.D.	
		Conington, Vergil, vol. i.). Ed. C. Glaser, 1842.
Banishment of Antistius for scurrilous verses on Nero, and of A. Fabricius Veiento for scurrilous writings and for trafficking in offices .	62	Death of Persius. The best MS. of his works is at Montpellier; it is of the 9th or 10th century, and a copy of one made at Barcelona 402 A.D. Best editions, O. Jahn, Leipsic, 1843, Prof. Conington, Clarendon Press, 1872.
	"	
Death of Burrus. Octavia, the wife of Nero, is put to death. Great earthquake	63	After Seneca's retreat L. Junius Moderatus Columella wrote twelve books, still extant, on agriculture, and the tenth, on gardening, is in hexameters, being meant for a supplement to the Georgics; we have also a book on arboriculture which belongs to the first edition.
	"	
Burning of Rome . . .	64	L. Lucilius Junior writes on Ætna; best edition, H. A. Munro, Cambridge, 1869.
Conspiracy of Piso, who is compelled to kill himself.	65	Banishment of P. Musonius Rufus, a Stoic philosopher, who wrote in Greek. Seneca is compelled to kill himself. His orations (principally composed in the name of Nero?) have been lost; so, too, the early works on earthquakes (quoted <i>Nat. Quest.</i> VI. iv. 2). "De Lapidum Natura," "De Natura Piscium," "De Situ Indiæ," "De Situ et Sacris Ægyptiorum" (the aunt who brought him to Rome had a husband who was sixteen years governor of Egypt, and no doubt supplied the materials for the works on Egypt and India), and the following moral works: Exhortationes, "De Officiis," "De Immatura Morte," "De Superstitione Dialogus," "De Matrimonio" (which seems from the fragments and allusions to have been piquant), "De Amicitia," "Moralis Philosophiæ Libri," "De Remediis Fortuitorum" (to his brother Gallio), "De Paupertate" (uncertain), "De Misericordia," "De Vita Patris;" also ten books at least of letters to his brother Gallio and a suppressed panegyric on Messalina. The "Consolatio ad Marciam" was written before 41. In his exile he wrote some of his tragedies. The "Consolatio ad Helviam" was written A.D. 43, the "Consolatio ad

A.D.	
	<p>Polybium" A.D. 44. The "De Tranquillitate Animi," "De Ira," "De Brevitate Vitæ" were published between A.D. 49 and 54. The <i>Ἀποκοκύντωσις</i> was published anonymously just after Claudius's death. "De Clementia," "De Constantia Sapientis," "De Vitâ Beatâ," "De Beneficiis," date between 54 and 62. "De Providentia," "De Otio Sapientis," and the seven books "Naturalium Quæstionum" were written after his retreat in A.D. 62; so, too, were the bulk of the letters to Lucilius, though the series was begun as far back as A.D. 57. We have twenty books; the twenty-second is quoted. The later tragedies may be thought to date from 62, since Seneca was accused of writing in rivalry with Nero. The titles of the tragedies are Hercules Furens, Thyestes, Phædra, Œdipus, Troades, Hecuba, Medea, Agamemnon, Hercules Œtæus, 362 lines of an Œdipus Coloneus, and 302 of a Phœnissæ, run together in the MSS. under the latter title. The oldest and best MS. (at Milan, sæc. ix.) of the philosophical works contains all but the "De Beneficiis," "De Clementia," "Naturales Quæstiones," and the letters to Lucilius. The best edition is by Haase, Leipzig, 1869. Lucan (M. Annæus Lucanus) is also compelled to kill himself. Besides the ten books of the Pharsalia, of which the first three were published while Nero was still respectable, he wrote (? in Greek) "Iliacôn," "Catachthonion" (the pure Latin titles would have been "Troicorum," "Inferorum"), ten books of "Silvæ," or miscellanies, fourteen "Salticæ Fabulæ," one tragedy, the Medea. In prose he wrote a speech for and against Octavius Sagitta, "De Incendio Urbis," and a book, "Epistolarum ex Campania," which probably dates from the time when he was forbidden to declaim at Rome. Everything has been completely lost but the "Pharsalia," the oldest MS. of which is a few palimpsest leaves</p>

A.D.	
	<p>of the ninth century at Milan; the next are two of Voss's, which represent a Constantinopolitan recension of A.D. 674. In the latter books they omit many lines, probably interpolated. Best edition, Weber, 1821-1832.</p>
66	<p>Condemnation and death of Barea Soranus, and Pætus Thræsea . . .</p> <p>Death of T. Petronius Arbitr, generally regarded as the author of the "Satyricon." The work as a whole was lost before the seventh century; our late MSS. are all based upon one collection of excerpts; the best edition is by Büchler, 1854.</p>
67	<p>Nero visits Greece. Recall and enforced suicide of the brothers Scribonius, who commanded in Germany, and of Corbulo, who commanded in Syria. Vespasian's campaign in Galilee . . .</p>
68	<p>Nero returns to Rome. Vindex rises in the name of Galba; his troops come into collision with those of Verginius Rufus, the new commander in Germany. Galba rises, and Verginius Rufus declares against Nero. Nero kills himself . . .</p> <p>Galerius Trachalus, the orator, and C. Silius Italicus are consuls.</p>
69	<p>Galba assumes the consulate. Jan. 1, Vitellius is proclaimed in Germany; Galba adopts Piso. Jan. 15, Otho is proclaimed emperor by the Prætorian Guard; Galba and Piso are killed. April 15, Otho kills himself. Vespasian is proclaimed July 1 at Alexandria, 3 in Palestine, 15 in Syria. Towards the end of October Antonius Primus defeats the army of Vitellius. In December the Capitol is burned. Vitellius is killed, Dec. 21 . . .</p> <p>Quintilian is established as a teacher of rhetoric at Rome by Galba. Altercation of Helvidius Priscus with Eprius Marcellus. Cælius Sabinus, the jurisconsult, is consul. Serranus, an epic writer praised by Quintilian for his genuine though immature talent, seems to belong to this period.</p>

	A.D.	
Capture of Jerusalem early in September	70	Salaries fixed for rhetoricians and philosophers. Helvidius Priscus is prætor, and is exiled and put to death for his turbulent independence; Julius Frontinus is prætor.
Consecration of the Temple of Peace	75	Alleged date of the Dialogue on Oratory. The philosophers are banished. Cluvius Rufus is consul; praised by Helvidius Priscus (Tac. Hist. iv. 43) as a rich and eloquent man, who did not rise by accusations. He wrote a history which was one of Plutarch's chief authorities for Galba and Otho.
Julius Agricola is consul	77	Sex Julius Gabinianus has an immense rhetorical reputation in Gaul. Tacitus says every schoolman prefers himself to Cicero, and has the modesty to put himself after Gabinianus.
Julius Agricola in Britain	78	? Quæstorship of Tacitus.
Death of Vespasian, June 23. Great eruption of Pompeii, Aug. 24	79	Death of Pliny (C. Plinius Secundus) during the eruption of Vesuvius. He wrote "De Jaculatione Equestri," 2 books on the life of Pomponius Secundus, 15 of the "Wars of Germany," 3 books in 6 volumes called "Studiosi," 8 on doubtful points of language, 31 of histories "A Fine Aufidii Bassi," which were the principal source of the Histories of Tacitus, as the "German Wars" were of his "Germany." All have been lost, including the 160 volumes of select notes, which no doubt were largely embodied in the 37 books of "Natural History," which we still have. The best MS. is the Bamberg of the tenth century, which contains books xxxii.-xxxvii.; the next are Lipsius's Leyden MS. of the eleventh century, and Paris 1795 of the tenth or eleventh century. Best editions, Sillig and Schraeder, Gotha, 1851-1853; D. Detlefsen, Berlin, 1863-1868. ? Death of Cæsius Bassus, the lyric poet and friend of Persius, who, according to the scholia on Persius, died, like Pliny, in the eruption of Vesuvius (till lately he was always identified with Saleius Bassus, whom Quintilian mentions as an

	A.D.	
Death of Titus, Sept. 13	81	epic poet); a mutilated work on metre is generally ascribed to him. ? Death of Statius's father, who wrote upon the burning of the Capitol, and did not live to write, as he had intended, upon the great eruption of Vesuvius.
Agricola beyond the Forth	82	
Council of the Turbot	83	Martial receives a piece of land near Nomentum.
Battle on the Gram- pians (?). Domitian's campaign in Hesse	84	Paris, the actor, is put to death.
Domitian invades Dacia	86	Institutes the Agon Capitolinus, a competition in music and poetry, to be held every five years.
Defeat and death of Cor- nelius Fuscus	87	
	88	Secular games of Domitian; Tacitus is prætor.
False Nero	89	
Pacification of Dacia	90	Death of Valerius Flaccus (C. Valerius Flaccus Balbus Setinus); Quintilian speaks of him as a great and recent loss. Oldest MS., Vatican, 3277, sæc. ix., ed. G. Thilo, Halle, 1863.
Cornelia, the senior ves- tal, is buried alive	91	Turnus, the satiric poet, is influential under Titus and Domitian. Scævius Memor, the tragic poet, belongs to this period.
	92	Quintilian begins his "Institutions;" receives the consular ornaments.
L. Antonius Saturninus, the commander of Up- per Germany, rebels, and is put to death	93	Quintilian finishes the "Institutions" (MS. Ambrosian, sæc. xi.; Bern, sæc. ix., ed. C. Halm, Leipsic, 1868). Tullius and Verginius Rufus also wrote on rhetoric. Philosophers are banished from Rome. ? Satire of Sulpicia. ? Death of Curvatus Maternus; a Maternus was put to death under Domitian for denouncing tyrants in a literary exercise. Besides a tragedy against Vatinius, written under Nero or bearing his name, he wrote a Medea, a Domitius, a Cato, and a Thyestes before A.D. 75. Junius Rusticus Arulenus is put to death for too laudatory lives of Thræsea and Helvidius Priscus.
Acilius Glabrio and Fla- vius Clemens, the cous- in of Domitian, are put to death	95	Statius dedicates the fourth book of his Silvæ to Victorinus Marcellus.
Domitian is assassinated, Sept. 23	96	Last consulate and death of Verginius Rufus, who played at poetry after defeating Vindex. Consulate of Tacitus.

	A.D.	
		The <i>Silvæ</i> contain pieces written from A.D. 80 (<i>e.g.</i> V. iii.) to 96 (the fifth book is probably posthumous). It is uncertain whether the twelve years which the <i>Thebaid</i> occupied are to be dated from 80 or 84; the former is more probable, as the change of manner in the <i>Achilleid</i> , which is still dedicated to Domitian, seems to prove a certain interval between the two. The best MS. (of some 70) of the <i>Thebaid</i> is Paris, 8051, sæc. x.; all the MSS. of the <i>Silvæ</i> are copied from one that Poggio brought from France to Italy, now lost. The best edition of the whole work is by G. Queck, Leipsic, 1857.
Nerva adopts Trajan in October	97	
Nerva dies, Jan. 25	98	Pompeius Planta is prefect of Egypt; he subsequently wrote a history of the civil wars which followed the death of Nero, though he had the <i>Histories</i> of Tacitus before him.
Prosecution of Marius	100	Consulate of Pliny the Younger; his panegyric on Trajan. Speeches of Tacitus and Pliny against Marius.
First campaign of Trajan in Dacia	101	L. Arruntius Stella, the friend and patron of Martial, and author of a poem on the war of the giants, is consul. Death of Silius at the age of 75. The MSS. of the <i>Punica</i> are all 15th-century copies of a St. Gall archetype. Ed. Weber, <i>Corpus Poetarum</i> , 1839.
Before this date Mucianus (M. Licinius Crassus), who raised Vespasian to the empire, publishes a collection of miscellaneous information which Tacitus quotes for old speeches, Pliny for odd facts in natural history. The rhetorical collection included 11 books of speeches and 3 of letters	102 ?	Martial (M. Valerius Martialis) dies in Spain. The " <i>Liber Spectaculorum</i> ," which perhaps is not all Martial's, dates from the first year of Domitian; xiii. and xiv. seem to have been published between A.D. 88 and 93. The remaining books were arranged in chronological order: i., ii. are written between 82 and 87, iii. must have been written just after, iv. dates from 88 and 89, v. from 90, vi. from 90 and 91, vii. and viii. from 92 to 93, ix., x., xi. from 94 to 96, x. and xi. were partially re-edited under Nerva in 97, xii. was issued in 101, and perhaps contains early poems. Best MS., Thuaneus, sæc. x. Ed. Schneidewinn, 1842. Second ed., Teubner, Leipsic, 1853.

	A.D.	
First triumph over Dacia	103	Vestricius Spurinna at the age of 77 is still alive, and edifies Pliny by the elegant routine of his life and by his ingenuity as a versifier.
	104 ?	Pliny succeeds Frontinus as augur. Frontinus, ed. " <i>Gromaticæ</i> " in Lachmann, " <i>Die Schriften der Römisch. Feldmesser</i> ;" " <i>Strategemata</i> ," Oudendorp, Leyden, 1779; " <i>De Cura Aquarum</i> ," Fr. Bucheler, Leipsic, 1858.
Dacia is reduced to a province	105 108 109	Death of M. Regulus, the orator. Fabius Rusticus still alive, whom Tacitus (<i>Agr.</i> 10) describes as the most eloquent of recent writers. His history is quoted twice as favoring Seneca.
	111	Javolenus Priscus, the jurisconsult, Neratius Priscus, Urseius Ferox, Juventius Celsus, Titius Aristo are celebrated.
Pliny in Bithynia	112	Of letters to Trajan 15 (or 16)–121 date from the command in Bithynia, Sept. 111 to Jan. 113. Nothing later is known of him; his speeches were mostly delivered under Domitian, though the accusations of Marius, 100, Cæcilius Maximus, 101, and the defence of Julius Bassus, 105, and Varenus Rufus, 106, fall under Trajan. He seems to have begun the collection of his letters in 97, and kept more closely to chronological order than he cared to confess. The 1st book contains letters from A.D. 96 and 97; the 2d from 97 to 100; 3d, from 100; 4th, from 104; 5th was published 106; the 6th contains letters from 106; 7th, from 107?; 8th and 9th, from 107 to 109. Best MS. Medicean, sæc. x.; ed. G. H. Schæfer, 1868.
Trajan at Athens	114	
Earthquake at Antioch. Invasion of Armenia to oust the Parthian candidate	115	Hyginus, Balbus, and Siculus Flaccus wrote under Trajan on land surveying.
Conquest of Ctesiphon. Jewish rising. Death of Trajan early in August	116 117	

Hadrian in Britain . . .	A.D. 119	Terentius Scaurus is celebrated as a grammarian. We have probably a little treatise of his on orthography, pp. 2249-2264, Putschke. He also wrote commentaries on Plautus and Vergil, if not upon Lucan. The 51 declamations of Calpurnius, perhaps, belong to this period.
	119	? Death of Tacitus. The Dialogue written early under Domitian rests upon a 13th-century copy of a Fulda MS. of the 8th or 9th century, brought to Italy 1457, whence all extant MSS. are copied. The <i>Agricola</i> , written in A.D. 98, depends upon two Vatican MSS.; the <i>Germania</i> , written between 98 and 100 (the second and third consulate of Trajan), rests on the same MS. as the Dialogue. The Histories were still unfinished in 106 or 107, when Pliny sent him materials, and perhaps the books were separately published. The text rests on the Medicean MS. (sæc. xi.) of Monte Cassino, which contains the last seven books of the Annals and what is left of the Histories. The Annals were published, apparently, between 115 and 117, as the writer refers to the frontier established by Trajan's conquests. The text of the first part of the Annals rests upon an eleventh-century copy made at Corbey of a ninth-century MS. at Fulda, which last is sometimes regarded as the archetype of the Monte Cassino MS. It came to Florence 1508. Ed. Ritter, Cambridge, 1848; Leipsic, 1864; Orelli, Zurich, 1859.
Hadrian in Athens . . .	125	? Death of Juvenal. Ed. Mayer, Cambridge, and Jahn, text and scholia, Berlin, 1851.
Hadrian in Alexandria .	131	Edictum Perpetuum drawn up by Julianus.
Revolt of Barcochba . .	? 132	Sex. Pomponius, the jurist, is prætor.
Adoption of T. Antoninus	133	
Death of Hadrian, July .	138	M. Vindius Verus, a disciple of Julianus, is consul. Sex. Cæcilius, a correspondent of Julianus, belongs to the same period; so, too, Terentius Clemens, Veruleius Saturninus, and L. Volusius Mæcianus, teacher of M. Aurelius.

Death of Faustina, wife of Antoninus	A.D. 140	Panegyric of Fronto on the British achievements of Antoninus.
	141	Granius Licinianus, an annalist, who seems to have written 40 books, going down to the death of Cæsar, is assigned to the Antonine period on account of his mentioning the completion of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius at Athens under Hadrian, the preoccupation with Sallust, and the archaic spelling. We have fragments of books xxvi., xxviii., and xxxvi., from an Egyptian MS. of a Syriac version of St. Chrysostom, written over a Latin grammarian, written over Licinianus. The latest edition is by seven Bonn philologists, Leipsic, Teubner, 1858.
	146	Sex. Erucius Cassius, whom Pliny recommended to the quæstorship, who is praised for learning by A. Gellius, is consul.
	150	Proconsulate of Claudius Maximus, to whom Apuleius addresses his defence on a charge of magic.
	? 160	Birth of Tertullian. Death of C. Suetonius Tranquillus; he was recommended for a tribunate by Pliny the Younger about A.D. 100; asked to publish, A.D. 105; received the <i>jus trium liberorum</i> , A.D. 112; was apparently removed from office about 121 in company with Septicius Clarus, to whom the <i>Lives of the Cæsars</i> , in eight books, Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, and the three Flavian emperors, making one book each, are dedicated. His work " <i>De Viris Illustribus</i> " does not seem to have been carried below Domitian. Besides the works mentioned in the text, he wrote a <i>Guide to Officials</i> (<i>De Institutione Officiorum</i>) and <i>De Regibus</i> , which treated of the most celebrated monarchs of each continent, beginning with the deities, who were treated on Euhemerist principles. All the remains of Suetonius, except the <i>Lives of the Cæsars</i> , have been edited by Reifferscheid, Leipsic, 1860; the <i>Cæsars</i> , C. L. Roth, Leipsic. Best MS. of the <i>Lives of the Cæsars</i> , Paris, 1115. Julius [An-

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		nus?] Florus seems to belong to the same period as Suetonius. Best MS., Bamberg, sæc. ix. Ed. C. Halm, Leipsic, 1850. Justin, who excerpted Pompeius Trogus, is assigned to this period; also L. Ampelius, who used Florus, and dedicated his work (a Liber Memorialis, in fifty chapters, mentioning two events later than Trajan) to a certain Maximus, who may have been the emperor killed 218, at the age of 54. If so, the work cannot be earlier than 175.
Death of T. Antoninus . . .	161	Institutes of Gaius: only MS. Vienna palimpsest; Ulpian Marcellus, another juriconsult, flourished under M. Aurelius.
Victories of Avidius Cassius. Capture of the Parthian capitals . . .	162	Q. Junius Rusticus, a Stoic philosopher and teacher of M. Aurelius, is consul a second time.
	"	
	165	? Death of Aulus Gellius. The date of his work can only be detected by the fact that he speaks of Erucius (Cons. A.D. 146), and does not quote Fronto's writings, which were still unpublished. The MSS. contain either the first seven or last twelve books. Of the eighth book we have only the headings of the chapters. The best edition is by the Gronovii, Leyden, 1706.
Triumph of M. Aurelius and Verus over Parthia. Great pestilence	166	
Death of Verus . . .	168	
	169	? Death of Fronto. The greater part of the letters to M. Aurelius as Cæsar date between 139 and 143. Ed. Naber, Leipsic, 1867.
Victory over the Quadi .	174	
Revolt of Avidius Cassius suppressed by a mutiny of his own troops.		
Death of Faustina . .	175	
Death of M. Aurelius, March 17	180	Q. Cervidius Scaevola, the tutor of Papinianus Paulus and Tryphonianus, is consul.
Perennis, the prætorian prefect, is sacrificed .	185	
L. Septimius Severus married Julia Domna.	186	? M. Minucius Felix writes his Octavius, using the Apology of Athenagoras, written A.D. 177. Ed. C. Halm, Vienna, 1867.

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Cleander is put to death.	189	
Commodus strangled, Dec. 31	192	
Pertinax is killed in a mutiny, March 28; Didius Julianus purchases the empire. Clodius Albinus is proclaimed in Britain, Pescennius Niger in Syria, Septimius Severus in Pannonia	193	
Death of Niger	195	L. Marius Maximus Perpetuus Aurelianus, the continuator of Suetonius (from Nerva to Elagabalus), is consul.
Surrender of Byzantium, which held out for him	197	
Plautianus, the prætorian prefect, is put to death, and succeeded by Papinianus	203	? Birth of St. Cyprian.
Severus goes to Britain .	208	
Severus dies at York . .	211	Papinianus publishes his work "De Excusationibus."
Caracalla, his son, murders his brother Geta. Papinianus is killed by the troops	212	Before this date Julius Paulus publishes his commentary on the edict, and his manual. Callistratus and A. Claudius Tryphoninus belong to the same period. Serenus Sammonicus, an exceedingly learned writer, is put to death. Helenius Acro, who really commented upon Terence and Horace and Persius; the scholia on Horace, under his name, are not genuine. We have quotations from the scholia on Terence, and perhaps fragments of the one on Persius, in the scholia ascribed to Cornutus and Porphyrio (whose scholia on Horace are still extant). Dositheus, a grammar master of the same date, is known from a MS. of St. Gall (sæc. ix., x.), which contains thirty-one leaves of his grammar with a literal Greek rendering.
	"	
Caracalla killed by Martialis, March 3, by the contrivance of Opilius Macrinus, the prætorian prefect, who succeeds	217	
Proclamation of Elagabalus, grandson of a	218	? Q. Serenus Sammonicus writes his work on medicine. Zurich MS. sæc. ix.

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sister-in-law of the late empress, and claiming to be the natural son of Caracalla	218	
Elagabalus adopts his cousin, Alexander Severus	221	
Is killed by prætorian guards in the interest of Alexander, March 16	222	The earliest date of the "Responsa" of Julius Paulus.
	223	Second consulate of Marius Maximus, the historian.
Ulpian, the prætorian prefect, is killed in a sedition of the soldiers	228	
Persian monarchy is restored	230	? Ælius Marcianus writes his six books of Institutiones.
Persian war	233	
Alexander Severus is killed, March 19, in a mutiny, and Maximin proclaimed	235	? Death of Tertullian. Of his works, Apologeticum (199?), Ad Nationes, lib. ii., De Testimonio Animæ, De Culto Feminarum ii., and its pendant, De Pallio, De Patientia, De Oratione (these are some of the earliest), De Baptismo, and De Pœnitentia (both late), Ad Uxorem ii., Ad Martyres, Adversus Judæos have little or no trace of Montanism. De Corona Militis (originally written in Greek), Ad Scapulam (212), De Exhortatione Castitatis, De Virginibus Velandis (also published in Greek), De Monogamia, De Pudicitia, even the De Præscriptionibus Hæreticorum, De Anima, De Carne Christi, De Resurrectione Carnis, Adversus Gnosticos Scorpiace, De Idolatria, De Spectaculis, are all more or less Montanist, as are the controversial works De Jejuniis, Adv. Psychicos, Adv. Marcionem, which was in writing A.D. 237, Adv. Praxeas, Adv. Hermogenem, Adv. Valentinum, and the lost books De Ecstasi and De Trinitate. Ed. Oehler, in Gernsdorf's Patristic Series, Leipsic, 1854.
The Gordians, father and son, are proclaimed in Africa at the end of May, and suppressed		

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by the governor of Mauritania early in July. Maximus and Balbinus are proclaimed at Rome	237	
Maximin is killed by his own troops before Aquileia in April. Maximus and Balbinus are massacred July 15. Gordian the younger, the grandson of the elder Gordian, is left sole emperor	238	? Commodian's Instructiones, in Gernsdorf's Bibliotheca Patrum, Leipsic, 1847. Close of the History of Junius Cordus.
Gordian is killed in a military mutiny to the profit of Philip, his prætorian prefect	"	
Philip celebrates the Secular Games	244	Conversion of St. Cyprian. Herennius Modestinus, the jurist, is præfectus vigiliis.
Mutiny in Mœsia. Decius is sent to quell it; is proclaimed emperor	248	St. Cyprian bishop.
Decius appoints Valerian censor. Persecution of Decius	249	Commodian's Carmen Apologeticum; latest edition by H. Rausch, in Kahn's "Zeitschrift für Historische Theologie."
He is defeated and killed by the Goths	250	
	251	
	253	Pestilence mentioned by St. Cyprian in his work De Mortalitate.
Gallus is appointed to succeed by the Senate, is deposed and put to death by Æmilianus, the governor of Pannonia, who is superseded by Valerian, August	256	
Valerian's persecution	257	
First naval foray of the Goths	258	
	259	Martyrdom of St. Cyprian. Works, Ad Donatum (De Gratia Dei), De Oratione Dominica, De Habitu Virginum, De Bono Patientiæ, De Zelo et Livore, De Idolorum Vanitate (from Tertullian and Minucius Felix), De Lapsis, 251, De Mortalitate and Ad Demetrianum, 253, De Unitate Ecclesiæ, De Opere et Eleemosynis,

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Persian conquest of Armenia	260	Testimoniorum adversus Judæos, lib. iii., De Exhortatione Martyrii, lib. iii., 86 letters. Ed. G. Hartel, Vienna, 1868-1871.
Defeat and capture of Valerian	261	C. Julius Solinus, Collectanea, copied under Theodosius, A.D. 402. Ed. Mommsen, Berlin, 1864.
Second naval foray of the Goths	262	Marius Plotius Sacerdos writes on grammar in three books, still extant, using Juba, who used Heliodorus.
Aureolus invades Italy, is besieged in Milan; Gallienus, the son of Valerian, is killed in a night alarm, March 20. Claudius succeeds	268	
Victories and death of Claudius, who nominates Aurelian	270	
Victory over the Alemanni. Suppression of Seleucus	271	
War with Zenobia . . .	272, 273	
Triumph of Aurelian. Birth of Constantine .	274	
Assassination of Aurelian, January. Election of Tacitus, Sept. 25	275	
Death of Tacitus, April 12; in July, Probus, in the name of the Senate, deposes Florianus, the brother of Tacitus	276	
Probus clears Gaul of Germans	277	
Revolt of Saturninus in Egypt	279	
Revolt of Bonosus in Gaul	280	
Probus is massacred at Sirmium, and succeeded by Carus, his prætorian prefect	282	
Death of Carus, Dec. 25, in a campaign against Persia. Carinus and Numerian, his sons, succeed him	283	
Death of Numerian. His		

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army elect Diocletian, Sept. 17	284	Poem of M. Aurelius Nemesianus, which was still complete in the youth of Hincmar, Archbishop of Rheims.
Carinus is assassinated in the course of a battle against Diocletian, May	285	
Maximian is appointed Augustus. He suppresses the Bagaudæ in Gaul. Tiridates regains the throne of Armenia	286	
Carausius rebels in Britain	287	
	289	First panegyric on Maximian.
	291	Second panegyric on Maximian.
Galerius and Constantius appointed Cæsars . . .	293	
Death of Carausius . .	294	
Revolt of Egypt . . .	295	
Recovery of Britain by Constantius. First campaign of Galerius for the restoration of Tiridates, who had been expelled by the Persians	296	First panegyric of Eumenius on Constantius.
Victorious campaign of Galerius	297	Julius Valerius's translation of Pseudo-Callisthenes De Vita Alexandri Magni. Second panegyric of Eumenius.
Triumph of Maximian and Diocletian. First edict against the Christians	303	
Diocletian and Maximian abdicate. Galerius and Constantius succeed: the former nominates two Cæsars	305	
Constantius dies at York, July 25. Constantinus succeeds him. Maxentius, son of Maximian, is declared emperor at Rome, Oct. 28. Maximian resumes the empire	306	
Maximian receives the surrender of Severus (whom Galerius had appointed to rule in Italy after the death		

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of Constantius). Severus is put to death . . .	307	
Galerius, after an unsuccessful campaign in Italy, creates Licinius Augustus in Illyricum, and promotes Maximian in Syria	308	Arnobius's Seven Books <i>Adversus Nationes</i> . Ed. A. Reifferscheid, Vienna, 1875. Best MS., Paris, 1661, copied in the beginning of the ninth century from a cursive in the hand which subsequently developed into the Lombardic. This was copied from an uncial written in a country where the language was full of corruptions.
	"	
Maximian is deposed by his son, and takes refuge first with Licinius, and then with Constantine, who puts him to death in February . . .	310	Third panegyric of Eumenius.
Edict of Toleration. Death of Galerius	311	Fourth panegyric of Eumenius.
Maxentius is defeated at the battle of Saxa Rubra, and drowned in the Tiber, Oct. 20 . . .	312	
Conversion of Constantine? Edict of Milan; alliance with Licinius, Apr. 30; defeat and death of Maximian, Aug. 15	313	
Licinius declares war against Constantine . .	314	
He loses the Danubian provinces, Greece, and Macedonia	315	Death of Lactantius. Of his works, <i>De Opificio Dei</i> (ad <i>Demetrianum</i>) was finished A.D. 304. <i>Divinarum Institutionum</i> , lib. viii., 307-310. <i>De Ira Dei</i> , <i>De Mortibus Persecutorum</i> , 313, 314. The <i>Epitome of the Institutions</i> published by Pfaff in 1712 from a Turin MS. may possibly be the same which St. Jerome ascribed to Lactantius. Edited in Gernsdorf's <i>Bibliotheca Patrum</i> , 1842.
Gothic War	322	
War with Licinius; after three battles he surrenders and is put to death	323	
Foundation of Constantinople	324	
Council of Nice	325	
	329	? Death of Arnobius; it is in this year

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Dedication of Constantinople. Birth of Julian	330	that St. Jerome enters him as celebrated.
		Before the Gothic war C. Vettius Aquilinus Juvenius publishes his four books " <i>Historiæ Evangelicæ</i> ." They have been edited, with the doubtful additions on the Old Testament, by Arevalo, Rome, 1792.
Gothic war	331	
Death of Arius	332	
Baptism and death of Constantine, May 22. Massacre of Constantine's brothers and nephews with the exception of Julian and Gallus	337	
	338	Attius Patera is a celebrated teacher of rhetoric at Rome.
Civil war between Constantians and Constantine II.; death of the latter	342	
Sapor's unsuccessful siege of Nisibis	346	
Magnentius murders Constantians, and associates Vetranio, the commandant of Illyrium, in the empire	348	Birth of Prudentius.
Constantius compels Vetranio to capitulate . .	350	
Battle of Mursa; defeat of Magnentius; Gallus declared Cæsar . .	351	
Final defeat and death of Magnentius, Aug. 10.	353	Birth of St. Paulinus of Nola. Pasiphilus is appointed prefect of the city. Probably the 14 books of Palladius on husbandry are dedicated to him: the first is taken up with generalities; the next 12 are a monthly farmer's calendar; the last treats of trees in 170 elegiacs.
Disgrace and execution of Gallus	354	Birth of St. Augustin. Under this year St. Jerome marks in his Chronicle the reputation of Donatus's " <i>My Professor</i> ." The work of Julius Firmicus Maternus dates from this year; so does, according to St. Jerome, the reputation of Marius Victorinus, who had a statue in Trajan's Forum. He translated the <i>Isagoge</i> of Porphyry, wrote comments on Cicero's <i>Dia-</i>

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		logues. We have an <i>Ars Grammatica</i> of his, which treats mostly of metre.
Julian at Athens, May; proclaimed Cæsar at Milan, Nov. 6	355	
Enforced rebellion of Silvanus, who is cut off by Ursicinus	356	Banishment of St. Hilary.
Constantius at Rome, April 28 to May 28. Battle of Strasburg . .	357	Latinus Alcimius Alethius and Attius Piso Delphidius are orators at Arles.
Fall of Amid on the Tigris	359	
Julian proclaimed Augustus	360	Return of St. Hilary.
Death of Constantius; he is succeeded by Julian.	361	
George of Cappadocia slain in a tumult at Alexandria	362	C. Claudius Mamertinus returns thanks for the consulate to Julian at Constantinople.
Persian campaign and death of Julian. Jovian surrenders the conquests of Galerius . .	363	
Death of Jovian, Feb. 17; Valentinian succeeds. Partition of the empire between Valentinian and Valens, June 4	364	Rescript to L. Aurelius Avianus Symmachus, the father of the orator.
Rebellion of Procopius . .	365	Symmachus, the orator, is appointed Corrector "Suediniæ et Bruttiorum." Publication of Codex Hermogenianus, which contained all the Imperial rescripts from 290 to 364.
Capture and death of Procopius	366	St. Damasus Pope. Death of St. Hilary.
Theodosius, the father of the emperor, pacifies Britain	367 368	Rufinus, the writer, in Egypt. Symmachus's speech on the third consulate of Valentinian.
	370	Symmachus is proconsul of Africa.
Theodosius suppresses the revolt of Africa . .	373 374	St. Jerome in the wilderness of Chalcis. St. Ambrose Bishop of Milan. St. Optatus writes under Valentinian and Valens against the Donatists; works in Migne.

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Death of Valentinian; Gratian succeeds with his half-brother Valentinian II.	375	
The Goths take refuge on Roman territory . .	376	About this date Proba Faltonia composes her Cento of Vergil.
Gratian at Rome	377	Rufinus on the Mount of Olives.
Battle of Adrianople; defeat and death of Valens	378	St. Jerome at Antioch ordained priest.
Theodosius appointed emperor	379	
Council of Constantinople	381	
Submission of the Goths.	382	St. Jerome at Rome. Augustin at Rome. Death of L. Aurelius Flavianus Symmachus.
Maximus revolts; Gratian is killed	383 384	Death of St. Damasus; letters and poems in Migne's Patrology; the hymns ascribed to him for St. Andrew and St. Agatha are rather in the manner of Prudentius.
	385	St. Jerome and St. Paula in Egypt.
The Ostrogoths defeated on the Danube; are settled in Phrygia . .	386	
Maximus invades Italy, is defeated on the Save and put to death . . .	387	Baptism of St. Augustin. Publication of the Codex Gregorianus, which contains all the Imperial rescripts known to the compiler up to A.D. 295.
Sack of the Serapeum at Alexandria	388	St. Augustin returns to Africa.
Massacre of Thessalonica	389	Panegyric of Latinus Pacatus Drepanius in Panegyrici Veteres.
Penance of Theodosius . .	390	Relation of Symmachus.
	391	St. Augustin is ordained Presbyter. Death of St. Pacianus, who wrote on Penitence against the Novatians; works in Migne.
Murder of Valentinian II. by Arbogastes, who appoints Eugenius emperor	392	
Defeat and death of Arbogastes and his emperor	394	St. Paulinus at Nola.
Death of Theodosius; the empire is divided between Arcadius and Honorius; Rufinus is		

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minister in the East, Stilicho in the West. Rufinus is overthrown by the military party .	395	St. Augustin Coadjutor Bishop of Hip- po.
Alaric invades Greece .	396	St. Augustin Bishop of Hippo.
	397	Rufinus, the theologian, returns to Italy. Death of St. Ambrose.
Gildo rebels in Africa; he is suppressed by his own brother at Stili- cho's instigation . . .	399	
Goths revolt under Tri- bigild (the Targibilus of Claudian). Down- fall of Eutropius . . .	402	
Alaric invades Italy and is defeated at Pollentia	403	
Triumph of Honorius .	404	
	405	Cassian at Rome. Aurelius Prudentius Clemens publishes his works; latest edition, A. Dressel, Leipsic. Of the hymns in the Cathemerinon, vv. 1-8, 81-84, 397-400 of the hymn "Ad Galli Cantum" are used in the Bre- viary for lauds; vv. 1-8, 38, 39, 52, 57, 59, 60, 67, 68 of the Hymnus Ma- tutinus for prime; 25, 93, 94, 96, 97- 100, 10-12, 19, 27, 109-111 of the Hymnus Omnis Horæ for compline; 125, 130, 93-102, 107-112, 117, 114, 113, 120, 133-136 of the hymn for Epiphany for Innocents' Day; 1-4, 37-44, 85-88 of the same for the Transfiguration; 77-80, 5-8, 61-64, 69-72 of the same for lauds in Lent; first ten lines of the Hymnus Jejuna- tium for compline in Lent; 125-152 of the Hymnus ante somnum, com- pline in Passion Week; 1-27, 25-28, 149-164 of the Hymnus ad Incensum Lucernæ for the benediction of the Paschal candle; 1, 51, 719, 720, 721- 732 of the hymn for St. Laurence, and 545-548, 557-560 of the hymn for St. Vincent is used for any martyr; 117-120, 53-56, 33-44, 121-140 of the Hymnus in Exsequiis Defunctorum was used in Germany.
Invasion of Rhadagaise; he is defeated and dies; his troops invade Gaul	406	

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Constantine at the head of the British army con- quers Gaul and Spain.	407	
Downfall of Stilicho.		
Death of Arcadius . .	408	
Alaric ransoms Rome .	409	St. Paulinus Bishop of Nola.
Alaric captures Rome, Aug. Death of Alaric	410	The capture of Rome is the last event mentioned by Orosius. Death of Rufinus. Besides the other transla- tions mentioned in the text there was a translation of Sextius, whom the translators identified with Pope Sex- tus.
Ataulphus leads the Goths to Gaul . . .	412	
	415	Claudius Rutilius Numatianus, or Na- matianus, writes on his return to Gaul in two books; most of the latter lost. The text depends on the Codex Bob- bianus, discovered in 1492, and now lost.
	416	Osius dedicates his Rivellas: Teub- ner, Leipsic, 1871.
	417	Cassian writes the first ten collations.
The Goths re-establish the authority of Ho- nori in Gaul and Spain, and found a kingdom at Toulouse.	419	
	420	Death of St. Jerome. Works in Migne reprinted from the Venice edition.
Death of Honorius . .	423	Paulinus of Milan settles in Africa and writes a life of St. Ambrose in imita- tion of Sulpicius Severus's Life of St. Martin.
Usurpation of John . .	425	
Valentinian III. Emperor of the West	426	
Revolt of Bonifacius, who invites the Van- dals (who had moved from Gallicia to And- alusia) into Africa . .	427	
	428	Prosper of Aquitaine, first letter to St. Augustin.
Siege of Hippo . . .	430	Death of St. Augustin. Works, besides those mentioned, De Quantitate Ani- mæ, at Rome, De Magistro, at Tha- gaste (a dialogue with Adeodatus, his natural son), De Bono Conjugali, De Sancta Virginitate, 363 sermons published from reports, De Cura pro Mortuis, on prayer for the dead, and

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		relic-worship and ghost stories, to Paulinus at Nola, De Mendacio and Contra Mendacium, De Divinatione Dæmonum, De Opere Monachorum, De Catechizandis Rudibus (400), De Doctrinâ Christianâ, begun 397, finished 427, Psalmus Abecedarius, 393.
Council of Ephesus	431	Birth of C. Sollius Sidonius Apollinaris. Death of St. Paulinus; his panegyrics on St. John Baptist in hexameters, which dates cir. A.D. 390, is addressed to Nicetes, Bishop of Dacia, like a sapphic ode on the martyrs, in eighty-five stanzas.
Defeat of Bonifacius; evacuation of Hippo	432	
Death of Bonifacius (in a private war with Aetius).	434	Flavius Merobaudes has a statue in Trajan's Forum.
	435	? Vincentius of Lerins writes his Commonitorium.
Surprise of Carthage by the Vandals	439	
Third consulate of Aetius	440	St. Leo is Pope.
	446	
	449	? Commonitorium of Vincentius in distichs.
Battle of Chalons	450	C. Claudius Marius Victorinus, a rhetorician of Marseilles, composes a commentary on Genesis for his son.
Council of Chalcedon	451	
Attila dies after invading Italy	453	
Valentinian kills Aetius.	454	The death of Aetius, latest event mentioned in Prosper's Chronicle.
He is killed by two of Aetius's guards. His widow invites the Vandals, who occupy and pillage Rome for fourteen days	455	
The Goths nominate Avitus, the father-in-law of Sidonius Apollinaris, to the empire. He is deposed, and for fifteen years Ricimer governs Italy in the name of various emperors.	456	Philippus, an admirer of St. Jerome, dies, leaving a Commentary on Job (printed in Migne's Patrology). Sidonius Apollinaris's panegyric on Avitus.
	458	Sidonius Apollinaris's panegyric on Majorian. About this time Flavius Rusticus Helpidius Dormulus, who

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Death of Majorian, the ablest of them	461	edited MS. of Pomponius Mela at Ravenna, was writing at Arles.
Death of Theodoric of Toulouse	465	Death of St. Leo. We have 98 sermons and 173 letters in Migne's Patrology.
Ricimer receives an emperor from Constantinople	468	Paulinus of Pella, at the age of 84, composes a poem of thanksgiving in elegiacs for thirty years of good luck and fifty-four of bad.
	469	Sidonius Apollinaris's panegyric on Anthemius.
A joint expedition against the Vandals fails	470	? Publication of Sidonius Apollinaris's poems. Idacius, a bishop in Gallicia, writes a chronicle.
	472	Paulinus of Perigueux, a poetaster, versifies Sulpicius Severus's Life of St. Martin in two books, 385. 717 hexameters. At about the same date Claudianus Mamertus Ecdidius dedicates to Sidonius his work De Statu Animæ. This, with his hymns, has been printed in Migne. It is uncertain whether he or Vincentius Fortunatus is the author of the Passion hymn "Pange Lingua gloriosi prælium certaminis."
Death of Ricimer	473	Consecration of Sidonius Apollinaris as Bishop of Auvergne.
Submission of Auvergne to the Goths?	474	Birth of Magnus Felix Ennodius.
Odoacer gives the barbarian troops lands in Italy, and deposes Romulus Augustulus; the Senate, with his permission, return the imperial ornaments to Zeno	476	
Clovis becomes the chief of the Franks	477	Birth of Cassiodorus.
Accession of Gunthermund in Africa	481	Birth of Boethius and Jornandes.
	484	
	485	Q. Aurelius Memmius Symmachus, the father-in-law of Boethius, is consul; he emends Macrobius's Somnium Scipionis with the help of Macrobius Plotinus Eudoxius.
Clovis defeats Syagrius	486	Victor Vitensis writes his chronicle of the Vandal persecution: printed in Migne.

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	487	Death of Sidonius Apollinaris. His three panegyrics on Julius Cæsar, Avitus, and Majorian, his epithalamia, his descriptive poems on Narbo and the burg or fortified villa of Leontius, and most of the epigrams, are earlier than his consecration as bishop. The first two books of letters, though collected afterwards, were written when he was a layman. Ed. Simond, 1652; reprinted in Migne.
Theodoric invades Italy	489	
Battle of Tolbiac	490	St. Avitus, Bishop of Vienne.
Capture of Ravenna, and death of Odoacer . . .	493	
Death of Gunthermund .	496	Between 484 and 496 Blissius Æmilius Dracontius writes his Satisfactio, 158 distichs, and De Deo in three books, unintelligible, 754, 843, 699 hexameters. Ed. Arevalo, Rome, 1791; C. E. Gläser, Breslau, 1847, 1848. Dracontii Carmina, Vienna, 1870. About this date Gennadius, a presbyter of Marseilles, continued Jerome's De Viris Illustribus. He seems to have written just after the end of the pontificate of St. Gelasius, who died 496. Works in Migne's Patrology. The most considerable of the contemporaries he mentions are Pomerius, a continuator of Claudianus Mamertus, and Ruricius, Bishop of Limoges (484-507), a continuator and correspondent of Sidonius Apollinaris; remains of both in Migne's Patrology. About the same date Cœlius Sedulius composes his Carmen Paschale on the Gospel history, divided into four books, with an introductory book on the wonders of the Old Testament. Edited by F. Arevalo, Rome, 1794.
Submission of Western Gaul to Clovis	498	
Theodoric visits Rome .	500	
Frankish conquest of Aquitaine	507	
	510	Boethius is consul.
	511	Ennodius is elected Bishop of Pavia.
	514	Cassiodorus consul.
Accession of Justinian as colleague to Justin .	520	
	521	Death of Ennodius; his works are ed-

	A.D.	
Death of Sigismund, last king of Burgundy . . .	523	ited in Migne. They include, besides those mentioned, a panegyric on Theodoric, and a defence of the Synod which absolved Pope Symmachus.
Imprisonment of Boethius	524	
He is put to death; so is his father-in-law, Symmachus	525	Death of St. Avitus. His works in Migne's Patrology.
Death of Theodoric . . .	526	
Reconquest of Africa . .	530	Death of Rusticus Elpidius, a physician of Theodoric, who wrote 149 hexameters on the benefits of Christ. Latest date of the 2d edition of the Chronicle of Marcellinus; Comes's Continuation of the Chronicle of St. Jerome.
	533	
Death of Athanaric, grandson of Theodoric	534	
Death of Amalasentha .	535	Death of Avitus; works in Migne.
Reconquest of Sicily. Witiges king of the Goths	536	
Belisarius takes Ravenna	539	Retreat of Cassiodorus.
The Goths renew the war under Totila	540	
Revolt of the Moors in Africa	543-558	
Narses conquers Italy . .	552	
Narses defeats the Franks	559	
Death of Justinian . . .	565	
Lombards invade Italy . .	567	
	569	Death of Cassiodorus.

LATIN LITERATURE.

PART IV.

THE CLAUDIAN PERIOD.

CHAPTER I.

SENECA.

SENECA is the patriarch of a whole literary revival, as Quintilian acknowledges when he has to give a reason for not mentioning him in his place in the list of classics. He wrote in every style, both in prose and verse—orations, essays, dialogues, tragedies; and he was the favorite author of young men when Quintilian undertook his educational reform, which consisted in a return to the classical tradition of the Augustan age. According to Quintilian, Seneca was intolerant in literature, and would allow his admirers leave to admire nothing but himself. It is plain from his own works that he thought very badly of the literature of erudition to which most teachers of the time were devoted, and his constant insistence on edification would act as a disparagement of most contemporary writers.

He was born apparently about the beginning of the Christian era, in Spain; but came early to Rome with his aunt, who nursed him through his delicate childhood. All his life he seems to have been more or less of an invalid, and when

growing old he suffered severely from asthma.¹ He was smitten with a passion for asceticism in his youth, thanks to the teaching of a certain Attalus, and became a water-drinker and vegetarian, till Tiberius took measures to expel the rites of Egypt and Judæa from Rome, when his father, who disapproved of philosophy, was glad of the pretext to induce him to resume the use of flesh-meat, lest he should be suspected of abstaining upon superstitious grounds. However, he persistently renounced the two great dainties of the time, mushrooms and oysters, because both served not to nourishment, but to appetite. He seems to have distinguished himself by his eloquence as early as the reign of Caligula, for that perverse and acute observer remarked that he did nothing but put together librettos, and his style was mere sand without lime. Suetonius mentions this as a proof that Caligula disliked a smooth, highly finished style, and perhaps his criticism may give us some idea of Seneca's early manner before his earnestness had become strong enough to be a torment to him. The comparatively early work on Anger is smooth and easy in a sense; the writer is not so familiar with his thoughts that he refuses to do more than allude to them. Such as they are, he puts them quite clearly and pointedly; and, at the same time, it is quite true that he seems to be playing with commonplaces, and to have no thought or information to communicate; and this explains Caligula's second criticism. From first to last Seneca is a very incoherent writer; he never succeeds in having a plan in any of his longer works; he is at the mercy of the association of ideas and of the way in which one topic suggests another. He generally seems to hold that a plan is a good thing in itself, and the arid method of Stoical text-books would naturally supply him with a framework more than sufficient, if only he could keep to it. In fact, one might almost admire the agility with which he dances round his argument, never quite losing sight of it, and coming back to it for a moment, without apparent effort, when he wishes to make a fresh start. The weakness of his method is that it is impossible to summarize one of his treatises,

¹ Sen. "Ad Lucil." Ep. liv., lxxv. 6.

tises, and therefore impossible to remember more of it than fine phrases and passages; and a conscientious editor who undertakes to trace the connection of the whole is soon reduced to suspect his MSS. Apart from this want of lucid order, the treatise on Anger is easy reading. Every word and syllable is kept in place; there is nothing tumid or rough or tedious; the writing seems to be pointed only that it may be entertaining and clear; there is no effort to be sublime or startling or impressive.

As was natural, considering his delicate health and his education, Seneca was in early life a ladies' man, visiting matrons of rank very much as the better kind of French abbé did in the seventeenth century. A Roman of rank who took an interest in his character kept a philosopher, as in later times serious nobles kept chaplains; but, as it was not etiquette for Roman ladies to study, they were dependent upon philosophical friends. An ambitious man might hope to make his way by feminine protection; a kind-hearted man might feel he was doing good by introducing a little method among the fine feelings of high-born, high-souled, uninstructed women. His success was all the easier because society was still very much divided by sex, and a man who mixed in ladies' society found himself in the enviable situation of a solitary phoenix. But his position had its temptations and dangers. When a Roman lady compromised herself, she commonly compromised all her intimates. Julia, the daughter of Germanicus, was accused of adultery and banished, and Seneca was banished to Corsica too. According to Suetonius, he was supposed to have been one of her paramours; according to others, he was supposed to have known of her intrigues and to have aided them; and in the minds of Messalina and Claudius the two charges would hardly be distinguished. He remained in exile for eight years, and was then recalled by the influence of Agrippina to superintend the education of Nero. After the death of Claudius, he and Burrus, the prætorian prefect, governed the Roman empire for five years. As neither had any independent authority, it is not surprising that their government was studiously popular, and it was so intelligent that it was quoted as a model long after.

It was necessary to humor Nero, not only in his private vices, but in his family crimes. Seneca composed the speech in which Nero apologized for the death of his mother, as we learn from the quotation¹ of the opening sentence in which he assured the senate that he could not yet believe or rejoice in his safety. It is possible that, if Nero had continued to respect the senate, senatorian historians might have used Agrippina's memoirs with less confidence, and have entertained the question whether, when she found it impossible to reign in her son's name, she did not pass into a formidable conspirator against his authority and even his safety. Seneca was certainly a less disinterested judge of the question than Tacitus or Suetonius, or the authors of the pasquinades which compared Nero to the matricides of Greek tragedy; on the other hand, he was much better informed. It is only fair to his memory to remember that, if Agrippina was really dangerous, the safest and easiest precaution was to put her to death. It is easier to prove that no perfectly virtuous man in Seneca's situation would have condescended to be an accomplice in a perfidious matricide, than to guess what course a perfectly virtuous minister ought to have recommended to an excitable boy whose mother—a clever, energetic woman, still in the prime of life—was conspiring against him.

Seneca was always a comparatively wealthy man: when Nero came to the throne his wealth rapidly became enormous. Nero himself gave him large sums, and every one who wished to do business with him doubtless was ready with presents. Even if Seneca had been so scrupulous as to refuse these, he would not think of refusing legacies. He appears also to have had investments in Egypt, which would become much more profitable when he was in power. When he retired, we find that he had put them on a footing which protected him against all fluctuations of profit and loss. Even if he made more moderate use of his opportunities of enriching himself than other ministers, he would still have enriched himself faster; for he clung for a long time to simplicity of food and dress, and even furniture, and these things were the largest

¹ Quintilian, iii. 5.

items of the expenditure of most of the rich. Seneca had admirable villas and gardens; we even hear that he had a set of five hundred dinner-tables, all mounted on ivory—which was not an excessive number, as he probably entertained his clients by hundreds in his gardens. He was one of the last prominent Romans who gave away considerable sums to his dependants when in difficulties; but he had large sums out at interest in all the provinces, including Britain, and when he desired to retire he provoked a rebellion there by calling in all his investments at once. Some time before his death, he vainly endeavored to propitiate Nero by resigning all his property, which Nero judiciously refused to accept. But when information came of a mysterious message to Piso,¹ although Seneca would have had a perfectly good defence if he could have had a fair trial, it is not surprising that Nero believed the evidence, and concluded that Seneca was at least privy to the conspiracy of which he was the latest victim. He died in character, with a great deal of philosophical eloquence, and left a high, though not an uncontested, reputation behind him.

The real significance of his career is that he brought declamation into literature, and that he brought philosophy into literature too, at a time when literature was languishing for the want of something new. Cicero's philosophical treatises, though they often have more substance than Seneca's, have too much the appearance of school-books, as if philosophy required a great deal of introduction to Roman society. Seneca always has the air of discussing a familiar matter of practical concern. He always appears to have something to say which wants saying; and this was a great advantage at a time when literature practically consisted of three things—orations, which were a great deal too pretentious for the cases tried; histories, which dealt with events too recent for impartiality, and were deficient even in the attraction of novelty; and poetry, which was mainly a series of variations upon too familiar themes. The great intellectual interest of

¹ Seneca had sent word to Piso that it was better they should not meet so often, but that Piso's safety was the guarantee of his own.

the day had been supplied by declamations on imaginary subjects. It was a great change to have declamations on general and permanent interests; and the public, used to satisfy themselves for a time with a display of ingenuity about nothing, were reasonably fascinated with a display of ingenuity on the regulation of the temper. Seneca's weak health was probably an advantage to him in two ways: it forced him to write instead of speaking, and it threw him forcibly upon the inner life. It is important to notice throughout that his philosophy deals with temper, and not with conduct, or only with conduct so far as it is connected with temper. There are two treatises, on Anger and on Benefits, which refer more or less to behavior; the first is the expression of his disgust at the feverish tyranny of Caligula; the second is a theory of how he and Nero ought to exercise their patronage. There is a treatise on Clemency, which is meant to encourage Nero in his sentimental dislike to inflicting extreme penalties. But the main current of Seneca's teaching flows elsewhere, especially in its latest form. The letters to Lucilius, which are really a philosophical diary, turn upon cheerfulness and fearlessness and self-possession, and say nothing about external duties. It is remarkable that Seneca, as soon as he wishes himself to withdraw from power, begins a vigorous though intermittent polemic against the Stoical doctrine that the wise man will take part in the government of the state. He observes that the celebrated Stoical sages, Zeno, Cleanthes, Chrysippus, and the rest, remained private teachers all their lives; and therefore, if they were consistent, must have intended the precept to take part in the common weal in some other sense, or have attached some condition or other as to its performance. Either they abstained from public affairs because they had not sufficient station to make their virtue and wisdom of use to their fellow-citizens, and then their example would justify any philosopher who thought he was precluded by circumstances from public life; or they considered that they did their part of the public service by forming the characters of those who would be called to undertake it in their own persons; or they thought chiefly of the great com-

monwealth of the universe, and in practising and teaching virtue they were certainly active citizens of this. Such versatility in explaining away one of the most distinctive tenets of Stoicism prepares us to find that Seneca was not a very strict Stoic. He wishes to be the disciple of truth, and not of men; he professes to think it desirable that there should be different schools of philosophy to suit different temperaments, and to prefer Stoicism for himself, as the manliest; because all schools practically recommended very much the same course of behavior, while the Stoics professed most confidence in the sufficiency of their recommendations. No philosophy undertook to guarantee its disciples against the undesirable accidents of life; but Stoicism undertook to prove that they were not real evils, and the conviction might be bracing or consoling when they could not be honorably avoided. Not that Seneca asserts the absolute indifference of prosperity and adversity; in his early writings he dwells by choice on the glory which is only to be won by difficult heroism, on the need that every courageous nature will feel to prove its strength, on the glory and gladness of God in beholding of what the lesser spirits which have communion with his are capable. It is quite of a piece with the rest of the discussion of such subjects in Seneca that he expects his readers to be edified by the example of gladiators who were disappointed if kept long without a chance of being killed.

Later on, in the letters to Lucilius and the essay 'De Otio Sapientis,' there is another feeling: the wise man will always rejoice in any call to exercise his virtue; but there are calls of different kinds, and it is permissible to prefer a call to the virtue which is least laborious; for in prosperity virtue is shown by self-control, which is easier than the efforts which are required in adversity. This casuistry reminds us of the better aspects of the casuistry which Pascal criticised without much study, with a little carelessness of the facts of an old and complex society. In such a society it is difficult to get many people capable of large practical success to move far from the conventional standard of action: if so, it is something gained to get them to conform to it in a higher than the conventional

temper, which is what Pascal's adversaries meant by their doctrine of directing the intention—a doctrine which, with other phraseology, is as familiar to Epictetus as to Seneca. This may serve as an explanation of the contrast, which at first appears so glaring, between Seneca's ethical fervor and his political career. There is no reason to think that he had to do much, if any, violence to his conscience in his position as Nero's minister: he thought more of the good he did than of the evil he condoned. He had been used to having his sense of personal dignity offended from his first connection with the court, when he was put in charge of Nero's education, and reconciled himself to the trial as one of the things that are frequent in life. After all, he seems to think that there is very little more to be required than usefulness and fearlessness.

The *honestum* which is so prominent in Cicero has retired into the background with Seneca: the habitual sense of looking well in men's eyes, respecting one's self and being respected, counts for little in his scheme of life: self-applause at the abiding victory over the world seems to be part of the happiness of the wise man, and the enthusiasm of great moments seems to be the portion of all who are sincere. But Seneca is aware that self-complacency is dangerous to moral progress, and is too much tormented by introspection to be much tempted to it. He begins his treatise on "Mental Tranquillity" by a piece of self-accusation. When he sees the splendor of the world, he finds it difficult to keep to his ideal of simplicity; he is dazzled, and finds it easier to rouse his spirit to resist temptation than his eyes. When he resolves to keep himself to himself, to do nothing for the judgment of others, he will occupy himself with instructive writing, which exacts less labor than what is meant to be immortal; but even here his infirmity besets him. "As soon as the mind is lifted up with the greatness of its thought, its ambition runs loose; it pants for a higher speech to match its higher spirit, and the language mounts to the dignity of the subject. Then I forget my rule and my chastened judgment: I am borne aloft, and my words are no longer mine."¹

¹ "De Tranquillitate Animæ," i. *ad finem*.

He holds that there is no danger in his state of unrest: he compares it to the unsteadiness of the nerves of convalescents, and apparently considers the malady general. Those are best off who profess nothing, and look down upon everything; they have not to keep a character which they hardly care for, and are ashamed to give up. Others are always changing, always best pleased with what they were doing a little while ago; others, again, change till they are tired, and only settle down to whatever they happen to be doing when they are old; others are too lazy, not too resolute, to change; they live not as they choose, but as they happen to have begun living. All these are forms of one vice, with one end—discontent. "This arises from an ill-tempered mind and fearfulness of desire, or ill-success therein, when men dare less than they covet, or come short of what they seek, and so lose their balance on a hope, and always are unstable and in suspense. While they are waiting and hoping they teach themselves and force themselves to everything that is hard and shameful; and, when they have no reward for their labor, they are tormented by their unprofitable disgrace; and even then lament, not that their choice was shameful, but that it was barren. Then comes regret of old undertakings and fears of new; and they feel three things creeping over them—the unrest of a mind which finds no way open, since it can neither command nor fulfil its desires, and the slow pace of an undeveloped life, and the rust of a spirit sinking into lethargy among disappointed purposes." And outward rest only aggravates the evil; they have no resources within. "They complain of being unemployed, and their envy is the bitterest enemy of others who are thriving. They would have all men pulled down, since they have not been able to come to the front themselves, and so, out of disgust at successes of others and despair of their own, their mind waxes wroth with fortune, and complains of the times, and withdraws into a corner to brood upon its own affliction. For the sores of the mind are like those of the body—they itch to be handled, though it keeps them from healing."¹ Then Seneca changes the subject without letting us or himself

¹ "De Tranquillitate Animæ," ii.

quite know it: he goes off to the ordinary innocent restlessness that can attempt to relieve itself by travelling, and remarks shrewdly on the fancifulness that can turn from the dainty trimness of Campania (which was then all farms or gardens) to the wild forest pastures of the far south, where the solitude was relieved by the romantic stateliness of the deserted and unruined cities of Magna Græcia.

Then he comes back to Lucretius's observation that even travel palls, since no man can fly from himself, and returns to the high tragic vein. "We are too weak to bear labor or pleasure: we are past serving our own turn or other men's. This has driven not a few to death, because they had changed their aims so often that they found themselves coming back to the same as before, and had left no room for anything new. They began to despise their life and the very universe, and they feel the sting of self-indulgence run mad. 'Is it to be always the same?'" Elsewhere Seneca quotes the same saying with approval, as if everything were good which makes men willing to die. After the disease comes the remedy—unselfish exertion; and here we see that Seneca has been copying Athenodorus, who recommends public life in theory, and, despairing of the republic, falls back upon a recommendation of the exercise of moral influence in private. Seneca puts his own eloquence at the service of Athenodorus, in order perhaps to have the credit of refuting a worthy antagonist. He adds something to the statement of the view he is going to correct. It is important that the retired sage should work in earnest at his own improvement and that of others, or he will waste his time on outward trifles, putting up buildings and pulling down, banking out the sea, and carrying water uphill. The truth is, Athenodorus gave up the game too soon: if there is no room for the sage in the army, he may look to civil office: if he must remain in private life, he may be an orator; if forced to silence, he may still stand by his friends in court; if forced to forsake the forum, he may still be good company at table and at play. Rome is not all the world: wherever you are banished you may be at home and of use. Besides, a private Roman who cannot put himself forward in

any way may still be a good soldier of the state. "If he is forced into the rear rank, still there he can shout and exhort and set a soldier's example and show a soldier's spirit. Whatever happens, you ought to keep your stand, help with your war-cry; if your mouth is stopped, keep your stand and help with your silence. A good citizen always does good service: to see him, to hear him, does good; his look and gesture, his silent steadfastness, his very going by, does good. The example of one who keeps quiet well has its use."¹ And then comes the example of Socrates under the Thirty, without any mention of his resistance to an illegal order of theirs. Seneca goes on to his execution under the restored democracy as a proof that all circumstances are equally favorable or unfavorable to the wise man; and that as they help or hinder him, he will expand to his full dimensions or draw in; but, either way, he will be moving, not rusting in the bondage of fear.

Among other remedies of discontent, Seneca mentions friendship and economy, which he bases upon a deliberate adherence to old fashions, a preference for use rather than for ornament, and the avoidance of unnecessary business. Here Seneca gets into confusion with his eclecticism: he sees the force of Democritus's recommendation to keep free from business, but he is too much of a Stoic to refuse business which had a claim upon him, or to contemplate arranging his life so as to be free from many claims. Consequently he shuts his eyes to the point of Democritus's precept, and represents it as a protest against the useless round of salutation and "that worst of vices," an itching ear and inquiry into everything public and secret, and the knowledge of many things which it is not safe to tell nor safe to hear. He escapes into some edifying remarks upon the impossibility of disconcerting the wise man who is prepared for whatever can happen to him. And so he will be free from attachment to his plans and meet everything cheerfully, like Julius Canus, who received a sentence of death under Caligula with thanks, and was playing chess when summoned to execution, and discoursed by the way on the question whether the soul would be conscious of its departure from the body.

¹ "De Tranquillitate Animæ," iii.

But there are impersonal sources of trouble: Seneca sees all that is to be said for pessimism, the only resource is to laugh at it all. Even the misfortunes of the good are not worth a tear: if they bear them well, what need to pity them? if they pity themselves, they deserve no pity. And, in order to maintain this cheerful temper, we must amuse ourselves, like Cato and Scipio and Asinius Pollio. Apparently Seneca agrees with Plato that it is well to drink occasionally up to or beyond the verge of sobriety; partly because the younger Cato (an exceedingly dull person) took that means of putting himself into high spirits, and partly because there is a great deal of Greek authority for connecting madness and inspiration. Here Seneca winds up abruptly with a caution that diligent practice is more important than precept.

The treatise on the "Shortness of Life" is a sort of pendant to that on "Tranquillity of Mind." It is full of earnestness, which many will find disproportioned, drawn from the familiar topic that the shortness of life makes it a very important question how it is spent. Granted that life is important, it is easy to prove that it is more important for being short, and not difficult to maintain that it is too important to be wasted on any or all of the things for which men naturally and spontaneously care. The particular way in which Seneca puts the doctrine is that life is too short and too uncertain to be spent, according to a fashionable Roman theory, as a preparation for an easy and luxurious old-age. When will you live, Seneca asks, if not now? and waxes eloquent on all the business which keeps people from realizing the present and recalling the past, while all their desire is taken up in an abortive effort to forestall the future. He glorifies the sage whose perfect self-possession makes him as God; for to him the past and the present and the future are united in every moment of his contemplation. This is the reward of giving his whole attention to each hour, and doing nothing that he would not think worth doing forever: but this felicity he shares with the crowd of plain, wholesome, commonplace folk who have no plans and no aspirations, and live contentedly from one day to another. The dilettante was the typical

man of leisure, but Seneca sees nothing in his occupations but undignified fuss. Yet he had less peace than some "who passed their days in arranging Corinthian bronzes" or "sorting droves of useless slaves by colors and ages." It was pleasant to watch them brawling, and pretend that one was superintending their exercises. A man occupied with his toilet, who "would rather have the state in confusion than his hair disarranged,"¹ is not so much more unreasonable than a philosopher who would rather let everything go wrong than risk his temper in rebuking it. The philosopher is occupied with perfection, and so is the amateur who nurses his voice: if the voice is best when left alone, as Seneca says, most ascetics find that the same holds of the temper. It is no reproach to anybody to give good dinners, or to train the waiters to behave better than the guests. What seems to provoke Seneca most of all is the useless learning which had become fashionable at Rome, which consisted in a mere *memoria technica* of superficial trivialities; as, Who was the first to induce Romans to go to sea? Who was the first to exhibit lions loose? Who was the first to lead elephants in triumph?²

All the time which is given to this information, which has no effect upon the character, is so much lost to the study of philosophy, and all the time that is spent on philosophy is true life. It is a great privilege to be adopted at will into a great house, and take not only its name but its heritage; and it should seem that, in Seneca's judgment, to be a serious philosopher of any school is all that is required. He has a hearty dislike to the pettifogging logic of the earlier Stoics, and spends the best part of a letter to Lucilius on refuting an unlucky syllogism of Zeno:³ a drunken man is not trusted with a secret; a good man is trusted with a secret; therefore a good man is not drunken. First of all, he scolds Zeno for saying a drunken man if he meant a drunkard, and then he quotes several noted drunkards of the late republic and the early empire who held high office and knew great secrets and kept them. In the letters to Lucilius throughout he quotes Epicurus by preference, because Lucilius supposed himself to

¹ "De Brevitate Vitæ," xii.² Id. xiii.³ Ep. lxxxiii.

be an Epicurean, and because Seneca was delighted to prove that Epicurus was as unworldly and as abstinent as any of the rest, though every now and then he insists that the Stoics are always at the level which Epicurus only reaches sometimes. Another attraction of Epicurus may have been his retired life; for the love of retirement certainly grew upon Seneca: he says that he never returns from company or business in as good a frame of mind as he entered upon it. He urges Lucilius, as the first step to improvement, to shake himself loose from the cares of this world, and not to believe that he is entangled against his will because he finds the entanglement irksome; he could relieve himself at once, or very soon, if he could only renounce the objects for which he undertakes so much irksome business. He rejoices when he finds that he can resist distractions himself, when he can lodge near the baths and not be disturbed by the different noises; and triumphs when he can arrive at one of his villas and simply lie down to rest from his journey without a bath and a shampoo. The conception of progress is very prominent; it is more to him than it could be to a strict Stoic, who consistently divided the world into the two classes, the wise and the mad. Of course the first class was practically non-existent, and the worldly were fond of dwelling upon the weaknesses and inconsistencies of the classical philosophers whom their earnest disciples wished to canonize. We see traces of this in one of the most interesting episodes of the correspondence with Lucilius. A certain Marcellinus made Lucilius and Seneca anxious by showing increasing signs of a resolution to live for the world, and using his cleverness to disparage philosophy.¹ He relieved their anxiety by suicide, at the advice of a Stoic, who told him that life was too unimportant to be worth the anxiety of recovering from a tedious illness, which would require a long and troublesome course of treatment; and advised him not to ask one of his slaves² to kill him, but to abstain from food; which he did for three days, with such

¹ Ep. xxix.

² It would have been difficult for the slave to prove that he had orders and was justified in acting on them. Ep. lxxvii.

effect that he rather enjoyed the sensation of dying in a warm bath. Seneca supports his testimony by his own experience of the pleasure of fainting.

There are not many such pieces of realism in the correspondence. Mostly Seneca is enforcing the commonplaces of his school or clearing up little puzzles of such an order as this: whether the virtues are animals, and, if so, whether each of them is an animal; whether irrational animals have a sense of the harmony of their own nature, which he decides in the affirmative; whether we apprehend the chief good by reason or by sense. Although Seneca feels very strongly that philosophy is to be practical, and not a mere compendium of abstract truths, he is always entangling himself in casuistry, for scruples grow up fast when people insist on suppressing the strongest of their natural impulses, and the artificial estimate of life on which the Stoics laid so much stress as a guide to right conduct required to be guarded by an immense apparatus of distinctions. Seneca distrusts his own weakness too much to be independent: though he is always fretting at the bondage of system, he never emancipates his favorite conception of *Bona Mens* from the paradoxical trammels of Zeno and Chrysippus. He is fascinated, besides, by the liberal side of their teaching. He is delighted to recognize the brotherhood of man in slaves, which was a more important chapter in Roman Stoicism than in Greek, because the Roman Stoic had, for the most part, a large household of slaves; and it was a practical question whether he would treat them as members of his family, or keep them at a distance, and enforce discipline by mechanical severity.

Another side of Stoicism which Seneca develops with great zeal is the thought of the God within, and of the unity between the spirit of the wise and the spirit of the Most High, who inhabits the world and embraces it within his own being; although this is not yet so prominent as in Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. On the other hand, he is more occupied than we have reason to think his predecessors were with the physical side of philosophy. He seeks communion between the spirit of man and the higher spirit of nature in knowledge: he echoes

the tone of Lucretius in this, and he anticipates the modern sentiment of the bounty of nature when he bids us despise earthly riches that we may be like the gods (the spirits of the stars and the personified forces of nature), who possess nothing and give all things. It is a sign of discontent with his school that his seven books of "Natural Questions" are based upon Aristotle; and even when the Stoics are right in their isolated opinions, he shrinks from following them. So he narrates with patronizing scepticism a shrewd suggestion that the cold winds of spring in the south are due to the break-up of ice in the north, and the sound observation that half-melted snow chills the feet more than snow that is crisp and hard. And the whole tone of the book is rather sceptical. The author has no steady hold upon the elementary truths of physical science; telling us, for instance, as one of the glories of his study, that the earth is part of the subject of astronomy, which has to discuss whether the earth is round or flat, whether there is air all round, and, if so, what keeps it from falling. All these questions are decided rightly, but the strange thing is that they should have to be asked. Seneca is no worse than others: the elder Pliny and Tacitus, not realizing the effect of the inclination of the ecliptic to the equator, discuss the long summer days and the long winter nights of northern latitudes in language that leaves it uncertain whether they still held fast their knowledge that the earth was round. Seneca is beyond his age in his superb faith in the possibilities of science: here at any rate he joins hands with Bacon. He feels strongly that the human mind has never had fair play; that it is only in a civilized community that science can advance; and that, in the civilized community in which he was living, intellectual energy was absorbed in material interests and frivolous curiosity. Seneca is quite free from the Stoic passion for the miraculous. He reproduces, for instance, Aristotle's optical explanation of the curious phenomenon of seeing one's self in the open air, which in Germany led to so much gross mysticism about *Doppelgänger* and the like. On the other hand, Seneca is given to moralize in season and out of season: he has no conception of disinterested knowledge,

except that he protests against science being subordinated to industrialism. He is not given to explanations based upon an optimistic teleology, which is worth notice, as in Cicero's treatise "De Natura Deorum" the Stoic builds very much upon "the argument from Design." But, although Aristotle gave final causes a large place in theory, he and his school generally preferred the chemical explanations of concrete phenomena: consequently Seneca, when he wishes to be edifying, has to bring in the edification arbitrarily. For instance, in the midst of a dissertation upon optics, we have a very bitter and outspoken declamation against a voluptuary who had a room fitted up with magnifying mirrors to enjoy himself in, besides much sage reflection as to what the proper use of mirrors can be; it is quite clear that the toilet can have no place in them: it is shocking that a man should comb his hair, or trim his beard, or, worst of all, pluck out the superfluous hair on his face at a mirror. On the other hand, it seems a good thing that we should be acquainted with our own appearance, and it is clear (though Seneca thinks it necessary to prove it from the poets) that, without natural mirrors, at any rate this would be impossible. So, again, the discussion of snow and ice is interrupted by a declamation against the fashionable passion for iced wine and iced water. Here the rhetoric and the science have a sort of connection: the paradox that men should wish to heat themselves with wine and then cool themselves with snow is like the paradox that snow should be colder than water, when it seems to be a compound of the colder element water with the warmer element air.¹

The subject of electricity was disproportionately important to a Roman, and Seneca's treatment of it is in consequence rather perverse. Aristotle and Nigidius Figulus are mixed up in equal measure. The classification of different sorts of

¹ "Nat. Quæst." IV. xii., xiii. The paradox was perfectly legitimate at the time: it was observed that water expanded in taking the form of snow or ice, and this was attributed to the absorption of air; while air was set down as warmer than water, because water always feels colder when the flesh is thrust into it, and because heat converts fluids into vapors, mixing them, as it then seemed, with air.

thunderbolts, and the meaning to be attached to them, interrupts the speculation as to their origin, and the discussion would be meagre if continuous. On the other hand, earthquakes are treated in quite a scientific spirit: the writer knows the importance of water in producing these and the kindred phenomenon of volcanoes. Another point where Seneca has the highest merit a literary writer on scientific subjects can have, is that of being in advance of the current scientific tradition of his time on the important question of comets. Aristotle apparently had mixed them up, rather unfortunately, with meteors; and it is clear from Pliny that the question was very much as he had left it. Seneca argues clearly and forcibly that comets belong to the eternal constitution of the world.¹ His merit is greater, because the subject was one on which the Stoics were peculiarly perverse: they wished to explain comets away into atmospheric phenomena, like the "torches and trumpets and beams and other signs in heaven," which we should now think were probably partly due to the aurora borealis and partly to excited imaginations. Seneca observes that comets are more permanent than any purely atmospheric phenomenon: and as to the theory that a comet is a flame burning its way gradually through the air, such flames are quite inadmissible: and besides, if we could imagine them, we should find them always burning downwards; but a comet is no nearer the earth, where air is densest, when it is lowest down in heaven. Besides, no fire burns in a circle; and, whether all comets move in a circle or not, two which had been observed in Seneca's own time did. The objection that the shape of the comets is unlike that of the planets really rests upon our ignorance; so, too, does the objection, which at first sight looks scientific, that their paths lie outside the zodiac. Seneca observes that the paths of the planets, which from the geocentric point of view lie within the ecliptic, do not all lie on one plane; and it is really arbitrary to think that heaven is pathless in all regions but one, to say nothing of the irreverence, upon which Seneca is lengthy and eloquent, of setting limits to the power of divine beings like the heavenly

¹ "Nat. Quæst." IV. vii., xxii.

bodies. It is too soon, according to Seneca, to expect a definitive solution of the subject. Greece had only counted the stars and named the constellations 1500 years (as he reckoned) before his time. There were many parts of the world still where the sky was only known by sight, and where the cause of such a simple phenomenon as the eclipse of the moon, or its waxing and waning, was still unknown. The whole of one life would be very short to study the heavens, and few, if any, consecrate even half a life to knowledge. Consequently, many generations will have to leave much for posterity, which will wonder at last at our ignorance of the open secret.

Even such a simple question as the apparent retrograde motion of the planets had only been recently solved when Seneca wrote. Characteristically, he does not give the solution: he tells us eloquently why there must be a solution, and then lays down that the appearance of slowness is laid upon them by their meeting the sun and by the nature of paths and circles so arranged as to mislead the looker-on at certain moments.¹ A reader who understood the theory of the planetary movements received in the first century would be able to detect an allusion to it, though perhaps with some doubt as to whether the author could have given a clear exposition of it. A reader who knows the heliocentric theory of the solar system no better than Seneca knew the geocentric will be struck by the contrast between the painstaking explanations of Lucretius and Manilius, who wrote in verse, and the ruthless way in which the prose of Seneca sacrifices everything to terseness. Not a sentence is obscure, but the subject often is; whenever, in fact, it is not possible to pack the necessary conceptions into epigrams. When epigrams will do for explanation, Seneca does not stint them. His account of a deluge is quite clear, if not exactly adequate: "Nothing is difficult to Nature, especially when she makes haste to an end. To begin things she makes scant use of her strength, and ekes out with growth too slow to trace: it comes suddenly upon destruction, rushing with full force. What a long time it needs

¹ "Nat. Quæst." VII. xxv., xxvi.

for an infant who is conceived to come to the birth! how much labor to rear it while tender! what diligent nurture to bring the body to youthful prime! What a trifle it is to undo! Cities are built up through an age, undone in an hour. Ashes are made in a moment; a forest grows slowly. All things stand and flourish, thanks to great diligence; swiftly and suddenly they fall out. The least sway or change in this settled order of nature is enough for the destruction of mortals. Therefore, when that inevitable hour arrives, manifold fate stirs up second causes; so great a change is not accomplished without a convulsion of the universe, according to an opinion of Fabianus, among others. First rains fall out of measure, and heaven is under the gloom of storm-clouds without a ray of sunshine: the clouds hang without a break, and are bred of moisture and thick darkness, with no winds to dry them. So the fields are tainted; the plants wither as they grow up, and bear no fruit. All that is sown with the hand is marred, and marsh herbage spreads over the plains. Soon even the stronger feel the hurt; for when their roots are loosened shrubs and vines fall down; not a bush can hold the soil, which is soft and fluid; anon it can bear no corn nor glad pastures for the waters; men are in distress for famine, and stretch out their hands for the diet of ancient days. So oak and ilex are shaken, and every tree upon the hills that stood fast by the strength of the rocks. Buildings shake and soak; the foundations sink as the water makes its way right under them; all the ground is turned to a pool. It is vain to try to stay up what totters to its fall; for every foundation is laid upon a slippery place, and upon muddy ground is no stability. After the storms descend yet more vehemently, and the snows which are heaped with mire are melted, a torrent rolling down the highest mountain sweeps away the woods, which have no more root, and rolls along the rocks, which are loosened from the overthrow of their foundations. It washes farmsteads away, and bears off flocks of sheep in their midst, and first tears down the lesser buildings, which its passage sweeps before it, and gathers strength to break upon what is greater. It drags down cities and peoples entangled in their own walls, won-

dering whether to bewail their shipwreck or their ruin: so suddenly comes down the water to crush and drown at once; then it goes forward, in a manner, and grows by the torrents it sweeps into itself. Last of all, it overflows, glorious and laden with a great overthrow of nations.

"Rivers of their own nature are monstrous things, and when tempests sweep them up they leave their beds. What think you of Rhone or Rhine or Danube, that have the course of a torrent even in their proper channel, when they overflow and make themselves new banks, cleave the ground, and quit their bed withal? With what headlong speed they roll, when the Rhine, as he flows over the plains, does not faint or slack for all that space, but fills up wide bounds as though narrow for his waters: when the Danube no more frets the roots or slopes of the mountains, but alarms their topmost crests, bringing with him the soaking flanks of mountains and crags he has overthrown, and headlands of great regions which, as their foundation gave way, have parted from the shore! Then, finding no issue (for his gross overflow has choked up all), he turns him round again and overwhelms in one vortex a mighty compass of countries and cities. And still the storms endure: heaven grows heavier, as evil gathers upon evil by delay. What was a cloud is night, a horrible dreadful night, shot through with light of terror. For lightnings are flashing thick, and tempests stirring the sea. Then the sea also, being enlarged with the swellings of the rivers, is straitened in himself, and ready to remove his shores: his own bounds cannot contain him, but the torrents will not let him forth, and drive his billows backward; and yet most part thereof is banked up into a pool, as though their mouths restrained them, and the fields are changed to the fashion of one great lake. Now all that is in sight is buried under water. Every swelling is hidden in the deep, and unfathomable abysses are everywhere—only upon the topmost heights of the mountains there are shallows. To those highest regions, in such seasons, they fled with wives and children, and drove their flocks before them. The wretches had no commerce, no communication: all ways were cut to and fro, since whatever lay lower, that was filled

by the waves. The leavings of the human race clung to the loftiest points: in the extremity they were come to, their only comfort was that their terror was turned into astonishment. Wonder left no room for fear; even grief had no more place. For grief loses all his power upon him who is wretched beyond sense of evil. And so the mountains are lifted up like islands, and are numbered with the scattered Cyclades, according to the excellent saying of the most ingenious poet, who still keeps to the grandeur of the business when he says,

Then all was sea, a sea that lacked a shore (Ov. "Met." i. 292),

if only he had not brought down the high taste of his wit and his matter to childish trivialities—

Tawny lions ride

The waves where wolf and lamb swim side by side (Ib. 304).

It is a thing hardly sober to wax wanton when all the earth is swallowed up."¹ Some might think Ovid's conceit about animals forgetting their natural enmities in a common peril no worse than Seneca's own about shipwreck and ruin, or the image which he copies from Vergil, turning it into a conceit in the process, of the flood that sweeps away cattle and fold. However, Seneca will not allow a poet to think of dumb animals at such a moment, and insists that it is impossible to swim in a flood. Seneca himself forgets, in rebuking Ovid, that his elaborate description is a sufficient expansion of the theory plainly enunciated at starting, and returns from the digression to state the theory anew.

Besides repeating what has gone before, he elucidates the way in which the sea, having a spherical surface, can easily overflow the earth, especially because the earth is able to melt away into moisture. He shows his philosophy by insisting that there is nothing abnormal in these catastrophes; that they come by the law of the universe, as summer and winter come. He is tempted by the theory of Berosus, that periodical deluges arrive when all the planets are in Capricorn, which is plausible, because in the northern hemisphere the

¹ "Nat. Quæst." III. xxvii.

weather is wettest and coldest when the sun is in Capricorn. For the same reason, when the sun is in Cancer, the periodical conflagration arrives. But his faith is without hope. "The license of the waves is not forever. When the destruction of the human race is accomplished, and beasts are destroyed together, into whose nature men had been translated, earth will drink up the waters again; nature will constrain the sea to be still, or rage within his own bounds; ocean will be driven from our habitations to his own secret places. The old order will be restored. Every living creature will be born anew; and earth shall receive the gift of man, knowing nothing yet of guilt, born under happier stars. But they too shall only abide in innocence while the breed is new. Naughtiness creeps up apace; virtue is difficult to find, and craves a ruler or guide; vices are learned even without a master."¹

Pliny the Younger quotes Seneca as one of the great men who condescended to literary amusements below what might have been thought their dignity. A respectful posterity has preserved few records of their amusements. The epigrams or elegies on his exile in Corsica are doubtful and insignificant. The satire on the death of Claudius is decidedly more spiteful than witty. The title *Ἀποκοκύντωσις*, or pumpkinification, has little point; for, although it rhymes with *ἀποθέωσις*, or deification, one does not see why poor Claudius was bound to turn into a pumpkin more than into any other vegetable; unless the author intended to hint at a dull and unsavory joke that, being dead, he swelled before he burst. The introduction is better, but not good: he tells us that he will relate what happened in heaven upon the faith of a servile visionary, and that unless he pleases he is not bound to give any evidence at all. It is a fair joke to compare Claudius's voice and movements to the bleating and the gait of a sea-calf; but it is less edifying to hear that Hercules as a travelled god was deputed to act as interpreter, and canvassed actively to promote the deification of Claudius, having been deified himself; while Augustus, who had never interfered with the affairs of heaven before, came forward to protest against the deification of the relation who had

¹ "Nat. Quæst." III. xxx.

put so many of his family and of his countrymen to death. The hymn recited at Claudius's funeral, setting forth how he decided heaps of cases in the height of summer upon hearing sometimes one side and often neither, is amusing, and so is his naive surprise when he finds all his victims ready to meet him in the world below. His final damnation to play dice with a box with no bottom is hardly severe enough; and we do not know whether he is better or worse off when adjudged as a slave to Caligula, who makes him over to one of his freedmen to exercise jurisdiction over the ghosts of his (the freedman's) household. The flattery of Nero is long in proportion to the shortness of the work, and turns upon nothing better than his voice and golden hair. He succeeds better in drawing inspiration from his inexhaustible contempt for Claudius, who is very nearly deified "because it will be for the public good that there should be somebody in heaven to bolt hot turnips with Romulus." It is surprising to find that one of Claudius's great offences was his zeal in spreading the privileges of Roman citizenship; for apparently Seneca was quite willing to recognize men of all conditions as brethren, without the least desire to equalize the conditions. We need not lay too much stress on the contrast between the flattery of Claudius in the consolatory letter to Polybius and the satire of the *Ἀποκολοκύντωσις*. Claudius was a well-intentioned but decidedly ridiculous person, in whom it was easier for an exile to believe, who compared him with Caligula, than for a courtier who compared him with his own expectations from his own pupil Nero. Besides, the clumsy cruelty of Claudius broke out after Seneca had flattered him.

The plays which have reached us under Seneca's name are commonly thought unworthy of his reputation, for this reason, among others, that a play requires organic structure, which no works of Seneca possess, and also because the philosophical works of Seneca are *sui generis*, while the tragedies invite comparison with the works of the great Attic period. It has always been doubted whether they are even genuine, although the "Medea" is quoted as Seneca's by Quintilian, and there is no serious reason to question the evidence of the MS., ex-

cept that the "Octavia" contains such unmistakable allusions to the fate of Nero that it cannot be the work of Seneca, who did not live to witness it. There are metrical points in the "Œdipus," the "Hercules Œtæus," and the "Agamemnon" which have made it doubtful whether they are by the author of the rest. It is difficult to maintain any system of strophes and antistrophes in the chorus, and the anapæst monometers are apt to degenerate into adonics oftener than in the other plays. Of course it is possible that Seneca may have grown a little careless, and otherwise the plays are very like him in tone and spirit.

Still it is true that they are below the level of his prose, though they had merit enough to influence all the attempts of the Renaissance at the revival of tragedy. They are not the expression of his convictions; they are not founded, like the tragedy of Æschylus, on an apprehension of religious tradition which seeks at once to deepen and to soften the tradition it has received, nor, like the tragedy of Sophocles, on a serious and lofty recognition of what is most permanent in life; nor even, like the tragedy of Euripides, on an anxious discussion of real problems; but are an elaborate and eloquent protest against things in general, and especially against the inequalities of fortune. They belong to the literature of revolt, and they are thrown into a dramatic form because the author does not wish to take the responsibility of revolt in his own person. When a Stoic is quite serious, he believes in duty and in providence, but these are the weak places of his system: the strong place is the glory of virtue. The interest of the "Hercules Œtæus," the longest and the soberest of the plays, turns on the contrast between the resignation of the hero and the natural complaints of his mother; and though Hercules appears in his divine glory to rebuke her lamentations, yet the narrative of his sufferings is arranged so as to glorify him at the expense of heaven. So, too, in the "Troades," the main idea is the cruelty of the gods, who have delivered a blameless nation for the sin of a single woman, who herself escapes without punishment. Rather than acknowledge that the gods can have revealed that Polyxena is to be sacrificed to the

ghost of Achilles, the chorus sing a musical and really poetical ode, to explain that they do not believe in the immortality of the soul, and set forth that death would be no good if it brought no end, no rest; and this is exactly in the style of Seneca, who never loses an opportunity of praising death. Like most of Seneca's plays, the "Troades" has little action, and much bitter wit: the nearest approach to action is when there is a scolding-match between Agamemnon and Pyrrhus, because Agamemnon objects to the sacrifice of Polyxena; but when both heroes have proved they know how to be insolent, Agamemnon announces he will ask Calchas and give way to fate. It is less undramatic when Helen gives up the attempt to deceive Polyxena. The scene in which Andromache hides Astyanax in the tomb of Hector, and then gives him up rather than have Hector's ashes outraged, does not want for action, though it is grotesque enough; for Andromache makes an odd figure when she reflects that, if she allows the tomb to be destroyed, her son will be buried in the ruins. Seneca shows to more advantage when he remarks that the Greeks dared to show their sense of the cruelty of their chiefs while the conquered Trojans were compelled to hide their tears. Even when Seneca follows a really dramatic play like the "Medea" or the "Agamemnon" pretty closely, he ceases to be dramatic. He dislocates the connection and the movement of his original in order to heighten parts which are not highly flavored enough for his crude eagerness. So, for instance, in the "Medea" we have a discussion in which Medea convinces Jason he is using her badly, the conventionalities under which he escapes in Euripides not being to the writer's taste. Again, he gives up an act to a description of the dreadful enchantments by which Medea prepares her revenge. In the "Œdipus" a pompous description of the enchantments of Tiresias and his daughter Manto is a poor substitute for the irony of Sophocles, who shows us an unwilling minister of fate forced to speak by the stubborn earnestness of the king, who repays him with suspicion. In the "Thyestes" a whole act is devoted to the evocation of Megæra and the ghost of Tantalus, and another to a long speech of the messenger who describes

the solemn sacrifice and cookery of the children of Thyestes, interrupted at rare intervals by the chorus, whose questions serve to bring out some new horror. After this, we are introduced to Thyestes feasting and trying to enjoy himself: his awe would be impressive if, when his brother comes to explain the real state of things, Thyestes did not hear the cry of his children, whom he has eaten, sounding within him. But here and elsewhere Seneca has the faults of his qualities: he is always anxious to pile up the agony higher than the Greeks have piled it before him. It is rare when he is simply cold, as in the "Hippolytus," where, though Phædra makes a formal declaration of her passion to its object, as in the first draught of the great play, which Euripides was compelled to withdraw by the Attic sense of propriety, she moves us so little that we are not seriously affected when Hippolytus delivers a lecture on the different kinds of sporting dogs.

With all this, it must be owned that the dialogue, if it led to anything, is extremely brilliant. The scolding scene in the "Troades" is wonderfully clever, apart from its tame conclusion; and in the "Thyestes" the scene between Atreus and his henchman, though quite unnecessary for the action, contains a brilliant theory of tyranny from the point of view of the tyrant and the public who have to put up with him. The scene between Agamemnon and Cassandra is more nearly dramatic, and worth reading, even after Æschylus:

<i>A.</i> Festus dies est.	<i>C.</i> Festus et Trojæ fuit.
<i>A.</i> Veneremur aras.	<i>C.</i> Cecidit ante aras pater.
<i>A.</i> Jovem precemur pariter.	<i>C.</i> Herceum Jovem?
<i>A.</i> Credis videre te Ilium?	<i>C.</i> Et Priamum simul.
<i>A.</i> Hic Troja non est.	<i>C.</i> Ubi Helena est, Troiam puta.
<i>A.</i> Ne metue dominam famula.	<i>C.</i> Libertas adest.
<i>A.</i> Secura vive.	<i>C.</i> Mors mihi est securitas.
<i>A.</i> Nullum est periculum tibimet.	<i>C.</i> At magnum tibi.
<i>A.</i> Victor timere quid potest?	<i>C.</i> Quod non timet.

Here we have the Stoic sentiment that popular goods are real misfortunes, which is quite independent of the doctrine of the blessedness of virtue; for Hippolytus and even Thyestes appear, like Hercules, as innocent victims of the injustice of destiny; while the chorus preaches the advantage of

separation from the world. All the really mystical elements of Greek tragedy disappear, and are replaced by common magic; for instance, nothing is made of Hippolytus's neglect of Venus, very little of Phædra's passion.

There is considerable uncertainty in the metres of some of the choruses, owing to the defective state of the MSS., which seem to have been copied—as in the "Œdipus," for instance—by a scribe who did not know the metre which was dictated to him, and tried at random in the same ode to piece out sometimes sapphics, sometimes glyconics. In general, the odes, when we make allowance for the rarity of the adonic, which is used at most to mark strophes, not stanzas, are fairly pleasing: they are musical, and do not come to a standstill like the stanzas of Statius; and there is more feeling in them than in the speeches, where the passion is too commonly torn to tatters.

Quintilian tells us that his own contemporaries were much more successful in tragedy than Seneca; he mentions especially Pomponius Secundus, who was probably tame and regular, but less absurd. Curiatius Maternus, one of Domitian's victims, turned his tragedies into pamphlets, and appears to have enjoyed a *succès d'estime* under Vespasian: he is known chiefly by "The Dialogue on Orators."

LUCILIUS JUNIOR.

Seneca's friend Lucilius Junior accepted a post as procurator in Sicily, which was an easy provision for life, if the holder resisted the temptation to act as a magistrate, as Seneca rightly trusted Lucilius would do. Part of his leisure was devoted to an elaborate poem on Ætna, which has reached us in a very imperfect state. The interest of the work lies chiefly in the author's standpoint. We know that he called himself an Epicurean, and he still maintains the Epicurean protest against mythology, and copies Lucretius discreetly in his metres; but he does not trouble himself the least about atomic physics, and, so far as he has a system, tends rather to Stoicism. Nature he thinks the great artificer, whose work deserves our study above all the legendary trophies of art.

His ideal seems to be science rather than philosophy. He does not criticise the objects of worldly desire, like Lucretius, or Horace, or Seneca; he does not argue with the passions or the fears they breed: the real reward is to know what the nature of earth keeps straitly hidden. Like Socrates, Lucilius wishes to bring knowledge down from heaven: it is a sort of disgrace to know more of the stars than of the earth we live upon, and still worse only to study the earth in a utilitarian way in the sordid interests of agriculture or mining.

He has very little of the feeling of Lucretius for simple pleasures, or for the elementary pathos of human life: he feels the difficulty of writing more than the difficulty of living: he invokes Phœbus and the Muses to help him to write about something quite new and real: it is a safe precaution to take Phœbus for a guide in untrodden ways. All mythological themes, we learn, are hackneyed; and the writer alludes to each in a way to make us thankful he did not treat it. Even when he has announced his own, we are not quit of mythology; for all the mythical theories of volcanoes have to be enumerated and rejected. Ætna is not the forge of Vulcan, nor of the Cyclops, nor yet the burial-place of some giant who made war upon heaven. The last theory seems to have a certain attraction for Lucilius's fancy: he spends over thirty lines in developing it, and nearly twenty more in apologizing for the liberties that poetical genius takes with nature and the gods. On the other hand, he is very much shocked that it should have ever been thought a god could demean himself to work at a forge, or that Jupiter could be dependent for his arms upon the working of a volcano. Something like a seventh of the poem is taken up with this exordium, about as much with a peroration, which is very like a discarded exordium, about the different things that people travel to see and find wonderful, concluding with the story of the pious brethren who bore their parents safely through an eruption. The description of the calamity is in the main a heavy imitation of Ovid, with something of his ingenuity, little or nothing of his sprightly flow. Here and there is a line that reminds us of the "Georgics:" "the fields, tamed by tillage, that burn with

their lords ;" the pious brethren find their father and mother sluggish — wearied out, alas ! with old-age, and their limbs stretched on the threshold. Often the phrase is vague, and one feels the writer is not sure how much it is necessary to say ; for instance,

Nec sanctos juvenes attingunt sordida fata ;
Sideræ cessere domus et jura piorum (vv. 643, 644) —

"The fate of meaner spirits" (literally, mean fate) "does not touch the holy brethren ; the starry mansions and the dues of the righteous fall [to their portion]." In the same way, "the double rites that smoke from one burning"¹ is quite unintelligible, till we remember that the sons of Œdipus were burned on one pyre, and the smoke and flames from their bodies would not unite ; and "the sorrowful figures round the altar of the changeling hind, and the muffled father,"² is an over-ingenious way of describing a picture of the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

The didactic part of the poem is decidedly better written than the ornamental, and the theory is ingenious and scientific as far as it goes. It turns upon the subterranean action of water upon the fire supposed to be latent in all substances from which it is possible to strike a spark. The existence of subterranean cavities on an adequate scale is proved by the fact that water finds its way underground in large quantities. The predominant action of air in eruptions is proved by the fact that large masses of cinders are set in motion, while flames, though always in motion themselves, have no power to set other bodies in motion. The difficulty that exercises Lucilius most is why eruptions only come now and then, which he feels gives a sort of plausibility to the profane conjecture that the fuel inside Ætna burns out and has to be renewed. "There is no such mean poverty in the things of heaven: it [the non-existent poverty?] does not beg for means by driblets, and gather alms of air."³ The two reasons which explain this are, that winds get obstructed in their underground course, and cannot break out, especially when the rocks have

¹ v. 576.

² vv. 595, 596.

³ vv. 371, 372.

fallen in by reason of a previous explosion ; and that heat, as it passes into moisture, acquires a greater power of acting upon air. This refers to the notion that everything which melts is of watery nature, and it has been already explained that the pressure of moisture can drive air before it, as water was made to blow the Triton's horn in the Roman circus.

The extension given to the principle is rather startling: it almost appears that the waves drive the wind instead of the wind driving the waves, or else Lucilius is comparatively safe in maintaining that such action as water has on wind is strongest underground. In fact, his notion of a volcano is a furnace full of minerals of a peculiarly fiery nature, worked by hydraulic bellows. He spends a great deal of pains on proving that minerals of a fiery nature are not enough to make a volcano by themselves ; for there are places where sulphur is so plentiful as to be collected for commercial purposes, and yet volcanic action is in abeyance even where other volcanic rocks are found whose significance at Ætna is duly acknowledged. Of course the discussion is confused by the writer's belief in the element of fire held to be specially present in such rocks as would retain their character at a high degree of heat. A rock that melts easily is said to have a nature that fears fire ; but if it can retain a high degree of heat without melting, that proves its fidelity as a custodian. This is the case with the hard grit which Lucilius thinks the most characteristic of the rocks of Ætna, though he is very much struck by the "stones which in various windings flow through all the mountain, whereunto the more faithful charge of flame is given"¹—in other words, to the veins of metamorphic rock. At the approach of an eruption, when the rocks are hot, and "send before a certain presage of the fire to come, as soon as the north-west wind moves and threatens a storm, the grit flees apart and draws the ground as oars draw water, and under earth a heavy murmur gives tidings of burning—then it is well to tremble, and flee, and make way for the holy things: you may watch it all from a safe hill-top."² Then comes a description of the torrent of lava.

¹ vv. 399, 400.

² vv. 461, 466.

"If any of the stones have crumbled in the crust of fire, there is a roughish scum, a kind of lustreless tinder, like the dross we see purged off from iron; but after the mass of sinking stone has heaved and bubbled for a little while, the liquid rises to a narrow crest (as when stone is melted in a furnace, and all the moisture rises in its veins as it is utterly burned out, till the ore is gone, and there is only light, empty, rotten stone to throw away), and begins to boil the more, and press forward in fashion of a gentle river, and sends its wave at last down the first hills. Little by little they journey twice six miles; for there is nothing to check them, nothing to curb or balk the fires, no bulk to make a bootless stay: all things fight on one side. The woods and rocks invite the weapons, and the soil defrays the cost of the war, and clothes itself with a river congenial to its nature. But if it lingers, and is entangled in hills or valleys, it rolls devouring over and up and down the fields; the waves grow thick, the billows are brought to a stand, and roar as when the swift sea rolls headlong in a winding tide. First, a thin curving wave drives the waves in front, then it goes forward spreading far and wide; the streams swell up, they stiffen to their banks, and harden in the cold; little by little the fires congeal, and the harvest of flame is gathered. Then they put off their former face as, inch by inch, they stiffen: the mass rises, drawn by very weight; it rolls with mighty roar; when it dashes headlong on some ringing bulk, it shivers with the shock it gives; and, where it bursts, a swarm of blazing sparks leaps from the blazing heart, the burning stones rush out, and, see! rushing far and ever farther, the brands rush on with unabated glow. But if the torrent of fire puts on the visage of coal, and draws back to its stream, one can scarcely part it by driving in a wedge; and yet the piled-up ruin lies for twenty days with fire alive below."¹

The chief fault in the language is that nominatives are left unexpressed, and that the verbs change in voice and number as if the writer had no definite nominative in his mind. We may notice one pretty verb, probably a coinage of Seneca's,

¹ vv. 474-508.

which did not take root in literature—*cernulare*, to express the stoop of a wave ready to break. Even Valerius Flaccus, with his delicate perception, does not use it, for the old word *precipitare* expressed as much as the Romans in general cared to notice.

"PANEGYRIC ON PISO."

The "Panegyric on Piso," attributed to Saleius Bassus, must, if his, be a very early work. It has none of the rough vigor that Persius and Quintilian attribute to the odes of his manhood and old-age. It is smooth and copious and diffuse. Piso has a long and illustrious pedigree, duly celebrated by other poets: he adorns it himself by the peaceful triumphs of the gown. He has complete command over the courts: he surpasses Menelaus when he wishes to be terse, and Ulysses when he wishes to be convincing, and Nestor when he wishes to be entertaining. We may infer from the compliment that Saleius, being a poet, had read nothing but poetry. Piso was supposed to have distinguished himself immensely when he delivered the enthusiastic eulogy upon the emperor which was expected from a newly appointed consul. When nothing is going on in the courts or the senate, Piso amuses himself by declamation, and all the world comes to listen; he exercises himself at ball, or fencing, or boxing, and all the world leave their own exercises to look on. We do not hear whether any one was admitted to Piso's musical exercises: he was obviously at once proud of his accomplishments and half ashamed of them. His panegyrist accumulates mythological precedents in favor of practices which still shocked much respectable opinion. It is plain that, as Tacitus tells us, it was only a question of degree between him and Nero. Piso was behind the age in another point, which was rather to his credit: he respected the independence and judgment of friends who received material help at his hands,¹ while there was an increasing tendency to treat clients as paid buffoons, hired to sacrifice their dignity for a paltry pittance. The poet himself

¹ In fact, it appears that dissolute pensioners were among the principal members of his conspiracy.

professes to be poor, but not to want Piso's money: he composes his panegyric in the hope of being made free of his patron's house, partly for the satisfaction of knowing so excellent and illustrious a person, whom he will be able to celebrate better when he knows him better, but chiefly because he hopes that if Piso will take him up he will become known, as Vergil and Varius and Horace became known, thanks to Mæcenas, though the poet cannot forget that Mæcenas gave more than praise. For himself, he hopes to find a new Mæcenas, and is prepared, when he enters his gates with the muse, to lay aside the gravity of the forum—a hint that he knew by reputation how voluptuous Piso's family life was, and was ready to admire it the more. He has praised Piso already for being able to keep up the most magnificent dignity in public and throw off all restraint in hours of amusement, which is also the ideal of a Red Indian.

CHAPTER II.

LUCAN AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

THE poetry of the Claudian period is one of the most perplexing phenomena in Latin literature. The original work of the time is the "Pharsalia," and it stands in no intelligible relation to the rest of the literary movement, which was very active, though it has left no trace except some sneers and parodies in Persius and Petronius. There is only one common element that we can trace throughout, and that is rather a matter of intention than of achievement. The whole poetry of the reigns of Claudius and Nero seems to have been ambitious of greater metrical smoothness and continuity than had been attained by the contemporaries of Augustus. Persius himself makes Cornutus tell him¹ that his skill lay in close-fitting, sharply turned phrases, too smooth to need mouthing, though he sneers at the profession of his contemporaries to have found metre raw, and added grace and coherence. Calpurnius, if he belongs to the period, is much more careful to avoid elisions than Vergil in his "Eclogues," though he is less musical, in spite of his care. Lucan is much more careful than Vergil not to let the sense end with a line; he never follows the cadences of Vergil's narrative passages for long: what attracts him is the serried texture of Juno's speeches, overloaded with metrical and rhetorical emphasis, in which no word can be spared or its place altered.

The movement which Ovid describes in his last letter from Pontus seems to have kept possession of the field till the time of Persius. Antiquarianism and sentimentalism divided the public, and left no room for good-sense. When Persius wishes for an example of vicious rhetoric, he turns to a great pleader of the age of Augustus, whom he did not learn to satirize

Persius, "Sat." v. 13, 14. Ib. i. 85.

from Horace ; when he speaks of the themes which represented poetry to the heirs of Romulus as they lay at wine, he turns to a Phyllis, a Hypsipyle, and all the lamentable poetry of departed bards. This reminds us of Ovid himself, who would hardly have been grateful for the immortality implied in having his verses snuffled through the nose of an elderly voluptuary. The "Iliad" of Macer was no better and no worse than the "Iliad" of Labeo, and Fonteius on the loves of the Nymphs and Satyrs was probably a fit link between the romantic poetry of Catullus and the romantic poetry of the age of Nero. It is clear that romantic poetry, when Persius formed his taste, was the kind of poetry most nearly alive ; and this goes with the spurious reputation of Marsus, the continuator of Ovid, whose voluminous work upon the Amazons was well on the way to oblivion in the days of Martial, when Persius's reputation was already established. Persius treats it as the easiest thing in the world to write of Attis and the Bacchanals : no manhood was needed to feel a fictitious hysterical enthusiasm for their orgies, and the expression of such feeling came as easy as slobbering. The tenderness and the pathos and the succession of distinct and vivid pictures, which were the glory of Catullus, have disappeared with the endless alliterations and the monotonous rhythmical structure which seemed obsolete. The type of poet whom Persius caricatures¹ had never seen or heard the Mænads at their revels, like Catullus. He is not content with them at play : he goes straight to the wildest, most painful aspect of things. Instead of a group of male revellers playing with the limbs of a dead steer, which is horrible enough, we have the figure of one woman ready to tear off the living steer's head for his pride ; and we know that the steer is her son. There is a crowd of other associations besides the legend of Pentheus. To be sure, Catullus reminds us that his Sileni came from Nysa, but he is not careful to inform us that a Mænad may be regarded as a follower of Bassareus, and that she fills her horn with a Mimallonean blast. On the other hand, Catullus is clear and grammatical ; Vergil's constructions are ambiguous, but there

¹ I. 99-102.

is always a grammatical way of taking them. The poet of Persius is as ambiguous, but there is no grammatical solution of the ambiguity. A Bassarid and a Mænad filled (plural) their horns with a Mimallonean blast : so far well, but then who is it that cries "Evius !" again and again ? The Mænad ? If so, she cannot have been blowing, and the Bassarid might have been left to fill her horn in the singular by herself. Silly as the lines are, it is impossible to deny that for nonsense-verses they are singularly musical ; and the same may be said of two isolated lines quoted before (which we may be pretty sure Persius did not invent), though "a dolphin cleaving the azure god of seas," and an army "taking off a rib from the long side of Apennine," are conceptions rather difficult to realize.¹

The latter proves that historical poetry was still cultivated a little, though apparently not for purposes of declamation. Hannibal might have said many things more eloquent to his army at the end of a long march than the attempt which Persius has recorded to set a sigh of relief to music. In fact, it is one of the grievances of Persius that the poetasters of the day have never turned out a decent school exercise : when they had to write about the country, they gave a catalogue of the contents of the farmyard and the hackneyed associations of the farm : they only pleased themselves and their public when they got into an element of morbid romance.

Lucan cuts rudely into all this. He had composed mythological poems, and had a reputation in that way which rivalled Nero's ; but his great work, the "Pharsalia," stands alone in Latin literature for its resolute rejection of mythology. Even the way in which he introduces it as an appendix to geography only serves to measure his contempt for it. When he describes a region which has a legend, he tells the legend with the proviso that it is not true ; and the motive for relating a legend that he finds strongest is, that it is an incredible explanation of facts for which no credible explanation was forthcoming. The scientific spirit is strong in Lucan, but it is unembodied ; he is curious, and he knows what knowledge is, but he knows

¹ Qui cæruleum dirimebat Nerea Delphin. Sic costam longo subduximus Apennino.

nothing; perhaps, if there had been anything to be known at the time, he might have failed to learn it. Science was not then in a condition to attract clever people: it was still a miscellaneous collection of disorganized information, converging perhaps in certain directions which could be discerned from the elevation of an Aristotle. There was much mental exercise to be obtained by those who sought it in the comparison of untested plausibilities, and, for those who found this too arduous, there was the simple enumeration of conjectures, in which Lucan was always ready to indulge.

But what is characteristic of him is that he declaimed in verse on an heroic scale. All the passionate eloquent ingenuity, which was wasted upon an audience which lived to find the emotions of their youth ridiculous, found a permanent expression in Lucan, which has always found its echo wherever there have been strong passions forced to be still. In the Middle Ages few classical authors were so much read and praised as Lucan, which is the more noteworthy because in the Middle Ages almost every reader of the classics was a priest or a monk. It agrees with this, that John Foster and the Abbé Gaume both think Lucan one of the palmary instances of the dangers of classical literature to Christian piety. There are fortunate periods, in one of which we seem to have been living, when nearly all the passionate energy which exists is at once exercised and subdued by moderately successful activity; and then Lucan seems, what Byron perhaps will seem, an author for boys, who, if they read and understand him, cannot help admiring, although they look forward to agreeing with their elders and betters, who find him far from wholly admirable.

Lucan's life was a very short one: he was born A.D. 39, and he had to commit suicide A.D. 65, in consequence of his share in Piso's conspiracy. His death gives us exactly the measure of his character: he was tortured to reveal what he knew of the plot, and accused his mother, who had been on very bad terms with his father. When he knew that he was to die, he lay down to a hearty banquet, and, thus fortified, was equal to reciting his own poetry while he bled to death.

It was not exactly inconsistent for him to live a luxurious life, though professing to be a Stoic: the austerity of Stoicism differed from the austerity of monasticism in not aiming at externals. A good Stoic could not be a voluptuary: he was bound to satisfy himself that his heart was not set upon comfort and splendor; but when he had satisfied himself (and he was sole judge in his own cause), he might live in as much comfort and splendor as his means permitted, and as he chose to think his station required. There is no trace in either Seneca or Lucan of the feeling which is always present in Marcus Aurelius, that habitual self-denial in bodily matters is an aid to self-control; and, in fact, to a man who wishes to be in a constant state of eloquent indignation at vice and eloquent aspirations after an unattainable virtue, such self-denial is a hindrance rather than a help: patience and peace are not favorable to exaltation, or to boastfulness over one's attainments or ideals; and boastfulness of his ideals, and regrets that the general force of things is against them, is the deepest source of Lucan's inspiration.

The conflict between character and circumstance, each always victorious on its own ground, is the subject which in endless recurring forms gives interest and dignity to the "Pharsalia," far more than the contest between law and ambition, or liberty and despotism. The poem opens with an adulatory invocation of Nero, anticipating his apotheosis in terms borrowed, with much exaggeration, from the words in which Vergil anticipates the apotheosis of Octavian, and acknowledging that the worst evils of the civil wars (which include, it seems, the death of Cicero) were not a heavy price to pay for the blessings of the reign of Nero, whose first five years were ended when Lucan was twenty years old. Even those five years had been full of crimes against his own household and against the strangers who met him when he roamed the streets at night to amuse himself with violence. There may be something in the repeated observation of ancient and modern critics, that the opening of the "Pharsalia" owes something to Seneca; and it is certain that the poet is not at first so violently opposed to Cæsar as he becomes

afterwards. He is even able to recognize that the war was rather of the seeking of Pompeius, who could not endure an equal, than of Cæsar, who could not endure a master. But this is a solitary gleam of insight: most of the description of the causes of the war is a confused and turgid declamation on luxury and corruption and the vastness of the empire. It is true that Lucan had no experience of the corruption and luxury of the eighteenth century, which was not incompatible with a degree of political stability that Rome hardly retained in the days of Scaurus, or recovered in the days of the Antonines; but, even allowing for this, he is not penetrating: he attributes everything he dislikes to everything he denounces, and does not get beyond his antipathies.

There is no real inconsistency between the hyperboles which he or his uncle lavished upon the promise of a reign that ended miserably, and even the bitterest of his invectives against Cæsar, as a monster who was disappointed whenever he missed a crime. It was characteristic of the Stoics to be pessimists in detail and optimists on the whole; they regarded the general order of things with unqualified, not to say exaggerated, reverence, because this reverence for the power and excellence of the whole was the ultimate sanction of morality; and as they placed morality in a purely disinterested act of the will, and as the will was most clearly disinterested when everything combined to hinder it, they naturally took the darkest view of the surroundings of whatever they took for virtue; the greater the obstacles, the greater the virtue. If Cæsar had not been a criminal, where would have been Cato's glory in resisting Cæsar to the last? He would have sunk to the level of the troops aboard one of Cæsar's ships, who were stranded within reach of a Pompeian camp, and killed one another rather than accept honorable quarter. Even to Lucan, the passion for a violent death seemed less than supremely admirable when indulged purely for its own sake, or in a cause which he could not approve.

Quintilian says that Lucan is rather an historian or an orator than a poet, and this is true in the sense that, though the world into which Lucan takes us is unreal enough, it is

meant to be real: the lurid glare by which we see everything is not meant for "the light which never was on sea or land." But, after all, every great writer in verse who could not have written better in prose must be accepted as a poet; and Lucan is certainly not an historian. When we know the events, we see that he has related them pretty faithfully; and he was diligent in collecting splendid episodes of individual daring or endurance, of which Livy was perhaps more prodigal than Cæsar. But it would be much harder to get a coherent picture of the Civil war from Lucan than of the Punic war from Silius. Lucan is very loyal to one precept of Horace—he passes by whatever he has no hope will shine under his handling. The whole poem is made up of ornaments, linked together without relief: the transition from one theme for declamation to another is, as a rule, just barely intelligible, but it is always hurried. For instance, the campaign of Dyrrhachium, where Cæsar attempted to blockade Pompeius, and ended by being blockaded himself, is one of the most interesting and important parts of the war. Lucan gives it three hundred and ten lines, and of these a hundred and nineteen are given to Scæva, a centurion who lost an eye, like three others, and had his shield pierced by a hundred and twenty arrows, in the course of a series of engagements in which Cæsar only lost twenty men killed, though none of the cohort in which Scæva served escaped without a wound. The rest of the narrative is shorter, very much shorter, than Cæsar's; and, short as it is, a great many lines are spent upon similes and mythological reminiscences, and regrets that Pompeius did not follow up his success at Dyrrhachium with greater vigor. Nearly five hundred and eighty lines are spent on Cato's march from Cyrene to Lep-tis, which had no particular importance in proportion to its hardships. Often, too, the turning-point is obscured where it is not omitted: for instance, Cæsar quells a mutiny, and he calls his soldiers Quirites, but the connection between the two is not brought out. Lucan puts all his strength into the complaints of the mutineers, which are immensely ingenious and inappropriate. He is aware that they rebelled because

they were disappointed of the plunder of Rome, but he cannot help dilating on the enormous wickedness of Cæsar, who went on fighting when even his soldiers wished to leave off. So, too, the battle in the port of Marseilles is described with immense energy; the heroism of individuals receives something more than justice; but, till we are told at the end who won, it is impossible to see how things were going, because the acts of individual prowess which Lucan likes to declaim about had little consequence beyond themselves.

For the rest, it is curious how completely Lucan fills up what Pliny the Younger describes as the regular programme of an historical poem, such as he thought of writing himself on the Dacian war; and it would be interesting to know whether his ideal is formed upon Lucan's, or whether Lucan followed precedents set by Varius. The style of Lucan's ornament differs a good deal from the style that would have commended itself to Pliny; but the subjects, the descriptions and histories of little-known places, of national customs, the characters of heroes, battles, sieges, and the like, are all the subjects of Lucan. It would be a proof that the Romans had really little historical sense if their idea of an historical poem was a versification of history with the connection of events left out. Much, of course, is due to the custom of recitation. No two poems could be more unlike than the "*Pharsalia*" and the "*Metamorphoses*;" and yet the structure of both is alike, because the poet had to link together a succession of brilliant fragments, each of which in its way would astonish an audience. Ovid describes in epigrams, Lucan declaims in epigrams, and the story is a mere vehicle for description or declamation. Ovid is the more natural and rapid of the two; Lucan is terribly tedious by comparison. Cato's admirably balanced funeral speech upon the death of Pompeius is twenty-five lines, and Lucan thinks it is only a few words. On the other hand, Ovid is empty and insipid, and Lucan, where most unreal, overflows with passion and a kind of earnestness. As has been said, he is too much in earnest for mythology; though once, in sight of the legendary garden of the Hesperides, he breaks out into impatience

at the spite which would hold a poet to bare truth. His objection to mythology is not exactly rationalistic. He admits the ghastly supernaturalism of witchcraft with an eager appetite for all its horrors. He does not appear to have the least suspicion of how the Thessalians managed their famous trick of bringing down the moon from heaven; he ascribes their success to incantations, which no doubt had their use in steadying the witch's nerves and fixing her attention, and perhaps diverting the attention of her dupe, as she adjusted and readjusted the imperfect apparatus, the principle of which she did not understand. One traces the Stoical preoccupation with the higher traditional forms of divination in the episode of Appius and the Pythia,¹ which is so obviously written in rivalry with the episode of Æneas and the Sibyl. The superiority is not all upon the side of the original. Vergil's picture of the ecstasy of the prophetess, his report of her wild shrill utterance, are not exactly unsympathetic or disrespectful: he has far too much tact to make her compromise her dignity and his own by making her knock over the tripods like Lucan's Pythia in her frenzy; but he is, after all, a little external and conventional in his reverence, as if he were hanging draperies on a consecrated doll. Lucan's execution is bizarre; his Appius resorts to vulgar violence to compel the Pythia to place herself under the influence of the true inspiration; and this is the more regrettable because his previous speculations as to the silence of the oracles treat the mystical vapor in a very materialistic spirit. But, in spite of this, Lucan's Pythia is not a mere lay figure: if the conception strikes us before the execution, it will probably seem both thoughtful and powerful. The shrinking reluctance of the priestess to be dragged out of the limits of wholesome natural life, and the helpless perplexity of her finite spirit gazing upon the unveiled abyss of infinite truth, are really effective and singularly modern: and the curt, meagre, unmeaning oracle is less disappointing than the tame ravings of the Sibyl in the "*Æneid*," because it does not profess to satisfy the expectation which has been raised. The disappointment of Appius is the

¹ "*Pharsalia*," v. 120-227.

justification of Cato's refusal to turn aside to test the oracle of Ammon, on the ground that a virtuous man has within him all the light that he needs. One criticism of oracles which we might expect we do not find: Lucan does not trouble himself with the objection that it is useless to foresee what cannot be averted. Here, as elsewhere, we seem to see Stoicism breaking up in his poem: he has no more faith in Fate than in Providence; he turns aside repeatedly to point out what small feasible changes would have deranged the whole order of events. Pompeius, indeed, when he fights at Pharsalia against his judgment, recognizes the purpose of destiny in the taunts of Cicero; but Lucan speaks from his heart in the line (v. 823) which tells us how Curio's desertion changed the balance of the world. We are more than half-way to the reflection of Pascal, who was in theory a predestinarian, that if Cleopatra's nose had been half an inch shorter the history of the world would have been different. In this connection we may notice the extravagant pleasure with which Lucan amplifies all the tales of the power of witches to set aside the laws of nature; the reign of the gods is a reign of law, and Lucan is more than half willing to believe that in Thessaly witches can find drugs which make them too strong for the gods. His faith in the gods practically reduces itself to two articles, that they dwell in hearts like Cato's, and that they can be trusted to avenge the world upon the Cæsars; in both it rested upon experience, the experience of an unfortunate time reflected in a heated and rebellious mind, too impatient to idealize the sober, unobtrusive prosperity which thoroughly sound and modest natures attain under the most unfavorable conditions. Consequently Lucan makes the prosperity of the wicked a reproach to Providence, as well as a glory to the heroic spirits who could be true through all, and prize uprightness the more for its cost, because the plain, well-meaning people, who have not courage for this, suffer without compensation. The particular suffering that rouses his indignation most is the loss of liberty, of which he has a much correcter notion than most of his critics. What he understands by it is simply the absence of a master, and it is quite true that in

this sense Rome still retained its liberty till Cæsar destroyed it. Cato correctly remarks that under Pompeius liberty had been rather a fiction, active politicians had all been subservient under tolerably strong pressure; but the community at large had not a sense of being under the orders of a single person: and this would apply even to the provincials, who were certainly better off under the Empire. But this did not prevent their having been freer under the Republic in the ancient exact sense of freedom. Cæsar was a good master; he guaranteed the provincials from oppression more completely than the laws or their patrons had done, but he exacted much more homage (willingly paid) than the senate had done. Cato almost congratulates his troops on the death of Pompeius, because their victory will re-establish the authority of the laws, instead of that of a leader who respected them. He does not promise them self-government or good government, but liberty—that is, freedom from personal rule. He joins Pompeius with a view of coercing him, and advises Brutus to do the like; although the Pompeius of Lucan is very different from the Pompeius of Cicero. There is a constant protest against the idea that he was cruel, and that his victory would have been bloodier than Cæsar's, while Cæsar's clemency is systematically ignored and his motives perverted; his plausibility is recognized, but not his real placability, while his character is much falsified by the lengthy rhetoric which Lucan invents for him. Instead of the well-known 'Fear not, you carry Cæsar and his fortunes,' we have fifteen lines of bombast, which show how much it must have cost Lucan to make his fisherman set forth a condensed summary of all the practical signs of foul weather in comparatively simple language. When Cæsar condescends at last to recognize the danger, his first thought is to imitate the dying speech of Dido. Pompeius is less egregiously falsified: there are two traits of the real man which Lucan sees clearly—that he was living upon his reputation, and that he wished to rule under the forms of the constitution, which was violated even when a popular leader overruled the senate by a legal popular vote. Cato, on the other hand, is

not himself, but Pætus: a model of mild gravity and the enthusiasm that needs no hope. The only trait in common between the two was a generous forbearance and consideration for others: for the rest, the real Cato was an honest, impracticable pedant, who became a political personage by reason of his dauntless courage and his sharp tongue, which was useful in keeping backsliders who wished to pass for aristocrats to their colors. Perhaps the grotesque scene where Marcia comes back in mourning to be married again to her first husband, which is meant to be sublime, and succeeds in being pathetic, may be accepted as characteristic.

It is certain that Lucan understands the woman's side of marriage best; he is better able to idealize the devotion of a wife than the tenderness of a husband, which he is apt to conceive as almost a weakness. Pompeius is ashamed to have Cornelia with him in the crisis of a civil war, as well as anxious for her sake; while her feeling, if not her language, is as true as Andromache's. Of course there are subtleties which are only possible to a later age. After Pharsalia, when everything is over, though Cornelia does not know it, Lucan reproaches her with wasting her time in alarms when she might be lamenting already. The hurried parting is better: after conjuring Pompeius, if beaten, by no means to come to Lesbos, the first place where the enemy will seek him, Cornelia springs wildly from bed, too miserable to put off her anguish for an instant; she cannot bear to hold her sorrowing lord to her bosom or to hang upon his neck in sweet embrace; they lose the last rich moments of their long love;¹ they hurry to their mournful separation; as they draw apart, neither has strength to say farewell. The first night that Cornelia sleeps alone, restless as she is, she does not venture to lie for an instant in Pompeius's place.

Most of the other characters are shadowy, except that one or another of the rank and file on Cæsar's side are illuminated for a moment by Lucan's passion for death, which grows upon him rapidly after the first two books; while upon the Pompeian side devotion was confined to men of rank like Domi-

¹ Which lasted about six years.

tius, who was pardoned at Corfinium, and after the defeat of Pharsalia died in his flight, glad, Lucan tells us, not to have been pardoned twice. The rank and file, even according to a Pompeian poet, were lukewarm in the cause; and such interest as they took in it did not go beyond personal loyalty to Pompeius, so that when he was dead it was a great achievement for Cato to keep his troops to the republican standard. Lucan has obviously no sense of loyalty to a leader, though he can imagine, by a great strain upon his imagination, something of what we understand by loyalty to a legitimate sovereign. But such loyalty as that of Cæsar's soldiers or partisans is simply an offence to him: he cannot help seeing it, but it strikes him as simple infatuation that men should go through so much simply to give themselves a master. The phenomenon is so monstrous that he cannot keep from dwelling upon it: he even recognizes that Cæsar represented himself as the organ of his followers, and professed himself willing to sacrifice the repose of a private station (which they could believe him capable of enjoying) for the most invidious function, in order that they might reap the fruits of his usurpation; but this, too, is given only as one more proof of his hypocrisy, like his regret for the murder of Pompeius.

In truth, Lucan is a systematic pessimist. He lives in the shadow even while he bears witness to the light. He is always ready to blaspheme, and to venerate the patience of Cato as a rebuke to blasphemers. He has the Platonic admiration for simplicity of life which is common to almost all Roman poetry; the fisherman who fails to carry Cæsar across the Adriatic is blessed because he can hear Cæsar knock at his cabin and not be afraid; but this feeling does not make him ashamed of the riches of the camp of Pompeius, though he would like us to believe that the nobles brought their wealth there chiefly to provide the sinews of war. The contrast between his own life of ostentation and indulgence and his ideal of freedom and dignity was itself enough to engender a good deal of that spurious ferocity which is the natural outcome of characters which (by their own fault or that of circumstances) are condemned to express such energy as they possess by

words rather than deeds. One may say of Lucan, as certainly as of Byron or Keats, that his genius depends upon his intensity, and his intensity upon morbid concentration of thought and feeling. Any one of the three would have been better and happier for the discipline of practical work. Would any one of the three have left such splendid literary work behind? It is only well-balanced natures which can give a good direction to all their impulses, and the discipline which strengthens good impulses, when they have less than the average strength, does not transform unwholesome influences, but controls and mortifies them till they cease, first to be splendid temptations, and then to be temptations at all. The education of Lucan was such as to carry him quickly and surely to the utmost limit of his faculties; it is probable that if he had known his faults he would have hugged them like Ovid; many of his worst extravagances would have seemed beauties to himself and to his contemporaries, and the same swift sustained impetuosity which produces them produces what we admire also. If one faculty be kept perpetually on the strain, its owner cannot pick and choose between what it brings him. Selection implies repose; Tacitus's splendid epigrams are unalloyed by preposterous conceits like Lucan's, because he was many things besides an historian. He was an advocate in large practice (Nero would not allow Lucan to speak in public, even for a client); he was an administrator at home and abroad; he began to write after he had reached middle life; his reflections and sarcasms stand out from a large background of dull facts recorded quite simply and tersely, like flowers in a tropical forest; while Lucan's, which have no background, are like a hot-house full of tropical flowers, which even in their own climate would not grow so lavishly or luxuriantly in the open air.

Lucan's reputation was immediate, and not transitory. Statius, after he had published the "Thebaid," speaks of the "Pharsalia" as the second, if not the first, work of Latin poetry, sets Lucan above Horace and Ovid, and hints that Vergil has no reason to challenge a comparison. The author of the "Dialogue on the Decline of Eloquence," writing prob-

ably a little earlier,¹ makes one of his speakers quote as a sign of progress that orators are expected to fetch their poetical ornaments from the sanctuary of Vergil, Horace, or Lucan, where Cicero and his contemporaries were content with frowsy old Ennius and Accius. Martial is aware of the existence of critics who would not acknowledge a poet in Lucan, but he very properly appeals to the bookseller, who could attest that after thirty years or more he still had a sale as a poet.

STATIUS.

But the strongest testimony to Lucan's influence is the "Thebaid" of Statius. There is practically a whole generation between the two poets. The birth of Statius till lately was assigned to A.D. 61, one year before the death of Persius, four years before the death of Lucan. The "Thebaid" is generally supposed to have been completed in A.D. 96, after twelve years of labor; and the "Thebaid" certainly owes as much to Lucan as to Antimachus. Statius, one might almost say, owes such inspiration as he has to Lucan, while he owes his plan and general arrangement to the Alexandrian poet, whom he doubtless labored to surpass by the aid of the ingenuity and finish which were all his own. The training of Statius had been in a certain way as stimulating as Lucan's. His father (to whom he was so devotedly attached that for three months after his death he was unable to write) was a distinguished grammarian, though not in the front rank of his profession; and this accounts for the overpowering mythological learning of Statius, which is real learning in its way. He has, or has had, the ins and outs of every form of every legend by heart; and he uses his knowledge with perplexing, tantalizing mastery. He alludes to legends which we can barely trace in a way that we are prepared for in the commonplaces of mythology; and he himself is so familiar with them that he always finds them the easiest explanation of the actions of gods and goddesses, and of heroes too, though here human motives are available. Lucan is learned, too, in a sense, and his learning is wider in range, but it is not real; one feels that he has

¹ The dialogue professes to be held A.D. 75.

picked up everything and knows nothing, whereas Statius knows and has digested what he has learned. For one thing, Statius had not the same distractions as Lucan. Statius is a slave's name, and, though it is borne by men of good family among the South Sabellians, we hear nothing of the poet's grandfather; so it is natural to conclude that the family had not long emerged from the ranks of *libertini*, especially as their home was Naples, and the towns of the Campanian coast were a great haunt of freedmen, as we know from Petronius. The Annæi, on the other hand, had been rich for a generation, although the scandalous wealth of Seneca was due to his favor at court. The early efforts of Lucan were celebrated from the first, whereas Statius only gradually found his way to notoriety as an improvisatore, who could turn off elaborate hexameters by the dozen as quickly as another could make an epigram in two or three distichs. The Flavian emperors, and especially Domitian, did much to encourage literature by periodical competitions, which gave the winners great temporary distinction, and brought a sufficiently substantial prize to encourage the illusion that poetry was a remunerative profession. Statius did not find it so; he retired to Naples after the completion of the "Thebaid," each instalment of which was hailed with enthusiasm when publicly recited; and, if Juvenal is to be trusted, he had to maintain himself in the interval by writing librettos for mythological ballets, to be sold to a class who were particular in stipulating for exclusive possession of what they purchased. Lucan had written *salticæ fabulæ*, but this was doubtless a compliment to Nero, and Lucan had less need to husband his gifts than Statius.

It is impossible to read the "Thebaid" without weariness. It is perhaps the most fatiguing work of its scale in Latin literature; it is very far from being the dullest. The attention of the reader who can go on reading is always kept awake, only it is never rewarded unless by a growing appreciation of the excellence of workmanship which is hardly ever enjoyable. The passion and fervor of Lucan are replaced by ingenuity; the conceits have no indignation in them; the exaggerations have no elevation, no heat even of feeling, to atone

for them. The effect of the whole is like Chinese fireworks: all the points of the situation are made to sparkle before us in a sort of multiplying mirror, but the light by which they sparkle is pale to the lurid glow of Lucan, which is so unmistakably brighter than mere daylight, though it throws deeper shadows. One reason of this is that, unreal as Lucan's passion is, the unreality was not contracted simply by passing through his imagination. Brutus and Cato and the rest were as unreal as their poet; and the unrealities which have played a great part in the actual world are never uninteresting. But the unrealities of Statius are invented in cold blood. When Bacchus¹ appears in all his pomp to invite the nymphs to withhold the springs from the rivers, that an Argive army set in motion by his stepmother's hatred against Thebes may suffer from thirst, one is really glad that at least one Latin poet consigned the puppets of Olympus to the lumber-room. And this feeling is stronger for the odd medley of science and mythology in the council of the gods. There, we learn, the rivers are kindred of the clouds, and the gods meet in council above the shifting halls of heaven in the inner pole, where east and west are seen at once in light. Jove towers above his councillors as he comes into their midst, his calm gaze shakes the world as he takes his seat upon his starry throne.² We can see the intention to be more sublime than Homer; but the nod which shakes heaven and earth in the "Iliad" is an idealization of the sky bowing itself, as it were, upon the thunder-cloud and of the peal that shakes the whole horizon. Of what is the calm gaze which shakes the world an idealization? Of the shivering awe of Statius as he came out of his study, or the hall where he had been reciting, under the deep Italian sky? Then what is the starry throne that is set above the shifting halls of heaven? The starry sky in general may very well be the throne of the Most High; but if the planetary spheres are halls, which is probably what Statius meant to mean, what is the starry throne set above them? And all this parade serves absolutely no purpose. Eteocles was quite ready to refuse to abdicate at the end of his year, even if

¹ "Theb." iv. 652 sqq.

² I. 197 sqq.

Jupiter, to punish the sons of men in general and Argives in particular by the Theban war, had not resolved, in spite of the protests of Juno, to raise the ghost of Laius; but then, perhaps, Statius was moved to bring out the religious aspect of the legend, when "Pierian fire fell upon his spirit that he should unroll the guilt of Thebes, and brother in array against brother, and the unholy hate that tried out the right to reign in turn by battle."

The wild horror of the subject is its great attraction to him. The stain of guilt cleaves in greater or lesser measure to all the characters except Adrastus and Amphiaraus, who is doomed to perish because he cannot act upon his own clear knowledge. In Lucan the sympathy with heroism passes readily into blasphemy. In Statius, who is quite correct in his own feelings and opinions, it is the heroes themselves who are blasphemous, and the tame poet gets some stir out of the contemplation of their wickedness.

In this, as in much else, Statius is a contrast to Vergil, whom he studied so reverently. In the "*Æneid*," upon the Trojan side all is virtue; and Turnus and Dido, though the poet takes a severer view of their faults than the reader, are saints compared to Tydeus, and there is little to choose between Tydeus and Mezentius, the bugbear of the "*Æneid*." Another contrast is that Vergil is too artistic to give the least countenance to the Roman superstition that all kings were monsters of splendor and wickedness, which sprang partly from a corrupt exaggeration of late Attic tragedy, and partly from a jealous republicanism deeper and steadier than existed at Athens. Statius is learned enough to know that in the heroic age kings had not the temptation of wealth; but he treats this as an aggravation of the wickedness of the Theban brothers, who could commit fratricide for so little. But, in spite of the difference of spirit, the "*Thebaid*" is modelled upon the "*Æneid*" in this sense, that there is an evident anxiety to reproduce the effects of Vergil. The horrors of the last night at Lemnos,¹ when the women slew the men, are obviously a reminiscence of the last night at Troy; the desertion

¹ V. 195 sqq.

of Hypsipyle is a reminiscence of the desertion of Dido: on the first day that Tydeus and Polynices spend at the court of Adrastus,¹ the Argives are keeping the festival of their deliverance from a woman with snaky hair whom Apollo has sent against them; because, when Æneas seeks the help of Evander, he and his subjects are keeping the festival of their deliverance from Cacus.² Again, Adrastus boasts of his knowledge of the sorrows of Thebes, as Dido boasts of her knowledge of the sorrows of Troy, though Statius does not quite forget that the sorrows of Troy were glorious, and that Adrastus ought to anticipate Polynices's story, simply to spare him the pain of telling it. So, too, there are games for Archemorus, which perhaps have a shade more to do with the story than the funeral games for Anchises; and Lacon is famous as the pupil of Pollux, because Dares had been famous as the rival of Paris. So, too, Parthenopæus is throughout a pendant to Camilla, and not at all an uninteresting pendant, though some of the details border upon the burlesque. The picture of Atalanta turning pale as her son drops on one knee to receive the rush of the boar on his spear, and then, as she fears, is all but thrown down, till a shaft from her bow despatches the boar,³ is pretty and touching, all the more because, like most of the pretty pictures of Statius, it is given in a remote, enigmatical way, as if it had been thought out rather than seen. But when she tells him he is a boy hardly ripe for the bowers of the Dryads and for the wrath of the nymphs of Erymanth, one feels that Statius has a little too much faith in mythology. The same remark applies to the bacchic frenzy which seizes the queen⁴ (because a similar frenzy had been feigned by Amata in the "*Æneid*"?). She goes about sadly with bloodshot eyes, splitting pine-trees into three pieces with

¹ I. 553 sqq.

² The temper of the two episodes is entirely different: Hercules has wrought the deliverance of pure grace; Phœbus has simply consented to spare an innocent people whom he persecutes, first to avenge the death of a maiden whom he seduced and deserted, and then to avenge the death of a monster sent to destroy the children of the Argives because a child of Phœbus had been destroyed.

³ IV. 321 sqq.

⁴ IV. 377-405.

her bare hands, and throwing the fragments hither and thither, and fills the city with shouts of dismay as she invokes the omnipotent father of Nysa, who is shaking Ismarus with a thyrsus of iron, or bidding the vineyard to steal over Lycurgus with its foliage, or rushing, red-hot with triumph, through the dwellings of Ganges or the farthest bounds of red Tethys and the halls of the East, or bursting in gold from the fountains of Hermus, while neglected Thebes is involved in a guilty war; and bids him set her amid everlasting frosts, and beyond Caucasus that rings with the war-whoop of Amazons, rather than bid her prophesy of the coming fratricide.

On the other hand, there is plenty of ingenuity in the description of the first rumors of the war at Thebes. One tells how the horsemen of Lerna are roving on the banks of Asopus; another says the plunderers are on Theumesus and on Cithæron, Bacchus's haunt; yet another has tidings that the watch-fires of Plataea are glowing through the shades of night; as for the sweat upon the household gods from Tyre, and the blood that flowed from Dirce, and the monstrous births and the voice of the sphinx heard again on her rocks, whoever liked might know such tales and have seen such sights.¹ One sees that the poet has lived through an Italian revolution, and studied the morbid curiosity which it is unsafe to gratify in quiet times.

Indeed, all the political part of the "Thebaid" is good. Statius was a clever man, and his observations are sound so far as they go, and they are not too numerous or too complex, so that there is little danger of anachronism. If an emperor was more likely to resent plain-speaking than a king of Thebes, it was still true that Eteocles had every reason to resent plain-speaking, and that an old man would be most likely to brave his resentment, and the limits within which public feeling could assert itself against Eteocles are pretty accurately felt. There is nothing of the tendency which we find in the Greek drama to treat him as the less guilty of the two, who falls at least in defence of his native land. For Statius he is always the gloomy, suspicious tyrant, roving about with the looks of

¹ IV. 369, 377.

a wolf who has just been robbing a fold; while Polynices, if it were not for his fatal position as a predestined fratricide, would be interesting as a gallant adventurer, driven into exile without his fault, and frank and loyal to the comrades to whom he looks for aid in the recovery of his rights.

On the other hand, the fighting is decidedly bad; there is very little movement or progress in a battle of Statius, and the horror of the carnage or the prowess of individuals is less effectively brought out than in Lucan. In fact, the workmanship is really as perfunctory as it is conscientious: each of the seven has to meet his traditional fate, and this is to be made, if possible, effective by a description of his previous exploits. This part of the matter is generally the least unsuccessful; the reader is half tricked into an expectation that each in turn is going to take Thebes, and then rubs his eyes and discovers that the hero is dead, perhaps simply by the difficulty his friends have in recovering his body for burial. To be sure, there is no uncertainty as to the death of Tydeus, but even here there is an anticlimax: his exploits are considerable enough to take him out of the catalogue of lay figures, and Statius has taken great pains to make it imaginable that such a hero should gnaw the head of his enemy while he lay a-dying; but Minerva's refusal to heal such a savage does not need explanation, and so the catastrophe is allowed to fall flat. The end of Amphiaræus, who goes down alive into hell, is one of the most labored parts of the poem:¹ the opening horrors of the underworld are detailed at length, and we are allowed to forget that the whole must have been the affair of a moment. The whole scene would have been very impressive if it had been shorter, although most of the detail which overwhelms it is tolerably well invented,² if only Statius or Antimachus, who had to invent it all, could have refrained from proving how much there was to invent. There is more justification for piling up the agony over the single combat between the brothers, which is the chief reason for the poem to exist, for

¹ VII. 690-viii. 133.

² An exception is the tedious horror of Pluto at daylight being let in upon his dominions.

there is more to be made of it in narrative than can possibly be made in a play. Even here there is a good deal that is simply grotesque. Œdipus wishes elaborately and eloquently that he had his eyes again in order to tear them out at the sight of his son's wickedness—an hyperbole that could only be tolerable if it had the look of being quite simple and unpremeditated. The scenes between the brothers and the women are less objectionable, and the situations themselves are so pathetic that they cannot be spoiled by a little excessive wordiness and shrill ingenuity. In general, Statius gives a more distinct impression of women than of men; at least, his women are more natural. Hypsipyle is touching and dignified in her captivity; Argia, a frank, hearty wife and true helpmate; Jocasta, a good mother, under complicated difficulties; Antigone and her sister appear very much as in Sophocles, with the advantage that Antigone has a better chance of trying her powers as good angel to her favorite brother.

The burial of Polynices is treated in a romantic spirit,¹ like the whole episode of Hypsipyle: the exchange of stately courtesies between the mourning wife and the mourning sister, which turn to rude contentions for the exclusive honor of disobedience which will be rewarded by death upon the arrival of the guards; and then the eagerness of the royal ladies to thrust their hands into chains and to hurry their captors before the judge, all remind us of the Countess of Pembroke's "Arcadia;" and when we remember how many pages Sidney would have made of it, we see that even in Statius Latin literature is classical.

After the publication of the "Thebaid," he began the publication of his occasional pieces, which are now the least unreadable of his works, and have suggested a wish that he had renounced his ambition as an epic poet. It is quite certain that the "Silvæ" would not have reached us alone: their value to contemporaries was that they were the lighter works of a celebrated poet. Their value to us is that they tell us a good deal about the life of a court poet, and something of

¹ XII. 309-463.

the incidents of fashionable life; one of the most curious is the tone of feeling in the poems of condolence to masters who had lost favorite slaves with whom they had been more than half in love. The poet likes to dwell on the free spirit and modesty of the departed, even more than upon his beauty; and the rest of the poem is filled up with the beneficence of the master, and the duty of proffering consolation as soon as the mourner can be made to see the wisdom of accepting it. There is deep and genuine feeling in the lamentation over the death of the poet's own father; though we may smile at the picture of the Muses standing round and wondering why Statius is idle. The author is quite right in regarding the address to his wife¹ as prosaic: the justification for writing it in verse is that it is much easier and less stiff than the prose of the dedication to each successive book of the "Silvæ." The poems in praise of villas of the poet's friends, and of the magnificence of Domitian, are ingenious exercises in the art of describing by dint of a series of exclamations, and varying within a very narrow compass the points to be exclaimed at. Now and then we come on a phrase or two that are really poetical, like the description of the calm reach of the Anio, by the villa of Vopiscus, as though the headlong river feared to break in upon Vopiscus's calm musical days and slumbers full of song.²

The praise of Domitian is interesting, because it is obviously sincere, and because Statius himself was a thoroughly respectable character, and free from any strong cupidity; otherwise he would not have postponed writing on the campaigns of Domitian, first to the "Thebaid," and then to the "Achilleid," which he did not live to finish. The truth is, that Domitian laid himself out very successfully to appeal to the loyalty of the educated classes, whose official position was not high enough to make them acquainted at first hand with the scandals of the court, or to dispose them to sympathize with the complaints of his first victims; and, in such a position, candid persons would judge a ruler by the whole of his public acts. For instance, no one reproaches the contem-

¹ St. "Sil." III. v.

² I. iii. 23.

poraries of Louis XIV. with their veneration for him, though even in his early years he treated Fouquet and Louise de la Vallière badly enough. Of course where loyalty to Louis XIV. was religious, loyalty to Domitian was idolatrous; but Statius writes of his "piety" as if he found an honest comfort in it.

The lyrics are mostly hendecasyllables, which do not in the hands of Statius suggest the laureate's criticism, "So fantastical is the dainty metre;" but they are vigorous and flowing, and decidedly superior to the experiments in alcaics and sapphics which occur in the fourth book, and are not repeated. There is an ode in alcaics to Severus, and one in sapphics to Maximus: in both we are told, what Horace never tells us, that the poet is trying a new metre; and in the sapphic the information takes three stanzas—one to tell the Muse that she will have less room than in an epic, one to hope that the "Thebaid" is a title to the blessing and aid of Pindar, and one to explain in a figure that the poet hopes to do his best. Each stanza by itself is decidedly a clever copy, though a stiff one, of the style of Horace; but after each the poet has to pause, and, after all his labor, never succeeds in getting out of prose. The same may be said of most of the hendecasyllables; but these, at any rate, are not labored, and the ode for Lucan's birthday is musical and eloquent. It is addressed to his widow, Polla, who was the sister of Pollius.¹ One noticeable point is that, though Lucan has gone to the starry heaven, Statius admires Polla for not professing to worship him as a god, as if it were almost a distinction to keep out of the hypocritical fashion.

The "Achilleid," which was the last work of Statius, is decidedly pleasanter reading than the "Thebaid," or perhaps the "Silvæ." It is hardly a triumph of imagination, but there is decidedly more imagination in proportion to the ingenuity than in anything else he has written, and it is a relief to find a poet whose own nature was innocent dispensing at last with

¹ A friend with whom Statius was more closely connected than with most of his other literary acquaintances, in virtue perhaps of a villa which Pollius had at Surrentum.

the feverish excitement of the "Thebaid." The plan of the poem is not unhappy, especially when we consider the nature of Statius's talent. He could elaborate single scenes, and he could not tell an interesting story; and therefore it suited him better to go through the whole career of a hero than to treat of a single action. He intended, no doubt, to collect and adorn with his own invention the scattered beauties of a large range of Greek literature: Achilles and Penthesilea, for instance, would have suited Statius exactly; and the picturesque apparatus of mythology and ethnology with which he would have introduced the doomed son of the morning would have attracted him much, although we might have thought it tedious. He only lived to carry the story as far as the arrival of Ulysses and Diomed at Scyros, and their discovery of Achilles, and the poem, if ever completed, would have been longer than the "Iliad." Thetis is a long time revolving all possible and impossible alternatives—how to keep her son out of sight for a while, before she decides to take him to Scyros, and then wonders whether she shall carry him through the sea or through the air; and at last decides to have out her best pair of dolphins, with sharp whelks for bits. But the description of the sleeping boy and his waking at the unknown island, where he hardly ventures to recognize his mother till she "prevents" him with her caresses, is exceedingly pretty and true; and so are his struggles against being disguised as a girl, which get fainter and fainter as he looks at Deidamia, and thinks that in disguise he can be with her. The points are of a kind that in later literature easily become trivial; but a sort of praise is due to the poet who introduces such things first; just as we admire Tintoret for the ass browsing palm-leaves in the picture of the "Crucifixion," though in a modern sacred print the device would be cheap enough.

Then when Deidamia has avowed her love, and been forgiven and received her father's blessing upon her baby, and has had her husband with her for one night before he sails, one gets a picture quite worthy of Thackeray; only Thackeray, while elaborating the same prettinesses with the same sympathetic ingenuity, would have set himself outside his own handi-

work, and laughed frankly at the result; while Statius remains simply and patiently within the limits of his conventional literary ideal. After the day is spent in feasting, and the covenant is sure at last, and Night, who always knew their secret, joins the lovers, who need tremble no more, the untried battle and Xanthus and Ida and the Argive galleys dance before his eyes; her thoughts are already upon the billows and her fears for morn; melting on her new husband's darling neck, she lets her tears flow already, and clings to his limbs while he is still there to hold him fast. "Shall I see thee again, child of Æacus, and lay me on this breast? Wilt thou deign once more to be father of babe of mine? or will the household gods of Troy and the spoils of her citadel puff thee up, till it irks thee to think of the days when thou wast hidden among maidens? Ah me! what to pray for or fear for first, or what charge to give in my alarm, when there is scarcely leisure to weep! But now one night has given me thee, and grudged the gift. Is this the season for our bower of bliss, this the freedom of wedlock? O the sweetness of our fears and frauds when we met by stealth! Poor I lose when I have leave to love.

"Go (who am I to stay the mighty armament?)—go; be wary. Remember, Thetis had some cause to fear: go, be happy. Come back mine; poor wanton me to ask so much! The maids of Troy will eye thee soon; how it will become them to weep and beat the breast! how fain they will be to throw their arms round thy neck, and take thy bed for fatherland! or the daughter of Tyndareus herself will find grace. They overpraise her, since she was shameless enough to be stolen. But I shall be nothing but a tale for handmaids of the first boyish fault, or be disowned and out of sight. Come, now, take me with you; why should I not bear the ensigns of Mars at your side? You and I have had wool weighed into our hands together; you have carried the holy thyrsus of Bacchus with me: poor Troy will find that hard to believe. Ah! but this boy, whom you leave me for a sorry comfort—this boy cherish in your heart when I am forgotten. Grant me but one boon at my prayer—let your barbarian spouse be

childless; let no unworthy spawn of a captive call Thetis grandam." Achilles consoled her; such words moved even him; he swore to be true, and plighted his tears to what he swore, and promised her stately handmaids and the captivity of Troy when he came back, and gifts from Priam's treasure-house. The windy storms swept his bootless words away.¹

After all, the "Achilleid" has lasted nearly eighteen centuries, which would be a long life for Thackeray's sequel to "Ivanhoe." In the same way, the modest boastfulness of Achilles may remind some readers of the "Prince of Penderennis and Marquis of Fair Oaks." Chiron used often to bid him tread on rivers when but just benumbed, and trip so lightly that his heel never broke the ice: that was a feat for a boy. As he grew up, Chiron never allowed him to follow a lynx—there is no fight in a lynx—upon the trackless wilds of Ossa, or fell a timid deer with his lance; he bade him rouse the sulky bear from her lair, and the headlong swine, and seek where the giant tigress might be found, or the cave where the lioness has laid her litter behind some sheltering ridge. Then he learned how all the savages, as far as the Danube, and the slingers of the Spanish isles, handled their weapons; he learned to enter a burning cottage, and to stay the flight of four steeds on foot; and to stand against the current of a flooded river, where it would have been hard for his master to keep his ground on all four feet. Still, Achilles stayed there till bidden to come out; the heights of glory had such power upon him, and no labor was hard under Chiron's eye. As for hurling up the Spartan discus till it was hidden in the clouds, and twining the supple limbs in the wrestler's ring, or lashing out with the cæstus, that was play and rest to him; it cost him no more pain than when he shook the sounding chords with Apollo's quill in wonder at the worship of men of old.²

The supremacy of Statius was unquestioned among his contemporaries. He was the one serious artist among a crowd of dilettanti: he complains himself of the want of encouragement to poetry, and is thankful to amateurs, who will cultivate it themselves, to save it from absolute neglect. It is almost

¹ "Ach." ii. 250-285.

² Ib. 402-446.

surprising that any of their works have come down to us; probably we have to thank their own vanity, which saw that the public library duly received a copy of their writings, and the diligence of literary grandees of the fifth and sixth centuries, who took out one classic after another, and went through it with the most distinguished scholars of their acquaintance. This was the origin of the archetype, copies of which gradually got multiplied as one monastic school after another became desirous of literary reading-books, and then dwindled away whenever the scriptorium, with its demand for parchment or legends and breviaries, became a more important department of the monastery than the school; and disappeared almost entirely when, in spite of the protests of the hierarchy, scholasticism, legal and theological, absorbed all the intellectual energy of the learned: till at last the omnivorous curiosity of the scholars of the Renaissance gathered together everything that had survived the wreck, or sometimes supplemented their discoveries by their inventions. Perhaps this was the case with Barth, who professed to make many discoveries of MS. fragments which no scholar has seen since; among them were some pretty and fragmentary asclepiads about independence of fortune and contentment in poverty, which are ascribed to Pomponius Sabinus, a friend of the younger Pliny's, whom he esteemed as an example of an honorable and happy old-age. They are plausible imitations of the second best manner of Horace; and if they are by Pliny's friend, who had been high in office all his life, there is a little exaggeration in his affectation of poverty. Nor do any of the fragments correspond to Pliny's description of a certain vein of Platonic naughtiness, which reminds us of Lamb, who took pleasure in imagining much that he was too right-minded to do. The other quotations which Pliny gives us from the lyrical poetry of his time go back beyond the Augustan age to Catullus, copying even his rudeness, because it was felt that to get the appearance of primitive strength and delicacy of feeling it was necessary to accept, perhaps one should say to affect, the primitive conditions of expression.

SILIUS.

The typical poet of the class, however, who perhaps stood out from it more because of his diligence than because of his talent, was Silius Italicus, whom Pliny does not seem to admire particularly, although Pliny had a great talent for admiring his contemporaries, and does not in the least underrate the actual position of Silius as a wealthy nobleman whose taste and good-nature placed him among the foremost men of the state, without exposing him to the ill-will which was always the shadow of tangible power at Rome. In fact, his position was not unlike Lord Lansdowne's in his later years, though political life under Nero, when Silius was an active politician, was of course very different from parliamentary life in England. Silius, however, was not content with his reputation as a patron of art and literature: he was a poet, and venerated Vergil; an orator, and venerated Cicero. He possessed the estates of both, and Martial thought that their domains could not be in worthier hands. More independent judges were perhaps shy of the recitations whereby, as Pliny puts it, he tested public opinion now and then. The verdict was that his genius was less than his pains. But if we had lost the third decade of Livy, it is probable that the "Punica" would have commanded a large share of respect. It is certainly a rest to turn to it after the "Pharsalia" or the "Thebaid;" the reader may be wearied, but he is never irritated or disgusted; even the picture of Lævinus, who had lost his weapons in the press, gnawing the Nasamonian Tyres to death, is not worse than the mutilated ghost of Deiphobus in the "Æneid," or the ghastly episode of the Harpies. Another distinction of the "Punica" is that it is exceedingly clear: the writer says his say quite simply and unaffectedly, without tiring the reader by an endless succession of hinted points. There is a certain tendency to diffuseness, because the writer has never energy enough to be rapid, and is always at leisure to do his best. Towards the end he begins to be afraid that he will never finish; we ought to have had twenty-four books at least by the scale upon which

the story is told up to the fall of Capua. But the narrative does not move any the faster because the poet is in a hurry; he recapitulates rather than narrates; he introduces fewer episodes; but, when he narrates, he narrates in the old long-winded way. On the other hand, he is always dignified and often pathetic; he comes nearer—much nearer—to the noble grace of Vergil than any other Roman poet, and it cannot fairly be said that he is a servile copyist. The direct imitations are not so very numerous, probably not much more numerous than Vergil's direct imitations of Homer, though Vergil, of course, has a much wider range and culls his sweets from many flowers. Silius, on the contrary, is throughout Vergilian: he invents in the spirit of Vergil, and with such success as to make us say that the gleanings of the grapes of Mantua is better than the vintage of Neapolis.

The fighting, if we once grant that it is to be Homeric, is really exceedingly well managed. After all, in the Punic war, it was still not unnatural or astonishing for generals to be killed in hand-to-hand combat, and therefore it is not an unpardonable poetical license that they should sometimes kill a daring foe who came too near and sought their life too boldly. Silius falsifies his battles not in what he inserts, but in what he omits. His descriptions are clear in themselves, but they leave the thing described obscure. For instance, the account of the cavalry skirmish at Ticinum, in which Scipio was wounded, is very confused, because the poet is occupied, not with the movements of the Roman and Carthaginian cavalry, but with the adventures of real and imaginary cavaliers. So, too, in the battle of Cannæ, the decisive manœuvres of Hannibal are described at less length than the despairing heroism of Paullus and the stubborn rashness of Varro. But when we have once resigned ourselves to the belief that individuals are more poetical, at least more manageable, than masses, the individuals are really well sketched; the obituary notices of a centurion or tribune who falls in the *mêlée* are as well imitated from Homer as anything in Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." Italians, Gauls, Africans, all come with the little touch of detail which makes them

credible; though the Italians are treated best—the Gauls are all a little too apt to fall back upon the sack of Rome. Hannibal is a sort of historical Mezentius, a despiser of all religion true and false: he breaks treaties sworn by the true gods of Rome, he refuses his children to the impure altars of Carthage; while the righteous Regulus, who has sworn by the Juno of Tyre, keeps the promise to the sorrow of all at Rome. Even Regulus is not wholly righteous: he makes war upon the sacred serpent of Bagrada to avenge a comrade who has perished in his rashness, and thereby brings a curse upon his army. There are few digressions, in the tolerably extensive literature where digressions are deliberately introduced for effect, more skilful and more interesting than the episode of the young Regulus who takes refuge with Marus, an ancient subaltern of his father, after the slaughter of Trasimene. Of course there are chronological difficulties: Regulus can hardly have been so young as he is represented, considering the length of the peace between the first and second Punic wars. Of course, too, Regulus must have known all the story, but Marus may very well have been as anxious as Silius to tell it all; and the way that the old soldier makes a fetich of his lance contrasts well with the stately pathos of the return of Regulus, which has nothing at all theatrical about it. There is something refreshing in a hero who does not declaim nor speak in epigrams. And with all this we have the prettiest imitations of Vergil: one is reminded now of the serpent that devoured Laocoon, now of Anchises longing to be left to die, and now of the complaint of Dido. Ateina asks Regulus, as Dido asked Æneas, for whom he leaves her for a prey. So, too, the lines in which Silius dismisses Paullus are a reminiscence of the lines in which Æneas dismisses Priam: it is a proof of Silius's good taste that, though he is very long upon his own account, he always shrinks from amplifying Vergil: "So Paullus ended: the lofty heart, the powerful hand are laid low. If it had been granted to him to sway the war alone, he might have been, perchance, a peer for Fabius; now his fair death is one more boast for Rome, and lifts the name of the hero to the stars." Vergil says: "So Priam's

¹ "Pun." x. 305-8.

fates ended: this lot bore him from among men, with Troy in flames before his eyes, and her citadel in ruins. He reigned once over many folk and many lands and all the pride of Asia, and now he lies a huge trunk on the shore, a head shorn from the shoulders, and a nameless body."¹

The mythology is decidedly the weak point of the "*Punica*," and Lucan had pointed out a better way. Probably, however, Silius simply sank deep in the rut which was first traced by the lighter wheels of Ennius; and here, too, Vergil was a misleading guide. The worship of the "Queen of Heaven" at Carthage made it plausible in the "*Æneid*" to anticipate the Punic war as the revenge of Juno as well as of Dido, and in a mythological poem it is possible to make the action depend upon the caprices of a goddess. But in Silius a god intervenes simply to give dignity: Juno tries to persuade Paullus to fly at Cannæ; then she appears in another shape, to persuade Hannibal to slaughter the Romans in some other part of the field. When the battle is won, she invokes the aid of Sleep to warn off Hannibal from an attack upon Rome, which she knows would cut short his career of conquest; but her chief activity is in appearing to him by night to give him lessons in geography, because Silius thinks that his own erudition will be more impressive when put into the mouth of a deity: perhaps the absurdity culminates when Hannibal is warned in a dream where to land in Africa, when compelled to evacuate Italy. Perhaps this may be regarded as a fault of haste and weariness, of the same kind as those which made the author miss so many opportunities in the Spanish and Sicilian wars, and turned the description of the battles of Metaurus and Zama into an anticlimax; though it should be fairly remembered that, in all the narratives of the Punic war, from Livy's downwards, the interest steadily increases till it culminates at Cannæ, and after that decreases harmoniously till the recapture of Capua, after which the war seems to become a thing of shreds and patches—for this reason, among others, that Hannibal had come to the end of the army he had brought from Spain, and was dependent upon deserters and such levies as he could raise in the most backward parts of Italy.

¹ "*Æn.*" ii. 554, 555.

VALERIUS FLACCUS.

If Statius takes us back to Lucan and Silius to Vergil, Valerius Flaccus takes us back to Ovid, although he is the most independent, and, perhaps it should be added, the least popular, of the three, as well as the earliest in date. He is more of a poet than the others, though it would be wrong to call him a greater writer. Statius is immensely cleverer and more brilliant; Silius, upon the whole, has more dignity and pathos; but still Valerius is more of a poet, because he has more power of resting in an æsthetic contemplation of his subject for its own sake, without turning it into a means of excitement and display like Statius, or a means of edification like Silius. He was apparently a gentleman in easy circumstances,¹ and better able to indulge his imagination than a grandee like Silius or a professional man of letters like Statius. Perhaps he was careless of fame; at any rate, he missed it: the only ancient writer who mentions him expressly is Quintilian, who gave almost a solitary proof of insight by pronouncing that Valerius Flaccus was a great and recent loss. He left his poem unfinished at one of its most exciting points, just where Jason is to be won over to aid, half consciously, in Medea's plan to slay Absyrtus. When he died we do not know: he invokes Vespasian at the beginning of his poem, and implies that Domitian was at that time exclusively occupied with poetry, and had given up his velleities of setting up as a rival to his father and brother, which developed themselves after he had stood a siege upon the Capitol, and received disproportionate homage as the only member of the imperial house at Rome. The poet himself is supposed to have held office as one of the fifteen keepers of the Sibylline books, since he appeals to the pure tripod in his house which knows the secrets of the prophetess of Cumæ. He was a native, if we are to trust Martial, of Patavium, and we know no other Flaccus who was a poet at the time. We may explain

¹ If we could apply to him all the epigrams which Martial addresses to Flaccus, in circumstances which were more than easy.

the name of Setinus which the MSS. give him by supposing his family connections went back to the days when the colonies beyond the Po were restricted to Latin rights.

One special interest of his poem is that we are able to compare it with the Greek original of Apollonius Rhodius. Apollonius carries the story down to the return of Argo to Pagasæ in four books: the eight of Valerius Flaccus, which contain nearly 200 fewer lines, break off, as has been said, before the slaughter of Absyrtus. But the portion of the poem of Apollonius which has no equivalent in Valerius does not much exceed 1200 lines, so that the copy, even if completed, would not have been much longer than the original. In truth, the later poet is quite as anxious to abridge his exposition as to amplify his subject. Apollonius asks nothing better than to tell his story in its simplest form; Valerius is full of all kinds of emotions and reflections which come out of it. Even more than the "Thebaid" the "Argonautica" has the interest which we are used to look for not in poetry, but in essays upon poems. And from this point of view one is struck by the soundness as well as the fertility of the author's imagination. There is never quite enough freedom or fulness of feeling, and so there is never the charm of spontaneous poetry. We feel as if we were turning over a collection of dried flowers, where everything is stiff and pale, though there is always a suggestion of the grace of nature, and sometimes a lingering touch of the fragrance of May. For instance, the Stoical conception of the righteous man as a spectacle to the gods is transformed into something much blither and more human when applied by Valerius to the heroic age, when the gods in the dawn of civilization look to the opening work of their children.¹ The same thought runs all through the story of "Sigurd the Volsung and the Fall of the Niblungs," where the pure delight of the heroic age in activity for its own sake is dwelt upon with the genial spontaneity which is just what we miss in Valerius, whose imagination runs to seed in ingenuity. Thus he gravely reflects that if there had been wild beasts in Greece, Pelias would not have had to send Jason to

¹ Arg. I. 498-502.

Colchis to get rid of him, and that Hercules had killed the worst of the monsters. It is rather a flat conceit, but how many who were capable of the conceit would have thought of the turn Valerius gives to it? "Alcides had his temples framed already in the grinning jaws of the lion of Cleonæ."¹ Even in a paraphrase the line is picturesque; in the terse original it is a picture, or rather the literary ghost of one.

Valerius has a better right to dilate upon the perplexity of Jason when he first learns that he has to cross the sea, and inculcate in every possible way that the voyage of the Argo is the beginning of a new era in human history—a motive of which Apollonius makes no use whatever, perhaps because he was on his guard against the inconsistency of supposing that the Greeks of Lemnos were carrying on a maritime war against Thrace at a time when the Greeks of Thessaly had still to build their first ship, which the barbarians of Colchis were to pursue with a numerous fleet. Again, Apollonius cares little or nothing for Herodotus's legend of the series of raids of Asia upon Europe, and Europe upon Asia, culminating in the Persian war. But for Valerius the prophecy of Mopsus is the chief motive which decides the Minyæ to sacrifice Medea to save the fleece. It is noteworthy that Mopsus is the meaner of the two prophets who accompany the voyage: his foresight always disquiets him, while the insight of Idmon, who knows he is to perish before the fleece is won, fills him with calm and enables him to calm others. The contrast is one of the points where Valerius improves upon Apollonius, who makes Idmon sail simply because he is afraid of being jeered at if he stays. There are other variations which are not improvements; as, for instance, the list of the Argonauts comes in Apollonius at the natural place, when they first assemble; whereas Valerius waits till he can tell in what order they took their seats on board. Now and then he changes a name to bring in one that is more celebrated, although, as the legend says nothing of Tydeus, he does not profit much by introducing him. In general, he is anxious to extend the legend as much as possible. Thus, where Apollonius only gives the

¹ Cleonæo jam tempora clausus hiatu.—*Alcides*, i. 34, 35.

farewell of Æson and Alcimedes to Jason, allowing room for the legend of Æson's renewed youth, Valerius follows this up with a Roman suicide, with the guards of the tyrant arriving too late, when everything is over. As we are in the heroic age, the suicide is committed by bull's blood, and the farewell curses are perhaps a reminiscence of Dido's. It is characteristic of Valerius himself that, when he solemnly dismisses the illustrious ghosts to Elysium, he recapitulates the joys of the Pindaric age, and says the blessed inherit these, and all wherein the people take delight no more.¹

Throughout the episode of Medea we are reminded, of course, more forcibly of Dido; although we are reminded more by differences than resemblances. Throughout Valerius is more concerned with his knowledge of the heart of a maiden than with Medea's passion; or perhaps we should say that he studies the situation as a French novelist might study it: the picture of passion, pure and simple, had no longer any novelty. The "Ariadne" of Catullus had shown pretty nearly all that was possible in the expression of simple grief; the Dido of Vergil had shown all that was possible in the expression of growing passion, and the struggle of dignity and resentment; and Ovid had shown very nearly all that ingenuity could do in playing upon all the legendary circumstances of each deserted heroine so as to make as many sparkling points as possible. Apollonius was in quite a different position. The Greek drama had treated very little of womanly passion, and hardly treated of maidenly passion at all; so when Apollonius treated of the growing passion of Medea for Jason, which had at first no obstacles but maidenly reserve, he was practically upon virgin ground, and his imagination worked freely and happily. He had no need to work his intelligence: such subtlety as there is is quite spontaneous, as when he makes Medea wonder, when she has her casket of poisons open, whether to take enough to kill her, instead of taking out the drugs necessary to protect Jason from the fire-breathing bulls. In fact, his Medea is very little of a sorceress; at least, her own inner nature is quite unaffected

¹ I. 835-846.

by her magic skill; and this holds, to a certain extent, of the Medea of Valerius, although one of her savage lovers is attracted to one who is famous for her maidenhood and for poisons like his own.¹ But, in the main, Medea is an innocent girl who has a wonderful serpent to feed, which she is quite ashamed to rob of the fleece that it guards. When she has once put it to sleep, she characteristically flies to the other extreme, and suggests that Jason should climb up the serpent's body to reach the tree where the fleece hangs. Throughout, in spite of her shrinking from love, it is she who is in love with Jason, not Jason with her; indeed, in all ancient poetry which deals with love this is the rule, but Valerius is as often singularly fresh and modern, in what follows, when the lovers have exchanged warnings and pledges. "After all is said, each stands there still, fixed to the ground; and now they lift up their faces, glad with the daring of youth; and each face at once snatches—how often!—the sweetness of the face it sees. Then sick shame casts down their countenance, and there is pause again for speech, and the maiden sets herself once more to affright Jason."² There are touches here to which we can find few parallels before the literature of the nineteenth century; and we should have to come to mediæval romance to find parallels to the chivalry of Jason, who is loath to owe so much to a maiden. It is true that her ointment saves him from the breath of the bulls of Æetes (who boasts, with a frank audacity which does the author great credit, of the trouble he had with them himself at Jason's age),³ but Jason masters them by main strength; and when the armed men start up, he rushes to engage them, though he has drawn back a little to his comrades when the seed is sown: he knows that the enchanted helmet which Medea has given him is his one chance of victory, even of safety; but he only throws it among them out of sore necessity, against his will. The desperate daring of Stirus, who throws away himself and his ship and crew in the vain attempt to capture Medea and avenge his disappointed love, is another trait of the same kind.⁴ But the chivalry is not carried through: Jason yields

¹ VI. 156, 157. ² VII. 511-515. ³ VII. 62-64. ⁴ VIII. 328 sqq.

to the Argonauts when they propose to give up Medea on condition of being allowed to carry home the golden fleece, as he waits for their verdict that she deserves the honor before he decides to marry her. Probably the resolution to surrender her is a little earlier than Apollonius. In the primitive legend Absyrtus was a helpless child instead of a formidable warrior, upon whose achievements in the Scythian war Valerius is careful to dwell; he was lured on board the Argo as soon as she was overtaken, or else Medea carried him with her in her flight, and made very little more conscience of cutting him in pieces and scattering the mangled remains for her father to collect than she made of putting the dragon to sleep. But the Medea of Valerius is a virgin priestess with a tender conscience, and the picture of this is so elaborated that, when the poet has to explain her first serious crime, he halts upon the threshold and proceeds no further: although he has laid a promising foundation for any amount of deterioration in her dæmoniac passion, which is no part of her natural wholesome life.

We are reminded of Lucan (and it is one of the merits of Valerius that he does not remind us often of him) in the savage Scythian who has killed his own father, and eaten him, as the highest act of filial duty, and appeals to this as an answer to a suppliant who asks to be spared to *his* aged father. The ferocity is, however, only one element of the description: even in dealing with the extremest savagery, Valerius always feels more curiosity than excitement, and such excitement as he feels is more fanciful than passionate. The father knows that his time has come when the familiar bow is stubborn¹ to its master's failing arm; the son is anxious to hold his arm steady, as the father presses upon the sword. One feels much more strongly that the customs of the race are strange and romantic than that they are awful: there is no jar in passing to such details from the peaceful picture of the family on its travels, with the children running along the pole and brandishing their darts.

¹ No one English word will do for the *refutat* of the original; the bow quietly puts the old man in the wrong when he claims to pull it as he used.

Valerius succeeds decidedly better with manners and customs than he does with battles. It is always puzzling to make out upon which side his warriors fall, and it is hopeless to extract from him a general view of the outline of even a day's fighting; while the fighting itself is not original in its details, for, with all his passion for abridgment, Valerius finds room for a tame copy of the death of Sarpedon.¹ In general, the poem suffers from an endeavor to grasp too much: the writer is discursive and fragmentary, because he can never abandon himself to a single fruitful train of feeling. Besides the main interest of the book, the first enterprise of navigation, the passion of Medea, the romantic scenery of the eastern coast of the Black Sea, we have the legend of Helle, who rises from the strait that bears her name to make a pretty speech to the avenger of her brother; we have an unmistakable hankering after any and every legend connected with an Argonaut; and, in the case of Hercules and Castor and Pollux, this is carried so far that his return to his main story is almost as violent a transition as any in the "Metamorphoses," where the poet has to get as he can from one legend to another that has no connection with it. Valerius reminds us of Ovid in his eye for the picturesque, or perhaps we should say that Ovid anticipates Valerius, for the latter is above all Latin poets in his power of direct fragmentary perception of visible fact. Ovid, on the other hand, is above Valerius in flow and copiousness; and though his romanticism is heartless, it is always entertaining, which is more than can be said of Valerius, one of the most estimable and ingenious and wearisome of authors. Another point of resemblance is their cosmopolitanism: distinctively Roman interests are little to either, and both are more disinterestedly literary than most Latin writers, and have less of the hortatory element. Of the two, it may be thought that Valerius, as the more serious, is also more open to impressions from contemporary life. All the Scythian episode is much more largely developed than in Apollonius, and it is at least suggestive that he should have lived and written just before the Romans had to undertake the conquest of Da-

¹ VI. 621 sqq.

cia;¹ for the whole country between the Danube and the Caucasus was practically one political and geographical system, as the country between the Rhine and the Vistula, known as Germany, was another.

¹ The wars of Domitian proved that it was impossible to retain the Danube as a frontier.

PART V.

ROMAN SATIRE FROM NERO TO HADRIAN.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL ASPECTS.

SATIRE was a very subordinate part of the literature of the Augustan age. All the poetry of the Claudian and Flavian age which modern critics quite approve is satire; for even Martial, though quite as ingenious in flattery, is read for his trenchant wit rather than for his courtliness or his rare and delicate sentiment. This fact is a decisive condemnation of the literature of the time; and, oddly enough, it tells most decisively against the literature which was most copious and most conscientious and prosperous, for Lucan, after all, is read for pleasure, while Persius is read as a part of education, because his Latin is as difficult as his sense is good.¹

There is a certain resemblance between the position of Persius and Lucilius: both are independent gentlemen without ambition, and satisfied with their social standing, although the social standing of Lucilius was decidedly higher. Strictly speaking, neither was a Roman. Persius lived mostly on his

¹ As far back as the days of St. Jerome, Persius had become unintelligible; but neither Martial nor Quintilian hints at this defect, and it is only lately that critics have generally been struck with the extreme obscurity of much of Shakespeare. Probably the same explanation is to be given in both cases: the great poet and the small used without reflection the ordinary dialect of their time, condensing it a little under a weight of meaning which did not puzzle their contemporaries, who had no need to have a methodical knowledge of the basis of their style.

estate in Etruria, and Lucilius, though he was the friend of Scipio, was liable to be treated as almost a provincial by other nobles. Both come at the end of a period of literary activity. Lucilius is the contemporary of Accius, and Persius is the contemporary of Lucan. Juvenal, according to the received chronology, comes at the end of the period of Flaccus, Silius, and Statius. Martial, on the contrary, lived in the midst of the movement; he writes upon the same Hercules Epitrapezius as Statius, he joins in extolling the magnificence of Domitian; he has compliments for all the heroes of the age, for Silius and for Pliny, for Quintilian and for Statius, to say nothing of the writers whose reputation only flourished among those who had to court them—like Regulus and Stella. But his general judgment on the literature of his age is very severe because it is not bitter. He admires the times heartily and almost without reserve: his admiration, no doubt, was interested; and under Nerva and Trajan, if not before, he shows that the constant attitude of adoration which he had maintained towards Domitian was somewhat burdensome. But a man about town who had not to make his way by his wits might very well imagine that the Rome of Domitian, in arts and arms and laws, was more splendid than the Rome of Augustus, and this is exactly the position of Martial. But, this being so, he wonders innocently—and he was obviously only stating a popular problem—why the Rome of Augustus was illustrated by immortal poets; and nobody knew better than Martial that a great many of his clever contemporaries had no chance of immortality, that a book might show plenty of *ingenium* and yet be safe to go straight to the cooks, who bought up remainders then as trunk-makers did fifty years ago, and that the immortality of a book depends upon its having a genius of its own.

This is a great advance upon Horace's dictum that poets cannot afford to be mediocre; but the science of criticism was still in its infancy. Martial explains the inferiority of his contemporaries by the fact that there was no Mæcenas among the courtiers of Domitian. All the great poets of the Augustan age had been made easy for life (if they needed it)

as soon as their genius declared itself; whereas Statius was in difficulties all his life, and Martial himself was always begging for the necessities of a gentlemanly existence: he imagined that if he only had been made independent when he came to Rome he could have done as well as Marsus, and that other poets would have risen up equal to Vergil if they had found their Mæcenas. One of his intimates, Stella, was in very easy circumstances; and when Martial wished him to come to dinner, the inducement was that under no provocation would Martial recite anything, not even though Stella recited his own poem on the Giants' wars: it is obvious that Martial's admiration for the poetry of Stella was insincere compared with his admiration of the majesty of Domitian.

Juvenal makes the same complaint that poetry is a bad profession, and hints a little more strongly than Martial that the profession was spoiled by amateurs. He gives another ground for the absence of first-rate poetry, that all subjects were exhausted. He means, of course, all mythological subjects: and Greek poetry never got quite free from mythology; and Roman poetry, which was less vigorous, could hardly be expected to accomplish more, although the need of doing so, if possible, had been evident as far back as Vergil's day. But he is also quite alive to the seamy side of Roman society as a whole, which Martial is not. Martial always puts himself in the position of holding up this or that specimen of a ridiculous type to the admiration of a distinguished society. When he goes further, he only points out that existing social arrangements bear hardly, without any good reason, upon himself and those like him. But Juvenal attacks society as a whole: everything, according to him, is a mistake, from the prosperity of the wicked to the insecurity of the streets. His view of the matter is that poetry and literature in general are dying out; and small wonder, since even if a man of letters makes a sacrifice which no man of letters ought to be called upon to make, and turns schoolmaster, he will be grossly underpaid, and not able even then to recover his fees. He has no personal objection to the particular form which literary ambition took at the time—the pretension to make every word exquisite

and felicitous, which disgusted Martial as it had disgusted Persius. On the other hand, he agrees with Martial that one of the worst plagues of the time was the pretension to austerity of those who were incapable of common probity and manliness.

The position of Juvenal was in some ways the least satisfactory of the three. He had a start in life good enough to justify him in expecting a considerable success, with the talents of which he was doubtless conscious; but he carried on his preparation too long, and found himself railing at a world which did not want him and immortalized the railing. Probably the rich freedman whose heir he was admired the world in which he had made his own way. Persius judges the world severely, but not bitterly: he admires nothing except Cornutus and philosophy, and he complains of the world just because he is unworldly. He has stood too much aloof to notice much real injustice or hardship: he finds enough to horrify him in the fact that men actually dare to turn their secret wishes into prayers, that politicians undertake to govern the world with no knowledge of transcendental morality, and that young men neglect their characters and drift down-hill faster than they know. These reflections are not very painful to him; he is splenetic and contemptuous towards others, but his own short life was virtuous and prosperous; and he writes like a man at peace with himself. It is more surprising that Martial, after being the satellite of Domitian's satellites, should have gone home to Bilbilis so little soured by a very tantalizing life, which had been full of cheap indulgences and ignoble compliances. Persius is the only one of the three who had much ambition to write on other subjects. He began an epic and an imitation of the journey to Brundisium, and wrote other miscellaneous verses, including a comedy; all of which Cornutus prudently burned when he edited the "Satires." Martial tells us of certain trifles of his youth which one of his friends had been at the pains to cherish: they may perhaps have been the same as the short volume of distichs to accompany New-year's gifts which is now reckoned the fourteenth of his collection. Juvenal did nothing but de-

claim and write satires; for the tradition that he wrote a ballet for an actor only rests upon a misunderstanding of a line in his own poem and a note of one of his biographers. National pride sustains Juvenal, as the conceit of his Stoical training sustains Persius, and a temper naturally cheerful sustains Martial.

CHAPTER II.

PERSIUS.

WHEN we come to analyze Persius, the first thing that strikes us is that he repeated Horace, so far as could be done without knowledge of life. All the topics seem to be taken from him. There is the same complaint at the unreasonable preference for antiquity, the same application of comedy to edification, the same appeal to Stoical commonplace; the same warning against wasteful expenditure, and the same protest against sordid economy; the same reference to dropsy as a disease that punishes neglect of the body, as the passions punish the neglect of the soul; the same jests even at the pretentiousness of municipal dignitaries; there is the same contrast, a good deal amplified, between the tastes of the big centurions and their big sons and those of philosophers and their pupils. On the other hand, Persius omits all Horace's jests at the pedantry of the Porch. He is indifferent to the question of prudence, which is so important for Horace. When he protests against extravagance, it is because it is foolish, not because it is ruinous. All the types of actual life in Horace are only represented by casual allusions. The minor morals, again, have much less importance for Persius, to whom the necessary knowledge came by good-nature and good-breeding; whereas Horace had to consider his behavior, being of an irritable temper, and living with men of higher station, and being exposed to all sorts of surprises and annoyances by his ambiguous position. Horace, for the same reason, is full of the question of promotion from the ranks. Persius is content to rebuke the empty pride of birth. Another point on which Horace is full and Persius silent is the inconsistency of men who can never be content or stick to their choice: this is more remarkable if we trust the tradition that

Persius himself had hesitated between the life of a man of letters and a soldier; for in his case it would have been rather a caprice to enter either profession. His connections were not high enough to carry him far in the army, and he was not vain enough, or earnest, or even serious enough, to carry his literary pretensions far. The attraction of his book is that he jests at himself soberly without a spark of levity, and therefore he was not fitted for copious comic writing. He finds the world, not amusing, like Horace, but ridiculous, and feels that life, upon the whole, is a sorry thing.

His whole tone is much sharper, and, one might add, more ill-natured, than Horace's; and this is curious, because we know Horace was decidedly irritable, whereas all the descriptions of Persius dwell upon his sweetness and purity. Something must be set down to the Pharisaism of youth, something, perhaps, to the pride of victory over temptation. It would not be a rash inference that Cornutus "saved" him: he was the first teacher to whom he owed anything. He tells us nothing of his schoolmasters, and speaks very slightly of the usual literary education; and thinks that it is quite natural for boys to shirk their first declamation lessons, and that their master, who applauds their recitation of his own composition, is more unreasonable than they. He has a keen sense how dangerous the first taste of liberty might be, and he did not value himself upon his original propensities. The great happiness he knew with Cornutus was the happiness of a mind under the pressure of reason laboring to be conquered. We trace an echo of the exhortations of Cornutus in the lecture, in the third satire, to the well-born, well-provided simpleton, who has no idea in the world but to saunter through life without a mark to aim at, or a well-strung bow and well-filled quiver to shoot at it with, pelting crows with potsherds that are just good enough to take a cock-shot with, and with mud that is no use even for that. If Persius himself had been converted by the threat that he would be contemptible if he persisted in the course of self-indulgence natural to a man without ambition, he would think this threat more effectual than it is. To the last he had a clear perception that though

Jove (who, he reminds us, is almighty) might punish tyrants quite adequately with such a sight of virtue as would make them pine away because they had forsaken her, yet a centurion with no particular sin upon his conscience will always think his breakfast more important than discussions about nothing coming from nothing and the like. There is none of the bitterness in his description of the centurions which there is in his description of the fashionable poet and his audience, nothing like his contempt for the spruce citizen who plumes himself on his performances in breaking unfair measures in the market and has an itch for jesting on a philosopher for his Greek clogs. The worst he has to say of the centurions is that their veins stand out, and that their profession is rather unsavory: what he gives them to say against the philosophers is far more damaging than anything he says against them; and it would not be unlike Persius to have seen through the affectations of philosophers and to have been half ashamed of his discernment.

It is to be noticed that his Stoicism has no trace of the famous paradoxes about the wise man and the all-sufficiency of virtue. Now and then we get hints that all the world but the wise are slaves; but this resolves itself into illustration of the sober thesis that the passions are hard masters. The list of duties which Persius invites backsliders to learn for their own peace is startling from its simplicity and from the entire absence of any harsh demands upon nature: he never presses self-conquest up to the point at which it will be painful. His model students are remarkable for their immense appetite for pearl barley, as well as for their short hair and their sleeplessness. As for Persius himself, he insists upon the right and duty of having his greens well oiled every day, and, generally speaking, thinks it unbecoming and miserly not to live up to his income; all extraordinary expenses being met out of capital, at the expense, it is assumed, of the heir, who must not grumble unless he wishes to be disinherited. He is not the least shocked at the idea of seeing gladiators, for he thinks that as often as a victory is gazetted every man of property is bound to exhibit them. It might even be thought that it was

a part of wisdom to know when to begin to indulge one's self, although Persius does not say so plainly; one great lesson is how to turn softly round the goal, and where to start for the turn. The poet is probably thinking of the Greek chariot race in Homer, which was there and back, rather than of the Roman, which was round and round the circus. He would think also of Plato, who more than once alludes to the division of the race of life into two halves, which have each a law and a chance of their own. After asking the question where and when to turn the goal, the next question Persius bids us answer is, What fortune ought a man to make? what is the use to be made of money fresh from the mint? how much ought to be bestowed on the public and the family? It is quite of a piece with this that the main object of studying philosophy is to provide for a cheerful old-age. Most old men whom the satirist knew struck him as peevish and ridiculous; they were simply miserable, as they lived upon the scanty satisfactions that the courtesy of their juniors still vouchsafed to their vanity. A philosopher like Cornutus can teach a young man how to take precaution betimes against this wretched lot; it is only needful to study the duties of his station methodically, and fulfil them steadily. He is not to overrate his importance or to take too much upon himself; he is to consider what his station is in the race, what share he is to take in the commonwealth of man. The important thing is not to fret at seeing your neighbors get on quicker than you do, and not to overrate the value of the well-stocked storeroom of an advocate in good country practice. It is noticeable throughout that Persius's ideas of wealth are modest. Both Juvenal and Horace have ideas of magnificent extravagance which are quite beyond him: marble villas, costly banquets, and wasteful profusion are unknown to him; the worst extravagance that strikes him as possible is taken from Horace at second-hand. A man may beggar himself in largesses of vetches and beans that old men may remember, as they sun themselves, what a Feast of Flowers they had when he was ædile. The life that he seems to understand is the life of Roman dinner-parties and recitations, of which he had glimpses enough to fill him with contempt;

there is not a hint of the plague of morning visits to grandees of which Martial and Juvenal are full. All that he has to say is that a bold poet runs the risk of being coldly received when he calls, and that a student of philosophy must not pride himself on being able to call on a censor cousin any more than on his long Tuscan pedigree. But what he knows best is the life of a rich thrifty farmer. He is at home with Ventidius, who has a Sabine farm, to be sure, but one that it would tire a kite to fly over; who groans as he says grace at his harvest home, and sups¹ the mothery lees of spoilt vinegar, while his hinds fare better than he. The country to Persius is always "teeming:" he has no feeling for the cottage farms over which Horace, and even Juvenal, are so enthusiastic; he just condescends to recollect that bad poets were apt to remember the furrows where Serranus was sowing when they made him dictator. He has a good deal of humor, which is seen to as much advantage in the prologue as anywhere; he laughs at Ennius with his vision of Homer and Parnassus, and at his contemporaries who had their busts finished with ivy wreaths, and liked to be told they had got pale with their draughts of Pirene. For himself, he is but half a brother of the starveling guild, who are trained by hunger just like so many parrots and pies, who would turn poets too if they had wit enough to be duped by the prospect of being paid for their strains. The description of the husbandman's prayers who ruins himself in sacrifices is racy;² and so is the description of the pious grandam who sanctifies the baby with her spittle before she proceeds to bless it; while for himself the poet begs that Jupiter will refuse to hear the prayers of grandam or nurse, although she may have dressed in white to make them.³

It has been noticed by Professor Conington that, while we can trace a very close parallelism to Horace in subject and

¹ Persius is rather fond of this word *sorbere*: he uses it three times (iv. 16, iv. 32, v. 112) when *potare* would be quite as convenient; probably because the latter was a little hackneyed, and having got hold of a word that he hopes is picturesque, he keeps to it, and never uses either of the common words for drink at all.

² II. 44 sqq.

³ II. 39, 40.

treatment, all the traditions we have tell us much more of Persius's imitations of Lucilius, to whom perhaps we owe Bestius with his regrets for the good old times before Romans knew Greek or had an idea of philosophy.¹ As an imitator, who reproduced the last book he had read which suited him with an air of genuine originality, Persius may remind some readers of Keats; though Keats has of course much more power and charm, to say nothing of his wider range. Persius, one can see, limited his range voluntarily. He enjoyed the Bay of Spezzia, and Statius or Vergil would have taken the opportunity of a pretty description: all that Persius tells us is that "the Ligurian coast is warm round him, and his dear sea spends winter with him where the rocks spread their giant sides and the shore draws back into a deep valley." But this is not enough to do justice to his feeling, so he flies off to quote Ennius, who had praised the place before him; and condescendingly assures us that the old poet had recovered his senses by then. The union of *naïveté* and scornfulness and feeling is characteristic. It is characteristic in another way, that Persius takes for granted the principle of suiting your dinner to your company, which scandalizes Martial and Juvenal. He thought it just as obviously absurd to set turbot before freedmen as to train one's own palate to the point of knowing a hen thrush by her flavor from a cock; and both were as bad as to buy brine by the cupful for a birthday dinner, and then make it a substitute for oil instead of an addition to it; though all decent people had a jar of brine in stock, and oiled their greens every day, and flavored them with brine when they had a mind.² It is to be noticed throughout that Persius has nothing of the fitful asceticism which we find in Seneca. He speaks of how he and Cornutus used to enjoy supping together after the day's work was over, and go on into the night, which was not the custom of

¹ VI. 37. Which can hardly have kept their vigor unimpaired for two hundred years and more; for Juvenal does not complain of Greek doctrines, but of the personal intrusion of individual Greeks, whose numbers and intrigues were too much for any ordinary Roman.

² VI. 19-24.

ordinary revellers, who began early and were sleepy when night came on; so that Persius claims credit for temperance as well as for geniality. Nero and his courtiers, to be sure, revelled till midnight and later, but this was exceptional.

CHAPTER III.

PETRONIUS.

PETRONIUS ARBITER was a contemporary of Persius, who made his reputation out of his courage in turning day into night, and night into day. He did not neglect his business like other voluptuaries; he did not arrange his time to suit the engagements of other respectable people, but slept all day and worked and played all night, and, being clever and capable (for he governed Bithynia well), had a great name among the intimates of Nero, who gave him the title of *arbitrarius elegantiarum*. He was driven to suicide A.D. 66 by the jealousy of Tigellinus; and, like most of his contemporaries in that case, decided to bleed to death, amusing himself during the process as well as he could, and sometimes stopping the bleeding for a time when he found the trivial conversation most interesting. Before dying he sent Nero a satire upon his vices, and destroyed two murrhine vases which the emperor coveted. He is generally admitted to be the author of a long novel of which we have a few fragments from the later books. To judge from these the plan was very curious: it combined a series of shabby adventures of the kind which Le Sage affects, only with much more love, or what did duty for it, with a pretty complete criticism of contemporary literature. The travellers pass from one scrape to another, and from one low scene of debauchery to another, and are always ready to lecture upon the decay of letters and to supply specimens of how subjects ought to be treated. There is never any trace of irony in these disquisitions, and we must suppose that Petronius of all people wished to place his views of respectability and a sound education upon record. Most of the adventures are indecent enough, and dull into the bargain; they turn upon all kinds of voluntary and involuntary assignations

by land and sea, and upon the squabbles and scuffles which arise from legitimate and illegitimate jealousy. Apparently it was a subordinate motive with the writer to set forth the different phases of life among the coast towns of the Roman empire; just as our own novels of the eighteenth century contain many scenes of low life which are not particularly humorous or particularly indecent, and yet seemed at the time worth reading about because they were odd and unfamiliar.

There is one part which is really interesting, and will bear comparison with anything in ancient comedy—the “Supper of Trimalchio,” which is preserved in a MS. of the fifteenth century published in the seventeenth. It is a most humorous and sympathetic sketch of the life of the rich freedmen who flourished in the cities of the Campanian coast. It is only from this book that we know what the conditions of their life were. Most men of business were luxurious and left no family behind them, and the confidential slave who knew how to ingratiate himself with both master and mistress might expect his freedom from the master and the inheritance from the mistress. Then the pleasure properties of rich nobles did not remain long in the same hands, and for a business-like man who speculated successfully on a few large ventures to Rome, it was easy to invest the proceeds; and one who had been a slave, and knew how the owner of a large property, even if he wished to make money out of it, was apt to be cheated, was in a better position than most purchasers for making it pay. The whole pride of the class lay in their money, the ingenuity with which they spent it, and the spirit they showed when they lost it, as happened often enough. They had no ambition and no career. Trimalchio, who entertained a reasonable hope of buying so many estates that he might travel to Africa without going out of his own ground except when he was at sea, had no position but that of a *sevir augustalis*; and he boasts of his magnanimity in declining higher rank, like Mæcenas; only Mæcenas might have been consul or senator. Every corporation at Rome, from that of the notaries downwards, would have been delighted to put Trimalchio on its books; but Trimalchio declined. Of course, being rich enough many times

over, he assumed equestrian rank, and wore more rings than any other knight whose father had been free-born. He did not trouble himself the least about politics, except to be proud when a noble was pleased to say that he had put up as comfortably at Trimalchio's villa as at his own. The management of his own property was his great concern; he had a regular¹ journal kept of it, on the model of the journal of what happened at Rome, and learned from this for the first time that he had bought a new estate, on which the journal announced a fire. He was very properly angry at not having been told of the purchase before, and decided in future that unless he received notice within six months he would repudiate any such purchase; for his slaves told him that the land had only been bought the year before, and so the payment for it had not yet come into his accounts. The journal shows that he made his money faster than he could invest it; for something between £80,000 and £100,000 had to be returned to his strong box because no suitable parties came forward to borrow it. Trimalchio, like the majority of people who make large fortunes, was in a hurry to get other people to work for him. After two or three ventures to Rome, he took to lending money to freedmen who had yet to make theirs. His tastes are less expensive than we should expect. He does not care for anything that we should call magnificence; he is satisfied with a sort of cockney smartness and completeness in the furniture of his daily life, and with a great deal of inventive display in his dinner-parties. Of course it cost something to serve one boar whole with a number of live thrushes inside ready to fly out as soon as it was cut open, and a fat pig stuffed with sausages and black-puddings, which came out when the cook, who was threatened for sending it to table without cleaning it, was told to perform his neglected duty at table before the assembled guests.

At bottom, Trimalchio is a very well-meaning, kind-hearted man; although he has a slave crucified for cursing his *genius*, just as the most benevolent emperors felt compelled to execute any Christian who might obstinately refuse to swear by

¹ “Sat.” 53.

their fortune. Neither quite knew how the needful discipline of an estate or an empire was to be maintained without an exemplary severity, and neither was struck with the notion that such severity ought to be painful. He wished otherwise to make his slaves fond of him, and read them his will, in which they were emancipated, in hopes they might love him as if he were dead; whereupon they cried. He surprised his guests by bidding them sit down to supper, though he turns out the first batch rather roughly to make room for the second. The person to whom he is harshest is his wife: he taunts her with his having married her for love, when he might have had a wife with a good dower; he lays down the general principle that every woman is a kite by kind, and is struck by the wisdom of a soothsayer who assures him that he is nursing a viper. Still, when he boasts of his humble beginnings, he gives her credit for doing a dutiful thing, and sacrificing all her finery to find him a hundred gold pieces to begin again with, when his first venture had proved unfortunate; and, though he threatens to leave her statue out of his monument, he does not threaten to deprive her of the succession to his property. He is proud alike of her skill in shameless dances and of her notable housekeeping; she would never dream of sitting down to supper herself, until everything was properly cleared away after the supper of her lord and master; just as he makes a pet of a slave, to his wife's great disgust, though the slave is very ugly, as his master is partly aware, because the boy can read and write and cipher, and knows the ten parts of an *as*,¹ and has had several profitable transactions with other slaves, and put by some personal property of substantial value.

It is like master like man: the steward is going to have the bathman whipped for losing his clothes. The guests beg him off, and the steward majestically explains that he does not care for the clothes; he is only angry at the abominable carelessness of the slave. To be sure, the clothes were a birthday

¹ The *as* was divided into twelve *uncia*, but only the ten divisions, from two *uncia* to eleven, had names which needed to be learned like the multiplication-table.

present, and were real Tyrian purple, but then they had been washed once already. And the culprit has quite as magnificent ideas: he says that he has done nothing to speak of; they were not worth above ten sesteria,¹ all told, and promises the visitors that he will reward them for their intercession with his master's best wine. This explains the surprise of Trimalchio at his own munificence at giving better wine than the day before, when he had better company.

The whole banquet was rather ingenious than splendid: there were few dainties which were not to be got in any market; the peculiarity was that the cook had a talent for surprises, and could make models of anything out of anything else—game, for instance, out of pork, or peacocks' eggs out of pastry. The latter are mistaken for half-hatched peachicks, which turn out at last to have beccaficos inside cooked in yolk. Trimalchio comes in late to dinner, and insists upon finishing his game of dice, while the company are still toying with their "whet," and does not leave off till he has exhausted all the gossip of the cobbler's² stall. The next course has all the signs of the zodiac, with the earth in the middle, but nothing much to eat; the Scales, for instance, each held specimens of different kinds of pastry; the Water-carrier was represented by a goose, and the Fishes by a brace of mullets, and these were the favorable signs. But all this was merely the cover: there was fat poultry and sow's paunch and hare underneath, and in the corners four figures of Marsyas pouring peppered pickle out of their flayed hides upon the fish. The carver is named Carpus, for the sake of a pun, as the vocative of his name is the same as the imperative of the Latin word for carve, as the narrator learns from one of the other guests. And then the conversation turns upon Trimalchio's riches. Not one in ten of his slaves knows him by sight: he has everything home-grown upon his own property, pigeon's milk included; all his mules are bred from wild asses, and he has fetched bees from Hymettus, in order to have Attic honey upon his own farm; even the stuffing of his cushions is scarlet or purple (the two most expensive colors). "Such is the

¹ Between £80 and £100. "Sat." 30, *ad fin.* ² Literally, of the weaver's.

blessedness of his mind!"¹ (we are reminded of the American lady who told Emerson that being perfectly dressed, and knowing it, filled her mind with peace that not even religion could bestow). Even the fellow-freedmen of Trimalchio deserve the respect of a beggarly poet: the very lowest of them has a knight's fortune twice over, and he used to carry firewood; there was a story of how he managed to steal the brownie's cap and find a treasure. And still his master could claim him. However, he knows how to make himself comfortable: he has just advertised his old lodging to let, because, as he informs us, he is going to buy a house. "Then there's another who has had a plum of his own, and then got knocked off his feet. He's head over ears in debt: no fault of his—there's not a better man in the world. His freedmen are rogues, and got hold of it all. Then, of course, no two partners can boil soup in one pot, and when the house is shaky friends are out. He was an undertaker, and lived in the grandest style—dined like a king, with boars in napkins, and fancy pastry and fowl, and cooks and bakers, and poured away more wine under the table than most men have in their cellars. Even when he was in difficulties he advertised his goods for sale under this heading, 'T. Julius Proculus puts up to auction some articles for which he has no use.'"²

Meanwhile, Trimalchio gives a lecture upon his zodiac. The heaven in which the twelve gods live turns into so many shapes: sometimes it is a ram—whoever is born then has a great many sheep, plenty of wool, a hard head, and an impudent forehead, and a sharp horn. A great many professors are born under this sign. Then the whole heaven turns into a bull, and so on. Trimalchio was born under Cancer himself, which is the reason he has so many legs to stand on, and possesses much by land and sea. The conclusion of the speech is admirable: "So it goes round like a mill, always doing some mischief, either breeding or killing men; as for the turf that you see in the middle, and the hive on the turf, I have a reason for everything. Mother earth is in the middle as round as an egg, and holds all good things like a hive."³

¹ "Sat." 38.² Ib. 38.³ Ib. 39.

After being duly applauded, Trimalchio sets one of his slaves to recite his verses, and rewards him by emancipating him on the spot, and presently leaves the room. One of the guests complains of the cold, and says there is no wardrobe like a hot drink; another says he don't bathe every day—the water has teeth and washes away the wits: besides, he could not bathe to-day, he had been at a funeral. "That nice man, that good man, Chrysanthus, has just boiled over into the other world. Just now he was talking to me. I seem to hear him now: dear, dear! We are nothing but blown bladders on two pins: we are not as much as flies—there's some spirit in a fly—we are bubbles, sir, no more. And it is not as if he had not been abstemious. Five days and he didn't swallow a drop of water or a crumb of bread. And yet he went over to the majority. The doctors were his death, or rather his ill-fate; all the good of a doctor is to make the mind easy. Still, he had a good funeral: the bier that he provided when he was alive; good rugs; first-rate lamentations—he had set several slaves free—though his wife rather grudged her tears. Suppose he *did* not treat her very well: well, every woman is such a kite. Nobody never ought to do one a kindness: it's just the same as throwing it down a well. But old love is a prison;¹ there's no getting out of it."

Then Phileros takes a severe view of Chrysanthus; and then Ganymedes² begins to grumble at high prices, and to abuse the ædiles, who are in league with the bakers, and do not maintain the market laws and the proper size of the penny loaf. Once it took two men to eat a loaf between them, and now the loaf is not as big as a bull's eye. The town is growing down-hill like a calf's tail, and all the people are lions at home and foxes abroad, fawning on their thievish magistrates. Ganymedes has had to sell his wardrobe already, and expects soon to have to sell his little bit of house-property. In his opinion, it is all the doing of the gods.

"No one believes heaven is heaven, no one thinks of keeping fasts; no one cares a straw for Jove. When they draw their dress over their eyes, it is only to reckon up their pos-

¹ "Sat." 42. Some read *cancer* for *carcer*.² Ib. 44.

sessions. Once upon a time the women used to go in full dress, with all their hair down, and bare feet, and walk up-hill with pure minds, and pray Jove for water. Thereupon he used to rain bucketfuls—he knew it was then or never; and everybody had to come back as wet as mice. And so the gods have woollen feet because we are not religious.” Then a dealer in patchwork is shocked at this ill-omened language, and replies, “So-so and so-so,” as the countryman said when he lost the spotted pig. “If it don’t come to-day, it’ll come to-morrow, and that’s the way we rub along. . . . If you lived anywhere else, you’d say that the pigs walked about ready-cooked here; and think what a fine show we shall have in three days: not merely the trained slaves, but plenty of freedmen. Titus is a gentleman: he is going to give them the best steel, and not let them run away, and put the shambles in the middle of the arena for the spectators to see. To be sure, he can afford; his father’s dead and left him a quarter of a million, more’s the pity. If he lays down three or four thousand, his property will never feel it, and he’ll leave a name to last forever.”¹ Then he goes on to say that he hopes one lady is going to give a feast to all the people at eighteen-pence a head, which will quite take away the credit another gentleman got by his last show, where all the gladiators were invalids, hardly good enough to fight with beasts; as for the third man (who was held in reserve to fight the winner), he was as dead as the dead man whose place he would have to take. Then he turns upon the professor, and scolds him for not talking, if he finds the talk of others dull; and promises him a new pupil if he will come and see him in the country. The new pupil is his pet slave, who knows four parts of the *as* already, and is fond of sums and a very clever boy, though he has a mania for birds. His master has killed three of his goldfinches already, and said it was the cat. But he finds something else, and is fond of painting. He’s pretty well got through Greek, and has a nice turn for Latin, though one of his masters is lazy and can never stick to a subject, and the other is curious and teaches more than he knows. The young

¹ “Sat.” 45.

hopeful is old enough to begin the study of law; so his patron has bought him some red-lettered books to give him a taste for the subject, as he has had a sufficient splash of literature. “If he shows signs of jibbing, he’ll have to take to trade, shaving, or auctioneering, or pettifogging; for once master that, and you’ve got what nothing but death can rob you of.” Apparently the trade had not been spoiled then by overcrowding, as it was in the times of Martial and Juvenal.

Then Trimalchio comes back and delivers a lecture upon hygiene, which he seems to understand better than most subjects except cookery. Presently he begins to draw the professor, and ask upon what debate he has lectured that day. Though he does not plead in person, still he has studied literature for private use, and has three libraries, one for Greek and one for Latin (we don’t know whether it was Trimalchio or the copyist who forgot to add a third for Oscan).¹ The professor begins with a quarrel between a rich man and a poor: “What’s a poor man?” says Trimalchio; still he allows the professor to tell his story, and then gravely observes either it really happened, and then there is nothing to discuss, or it didn’t, and then there is nothing to discuss either. Then, to air his own learning, he asks if the professor knows the story how the Cyclops put Ulysses’s thumb out of joint. “As for the Sibyl, I saw her myself at Cumæ hanging in a bladder: and when the boys asked ‘What do you want, Sibyl?’ out came ‘I want to die.’”

He has plenty more to say: among other things, that he is the only man in the world who has true Corinthian brass, for his brasier is called Corinthus.² The true origin of Corinthian brass, he tells us, dates from the sack of Troy, when that cunning rogue Hannibal threw all the brass and gold and silver statues upon one fire, and so there was made a new kind of metal, neither one thing nor the other. For his own part, if the company will excuse him, Trimalchio likes glass better; it has no smell (one remembers the virtuoso in Martial who always wished to be sure that brass smelled of Corinth); it would be better than gold if only it would not break. And

¹ “Sat.” 48. Buechler corrects the text, reading ii., not iii. ² Ib. 50.

then comes the story of the artisan who invented flexible glass, and was put to death by Tiberius lest gold and silver should lose their value. Trimalchio is a connoisseur in silver too. He has some hundred three-gallon goblets with Cassandra killing her children (the poor boys lie dead just as if they were alive); and some thousand ladles that Mummius left to his patron, where Dædalus is shutting Niobe into the Trojan horse; and as for the battles of his favorite gladiators, he has them on his cups: they are all heavy, for he is proud of his intelligence (which enables him to recognize his favorite gladiators in the heroes of the Trojan war), and would not part with it for any money. He is just as proud of having never studied under any philosopher as he is of the riches which he has acquired by starting with nothing. All his own class admire him heartily, which is pleasant, and, when one thinks of it, surprising, and are always ready to take up arms when they suspect the representatives of the literary class of laughing at him. With all his pomposity, he aspires to nothing beyond a fine funeral and a large monument. When the stonemason, who is prætor, and a friend of the family, arrives in great state, with his wife, and of course his lictor, from a funeral feast in honor of a slave, whom a lady of the neighborhood had manumitted when he was dead, Trimalchio says that he must have a frontage of a hundred feet at least, and a depth of two hundred, for he intends to have a vineyard and all manner of good things growing round him: he cannot bear the idea of being in a crowd when he is dead; and hopes he shall enjoy his surroundings as he deserves, for his prudence in providing that the monument shall not descend to his heirs. He holds it is quite absurd to trouble about how we are to be lodged for this short life, and not to care how we are to be lodged through the long hereafter. He winds up the feast by having himself laid out in his bier and grave-clothes, first showing the company what good stuff they are made of; and the literati make their escape while he is telling the pipers to strike up his funeral march. There is a jointed skeleton of silver carried round at the beginning of the banquet; and when Trimalchio boasts that his wine is a hundred years old, his next

thought is how sad that wine should live longer than man. His soothsayer has informed him of the exact number of years and months and days he was to live. His feeling is not the fear of death exactly, it is a sort of maudlin sympathy with the shortness of life. He reminds one of Horace in this; but he has outlived youth, which is always what suggests to Horace the fleetingness of pleasure, and expects to enjoy his life to the last. He does not hold with Horace that enjoyment has to be snatched or hurried: there is no sense that the life of the underworld is grim or dreary; his only grievance is that he is fond of life, and it ends. We might almost say his self-pity is the crown of a well-spent life—the life of a dutiful, plucky, trustworthy man. There is none of the scampishness of the slave-life of ancient comedy about Trimalchio or any of his fellow-freedmen: they are all like the good apprentices of Hogarth, only, instead of marrying their masters' daughters, they comfort their masters' wives.

It is natural to compare Trimalchio with Nasidienus and Virro, the only illustrious "snobs" of ancient literature. Of the three, Trimalchio is certainly the most respectable. Nasidienus is not only a snob, but a flunkey; he is always trying to propitiate Mæcenus and his friends. Virro's favorite amusement is to bully and insult everybody who is not so rich as himself; while Trimalchio, to the best of his knowledge, wishes everybody to be comfortable, and is quite ready to share his best with everybody. His absurdities do not the least affect his self-respect, for he understands what practically concerns him, and does not really compromise himself by blundering on matters that he only takes up for amusement.

Neither he nor any of his fellows is able to speak Latin grammatically. Their syntax is seldom much out, but their declensions are very alarming; they mix up Greek and Latin words in a curious way, which has puzzled the writer of our manuscript and his editors not a little; and they coin Latin words, especially in *ax*, when, if they knew it, there were authorized words to serve the purpose. At the same time, they never offend seriously against the genius of the language: their singular forms are no worse upon the merits than those that

have come down to us from the days of Plautus and Ennius. The truth is that the way these things are settled among the best writers is arbitrary, and the more elaborate the system of inflections is, the more arbitrary is the settlement: and only an elaborate training, for which a rich freedman had neither leisure nor modesty, could prevent deviations from the conventional standard, unless, indeed, the speaker were protected by a narrow vocabulary, the shades of which could be learned from tradition.

Petronius shows no signs that he thinks the banquet his masterpiece, and consistently treats Trimalchio and his set as buffoons, at whom it is very good of literati not to laugh too loud; but it can hardly be an accident that they are the only characters in his book who are quite alive and really amusing. Like most discoverers, he undervalued his discovery, for even Cervantes, especially in the first part, undervalues Don Quixote.

There is very little difference in their views of life, except that the traders worship money from conviction and earn it, and the literati complain that nothing else counts for anything, and make plans for getting it by cheating, and the literati think much more than the tradesmen of passing amours. A tradesman apparently required a wife and a concubine, just as he liked to have a house and a service of plate; but in the main he looked upon love as the cement of a business-like partnership.

The adventure of the literati which comes nearest to being amusing is at Crotona, where it seems will-hunting was the only industry in vogue: so the party, who have been shipwrecked, decide to put a crazy poet¹ (who is often pelted for declaiming verses out of season) at their head, with instructions that he is to personate a rich owner of African property, who has just lost a son, and become disgusted with his own country in consequence. The plot at first succeeds admirably; but even then the narrator is nervous lest they should be detected or betrayed, and piously observes: "O gods and goddesses, what a hard life an outlaw's is! he is always ex-

¹ "Sat." 117.

pecting his deserts." At last the poet, by way of sustaining his pretensions, informs everybody who expects to benefit under his will that his legatees will have to prove their enduring attachment by eating him up when he is dead; and then recites for their encouragement all the historical instances of cannibalism where the cannibals had no prospect of a legacy for their pains. There is also a little humor in the contrast between the mistress and maid, whose taste in lovers is very different: the mistress liking the poorest and shabbiest best, and the maid disdaining to look at anybody below the degree of a knight. But in general the adventures are quite uninteresting, and would probably be so even if they were not fragmentary.

The style, on the contrary, is very good and simple, with none of the affectations of the silver age. If it has a fault, it is that it is too uniform, and wants a little relief. Exactly the same attention is paid to one adventurer as to another, and it is hard to keep what story there is in the head. It is difficult to say what purpose the greater part of the verses serve, except to display the writer's fluency: they are neither ridiculous nor beautiful, and the writer breaks into verse without any visible occasion, and often shifts from one metre to another. This, however, is part of the system of the Menippean satire, and—one may dimly conjecture—in certain states of literary taste gave the same sort of mild amusement as bilingual composition does at others. There are two pieces in which perhaps we can trace a serious intention: the iambics on the fall of Troy are probably more or less a criticism of Nero, as the hexameters on the civil war are certainly a criticism upon Lucan. Both are more than creditable if tried by an appropriate standard, for no great poem was ever written in ostentatious rivalry with other poets. The sack of Troy in "Hamlet" is Shakespeare's criticism of the most stilted declamation of his time, and is not much better than Petronius, though he only embraces¹ the first part of the scene, and lets the mob interrupt Eumolpus with stones before the catastrophe of Priam and Cassandra. There is a good deal of pragmatic reflection

¹ "Sat." 89.

in proportion to the poetry. We learn that the credit of Calchas was at stake, and that it was a grave omen that the fillets of Laocoon should be stained with blood.¹

The poem on the civil war is also pragmatic: there is a great deal about wealth and luxury which is commonplace and tiresome, and there is also a great deal too much mythology. The author has a hold of two important canons which Lucan violates: one is that a poem ought not to be a history in verse, because history can be better written in prose; the other, that the right way to attain poetical elevation is by making the reader conscious of pervading inspiration, not by piling up one enthusiastic epigram upon another, and trying to make each startling by itself. His positive precepts are less commendable. His general idea of an historical poem is something vague and allusive and dignified: the gods apparently are to do duty as concrete symbols of abstract historical conceptions, and all individual facts are to be left out as below the majesty of art. In the same way, all words that have the least flavor of being plebeian are to be rigorously excluded.² The writer is to limit himself to the example of Homer and the lyric writers of Greece, and of Vergil and Horace in Latin. The whole tone of his poetical legislation is curiously like the tone of the orthodox poetical legislation of France before the reign of precedent was disturbed by the Romantic movement; and Petronius deserves credit for the insight which made him a classicist just at the time when the romanticism of Nero's reign was at its height. His metres also are for the most part frank and manly, with little trace of the fashionable refinements of sound. Even where he intends to be flowery his verse is never melting, and his prose does not aim often at being melting either. His most voluptuous descriptions have little of the lingering, cloying tenderness of Apuleius.

In another way he marks an epoch; he is the first conspicuous opponent of the bizarre system of declamation on imaginary themes.³ He is of opinion that professors are, for the most part, fools themselves and the cause of folly in others: the only use of the exaggerated cases they put and the noisy

¹ "Sat." 119.² Ib. 118.³ Ib. 1.

sentiments they bandy is to leave them without a word to say when they come into the forum. A young man who goes to a professor sees and hears nothing of what goes on in the world but pirates standing on the shore with chains, and tyrants publishing edicts to order sons to cut off their fathers' heads, or oracles in time of pestilence prescribing the sacrifice of three maidens or more; and everything that's said or done seems to be kneaded up with honey and nicely powdered over with poppy and spice. Then come plenty of historical examples to show that the literature of a great age is simple, and that a noble and, so to say, a modest style is not swollen nor patchy, but grows up to beauty and nature at once. This looks as if his ideal were the same as the French classical ideal in prose as well as in verse. It is curious that he does not appear to admire Cicero, and it is a sign of over-cleverness that Hyperides¹ rather than Demosthenes appears to be his model orator; though we know that ancient critics considered Hyperides the more finished speaker of the two, and counted up more separate merits in his writings. Thucydides, who is his model historian, though a very grand writer, is a very faulty one, and sins as much as Seneca in bedizening his writings with a display of intellectual ingenuity. Perhaps Petronius may have judged of Thucydides by his Latin imitator, Sallust, who, though empty and crabbed by comparison with his original, is more level because he is more monotonous.

His theory of the defects of Roman education is put into the mouth of the unlucky professor,² who is as ready to condemn himself as his acquaintance can be to condemn him. The root of the mischief is that the teacher is dependent on his popularity with his pupils, and he can only maintain it by a system of absurd and mischievous excitement. So far so good: the system of education recommended, if parents could open their eyes and uphold the authority of the teacher as they ought, is in some ways more questionable. Like modern reformers, Petronius holds that a great deal of time is wasted in premature attempts at composition; but the time which he wishes to save for reading he would employ rather in the

¹ "Sat." 5.² Ib. 3.

spirit of Fronto than of Quintilian. The wholesomest training, according to him, is to be found, not in the classics of the days of Cæsar and Augustus, but in the quaint, vigorous writings of the Republic. These attracted him by their plainness and by their rough and picturesque vocabulary, which seemed more picturesque and significant than it was because it was unfamiliar. It must soon have got very monotonous for a Roman to lecture on the Roman classics, for the necessary learning required for Vergil had been accumulated once for all, and the old writers who required more elucidation, about whom the lecturer could find out something fresh every time he went over them, were more attractive to the teacher for the same reason that they were less profitable to the pupil. On the other hand, the intellectual advantages of a sound moral tone are admirably set forth in some very tolerable scazons. Almost the only point on which Petronius seems to agree with Trimalchio is that Publius Syrus is a very edifying writer, and Trimalchio gravely quotes a long alliterative sermon against *gourmandise* from him (perhaps we ought to give Trimalchio credit for his quasi-consistency in not serving up a peacock). The upshot of the whole book is to emphasize the suggestion, which probably appeared more plainly in the mimes than in Plautus, that there is nothing safe or wholesome but sense or virtue; and that there is no success without money, and no amusement without vice.

CHAPTER IV.

MARTIAL.

MARTIAL'S career is one of the best known and the most instructive in the history of Roman literature. He came to Rome when Seneca and Gallio were still able to keep up the hospitality of the Annæi, for he reminds a quasi-patron that he had chosen to trust him instead of them. He spent, apparently, the first sixteen or seventeen years of his sojourn in Rome ingloriously, though several of his epigrams, and those among the best, have the look of being inspired by these early years. When Domitian came forward to inaugurate a new Augustan era, he came forward as a poet: he received about the degree of encouragement that was due to him. Domitian gave him some cheap privileges, such as the rights of a father of three children, and conferred citizenship upon a good many persons recommended by the poet, who, of course, got paid for the recommendation. Martial had presents from other patrons, and he managed to get a piece of land within a short drive of Rome to spend his summers in: perhaps one of his patrons reflected that a little outlay once for all would discharge him from the obligation of ever taking his friend to the Campanian coast again. He even was able to set up a team of mules of his own to take him to and fro, and soon found that his possessions cost more than they were worth. He enjoyed himself rather at the expense of his respectability, and at last his acquaintances found that he would never do anything of a kind to bring them credit, and decided to leave him to his own devices. The presents he received got less and less valuable, and, on the other hand, he emancipated himself more and more from the barren duties of a retainer, and at last he emancipated himself altogether, and went home to Bilbilis, where, as might be ex-

pected, he regretted Rome, after thinking for a while that he enjoyed the recovery of leisure and liberty. He survived his return from Rome about five years at most, and he had spent thirty-five in Italy; though he went more than once away from Rome, for he appears to have had a genuine taste for country life, although the patronage of Domitian and a few others was enough to keep him in Rome, where his wit thrived under the stimulus of appreciation.

Nor is it to be supposed that he was entirely idle during the fifteen or sixteen years before he began to publish. It is likely enough that a good many of the epigrams he published had been written sufficiently for those who knew the circumstances already, and had made a reputation for their author among the numerous set of fortune-hunters with whom he lived and waited for something to turn up. For instance, he was often advised to carry his ingenuity to the bar, and he made some halting attempts to act upon the advice. Here is an epigram in two couplets, which records the issue of one of his attempts:

Egi, Sexte, tuam, pactus duo millia, causam.
Misisti nummos quot mihi? mille; quid est?
Narrasti nihil, inquis, et a te prodita causa est:
Tanto plus debes, Sexte, quod erubui.¹

For a company that knew the circumstances, the first line and the last were enough, and the easiest to write.

But, upon the whole, Martial was mainly living, till the accession of Domitian, what an adventurer like him supposed to be a practical, business-like life: dancing attendance, if it led to nothing else, enabled anybody who was diligent to get a dinner most days, or the means of buying one: the hardships of the dependant's life were over by noon, and generally earlier, except when a very rich patron invited him to a Barmecide feast. Even this, though Martial does not tell us so, had its compensations. When we compare his invitations (which always include a bill of fare) with his complaints of the shabbiness with which some of his acquaintance entertained him, it is quite clear that at worst a Roman patron

¹ VIII. 17.

gave his client the best dinner that the client could offer his friends, even when he had the bad taste to eat a better dinner himself and to give titbits off his plate to pet slaves. Generally speaking, however, a retainer attached himself to a patron of some literary or political ambition; and such a patron, whenever he made a speech which he wished to pass for great, or had a new poem to bring before the public, or a new instalment of a history, invited enough of his dependants to applaud, and treated them well enough to put them in good humor. In fact, literary ambition was so general that, if Martial is to be trusted, more than one amiable and distinguished author had no public at all but his unhappy guests, who learned from experience to dread his admirable dinners.

Another point of Roman life on which Martial throws a good deal of light is the relation of *sodales*, which, as he describes it, could hardly have existed until his own day. *Sodales* were men who lived together till thirty or forty, meeting each other constantly and contracting intimacies which were intended to be perpetual; in fact, they were chums; only they continued to be chums up to an age when marriage or business has long separated chums in England. However, even *sodales* had to part, and there were the same complaints upon the subject as we read in our own novels. Generally speaking, it was not marriage that parted them, but success: they probably were married at home before they came to Rome to seek their fortunes, and it was aggravating to find one's self dropped, very likely by a next-door neighbor who had more profitable connections, or, perhaps, more method in cultivating them.

Still, such separations were rare, for the reason that the life which was led in common was so barren that there were generally plenty left to lament in chorus over the deserter. Another and more fruitful topic was that no money was, as a rule, to be made except by the rich, and that all gentlemanly and liberal professions were beggarly. Martial goes beyond Juvenal because he does not give himself airs of virtue: he asks all his acquaintance who come to Rome to push their

¹ I. lxxvii.

fortunes, not how they can bring themselves to the necessary baseness, but whether there is any market for their talents.¹ He is especially fond of illustrating the poverty of the magistracy and the bar: he is full of the absurdity of young barristers who set up their litters and their clients on borrowed money, as doctors set up their broughams now. The only reward that they could look forward to was payment in kind by rich farmers; for clients able and willing to pay their advocates in ready money had not nearly business enough to occupy the courts. Meanwhile, business of other kinds increased so much that a man was still poor with the gifts that were almost enough to tempt Persius from the study of philosophy. When Martial enumerates the presents Sabellus² had received one Saturnalia, he rather undervalues them. It is more to the point that he observes that a retired pleader who had turned farmer had to buy all the country produce which he used to sell.³ This is a theme to which Martial often returns:⁴ sometimes it is a fine gentleman with a train of slaves laden with country produce, whom one naturally expects to be returning from his estate in the country: on the contrary, he is just setting out for it. Sometimes the poet complains that an estate, large or small, used to keep⁵ its owner: now it is the owner who has to keep up the estate. In one of the most ingeniously turned of his petitions to Domitian,⁶ he complains of the labor and expense of drawing water for his little bit of land near Nomentum, and requests to be allowed to avail himself of the aqueduct which ran close by.

He is in other respects remarkably business-like for a poet, especially in his behavior when he asks for money and does not get it. After an application to Domitian, he rebukes his own impatience for thinking a gift refused⁷ when it may be only delayed. When he applies to private acquaintances, on the other hand, he is peremptory enough; he will be satisfied with no delays; if the friend gives the money after a few months, it is⁸ thank you for nothing. Many of the epigrams

¹ III. xxxviii.⁴ III. xlvii. 8.⁷ VI. x. 12.² IV. xlv.⁵ X. xxvi. 7.⁸ *E. g.* VI. xxx.³ XII. lxxii. 5, 6.⁶ IX. xix.

look like demands for blackmail.¹ Somebody—the poet declines to know who the somebody is—has given offence; if the poet knew who, so much the worse for somebody. He is full of veiled personalities of the most damaging kind: he deprecates guessing at who the subjects can be, but they must have recognized themselves, and have seen the need of propitiating a poet who was at once politic and vindictive. He insists repeatedly upon his successful avoidance of all personal attacks, while he had been lavish of personal compliments. He tells us himself that these were not given gratis: when somebody whom he has praised ignores the obligation he receives, the fact is published as a general warning: besides, he tells us that a less popular poet, when he wrote three hundred lines on the baths of a celebrated gourmet, wanted a dinner more than a bath. We cannot doubt that when Martial wrote to one of his friends that there were no baths in the world like the baths of Etruscus,² that whoever missed bathing in them would die without bathing, he expected to be paid in some form or other for the valuable advertisement he was giving Etruscus. So, too, when he answers numerous requests for a copy of his poems with a reference to his bookseller³ and a jocular assurance that they are not really worth the money, it is safe to assume that his bookseller had paid something for his manuscript. It is to be noticed that even where Martial is treating the most general and commonplace topics, he always manages to give the treatment a false air of personality: either he professes to give his own experience, or he apostrophizes the more or less imaginary person he is writing about.

The last two books are merely couplets to serve as directions for the presents sent round at the Saturnalia, and purchasers paid for the labels as they paid for the wine or the game or the knick-knacks which the labels accompanied. One can imagine that to be ingenious enough to write about anything conferred a kind of reputation, and that Martial may have liked the practice, and now and then there is a happy turn: the wine of Nomentum, when it is old enough, may pass

¹ V. xxxiii.² VI. xlii.³ IV. lxxii.

for any wine in the world;¹ the wine of Spoletum, when it is old, is better than Falernian when it is new. The cloudy Marsic wine is good enough for freedmen, and a person who receives a jar of brine from tunnies² is told that if the brine were made from a daintier fish it would not have been sent to him. A neater point is that a jar of wine is laid down in a year when there was no consul: the recipient may guess whether it dates from the days of the kings, or simply from the battle of Mutina, which was so closely followed by the death of both consuls. Some of the presents are curious in themselves; for instance, the desk³ which was used to protect the books read upon the knee from the fluff of the clothes, and the snow-strainers, sometimes of flax and sometimes of silver, which were used according to the quality of the wine they flavored. For the ancients were not of our mind, that the flavor of the best wine was spoiled by icing; for instance, it was a shame to use water cooled with snow for the "smoky" wine of Marseilles, as the wine would be less valuable than the water.⁴ If the reader thinks this rather poor fooling, he may perhaps prefer the couplet on some wool dyed with Tyrian purple:⁵

The shepherd gave me to his Spartan flame,
To put her mother's home-dyed robes to shame.—XIV. clvi.

But there are often comparisons of this kind; for instance, besides the couplet for cheap brine made from tunnies, another⁶ on two kinds of mattress-stuffing—one made of woollen flock for the rich, the other of chopped rushes for the poor. There is a constant play, too, on the conceit that the poor man makes a cheap present, and recommends a rich man to make a handsome one.⁷ There is even a hint that the verses may do as well as a present by themselves. More than once in the twelve books of epigrams Martial recurs to the same idea, and hints that he may send an epigram as a sub-

¹ I. cvi. ² XIII. ciii. ³ XIV. lxxxiv. ⁴ XIV. cxviii.

⁵ There were purple-dyers in Laconia and Tarentum who competed, unsuccessfully in the judgment of connoisseurs, with the manufacturers of Tyre; the latter employing an animal, the former a vegetable, dye.

⁶ XIV. clx., clx.

⁷ XIII. iii.

stitute for paying a morning call.¹ Sometimes he tells us that a poor man shows true generosity when he sends no present to a rich one, because he dispenses the rich one from making a rich return.² On a friend's birthday, when he acquiesces in the friend's bidding to send nothing, he tells the friend to reward him for his obedience by sending a present on *his* birthday. He was alive to the ridiculous side of his life: he wished for wealth that he might make presents and build; he did build a little, and³ one of his raciest epigrams is on another little builder, who was warden of the hamlet the same year that a rich neighbor was consul, and built a little sweating-house when the rich neighbor built splendid marble baths.

The æsthetic aspirations of the poor are as ridiculous as their ambition. Martial holds that most who laugh at the impecunious connoisseur⁴ who cries at the sight of rarities which he cannot buy are crying for the very same things in their hearts. A lighter sketch is of Mamurra,⁵ who amused himself all day in the most expensive and fashionable shops, turning over the daintiest slaves that vulgar people like Martial never see at all, and then having the covers drawn off all the finest tables and calling for the richest ivory, and measuring a splendid tortoise-shell sofa four times, only to discover with regret that it was just too small for his citron table. Then he smelled at the bronzes to see if they had the right Corinthian perfume, and found fault with statues designed by Polyclethus: thought it was a pity there were specks of nitre in the crystal goblets, and so resigned himself to having murrhine⁶ instead; and marked and put on one side ten of these (probably there were not fifty men in Rome who had so many). Then he weighed all the old plate, and the cups that were famous as the handiwork of Mentor, and counted all the green gems in the golden enamel, and all the large pearls that are such becoming ear-balls for white ears. He went to every booth for genuine sardonyx, and priced all the large jaspers. At last, when he was tired, and the shops were just ready to

¹ I. cix. ² V. xviii. ³ X. lxxix. ⁴ X. lxxx. ⁵ IX. lx.

⁶ It is not known whether these were porcelain or spar, or some kind of semi-opaque and jewelled glass.

shut up, he bought two cups for a penny, and carried them away himself. Another amusing pauper boasts¹ that he never dines at home; and quite truly, for whenever he does not get an invitation he simply goes without a dinner. Another is too independent for this, so he professes never to dine out, and takes his snack of fish and eggs and lettuce in the baths,² instead of going home to his garret.

Martial himself was not poor in this sense: he had friends who could make him a present of a boar,³ though he was obliged to decline it because it was too grand a dish for his kitchen, and he could not afford pepper and pickle to have it properly cooked. One hardly knows whether it is characteristic of Martial or of his age that he could publish the fact. He was equally enthusiastic over a toga sent him by Parthenius, and over the goblet sent him by Instantius Rufus. The poems are on the same model: he speculates on the breed of sheep whose wool was spun for the toga,⁴ he speculates upon the artist whose hand had wrought the goblet.⁵ After speculating, he describes the beauties of the toga and of the goblet, the latter apparently consisting in the extreme realism of the goat charging a boy. Upon the whole, Martial is more amusing when he duns⁶ Paullus than when he thanks Rufus, though the exaggeration is carried too far when we are told not merely that the goblet is a leaf from the crown Paullus wore as prætor, nor that a drop of wine breaks it, and that it shakes with the draught of the lamp, but that it is thinner than the chalk on an old woman's face, thinner than a bubble.

In general, Martial is not careful to vary his subjects. He has two or three other epigrams⁷ on the bad habit his acquaintances were apt to get into, of sending him less and less silver every year; sometimes the friend whose present has dwindled till imperceptible is invited to go back to the beginning of the series; another is invited to pay at least half the poet's customary claim;⁸ a third is told that half a pound of pepper does not cost as much as a pound of plate, or rather

¹ V. xlvii.² XII. xix.³ VII. xxvii.⁴ VIII. xxviii.⁵ VIII. li.⁶ VIII. xxxiii.⁷ *E. g.* VIII. lxxi.⁸ X. lvii.

that Martial can buy it for less. This last is a favorite turn: owing to the fortunate ambiguity of Latin, Martial can say, "I don't buy pepper for that," or "I don't buy a toga for that," when he means "I don't give so much for pepper, and I give more for a toga" than the trifling presents you make me for dancing attendance on you. In the same way he repeats the conceit that nothing is worse than a bald-head¹ with long hair, with a variation to the effect that nothing is worse than a gelding² Priapus; and is fond of ringing the changes³ on bought hair, bought teeth, or bought poems—all the property of the purchasers. Often, however, he varies the same subject. For instance, once when a criminal enacts Mucius in the arena, he is so struck with his courage that he declines to know what the hand he sacrifices has done:⁴ another time he reflects that the true mark of courage would be to refuse, as the unfortunate criminal would then be burned alive.⁵ Sometimes the tame lion (there seems to have been more than one) has imbibed the clemency of Domitian; sometimes it does not think a hare⁶ sufficient occupation for its lordly jaws; sometimes it is too much used to its old friend the goat to think of hurting it. There is the same light-hearted inconsistency in the way that he thanks Domitian for giving him the privileges of a father of three children,⁷ dismissing his wife because it would be a shame to waste such a gift, while he tells other applicants for the same favor to ask it⁸ of nature and of their wives, not of the emperor.

It deserves to be mentioned, to Martial's credit, that he shows no exultation when the power before which he abased himself so passionately was overthrown. The only sign that his enthusiasm cooled during Domitian's life is an invitation to dinner, where he promises his guests they shall talk of nothing more serious than the colors of the circus, and run no risk of prosecution for anything they may say in their cups. When Domitian was dead, the only signs of reaction are one

¹ X. lxxxiii. 12.² I. xxxvi. 15.³ These come altogether, I. lxxiii.⁴ VIII. xxx. 9, 10.⁵ X. xxv.⁶ I. xxiii.⁷ II. xcii.⁸ VIII. xxxi.

or two epigrams,¹ where he quotes Nerva as an excuse for the license of his own language, and flatters Trajan by an epigram full of civic-sounding titles² which the poet thenceforth will have to substitute for the titles of lord and god which still come too readily to his courtly tongue. Martial dedicates under both reigns with the same confident *empressement* to Parthenius, the emperor's reader, who took a leading part in the conspiracy against Domitian, and who narrowly escaped, if he did escape, the vengeance of the Prætorians. Of course, such an easy, good-humored writer had no sympathy whatever with pessimist critics, who judged the Rome of Domitian as Juvenal judged the Rome of Trajan; but he disapproved equally of the indiscriminate optimism which admired everything as a disguise for lack of worthy interest in anything. Certainly it is pleasant to turn from Juvenal's sneer at Fuscus, who studied war in a marble villa, and was nursing his flesh for the vultures of Dacia, to Martial's truly Roman tribute³ to the urn that never need fear the threat of a foeman, and the shade that inherits the homage of the conquered grove, in spite of the flunkeyism of the opening lines about the guardian of his sacred majesty's person and the captain of civic soldiery.

When one compares Martial's consolatory poems with those of Statius, one is struck by the superiority of Martial in simplicity of feeling: he may be less moved, but his kindness is more spontaneous; he has not to torment himself and his reader with considerations. Martial reminds us of Statius in his sympathy for the fashion of petting the handsome young slave, who seems very often to have died of being a little too refined for his situation, in which case he was always liberated before death. He stands almost alone in Roman literature in his appreciation of mere girlhood: one of the most pathetic of his epitaphs⁴ is for a child of six who died of some face disease. He dwells on the quaint horror of her end, the little lips that were not whole when licked by the black flame of the funeral pyre, in a way to remind us that he is a countryman

¹ XII. vi.; cf. XI. xx.² X. lxxii.³ VI. lxxvi.; cf. Juv. iv. III, 112.⁴ XI. xii.

of the Spanish painters of martyrdoms; and winding up by telling us that fate was in a hurry to stop her voice, lest if she could cry for mercy the grim goddess should relent. Still prettier are the distichs¹ in which he commends the ghost of a little slave girl of his own to the ghosts of his parents, and concludes with the often-quoted prayer, "Lie lightly on her, earth, she trod lightly on you:" and long after, when he was leaving Italy, he wrote another epitaph,² commending her grave to whosoever might succeed him as the owner of his Sabine farm. In between comes an epigram³ that is witty and heartless. For thirteen lines he describes the perfections of his pet, whose hair was softer than the fleece of a Spanish lamb, and more golden and more curly than a German's; whose breath was as sweet as the rosebuds of Pæstum and the finest honey of the hives of Attica, or a lump of amber fresh snatched from the hand. The peacock has no grace in comparison with her, the squirrel no winning ways, the phoenix no rarity. So far we seem to be reading an anticipation of the compliments of Don Quixote, but we presently learn, "And my friend Pætus bids me not be sad: he thumps my breast and pulls my hair. 'Are not you ashamed of crying at the death of a slave baby?' he says: 'why, I've buried my wife, and yet I live, well born, well connected, rich, and haughty as she was.' Where shall we find a man so brave as Pætus? Think of coming into £200,000 and surviving it!"

Martial is one of the first writers to be gallant in our sense of the word. We might search in vain in Latin literature for parallels to the epigram where he sends a lady German hair, that she may see how much yellower⁴ her own is; and the other, where he complains of having fresh roses⁵ sent him, when he would prefer those whose bloom her hands had rubbed away. On the other hand, even for a Roman writer, he is singularly ignorant of love, and, oddly enough, is aware of the deficiency: he even fancied that if he had something to love⁶ it would make a poet of him. His notion of something to love was modelled rather upon Corydon's love for Alexis

¹ V. xxxiv.² X. lxi.³ V. xxxvii.⁴ V. lxviii.⁵ XI. lxxxix.⁶ VIII. lxxiii. 10.

than upon the love of Catullus for Lesbia, and therefore had not the smallest element of permanence. If he wanted permanence in matters of affection he thought of marriage; it was, after all, an intrinsic part of his scheme of life: he could not dispense with it as Horace or Vergil or Catullus did, as Ovid could have done. His general scheme of life is a reflection of the lower side of Horace's. Amusement has a much larger place in it; he is always in a hurry to live. The wise man, the only wise man, is he who lived yesterday. The only approach to remorse or to compunction in him is due to the thought of the good daylight we lose over business of an uninteresting kind, when we might be having warm or cold baths, or doing gymnastics, or talking, or lounging in the sun; and every sun that sets without being enjoyed is one item more in the account against us.¹ The notion of enjoyment of thought or imagination or mere repose is far from Martial in his prime; and he found the comfort of having his sleep out at Bilbilis a poor exchange for the mental activity of Rome. He has no idea whatever of putting to himself the question of what his business in life may be, about which Horace is intermittently quite serious; for the sufficient reason that Horace was useful to one of the most important men of the day, while Martial was in no fruitful relation to any one, except perhaps his namesake Julius, of whom and to whom he writes with a hearty enthusiasm upon the duty of enjoying life and the charms of his few acres. We extract one of the sincerest and sweetest of his confidences:

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,
Jucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt:
Res non parta labore, sed relictæ;
Non ingratus ager, focus perennis,
Lis nunquam, toga rara, mens quieta,
Vires ingenuæ, salubre corpus,
Prudens simplicitas, pares amici,
Convictus facilis, sine arte mensa,
Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis,
Non tristis torus, et tamen pudicus,
Somnus qui faciat breves tenebras,
Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque malis:
Summum nec metuas diem nec optes (X. xlvii.).

¹ V. xx.

—"The things which make life pretty happy, my own dear Martial, are these: a property which was left you without your working for it, land that pays for cultivation, a hot dinner every day, never a law-suit, very seldom a dress-suit, a quiet mind, bodily health, and gentlemanly vigor; frankness and prudence, equal friendships, easy society, a simple table, a wet night to wash out cares, but not quite a tipsy one, a wife who is faithful and not strait-laced, sound sleep to shorten the darkness; to wish to be what you are and nothing else in the world; not to be afraid of your last day, nor to long for it."

It throws a little light on Martial's views of marriage that he was enthusiastic over Sulpicia,¹ who wrote a book to celebrate the liberties she and her husband took with one another. In fact, she practised all the fascinations of a mistress upon her husband, and boasted of them in a book which, in spite of Martial's advertisement, failed to secure a permanent reputation. Still, it must have had some charm, for Martial was, as a general rule, averse to the tendency ladies of station were beginning to show to ape the fascinations of ladies to whom station was unattainable. That great part of the wit of his epigrams consists in veiled or unveiled imputation of unmentionable vice is hardly a proof that his practical standard of behavior was much lower than that of respectable contemporaries. When Lucan jested he made the same kind of jokes, though it is to be remembered that Lucan did not make a business of such jests. Even so, Martial was scrupulous compared with those who made it their business to jest: he boasts that he was more careful than most of his predecessors to keep clear of the cheap attraction of mere grossness, and takes a tone of sarcastic superiority to a competitor who tried to make a reputation out of ingeniously detailed nastiness, telling him that it was not worth while that he should prove his gift of expression at that rate.²

Now and then Martial follows Horace, not only in his philosophy, but in the construction of individual poems. As Dean Merivale observes, the well-known odes to Dellius and Postumus find an echo in the sharp scazons to Titullus. In

¹ X. xxxv.

² XII. xliii. 11.

directness and rapidity and energy the later poet has such advantage as a later poet can have.

Rape, congere, aufer, posside: relinquendum est.
Superba densis arca palleat nummis,
Centum explicentur paginæ Calendarum,
Jurabit heres te nihil reliquisse.¹

That is worth reading after—

Cedes coemptis saltibus et domo,
Villaque, flavus quam Tiberis lavat,
Cedes, et exstructis in altum
Divitiis potietur heres.²

Martial has thought out what Horace only suggests, and the image of the wooden chest with its brown darkness turning pale with the gleam of the silver that chokes it is new and vigorous. Martial goes on to cap Horace's description of the heir tossing off the Cæcuban which was shut up behind a hundred bolts, and washing the pavement with better wine than the pontiffs drink, with a brutal picture of the dead body thrown against a hurdle or a stone, while the bier to burn it on is being stuffed with papyrus, and the heir takes possession of the harem at his ease.

But more commonly Martial exhibits himself as the rival of a poet with whom he has little in common but metre. He does not know what passion is. Catullus is one of the most passionate of poets, and yet Martial tries to outdo him in his ambition for kisses,³ and his quarrels with his friends who give him ground for jealousy; and add to this the unpardonable offence of not being even fat and well-liking. Now and then there are imitations of the Greek epigram: a terse set of questions and answers upon a work of art, or an epitaph simple and dignified. But for the most part he keeps to the

¹ VIII. xlv. 9-12. "Snatch, hoard, seize, hold, you still must leave it all; though the proud chest is choked and pale with coin, though there are a hundred pages in the roll of your debtors, your heir will swear you left him nothing."

² "You shall depart from the wide woodlands you bought, from your home, from your farm washed by the yellow Tiber—you shall depart, and all your heaped-up wealth shall be for your heir."—Hor. *Od.* II. xiv. 21-24.

³ VI. xxxiv.; cf. I. cix.

paradoxes of contemporary Roman life, and it was among these that he earned his popularity. Unambitious as he was, he was too ambitious for his public, who showed a good deal of impatience whenever he wrote anything longer than a few lines (their ideal length was a distich) or paid compliments of any kind. The taste of the day did not apparently revolt at his numerous jingles and plays upon sound like "Aut appone dapes Vare vel aufer opes."¹ His style here and there shows signs of linguistic decay: for instance, in the best epitaph, on Erotion, we hear that she went to the world below with a hastened ghost.

¹ IV. lxxviii. 6.

CHAPTER V.

JUVENAL.

IT is difficult to be sure whether Juvenal, who was the friend of Martial, is to be identified with the satirist. If so, there was a certain plausibility in the endeavors of some malicious persons to get up a quarrel between the two, for the temperament of the two was as different as could be. Martial was mercurial, Juvenal was saturnine. Martial was quite capable of admiration; Juvenal was not. Martial was an enthusiast for the shows of the circus; Juvenal thought a day when all Rome was in the circus a capital opportunity for a quiet dinner, and considered the prætor the prey of his horses when he gave a handsome show. Juvenal, again, has a great passion for exhortation, from which Martial is entirely free. The friend of Martial was not yet known as a poet, for Martial is anxious to give any of his acquaintances who write full credit for their performances, good or bad. This, *pro tanto*, tells in favor of the accepted belief that Juvenal only began to write under Trajan, which rests upon three facts. In his first Satire which is obviously intended to serve as an introduction to the rest, he mentions the condemnation of Marius, which took place 100 A.D. The thirteenth is addressed to a friend of sixty who was born in the consulship of Fonteius, which dates the Satire at 72, 119, or 127 A.D. The fifteenth professes to be written soon after an event which took place in the consulship of Junius, which would leave us to choose between 84 A.D. and 119 A.D., or possibly under the consulship of Juncus, who was consul suffect in 127 A.D.; and although an inscription of Hadrian's reign is dated by his consulship, it is rather difficult to suppose that a poet could expect everybody to keep all the consuls suffect in their heads, and speak loosely of what happened "lately" if he was dating within a couple of months.

It would, of course, be curious that Martial should write of Juvenal as a private person if there were another Juvenal who had a reputation as a poet, and, according to the tradition embodied in the lives of Juvenal, he had published under Domitian, who banished him to Egypt; though it is also true that Martial tells us nothing of Statius, the leading fashionable poet of the age. There is one other Satire which seems to bear its date upon its face. The seventh—where the poet complains that poetry has no patrons but the emperor—must surely be contemporary with the complaints of Martial about the one drawback to Domitian's admirable reign, that it was not recognized that a poor man's talent deserved reward, and, consequently, poets and men of letters in general had no patron to look to but the emperor. And it is not impossible that the Cordus who makes himself hoarse reciting his "Theseid" to an unappreciative world is the same Cordus whom Martial banters good-naturedly on his taste for finery rather above his means. The eighth Satire is full of allusions to the reign of Nero,¹ and the scholiast embodies confused echoes of a more or less conjectural tradition that Juvenal began to write under him; and in the first Satire there are allusions which might, perhaps, be taken the same way. It is remarkable that there are no allusions to the victorious campaigns of Trajan, and in the eighth Satire we should have expected these. We hear of the career of a valiant and diligent youth who goes to Euphrates, or the eagles which keep watch and ward over the conquered Bata-vian, and a young noble is reproached for idling in taverns when at an age to guarantee the safety of Nero. There is another passage² in what would seem a later Satire, which is still more conclusive: an aspiring boy is told by a father with an eye to the main chance to ask for a centurion's rod, that he may have the perquisites³ of *primipilus* at sixty.

¹ One explanation of these might be that Juvenal goes back to the personages of Turnus as Persius goes back to the personages of Horace.

² xiv. 193-198.

³ Consisting largely of fees, upon furloughs, and sufficient to support the rank of knight, with which a *primipilus* hoped to retire, probably with the brevet rank of tribune.

These perquisites are to be earned by a long course of petty warfare on the extreme northern and southern frontiers of the empire.

The whole subject is very perplexing, for we cannot even conclude that Juvenal wrote mainly under Domitian; but the thirteenth Satire must have been written either under Vespasian or under Hadrian, and the twelfth and fourteenth Satires, and probably the eleventh, must be assigned to about the same period. It is, of course, difficult to understand so much bitterness in the golden age of Trajan, when the world was enjoying the first rebound of prosperity and freedom after the jealous and latterly unsuccessful tyranny of Domitian. We learn, indeed, from Pliny's correspondence with Trajan that jobbery flourished extensively throughout the provinces, and may conjecture that it flourished at the capital. The manifesto which, it is said, Avidius Cassius issued against Marcus Aurelius implies that under that model emperor corruption was flourishing throughout the empire, and the public interest was entirely neglected by everybody. But it is not easy to give credit to Juvenal for such comprehensive indignation: the only life that he knows or cares to describe is the life of the capital, and the life of the capital can hardly have been other than prosperous during a period of profuse expenditure, which was supplied without either of the unpopular resources of confiscation or taxation. The last fragmentary Satire on military privileges, which seems to have been intended to come before the Satire on the savagery of Egyptian superstition, might naturally be referred to the reign of Trajan, although Domitian was conspicuous for his deference to the army.

Another difficulty about Juvenal is the steady ancient tradition of an exile in which he enlarged his Satires, which must be considered in conjunction with the elaborate conjecture of Ribbeck that the tenth, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth Satires are declamations quite unworthy of Juvenal, and that the author of these, or somebody as stupid, interpolated the Satires which Ribbeck recognizes as genuine. And it is quite true that there is a real division in

Juvenal's work. In all the Satires which Ribbeck rejects there is very little direct observation of life: there is a great deal of hortatory commonplace, and such illustration as there is seems taken second-hand from history; and there are unmistakable signs of this tendency in the Satires which he accepts; and there is no Satire where the arrangement is the strong point—in fact, there is hardly any where a methodical editor is without some temptation to rearrange his text, which never hardly comes to the end of one topic and goes on to another without recurring to the first. Juvenal is too considerable a poet for it to be easily admitted that he could keep back nothing, that he thought everything that he wrote too good to lose.

On the whole, Juvenal may seem to have written mostly under Domitian and Nerva, and during the early years of Trajan. Perhaps after a considerable interval he began to write again under Hadrian in a different and milder vein. During his exile he may have enlarged his earlier Satires, if we rely at all on the comparatively respectable authority of Sidonius Apollinaris for the statement that he was banished for some reflection on the patronage dispensed by Paris, a favorite actor under Domitian. As the actor was put to death 84 A.D., the Satire on the poverty of men of letters must have been written tolerably early if it was to give offence to him or even to Domitian, who may have resented the imputation of bestowing military rank at the bidding of an actor. The first, second, third, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth Satires might all fairly be set down to the reign of Domitian, if we strike out the two lines¹ about Marius from the first, which decidedly disturb the symmetry of the text where they occur. The fourth is probably Juvenal's contribution to the outburst of virtuous indignation which followed the fall of Domitian. Perhaps there is a trace of the same at the end of the first Satire, where the poet, after contemplating the risks of attacking a reigning favorite as set forth by an imaginary monitor, proclaims a not very magnanimous resolution of trying whether it is safe to make war upon

¹ 49, 50.

the dead. The second Satire, and perhaps the ninth, may fairly be regarded as pamphlets in favor of Domitian's revival of the Scantinian law, for there is nothing in them that can be taken to reflect upon Domitian except five bitter and powerful lines,¹ which are, after all, irrelevant to the two main subjects of the Satire, for Domitian in a private station would have been safe from a prosecution under the Lex Scantinia, and had no taste for exhibiting himself in the arena or making men of station exhibit themselves. The sixth, on the other hand, is a Satire on Domitian's attempt to revive the Julian law; it rallies a man who intends to live up to the new reformation, partly upon the absurdity of his pretensions to virtue, and partly upon the impossibility of finding a suitable partner. It is a saturnalia of invective: all the world of women is represented as stained by one or other of the offences which in the second Satire are treated as exceptional. Picturesque and truthful as the invective is, there is a want of proportion and perspective about it. One would never guess that the author was a contemporary of Sulpicia, or Statius, or Pliny the Younger, or even Martial, who, though he writes of and to his wife in a tone the reverse of chivalrous, is not wholly wanting in good-nature. Here, as elsewhere, Juvenal is provokingly old-fashioned: he repeats and exaggerates the misogyny of the republic; he does not dislike women because the sex in his time was corrupt, but his dislike to the sex makes him keen to detect and eloquent to dilate upon all the instances of corruption which society supplied. There is a great deal of spasmodic and not quite unreal indignation at the turpitude of women, but no recommendation for improvement—in fact, whenever a woman has a character, Juvenal makes haste to take it away. He offers to give up his own bit of land if a lady who had a great reputation on her own domain could live in one or two of the dullest, pettiest towns as she is said to have lived on her own estate; though even about that Juvenal has his doubts, and asks if Jupiter and Mars are grown so old. In the second Satire the indignation seems to be rather against the pretensions and

¹ 29-34.

the hypocrisy of effeminate debauchery than against the effeminacy itself, while in the ninth Satire there is no indignation at all, or else it is marvellously well suppressed. The poet encourages his friend to hope for better luck with his next effeminate employer, and promises secrecy about his quarrel with the last, while sagely reflecting that a rich man can have no secrets: his servants are sure to understand all his affairs and publish them through his tradesmen, with plenty of comment and conjecture. The worst thing about a bad slave is his tongue, and among many good reasons for living correctly it is not the least that then you need not mind what servants say of you.

Even in the fifth Satire it is not clear whether Juvenal means to attack the rich man who will not treat his clients civilly, or the poor man who is eager to go out to dinner even at the risk of being worse served and fed than his host. Here, as often, Juvenal does nothing but paraphrase at length, and with much emphatic humor, an epigram¹ of Martial's on a dinner of Zoilus, who probably stands for a real person who did not appreciate Martial's epigrams: there is even the same parade of the resources which are less discreditable than dining out on such terms. Only Martial is impartial: he tells us quite candidly what a miserable thing it was to dine three nights running in a garret that was dark and low, up ever so many pairs of stairs, at the top of which you had to stoop to get into it; and he obviously feels that a poor man might very well think the price for freedom too high. Juvenal's inference is that a poor man had better leave Rome: he just says enough of the discomfort of dark garrets and high rents² to recommend the cheap comfort of a country town. He does not touch on the fact that a man with the tastes he approved could do nothing in a small town but vegetate, while the busy idleness of Rome sharpened the wits and kept ambition alive. He thought it quite shocking that well-known poets should go into business and open an auction hall at Rome, or contract for the management of the baths at Gabii, although that was better than making a trade of perjury, which pushing freedmen from the Levant

¹ Mart. III. lxxxii.² Juv. III. 190 sqq.

who had acquired equestrian fortunes were ready enough to do. Transmarine trade, which was almost the only honest way of making money known, struck him as a proof of insanity. A man setting out in the storms to traffic in stinking saffron and sackcloth is a more amusing show than any that the prætor can exhibit.

It is quite of a piece with this that Juvenal has no belief whatever in any connection between merit and success: all the external conditions of life depend upon fate or luck: the shabby adventurers who get on without minding what they do are not monuments of the power of energy or perseverance or adaptability, but they show what fortune can do when she has a mind to joke.¹ If Quinctilian² has accumulated what passed for a fortune, that does not prove that Quinctilian understood his profession, but that the stars and the wondrous power of hidden fate had manifested themselves in him; for fate can turn a professor of rhetoric into a consul,³ and a consul into a professor of rhetoric, just as it can make a slave a king or give a captive a triumph. In the same way luck is the great thing in entering the army:⁴ a lucky camp is more important than a letter of introduction from Venus to Mars. It is no contradiction to this that twice over we get the sentiment that it is only for lack of prudence that men deify fortune: virtue and prudence are never represented as the way to fame or splendor; they are the way to safety and tranquillity, which are all that Juvenal thinks it wise to wish for.

With this apathy of desire it is not surprising that Juvenal is one of the most irreligious of Roman poets: he jests much more freely at mythology than his fellows, but this is not all. When he is serious and reverent he speaks, for the most part, not of the gods, but of nature, or the author of nature; but there is no trace of any piety to the traditional worship which often survived any respect for the legends connected with it. Juvenal is not much further from jesting when he says that of course man is dearer to the gods than to himself, and therefore

¹ Juv. III. 40.

² Quinctilian only received the consular ornaments.

³ VII. 189-200.

⁴ XVI. 2-6.

the future may be left to their care, than when he says that if you must go on to petitions,¹ and have a motive for vowing the entrails and the chitterlings of a nice little white pig (which, to be sure, are a dish for gods) to your favorite chapel, the only thing to pray for is a courageous mind above the fear of death: which is hardly an improvement from the point of view of reason, or from that of religion, upon Horace, who says simply it is enough to pray Jove for what he gives or takes away: let him give health and wealth, and then I will find myself an even mind. The jests upon mythology are mostly euhemeristic in tone—references to the days when Juno² was a young girl, and Jupiter had not been promoted from private life in the caves of Ida to be king of heaven, and sneers at Vulcan's way of taking a long pull at the nectar he handed round before it occurs to him to clean the soot off his arms.

The gradual decline of morality since the Golden Age is a favorite topic with Juvenal, and he likes to dwell on the extreme simplicity of the good old times, when it was a great crime for a young man not to rise up to an elder, and for a boy not to rise up to any one with a beard, although he might see more strawberries and larger heaps of acorns at home.³ Next to this he admires the life of the Sabine farmers,⁴ where the wife had a large family, and lived upon porridge, and slaves and freemen played together as children, and worked together when they grew up; and the elders warned them against outlandish purple as something wicked, without wishing to know what it was. He has a strong feeling that the love of money is the root of all evil, and that field-work in shabby clothes is the root of all virtue; that a son who is brought-up to think of earning money will make up his mind to try criminal short-cuts to wealth. He admires the best poetry, and thinks that to dine early and listen⁵ to it is one of the greatest pleasures in the world, though it would pall if indulged in often. This, however, is only a pleasure for men: women are better in entire ignorance; they should keep

¹ X. 354, 355.

² XIII. 40.

³ Ib. 54 sqq.

⁴ Ib. 165-189.

⁵ XI. 177-180.

their hearts pure and their hands hard by spinning, and not trouble themselves about grammar or literature, which will only put it into their heads to tease their husbands about doubtful grammar, or take up all the time at a dinner-party with discussions about the comparative merits of Homer and Vergil. In his eyes this is even a worse offence than to keep dinner waiting through an excessive passion for gymnastics, as this was a worse offence than dressiness, which easily passed into cruelty.

Juvenal's politics agree very well with his philosophy: he holds in most things with the elder Cato, and is superior to all considerations of anachronism. The empire of Rome gives him no pleasure: he regards everybody, great or small, who profits by it with the robust envy of a conservative democrat. He is a hearty patriot, and thinks no praise too high for those who delivered the municipal community of Rome from great perils, like Cicero or Marius or the Decii, but one looks in vain for any sympathy with Vergil's view of Rome's mission to spare subjects and war down the proud and lay the fashion of peace upon the world. Both in history and in ethics it is rudimentary virtues that attract him. When there is an opportunity for taking a large view in politics he is suspicious; when there is an opportunity for taking a large view in history he is sceptical and credulous by turns. When he has to speak of the struggle of Greece against Persia, he can think of nothing better than to try to reduce Herodotus, or, at any rate, Sostratus,¹ who versified him, to the level of Munchausen. When he has to speak of the struggle of Rome against Hannibal, he can think of nothing better than to sneer at the ambition of a commander who melted rocks with vinegar, and lost an eye in the wars.² It is one of the most remarkable points in Juvenal's view of life that he attaches no value whatever to posthumous renown, which almost all his serious contemporaries rated extremely high, just as they all agreed in attaching as much worth as they could to the worship which they had inherited. Of course, one does not expect much homage to the ideals of an age in a satirist, though

¹ X. 178.

² Ib. 153, 158.

we find it abundantly in Martial, but, compared with either Horace or Persius, Juvenal is decidedly narrow and ungracious in all matters of opinion. If men could only live up to the standards they profess, neither Horace nor Persius would have much to say against them, but Juvenal complains that the aims they propose to themselves are absurd: he finds not only men but life ridiculous. Aristophanes, whom Juvenal alone of Roman satirists makes no boast of imitating, is as contemptuous of what his contemporaries admire, but Aristophanes makes a jest of his own opinions, as readily as of the new fashions in thought and politics against which he waged a war which lowered him. Aristophanes to the last keeps the air of looking down upon what he ridicules; he represents himself as the champion of the orthodox, respectable view of things. Juvenal always assumes that the view which he ridicules is in possession; he is a Diogenes who can afford to laugh at Alexander.

In his later works Juvenal is in the same position towards Stoicism substantially as Horace: he wishes to amuse himself with the pretensions of the Stoics and to be independent of their doctrine, and yet he can do nothing but repeat their commonplaces. He keeps so far as he can to what they have in common with all philosophers, which was the easier because they had been falling back upon this common ground at least as far back as the days of Seneca. The thirteenth Satire is full of this incoherence. Juvenal undertakes to console a friend who has been cheated of ten sesteria—something like £100 sterling—and tells him that for such a trifle there is no need to call in the assistance of high philosophy—which the author boasts of not having read. In one place he tells him that it is unmanly to care about revenge, in another that he is quite certain to be avenged by the force of circumstances: the perfidious borrower has committed one crime with impunity; he will be sure to commit another, and be punished. In one place he makes a jest of the number of deities whom a perjurer will defy for the sake of keeping money which does not belong to him. In another we are assured that he will be haunted by the spirit form of the man

he has wronged: throughout there is the assumption that every one who does wrong is always tormented by the thought of what he has done, so that legal penalties are really less severe than what every criminal must suffer from his conscience.

It is just the same in the fifteenth Satire: all the Stoical doctrines of the fellowship of mankind are brought to bear upon the grotesque cannibalism of the inhabitants of an Egyptian town, who had caught one of the inhabitants of another that they had a quarrel with, and actually eaten him at the end of a brawl at a festival. At the same time, Juvenal will not be too serious about his Stoicism: he asks himself whether the stories of Spanish cannibalism are to be tried by the Stoical standard, and, of course, says that the Spaniards who acted under a mistaken sense of honor are to be excused. The humor is not very remarkable: the poet assures us that the fables of the "Odyssey" about the Cyclops and the Læstrygons were disgusting and incredible, as a preface to his more incredible and more disgusting picture from contemporary life: even the contrast between the hungry hate on one side and the coarse merry-makings on another, with which the actual narrative opens, is rather labored than effective, and the same may be said of the complaints that Egyptians worship animals. The twelfth Satire professes to be a letter to Corvinus on the festival Juvenal intends to hold in honor of the safety of Catullus, who was very nearly shipwrecked, after seeing the mast cut away and all his own property thrown overboard. This gives occasion to praise Catullus for not sacrificing his life to save his property, and, as he had children of his own, Juvenal can praise himself for disinterestedness in paying such a tribute to a friend from whom he expects nothing. Hereupon we have a bit of genuine satire upon the manners and customs of fortune-hunters who would sacrifice a daughter, to say nothing of their best slaves, to prove their devotion to a rich old bachelor, without expecting a miracle to save them such as was wrought for Agamemnon. The rest looks rather like a series of exercises in description pieced together; there is a sacri-

fice and a shipwreck (and a shipwreck, at any rate, was a favorite theme for schoolboy versification), and Juvenal's sea-piece seems rather interrupted by the catalogue of the goods which Catullus sacrifices. Here and there is an attempt to be comic by dint of grandiloquence, which breaks down in unexpected places: for instance, a bowl thrown overboard holds three gallons, and is worthy of the thirst of Pholus (a celebrated centaur), or the wife of Fuscus (as we might say, Mrs. Brown). The fourteenth, which deals with education, is vigorous and edifying, though here, too, the author cannot help going off into a special polemic against avarice, which occupies two thirds of the Satire, though most of this is connected with the subject upon which he begins by declamations on the influence of evil examples in propagating avarice, as well as other vices which the young acquire from elders who do not recommend them in theory. Here, too, we have the same scepticism as to Greek legend which, in the tenth Satire, we find about Greek history.

In general it may be said that the interest of Juvenal's later Satires, from the eleventh onwards, is derivative: the first ten are exciting, and when the poet reaches a calmer and more elevated atmosphere the recollection of the bracing storms of the lower level prevents our finding the calm insipid or oppressive. The eleventh Satire is fresh and pleasant, and the description of the modest country-bred boy who waits at table, and wants to get back to his mother and his kids, is in a vein of sentiment that is original in ancient literature. But one may fancy it possible to trace failing powers in the sketch of the fast young men who live beyond their means, and break up their mother's bust for old silver, and pawn their plate to provide for one or two banquets more, before they have to run away from their creditors for a season or two at the baths, after which they will come back to the gladiators' mess at Rome. The outline is vigorous still, but there is little detail, and the coloring is pale beside the picture of Lateranus among his boon companions. The tenth Satire is certainly a work of the full vigor of its author. To be sure, there is much more ethical disquisition than in the third or

eighth, but there is an amplitude about even the abstract declamation which we miss later, and there is nothing afterwards to set against the splendid pictures of the fall of Sejanus, and the humiliation of Hannibal, or the wedding of Messalina and Silius. The plan of the Satire is clearer and more consistently carried out than usual. First, we have a statement that men are foolish, and wish for what will do them harm, enforced by the consideration that Heraclitus wept over the world, and Democritus laughed at it when there was much less to laugh at, while there is no sage who has given his authority for admiring the popular judgment. Then we have illustrations of the evils arising from the individual things which men desire—wealth, political power, eloquence, military glory, long life, and beauty. The only trace of unsteadiness is in the treatment of long life, which is handled at more length than the rest, and there are a dozen lines on the different diseases of old age, which rather interrupt the description of natural decay. Perhaps, too, it may be said that the perils of beauty are not clearly discriminated. We never quite know whether the poet is talking about the risk of violence or the risk of seduction, and he is full on the perils of beauty in man and short on its perils to woman, although he sets out by saying that it is only for women that even unphilosophical devotees desire it very heartily.

The whole Satire is, as Mr. Maclean pointed out, very like an expansion of the passage in which Valerius Maximus resumes the doctrine of the Alcibiades. It is not improbable that further resemblances of the same kind might be traced, but it detracts even less from Juvenal's originality to amplify Valerius than it detracts from Johnson's originality to have paraphrased Juvenal, or from Pope's to have paraphrased Horace. In the eighth Satire we find originality of another kind. Juvenal is the only writer of his day who has a fierce quarrel with the nobility and with luxury. Tacitus and Pliny make a kind of protest in favor of simplicity: perhaps so far as simplicity of personal habits goes the protest is sincere, but as to the material organization of social life it is certainly hypocritical. With more or less affectation of regret, they accept

splendid houses; they worship great names. Now Juvenal only worships great names under protest as a means to reproach their unworthy inheritors: he has a quite ferocious passion against the pride of a degenerate noble, but his enthusiasm is reserved for the plebeian Decii, for the new men Marius and Cicero. He is, again, the only writer who is implacable to the emperor Otho, who was the hero of the effeminate circles which Martial as well as Juvenal regarded with disgust. Martial¹ asked nothing better than the ready-made epigram of the contrast between his life and his end. Juvenal will not hear of a hero whose highest achievement was the slaughter of Galba,² who only showed the constancy of a great citizen by taking care of his complexion to the last. Juvenal, again, is curiously indifferent to the great question of suicide, which is so prominent in Tacitus and the letters of Pliny; he does not even condescend to sneer at the fashion. He does not discuss, like Martial, whether seeking death or challenging it is not too cheap a way of earning fame. Of course the riddle of Otho's career is simple enough. He was a clever, capable man, with nothing to do in Rome, and therefore ready for mischief. When he had a province to administer, he did it well; when he had a civil war to conduct, he showed as much sense and rather more public spirit than could be expected of him. Other nobles who had rather less enterprise found an outlet for their energy in the passionate cultivation of some accomplishment. If they happened to take to eloquence or poetry, their ambition was respectable, but those gifts were rare. It was commoner then, as now, for a man to have a talent for singing, or driving, or fencing, or play-acting. Saleius Bassus, or whoever it was that wrote the panegyric on Piso, has quite as much to say of his distinction as a chess-player as upon his industry as an advocate. Of course, as slave labor left the rich no employment in the management of their property (for slaves had to be flogged, and gentlemen preferred to order flogging by deputy), accomplishments took a quite disproportionate place in the lives of men whose own pride conspired with the jealousy of the sovereign

¹ "Mart." VI. xxxii.

² "Juv." II. 104.

to keep them back from worthy public employment. And therefore it was difficult to abstain from some public or semi-public display. Even Thræsea, the most virtuous and consistent politician of the previous generation, had appeared on the stage of Patavium, though no one was more stern in rebuking the appearances of Nero on the stage of Rome. There were members of Piso's conspiracy who asked whether it was worth while to get rid of Nero, who sang to the cittern, for Piso, who sang on the stage. Of course this made it all the easier for men of station, whose fortunes were impaired, to try to make money out of their accomplishments and their names, and things were not yet so complicated that a practised professional commanded a higher price than the most distinguished amateur. To all this Juvenal is absolutely irreconcilable: he insists upon holding the nobility to their dignity, as some of them insisted upon holding the emperor to his. It never occurs to him that his standard is conventional; that in the best ages of Greece the best men had contended in the public games; our boat-races and cricket-matches would have scandalized him, and he would have thought it shocking that ladies should sing in public even for a charity, or act as saleswomen at fancy fairs.

He is more in accordance with his age in his harsh judgment of the *delator*. Whoever held a brief in a prosecution for the crown, whoever gave information of a claim that the crown had upon property in private hands, is, for Juvenal as for Pliny and Tacitus, an enemy of the human race. Martial is the only writer who has a good word for Regulus, who was simply an advocate in large practice, one department of which was enforcing the very elastic laws against disloyalty, and threw himself into this part of his business with the same zeal as into the rest. There almost seems to be something personal in Juvenal's contention with Crispinus, for he has, after all, very little to say against him, except that he was an Egyptian freedman, who had become offensively rich, and spent his money in parading an offensive and effeminate elegance, and was no doubt sufficiently profligate in his private life; but opinion did not exact either temperance or chastity as neces-

sary adornments of a leader of fashion; and there is no tangible charge of robbery or oppression. The worst that is said of him is, that he seduced a Vestal, and gave fifty pounds for a fish, which is mentioned as a proof that the emperor, his patron, must have dined still better; and then comes the famous story of the council of the turbot, which tells us how the members of Domitian's cabinet were convoked in hot haste to the Alban Villa, and had to wait while the emperor gave audience to a fisherman who had brought him an unusually large turbot from the Hadriatic, and when they were admitted found they had nothing to debate about except whether the turbot was to be minced or cooked in a special dish, as there was none large enough in the imperial kitchen. They decided, of course, upon the special dish, and were dismissed. As no other writer tells the story, Dean Merivale suspects Juvenal of inventing it out of the two data that Domitian was given to practical jokes, and that Vitellius invented a gigantic dish. If there is any basis of fact beyond this, Domitian must have summoned his council to sit upon business, and changed his mind, and decided to keep the business to himself, and, instead of telling them so, to take their advice upon the turbot. The description of the councillors is as racy as possible: there is Crispinus, smelling of *amomum* in the morning stronger than any two funerals; and the deadly Catullus, who was in love with a girl he had no eyes to see, and was so much dazzled by the turbot that he turned to the left to praise it when it lay on his right. Veiento (whom Juvenal treats with comparative respect, for he kept his place at court under Nerva and in the senate under Trajan) was quite as flattering as Catullus. Montanus, who remembered the banquets of Nero, moved that a dish should be made on purpose: apparently the rest of the council, Fuscus and Pegasus, the prefect of the city, and the Glabrios, father and son, the gentle elder Vibius Crispus, and the cruel whisperer Pompeius, and the impudent Publius, who plumed himself upon an offence with which Domitian dared not reproach him, though he could not hide his nervousness, left the emperor and his turbot alone. It should be added that Juvenal expressly asserts the truth of

his story. When he invokes Calliope, he bids her take a seat, for she will not need to sing, as it is all matter of fact, and then bids the maidens of Pieria tell his true tale, and hopes they will tell it all the better since he calls them maids and young.

This satire is written throughout with admirable decision and unity. The framework is rather loose, for he goes off from Crispinus to his master in a way not strictly artistic; but there is no patchwork. This is more than can be said of all the satires, even of the best. In the third, for instance, the passage about the fountain of Egeria, though it is quite up to Juvenal's level, is decidedly an interruption. Umbricius stops outside the Porta Capena while his whole goods are being packed in one cart, and then we naturally expect him to make his speech on the spot. By the best accounts, when you were outside the Porta Capena you were in the valley of Egeria; and the case is not mended when we see that the two sections of which the episode of Egeria is made up do not fit well together. Jahn transposes them, but either would go more smoothly by itself. A still stronger case is the anticlimax in the second satire. Juvenal has been dilating on the worst forms of effeminacy, and winds up with a formal marriage between two men; whereupon he proceeds: "Even this monstrosity has been surpassed by Gracchus with his tunic and his trident." If that were all it might be simply an extravagance; but we find here the explanation of another passage in the eighth satire about the taste of this same Gracchus, for disgracing himself on the arena, which is much more intelligible when we compare it with the passage in the second. There he is taunted with his rank as *salus*; in the eighth he is taunted with his official dress. When we put the two together, it looks very much as if Juvenal had written a more or less fragmentary satire against Gracchus, and when he came to prepare his works for publication put one piece of invective into the second satire and another into the eighth.

The sixth satire, the longest of all, has to be vigorously rearranged and retrenched by Ribbeck, in order to reduce it to a coherent plan. It may be doubted whether his changes are

improvements: the series of caricatures, revolting or humorous or disgusting, has its merit in the individual sketches, not in their connection; their unity, such as it is, comes from the spleen of the poet. Here is a sketch, for instance, of the cruelty of a woman who fancies herself neglected, or is over-anxious to please her lover: "The book-maid is undone; the perfumers strip (for a flogging); the chairman is said to have come late, and has to pay the penalty because another was sleepy; the rods are broken upon one; another is red with the scourge, yet another with the strap. There are ladies who contract with the tormentors by the year. She whips, and by the way she uses her face-wash, she listens to visitors, or looks over her embroidered dresses with the heavy gold-lace, and goes on beating; she reads the lengthy entries in her day-book, and goes on beating—till at last, when they are tired of beating, she thunders in a dreadful voice, 'Now go,' and the court is cleared for the day. A major-domo has to be as cruel as any tyrant in Sicily. If she has an appointment, and wishes to be dressed more becomingly than usual in a hurry, as some one is waiting for her in her garden, or more likely at the chapel of Isis, where the priestess understands such things, poor Psecas has to arrange her hair, while her own is torn out by handfuls, and her dress is stripped from her breast and shoulders. 'Why is that curl too high?' and presently the cowhide punishes the deadly crime of a bit of hair twisted awry. What has Psecas done? What fault of the girl is it if you don't like the shape of your nose? Then another maid has to stretch and comb the hair on the left, and roll it into a ball." And here the poet goes off into general reflections upon the absurdity of a short woman trying to make herself look taller by experiments in hairdressing. Not, of course, that she dresses for her husband (we have had this reflection before); her only interest in him is to quarrel with his friends and servants, and to make him pay for what she takes to be piety. "A big priest of Cybele comes to tell her that the hot winds of autumn will do her a mischief, unless she gives him a hundred eggs for a lustration and all her old crimson gowns, that the danger may fall upon them, and then she will be safe for

a year. She will break the ice in winter for the sake of taking her three dips in the Tiber, and will crawl round the whole Campus Martius shivering on her bare knees. If white Io bids she will go to the end of Egypt, and bring waters drawn from hot Meroe to sprinkle upon the temple of Isis that stands close to the old sheepfold of Romulus. For so she thinks her lady herself warned her with her own voice. What a soul and what a mind for gods to hold converse with in the night!" Then we have the tale how she will pay a priest of Isis to propitiate all her faults and her husband's, and listen to a Jewess who will sell any dreams that she fancies.

Then comes the turn of the diviners, especially the Chaldæan, about whom Juvenal is too copious to be quite orderly. The chief is one who has been often in exile: it was his friendship and his tables (and who will not pay to consult them too) that brought that great citizen,¹ Otho was afraid of, to his end. A man's art is trusted if he has been kept a prisoner in the camp so long that the chain (which fastened him to the soldiers in charge) clanked on the left wrist as well as the right. No mathematician can have a genius till he has been convicted—a true genius had been almost undone, and was almost too formidable to be sent to a habitable island and escape the dreariest of all. One is rather puzzled by the fact that, of the three sentences which comprise the Chaldæan's qualifications, every one should cover so much of the ground of the other, and that the last is superfluous. We do not want to be told that no mathematician who has not been condemned can have a genius, after hearing that prosecutions give reputation. If this line were the end of a paragraph it might be a summary, but it is the beginning of a sentence quite worthy of Juvenal. It is the same as he goes on: we learn that the questions a woman asks are all very heartless, and that a woman who has to ask is less formidable than one who can make her own calculations and has clients of her own; and then suddenly we are

¹ The great citizen is probably Cornelius Dolabella, a connection of Galba's, whom Otho put under arrest at Aquinum, which accounts for Juvenal's thinking of him. Under Vitellius he returned to Rome and was put to death.

carried back to a distinction between the sources of information open to a rich woman and a poor. And thence Juvenal passes to a new branch of his subject: at any rate a poor woman will take the risk of being a mother; no rich woman will, which is just as well for her husband—his wife's children would not be his, although his wife will probably provide him with children that are not his. But, though she has none of the feelings of a mother, she has all the feelings of a step-mother to the children of a concubine. If she has children of her own she will poison them, like Pontia, for gain. The heroines of fable who did as much may plead the passions of their sex as an excuse: it is only in a civilized age and country that a mother will sacrifice her children for filthy lucre: as for sacrificing her husband to gain or revenge, there are classical precedents for both, and both are pretty generally followed, only the ancients had no resource better than brutal violence. All the passage analyzed above, it should be added, which takes up nearly a third of the satire,¹ begins with a promise that we are to have an account of a Roman lady's whole day, which is quite forgotten after the first paragraph on the vindictive temper in which she is apt to wake.

In general, construction is not the strong point of any of the Latin satirists, and least of all of Juvenal, who is less conversational in his tone than either Horace or Persius, and keeps up a grave tone of sarcastic indignation, which almost requires an orderly, methodical treatment of the subject. Besides, he is sententious, and likes a sonorous aphorism which fills the mouth, and is not above a truism. There are a large number of lines belonging to this type: most of them are supported by all the MSS., and the editors have never been able to agree which to get rid of and which to keep. In extreme cases they disturb the connection wherever they can be put, and then the MSS. sometimes try more places than one, and sometimes most of them omit the lines altogether. It is often a question whether they come from Juvenal's own margin, or from the margin of his annotators, and whether they invented on their own account or quoted from memory. And, generally speak-

¹ 474-661.

ing, the doubtful lines would be better away, unless we give the poet credit for wishing to work up to a memorable maxim, which is almost always edifying and seldom new.

That Juvenal wrote slowly we know, and that he began to write late: it is not surprising that his writing should be patchy. What is surprising is that the little bursts of indignation, of sarcasm, should succeed each other so smoothly and with so much appearance of spontaneous impetuosity: as if his own boast, *Facit indignatio versum*, were literally true. Perhaps for the three or four lines, or the six or eight, which are written at red-heat, this is true; but one notices that in a very short space Juvenal runs himself to a standstill, and has to begin again: he is quite incapable of the long bursts of Lucan, who keeps up a higher level of declamation for twenty or fifty lines than Juvenal can keep up for half a dozen. Yet Juvenal has always been much more popular than Lucan, because he deals with lower motives and is less earnest, while he has been popular in later times compared with Horace just because of his making a greater show of manly indignation. It is characteristic that both Persius and Horace are more apt to end their sentences in the middle of a line, while Juvenal is so used to ending the sense and the line together that where—as one finds the *chevilles* at the end of a line in the “Æneid,” one finds them at the beginning of the line in Juvenal, who instinctively elaborates the point at the end first: thus, *e. g.*, he works up rather feebly to the aphorism—

Spoliatis arma supersunt (viii. 124).

In another way Juvenal comes more closely into contact with Vergil than any other satirist: he is fond of parody, and he hardly goes beyond the great school classic when he wants something to turn into a jest. He parodies without any intention of making his original ridiculous, and only wishes to raise a laugh by describing his subject in language that is too fine for it. He does this consistently, even when he is not parodying language that has heroic associations of its own, and he is fond of enhancing the effect of this by interpolating a low word like *caballus* (which meant “nag” as distinguished

from “horse,” though “chivalry” is derived from it) at the end of a sonorous passage, which is all the more striking because contemporary epic writers never dreamed of calling a horse *caballus*, though they were sorely discontented with *equus*, which was not nearly long enough or sonorous enough for them.

SULPICIA.

Sulpicia was a voluminous authoress, at any rate a versatile one; but the only record of her activity is a dull and pretentious protest against the banishment of the philosophers by Domitian in 94 A.D. If it is genuine, it is a curious proof that it was possible then, as now, for a clever lady who wrote very badly to acquire a literary position by the help of her charms as a leader of society. There are only seventy lines of it in all, and eleven are devoted to explaining to the muse whom the authoress piously invokes that she wishes to write in hexameters, not in hendecasyllables or iambics or elegiacs. So far as the poem has a plan or a subject, it is to quote the authority of the elder Cato, who once told the younger Scipio a fable about wasps and bees, the point of which cannot be extracted from Sulpicia's grandiloquence, to the effect that Rome throve best in adversity. The application of this is, that Rome will be ruined in the midst of apparent prosperity by the expulsion of the philosophers—for courage in war and wisdom in peace have been her strength hitherto, and she owes her wisdom to the philosophers who came from Greece and all the rest of the world to be her teachers. It is much to be feared that when they are gone the Romans will be reduced to live upon acorns and spring-water. There is an astonishingly bold and clumsy jest at the reigning emperor, who is charged with being pale with gluttony and heaving a falling paunch.¹ Under these distressing circumstances the poetess prays that Calenus may have grace to emigrate, like the Smyr-

¹ There was a Greek proverb about a man who fell *οὐκ ἀπὸ δοκοῦ ἀλλ' ἀπ' ὄνου*—falling, not off a beam, but off an ass, or out of his mind, *ἀπὸ νοῦ*, which would be pronounced the same way. The pun is poor, but Sulpicia reproduces the pun as well as she can: the tyrant falls, not from a beam, but from his back—at least his paunch does.

notes when the Lydians took the town, or at any rate that everything may be overruled for the best for Rome, and for Calenus's Sabine farm. The muse reassures her, vengeance will overtake the tyrant. There are two or three good lines towards the end which Sulpicia's admirers might conscientiously praise, though even in these there is a vagueness which reminds us that we are reading an amateur.

PART VI.

PROSE LITERATURE FROM VESPASIAN TO HADRIAN.

CHAPTER I.

PLINY THE ELDER.

THE death of Nero marks a more important epoch in Latin literature than the death of Augustus; for the public to which writers addressed themselves underwent a thorough change. In the reign of Nero the public consisted of two classes—the fashionable and frivolous amateurs whom Persius ridicules, and the serious students, who were always risking a collision with authority in the pursuit of rhetorical or political or philosophical or historical reputation. Discreet, sensible persons went about their business and made their way by fair means or foul, but in neither case wrote; for “glory” was to be won, if at all, by means they despised or disapproved. With the accession of Vespasian this class of men came into literature. The court favorites, who had dazzled the town generally by their expenditure and sometimes by their wit, had disappeared with Vitellius, and did not reappear even under Domitian, whose magnificence was less uncalculating than Nero's, and unlikely to disturb the finances, but that he had to conciliate the soldiery as well as the populace. It is probable that Seneca's was nearly the last of the monstrous fortunes which made it possible for a large population of idlers to live the life of parasites in tolerable comfort. We find that Seneca was reduced to very risky investments; for when he tried to call his capital in which he had lent in Britain, the story goes that

this was enough to excite a revolt: and it would, of course, check accumulation if there were no convenient means for investment. Distant properties can never have been very productive to nobles who lived in Italy; they must have been exposed to the same drawbacks as Jamaica properties, doubled by the worse state of communications; and a millionaire of Martial's age probably reckoned his fortune by what his whole assets would bring, if he could have found a purchaser, though, if compelled to realize at a moment's notice, the total might have been an insignificant percentage of the estimated value. It is true that the system of recitations continued, but they were felt to be a weariness by all who were less good-natured than the younger Pliny, who found reason repeatedly to rebuke his contemporaries for showing too plainly that they were not interested in what was well-intended for their entertainment. All the great books of the Claudian period were written to be recited, or to please a taste formed by the habit of recitation: all the great books of the period which followed were written, more or less, to be read, with the exception of the "Thebaid" of Statius. Even the "Punica" of Silius Italicus was written in the main to be read, for Pliny tells us that it was only now and then that he recited, to see what people thought of him; and Silius Italicus, though an estimable, was not an influential, author. Pliny the Younger himself was only a quasi-success as an orator, and it was as an orator and a poet that he recited. His real success was as a letter-writer, for down to the fourth and fifth century he was imitated by accomplished nobles. Quintilian, of course, had been a celebrated declaimer, and had even done something as a pleader; but his great work that he is remembered by is the elaborate treatise which he composed when he had retired from teaching. Pliny's vast compilation was avowedly intended for a book of reference; he did not expect even to be read through, and drew up a table of contents for the use of his readers, that each might find what he wanted. This is characteristic: he was a practical man writing for practical men; and this is the rule with all the leading writers in prose of the age. Even Tacitus, wilful and poetical as he is, makes up his mind at once

that no one will care to recall any details that had been recorded by earlier writers. He intends his narrative to be complete in essentials, but all details are introduced either because they are disputed, or because they are original.

Of this practical literature Pliny the Elder was the morning star; he was also one of the most astounding monuments of human industry; it cannot be added that he was one of the most encouraging. He was born A.D. 23. He seems to have belonged to the famous city of Catullus by right of extraction, and to the new city of Como by right of domicile. The MSS. of his works call him Veronensis: his nephew, himself a citizen of Novum Comum, treats his uncle as a fellow-townsmen. He himself claims Catullus as a countryman, *conterraneus*; which, if it stood alone, might be satisfied by a belief that both were *Transpadani*, natives of the region beyond the Po.

In early life he served as prefect of one of the two squadrons of cavalry attached to a legion in Germany, and wrote a book on throwing the dart on horseback, which proves that when young he still found time for wholesome exercise. He began a work on the German wars, which probably exercised him most during the reign of Nero; there were twenty-one books of it, and he set about it because Drusus, the brother of Tiberius, who had pushed the Roman arms farthest into Germany, appeared to him in a dream and set him the task, which shows that his sleep was broken, because he never allowed himself time to digest his food. On his return to Rome, he thought the time had come for him, according to the ordinary routine, to entertain ambition to distinguish himself in other than a military way: he began to train himself to oratory. The only result was three books of "Studies," which were so long that each made two rolls or volumes; they contained a complete essay on rhetorical training, taking the infant orator in his cradle and conducting him to the end of his career. Still his general force of character was enough to secure him an appointment as imperial procurator in Spain, which was high promotion for a man who did not belong to a senatorial family. This was in the latter years of Nero,

when it was perilous to write upon exciting subjects: so Pliny had to compose eight books on doubtful points of style. After Nero's death he was in high office under Vespasian and Titus, till his own death, when he took advantage of his station as admiral of the Campanian fleet to inspect an eruption of Vesuvius more closely than was prudent. It seems that he was also anxious to take off fugitives in distress. After the death of Nero he wrote a continuation of Aufidius Bassus in thirty-one books (which must be the work that Tacitus quotes for the reign of Nero), and the vast compilation of natural history which has reached us in thirty-seven books. Besides these, he had left his nephew 160 rolls of choice extracts written inside and out in the smallest of hands, so valuable that, long before the collection was complete, he had been offered between 3000*l.* and 4000*l.* sterling for it.

All this was accomplished by the rule of never losing a moment. He had his official business to attend to, which took up a long morning. He had his audience with Vespasian before daylight, then set to work at the orders he had received. When he got home he went to his books, had a very light breakfast, and, if time could be spared, lay and sunned himself while some one read to him and he took notes. Then came a cold bath, a lighter luncheon, a very short siesta, which left him fresh to study till dinner. During dinner he was read to, very fast, and took notes, and was quite shocked at the idea that anybody could stop the reader and lose ten lines to correct a mispronunciation that did not lead to a misunderstanding. He never sat till dark in summer; in winter he always rose from table before the first hour of night was gone—say before five. Whenever he could get away for a holiday, he gave all the time to study when he was not in his bath; and even then, though he could not go very deep, he would always be read to or dictate while in the hands of the shampooer. When he was travelling he always used to dictate; he had nothing else to do, and kept a secretary, who wore warm gloves in winter, at his elbow that he might not be interrupted by weather. For the same reason he also used a litter in Rome, that he might be reading or writing while

he went through the streets, and reproached his nephew for the time he wasted in walking. He always began to work by candle-light, long before day on August 21, and in winter he used to begin before the night was two parts over, often before it was half over. This, his nephew implies, was less wonderful, because he could always go to sleep when he pleased, and occasionally went to sleep over his books. He was only fifty-six when he died, and there is no sign of exhaustion in the enormous compilation that has reached us.

It is not to be tried, of course, by a critical standard. It is useless to ask if the writer has understood his authorities, reproduced them accurately, or whether he has tested their statements. He is not credulous, because he repeats impossible stories without discussion. He is only ignorant of the exact boundaries of experience: he does not suppose, as Herodotus, for instance, does, that everything very unfamiliar is incredible, or at least requires unusual attestation; whereupon Herodotus sets aside the possibility of the Nile being swollen by melting snows under the tropics. Pliny puts down all surprising facts which he has gathered out of tolerable books together. His real weakness is, that he is almost entirely dependent upon books, to which he gave every moment of his leisure with the most generous devotion. He was fond of saying no book was so bad as not to have something worth reading and extracting. And most of the books he was dependent on for his purposes were collections of travellers' tales. It is true that he used Aristotle and Theophrastus, and they used travellers' tales intelligently. They would have been of immense use to anybody in a condition to investigate for himself any of the subjects which they touched more or less directly; but Pliny did not wish to investigate, so much as to inform himself of what was already supposed to be known. He was a wonderfully well-informed man, who took the pains, which few well-informed men do, to communicate his information in the state in which he had it. In spite of the progress of science, if any man without personal experience of investigation were to undertake to make a digest of his notes from all old naturalists not yet superseded, and all

the transactions of learned societies, the result would be very grotesque two thousand years hence.

Another weakness of Pliny is, that he is not exactly pessimist but splenetic. His feeling that the conditions of human life are hard is decidedly too strong for his reverence for any power that may have fixed them. It cannot be said that in the wide field of nature or civilization he finds anything that he thinks worthy of genuine, hearty enthusiasm. He found, as the Yorkshire Cistercians found, that enthusiasm comes more easily to people who do not work at high pressure all their lives; that a sense of the pathetic and the sublime comes most easily to those who take their own life easily. He is not bitter, as Tacitus is, but he is always grumbling, in the tone of an over-tasked man of business, over such topics as this—that we all of us scream when we are born, and that the most precocious child does not laugh till it is forty days old. There is a sort of solemnity, perhaps even pathos, about his complaints, but he is much more in earnest when he is declaiming against extravagant expenditure than when he is denouncing idolatry.

“It is absurd, a proof of human infirmity, to try to imagine the shape and likeness of God. Whoever he be, if he be other (than the sun) or wheresoever he be, he is all feeling, all sight, all hearing, the fulness of life, of spirit, of himself. To believe in gods without number, fashioned even of virtues and vices of men, as Chastity, Concord, Mind, Hope, Honor, Clemency, Faith, or in two at all (for Democritus thought Mercy and Judgment enough), is only double dulness. Our frail and troublesome mortality has made all these partitions, remembering its own infirmity, that each might worship piecemeal as his need required. So we find different names in different nations, and deities innumerable in each; and the powers below after their kind, and diseases, and many plagues withal, since we desire to appease them in our great dismay. So even by public decree Fever has her temple on the Palatine, and the Childless by the shrine of the *lares*, and Ill Fortune her altars on the Esquiline. So we come to see how the heavens are more populous than the earth, since every single

mortal coins a Juno or a genius of his own. Some nations, moreover, number animals, even such as are abominable, among gods, and many other things yet more shameful to speak of, since they swear even by stinking victual.¹ The creed that there are marriages of gods, and all this while no births among them; that some are always aged and hoary, some young and boyish; that some are swarthy and some winged, some lame, some hatched from an egg, and live and die by turns, is merely nonsense fit for children. But it passes all impudence to feign adulterers among them, and quarrels and strife, and deities for theft and crime.

“For a mortal to help a mortal, that is God, and the way to everlasting glory.”² The chiefs of Rome have gone thereby; the greatest ruler of all time, Vespasianus Augustus, with his children, walketh therein to this day, with the steps of an immortal succoring the weary withal. This is the oldest way of rendering thanks to good desert, to number such among the gods. Forsooth, the names of all other gods, and the stars I named above, are begotten out of the worth of man.

“That they are called Jove and Mercury and other names elsewhere, and that this serves for the vocabulary of astronomy, is plain: these names are coined for a key to nature. But the most highest, whatsoever it be, can never be so ridiculous as to care for the affairs of men. How are we to doubt or believe that such a sorry, complicated ministry does not profane his majesty? Hardly can we reach to judge which answer is most profitable to the race of men, since some have no respect to the gods, and some have such respect as is a shame.”³

One cannot mistake the vigor of this; incoherent as it is, it anticipates very nearly all that the Christians were to say against paganism, or the positivists against all traditional religions. The wanton will-worship of the followers of Isis and other strange gods disgusted Pliny's good sense, just as much as contemporary scepticism alarmed his prudence. His idea

¹ Such as garlic and leeks.

² The Buddhists had reached this point some centuries before, whenever the Jatakas were written.

³ Pliny, II. v. (vii.) 1-6.

of a freethinker was a man who would swear falsely by Jove in the temple of the Thunderer. There is plenty of grim acuteness in the description of Fortune, the personification of men's own perplexity. They cannot decide whether the gods rule their lot or no, and cannot be content with intelligible finite causes, and so they ascribe everything to an abstraction which relieves them of responsibility. Others again ascribe everything to climates or planets, with which Pliny returns to astronomy, the subject from which he set out. For all his theological speculations start with the observation that the sun, the midmost and most powerful of the planets, is plainly the ruler of the world, and the source of life within it. On the way, he lays down that it would be well, if possible, to believe in the providence of the gods, but that we may console ourselves for our own imperfections by the belief that the gods share them. The gods, like us, have limited powers: they cannot give us immortality, they cannot change the past; to put it seriously, they cannot deprive a magistrate of his honors; to put it playfully, they cannot alter the rules of arithmetic. Moreover, they are condemned to immortality: they cannot die at will like men, which is our greatest privilege. Again, the death of falling stars does not necessarily involve ours. A falling star dies of having absorbed too much oil. The technicalities of descriptive astronomy are seldom interesting, and Pliny does not make them so. The periods of Mars and Venus are inaccurate, even in terms of the geocentric system. Pliny assigns two years, more or less, to Mars: the proper term is twenty months fifteen days. The term he assigns to Venus is 348 days: it should be 225. It is characteristic that the most interesting astronomical phenomenon, in the judgment of Pliny, is to be found in the eclipses of the sun and moon; whence he infers that the moon is at least as large as the earth, since she is able to hide the whole of the sun, though he knows that the sun is not hidden from the whole of the earth. Pliny is very much impressed by the fact that the conical shadow of earth which we call night does *not* extend beyond the moon. The wisdom of astronomers who unravel the mysteries of nature almost stupefies him.

He recovers his self-possession when he comes back again to Earth, to whom he has a real fetichistic devotion. We call her our mother, and do well, because of her great benefits; she nurses all our life, and takes us back to her lap when we die. She alone is so merciful that we never call down her wrath on her enemies until they are nothing. The evil of beasts that live upon her is no fault of hers; the breath of their life is tainted: such as it is, it is her portion to foster it. As for poisons, they are proofs of true tenderness, that we might end a weary life without unseemly violence. If we abuse them for purposes of murder, that is our fault: just as it is our fault to abuse iron for purposes of destruction. And how patient Mother Earth is with us when we dive into her bowels for gain! True, we pay her debt to her perforce. We seek wealth in her, and it turns to bloodshed; and at last we cover the wounds we have made with our unburied bones; and in her great compassion she covers these at last.¹

After this outbreak of feeling, Pliny comes back to his notebooks: first of all, he has to describe the terrestrial globe, and explain that it really is a globe, in spite of mountains and seas and plains. The difficulty about mountains is not serious: he is reassured by the belief that Pelion, the highest mountain, as he supposed, which Dicæarchus² had surveyed, was only twelve hundred odd paces in perpendicular height. But he obviously more than half imagined that the earth is practically a polyhedron, every sea and plain being a mathematical flat. He knows that the ocean must have a properly spherical surface like a drop of water. He remembers, if he fails to reproduce, a Greek argument which had once convinced him, to the effect that if sheets of water had not a spherical surface they would be deepest closest in shore. At this point comes a curious disquisition about earthquakes, which are due to the outbursts of a subterranean wind: whence it very naturally follows that buildings which have vaulted substructures suffer less, because the apertures of the vaults offer a safety-valve for the air. Another curious point on which he expends

¹ Pliny, II. lviii.² Ib. II. lxxv. 2.

much ingenuity is the antipodes: for then, as now, they puzzled the popular imagination, which was induced to take refuge in the conceit that the earth was like a pine-apple. If so, of course no one would have his heads downwards in the absolute sense, because this could only happen in the southern frigid zone, which was uninhabitable any way. The difficulty, that at this rate no one would really stand upright, does not seem to have occurred to Pliny; but on the main question he grasps the true principle that "down" practically means towards the centre of the earth. How the earth keeps its place, with air all round and nothing but ether beyond, is a more puzzling question. Pliny wavers between the notion that the earth does not fall because there is no room, since each of the elements fills its appropriate region, and the notion that the earth, being in the centre to which all things fall, cannot possibly fall in any direction.

It is curious that, though Pliny records several observations¹ of the noonday shadow which must have been taken well within the tropics, to say nothing of more than one alleged circumnavigation of Africa, he is still in bondage to the convention of the uninhabitable tropic zones which rested on nothing but the barrenness of the Sahara. This serves for a peg for much splenetic declamation on the littleness of the world, which rebukes the puny ambition of conquerors. The greater part of the globe is ocean: three-fifths of it (the frigid and torrid zones) are uninhabitable by reason of the heaven, much is barren mountains, sand, and marsh, and forest; and no conqueror has ever been master of the rest. Then, leaving these general reflections, Pliny turns through three or four books to give a gazetteer of the world, which of course turns to a catalogue of tribes for the large regions that were untrodden by scientific travellers. This is a little unlucky, as after his description of the earth he proceeds to a description of its organic and inorganic products, beginning with man; so that we have a course of ethnology of a kind, which is followed at once by a course of physiology of a kind. He begins with all kinds of anecdotes of curious births, in which Aristotle and Varro

¹ II. lxxv. (lxxiii.).

figure side by side; goes on to all the family names which imply some accident at the time of birth—as, for instance, when one of twins was reared it was named Vopiscus. There is an equally copious supply of anecdotes of longevity, some of which have a less apocryphal look than the legends of Old Parr and Old Jenkins. But the main staple of the natural history of man is a series of stories of who was the first to do this or that, interspersed with general reflections on the fortune¹ of Augustus, whom he will not allow to be fortunate. In all this part of his work Pliny gives us the effect of a survival of Seneca. His conceit on Sulla's arrogance is just in Seneca's manner when Seneca is least earnest. How could he dare surname himself Happy,² which no one else dared to do? Why, every one of his victims was less unhappy, for we pity them, and every one hates Sulla. There is a little treatise on diseases (and Pliny ventures a hint³ that the philosophy which disposes to suicide is a disease like the rest), but all the account of the treatment of diseases is postponed till after the account of herbs and minerals.

The seventh book disposes of the natural history of man, and ends abruptly with an account of the first water-clock at Rome. Then come four books of zoology, beginning with terrestrial animals, and going on to aquatic and aerial. The terrestrial begin with the elephant, as the largest and most sagacious, and end with a story of some serpents in Syria, on the banks of the Euphrates, who never attack Syrians when asleep, and whose bite is harmless to a Syrian, even if they are trampled on—for which reason the Syrians never kill them—though to strangers they are peculiarly deadly. Lions and tigers come after elephants, and dogs and horses come together because they are domestic animals. One hears of mules in Cappadocia which are fertile, but then they belong to a peculiar breed (they were probably wild asses), and that, if mules are given to kicking, they can be cured by dosing them with wine. The root of the dog-rose, we find, is a cure for a dog's bite, as has lately been revealed by an oracle: another

¹ Pliny, "Hist. Nat." VII. xlvi.

² Ib. VII. li. 2.

³ Ib. VII. xlv.

specific is a hair of the dog in a more elaborate form. The Indian mastiffs, Pliny is quite willing to believe, are bred between tigers and dogs, and the first two broods are too ferocious to rear. This is reinforced with a tale of how the Britons bred their dogs from wolves; but Pliny draws the line at werewolves, and is quite convinced that, if we believe in them, we may believe in everything. The version of the legend which he knew was to the effect that, if a man has once turned into a wolf, his only chance of turning back into a man is to abstain from human flesh nine years. In that case he will find his clothes, which he left in the open air on his transformation, still fresh, but he himself will be ten years older. Pliny somewhat disparages his philosophy by undertaking to explain the origin of this grotesque and widespread belief. For, instead of an explanation, he simply gives what he takes for the oldest case of it—a certain Parrhasius, an Arcadian, who at the altar of Lycæan Jove had the misfortune to taste the human entrail which always was chopped up among the rest, and turned into a wolf, to resume his human shape after nine years, and to contend successfully at the Olympian games. Pliny is quite willing to believe that, though men cannot turn into wolves, dogs are liable to be plagued by fauns; and he even knows that puppies of the first litter are most exposed to the plague. Fauns, in his mythology, are imps that jump on more substantial creatures, and make them start, whence it is an easy inference that when a puppy starts without reason it has seen a faun.

Sheep and oxen naturally follow dogs and horses as domestic animals; and according to Pliny's method it is impossible to exhaust the subject of sheep without a long discussion, not only of different kinds of wool, but also of different kinds of woollen, with the dates of their introduction at Rome. Oxen, the partners of men at the plough, afford room for much sentimentality, and a good many curious anecdotes of the feeling against killing them, which was once almost as strong in Phrygia and Italy as in Hindostan.

Aquatic animals of all kinds take precedence of birds, for they are the largest of all: which is explained by the fact that

water abounds in their constitution. As it is necessary to draw the line somewhere, crocodiles figure among the terrestrial animals, while the series of aquatic animals opens with the biggest animal Pliny knew of—the sperm whale of the Indian Ocean; the series closes with an account of the pearl which Cleopatra swallowed in vinegar at a banquet when she wished to convince Antony of her capacities for expense. The legend as told by later writers drops two picturesque circumstances given by Pliny. Cleopatra intended to sacrifice two unique and historical pearls to her wager; when she had dissolved and swallowed the first, Plancus (the Consul of Horace's youth) decided the wager in her favor, and the second pearl was saved, to be divided, according to common report in Rome, between the two earrings of Venus in the Pantheon.

As for birds, in Pliny's reckoning they are open to something like the contempt which, in the judgment of unscientific common-sense, attaches to insects: they are poor creatures, blown about in the air, with no strength and solidity.

One of the most entertaining points in the treatise on ornithology is the recurring allusion to Roman augury. There was a standing debate about the bird *Sanqualis* and the bird *Immussulus*, which had never been seen, according to some authorities, since the days of the augur Mucius. Pliny believes himself that they had often been seen, but, owing to the culpable laziness of a degenerate age, they had never been recognized. It appears that the bird *Sanqualis* was sacred to the ancient deity Sancus; but Pliny does not decide on the further explanation that the *Sanqualis* was the young of the vulture, and the bird *Immussulus* the young of the osprey. Still more puzzling is the case of the fire-bird, *Avis incendiaria*, whose appearance was repeatedly chronicled, as the occasion for solemn lustrations of the city; while in Pliny's day it was wholly unknown what kind of bird had passed under the name. It is noteworthy that the classification of birds as *Alites* and *Oscines* comes in quite a different place, and that the classification of birds by their beaks and claws is not introduced until some way has been made in a description

of birds, beginning with the ostrich as the biggest and the eagle as the noblest.

There are a good many curious traits about the migrations of birds. Side by side with the lists of the migratory birds of Italy we find the legend of the cranes and pygmies, and accounts of the wedge-shaped army which storks and wild geese form in flying. We are gravely informed that storks never arrive except at night, and, though the starting-point of their migration is uncertain, he inclines to believe a certain Peridorus, who asserts that their winter-quarters are on the great meadow of the Cayster, where the last arrival is harried to death.

Pliny is curiously meagre about parrots: what strikes him most is that they have very hard heads, as hard as their beaks, so that when they alight they come down on their heads and beaks, to save their weak feet; and they have to be educated by rapping them on the head with an iron rod, because they can feel nothing else. Their power of speech is not equal, in his opinion, to that of magpies, who are more distinct, if not so fluent. Besides, magpies take an intelligent interest in what they say—go over their lessons by themselves, and are grateful for being helped; while, if they cannot recover the word they are trying for, they die of grief. He is also the earliest authority for the feats of performing finches, which were taught, then as now, to draw water and go in harness. One is a little suspicious when he hears that Agrippina, the wife of Claudius, had a thrush¹ that could talk at the time when Pliny was writing. He observes that such a case was never known before, and the accomplishments of the thrush were probably much more easily recognized because of the rank of its mistress; especially as we find that the young Cæsars, Gaius and Lucius, had talking nightingales: of course one hears of talking starlings. One hardly knows how to question the strange story of the raven² which flew down in the reign of Tiberius from the temple of Augustus, and lighted on a cobbler's stall; where it made such progress that it learned to salute Tiberius and his son Drusus, and almost every Ro-

¹ Pliny, "Hist. Nat." X. lix. 2.

² Ib. X. lx. 2.

man when he went by. The raven provoked the spite or the envy of the cobbler opposite, and he managed to kill it; and this shocked the public so much that the raven actually had a solemn funeral in the Campus Martius; and the avicide was first pelted from his stall, and at last pelted to death. Pliny moralizes that no one gave Africanus a public funeral or avenged his death.

The discussion of ornithology winds up with a description of eggs, and this leads to a disquisition on hatching, and the generation and birth of animals in general, though this has been separately discussed to some extent in connection with the human species, and at less length as a part of the description of almost every other. Winged insects have a book to themselves, chiefly because it was impossible to hurry over bees: the whole rules for their management are given, with all that was known or imagined about them, including their birth from the carcasses of quadrupeds.

After disposing of insects, which are made to include the smaller birds as well as scorpions, Pliny gives a general review of organic physiology, going through the different organs, and mentioning the animals which have them, or were supposed to lack them.

Pliny is overpoweringly copious on the subject of botany, which occupies twice the space of zoology; for the first half of it includes a pretty full treatment of husbandry, and the second touches largely upon medicine. After the usual sentimental flourish about our primitive dependence upon fruit for food, in consequence of which fruit still keeps its place in the second course, Pliny begins with the plane-tree, of which the oldest specimen that he knew grew in the groves of the Academy. Palms follow soon after, and are described fully, with great appearance of knowledge of their different kinds and their modes of culture. They were considered the most decisive proof of the existence of sex in plants, although Pliny was aware that all flowering plants had different sexes. It is curious to find that in his day palm-wine had almost completely superseded grape-wine in Syria.

Pliny is long and eloquent on the vine and wine: he de-

scribes the different kinds then in cultivation, with hasty notes of the qualities of the grape, and the rules for their management; and declaims bitterly at our singular passion for an intoxicant, which we share with no other animal, though some animals have been taught it by us. He candidly allows there are many who think it the one thing that makes life worth living; but all his feeling is on the side of severity. We break the strength of wine with sacking, to be able to drink the more; we devise other spurs to thirst, for the sake of drinking. Some take hemlock before, that they may drink perforce for dear life; some take powdered pumice-stone, and shameful drugs which no honest man will name or advertise. The most discreet stew themselves in the baths and are carried out fainting; others are so eager that they cannot wait to sit down or to dress: just as they are, naked and panting, they snatch huge bowls in the baths to prove their prowess, fill them up and empty them down their throats and then on the floor, and swallow again and repeat the performances twice or thrice, as if they were born to spoil wine, and as if wine could not be spilt without passing through a human body. And all outlandish exercises, rolling in the mud, and broadening out the chest, and tossing back the neck, have all one end. They are a proclamation of how we covet thirst. Some drink to excess for the sake of the goblet with its wanton chasings, which is the prize of the hardest drinker; some bind themselves to eat at the same rate as they drink; others, to drink as much as the dice decree. Then Pliny will not allow that a hard drinker can keep a secret: they recite their own wills, and talk treasonable politics. *In vino veritas* is a proverb against drinking. At the very best, they do not see the sun rise, and they shorten their lives. They fancy that they are acting on the maxim, live while you live, when they are wasting one day and spoiling the next.

After this explosion, we are told that the foreign fashion of drinking before meals was brought in by the doctors in the days of Tiberius. And then we get to stories of famous drinkers. The Parthians are proud of their prowess in that way; so was Alcibiades, so was Novellius Torquatus of Milan,

who actually could dispose of a bumper of seventeen or eighteen pints at a draught, which wonderful sight Tiberius came to see.

Marcus Cicero the younger did not come up to this measure: he could not do more than eleven or twelve pints; but even this passed for very much, and Pliny suggests that he wished to revenge his father upon Antonius, who otherwise would have been the greatest drinker of the day. We are indebted to Pliny for the fact that he wrote a panegyric on drink shortly before the battle of Actium. Pliny adds, with a touch of malice, that the one thing in which Drusus clearly reproduced his father Tiberius was his taste for wine: the phrase is curious, *regenerasse patrem Tiberium*.¹ Pliny is fond of using *regenerare* in this way where most authors would use *repræsentare*, or turn the phrase another way to express that the ancestor lived again in his descendant.

The vine occurs again in another connection as a timber tree: Mucianus is quoted as testifying that the image of Diana in the famous temple of Ephesus, which had outlasted seven temples, was made of that wood; he had been proconsul of Asia, and had therefore been able to inspect the image closely. Another purpose for which the vine is excellent is for kindling fire in the primitive fashion, rubbing one piece of wood over another: the piece of wood which is held still should be of vine or ivy, the piece of wood which rotates upon it should be of bay or cypress. The fame of cypress-wood is well known, but Pliny, who follows Theophrastus, has a high opinion of elm as combining toughness and stiffness.

From the twentieth book onwards, medicine is decidedly the dominant topic of Pliny's natural history. There are some digressions: in the beginning of the twenty-first book, the subject seems to be floriculture, and we get a pretty story of the custom, in the plain of the Po, of putting the hives aboard a punt at night and drawing them five miles up the river every night, until they were full of honey; and in the beginning of the twenty-second book there is a little disquisition on the honorary crowns which the Romans made of the herbs

¹ Pliny, "Hist. Nat." XIV. xxvii. 6.

of the field. But in the seventh chapter (there are eighty-two) we arrive at the real subject, the medical use of plants that can be made into wreaths. In the next book wines are described over again, since wine is a medicine as well as a luxury; and then come medicines from cultivated trees, and, in another book, the remedies to be obtained from wild trees. In the next three books Pliny seems to tend to classify the contents of his note-books on a new principle: instead of mentioning the diseases for which each kind of herb is good, he mentions together the herbs which are good for one kind of disease. It is worth noticing that Pliny's account of the mandrake contains nothing fabulous: it was, according to him, a dangerously strong soporific, which was commonly taken before severe operations in order to deaden sensibility.

In the twenty-eighth book Pliny goes back to animals—as contributors to the pharmacopœia; and here he is very eloquent against unseemly remedies sought from the human body. Blood warm from a gladiator was thought to be sovereign against epilepsy, and Democritus had actually written down that the powdered skull of a criminal was good for some diseases, and the skull of a friend and guest for others. Pliny thinks it well enough to use spittle or mother's milk; but if we go further, it is well to remember that after the foulest remedies we must die at last. There is no medicine for the mind like a belief that, of all the good things which nature has given men, none is better than timely death; and the best of that is, that each has power to grant it to himself.

Pliny thinks little of enchantments: every nation believes in them, and no wise man. As for prodigies, they are in our power: their effects depend upon the way we take them. When the foundations of the Capitol were being dug, a human head was found; and an embassy was sent to Olenus Calenus, the wisest of the Etrurian seers, to ask him to interpret the sign. The ambassadors said, "We found it here," and he said, "Did you find it here?" drawing a picture of the Capitol on the sand—and if they had said "Yes," then the rule of the world would have been translated to Etruria; but his son had warned the ambassadors, so they answered that "here" in their

story meant at Rome. In the same spirit, in the opening of his thirtieth book, Pliny favors us with a very vigorous polemic against magic. To begin with, he cannot believe that Zoroaster flourished six thousand years before Plato; he justly asks how it was that his books had been preserved for that enormous period, among illiterate nations, without a hierarchy with regular succession, and what authority the people who convinced Aristotle had for their story. Then he fastens on historical magicians of the ages of Xerxes and Alexander; admits that there is an independent source of magic in "Moses, Jamnes, and Jotapes"¹—much later than the alleged date of Zoroaster, and traces the history of magic till the days of Nero, who gave it the fairest possible chance, having all the means that the most exacting could ask, and the utmost diligence and perseverance. And yet magic has some reality about it, being a form of poisoning; but magicians are contemptible creatures—as they think the mole is the wisest and holiest of animals.

The treatment of regular medicine is capricious. The twenty-ninth book opens with the history of medicine as Pliny understands it, and continues the list of remedies from land-animals; among which we find the slough of a serpent recurring with curious frequency. The thirty-first and thirty-second treat of the remedies to be derived from aquatic animals, and include a disquisition on the best kind of water, which was thought by many to be rain-water, as it must be the lightest—how else could it have risen into the clouds? Others, whom Pliny ridicules, weighed the water. He himself inclined to the belief that clear spring-water was the best. There are many curious stories of streams, and springs medicinal and intermittent.

The last five books are in some ways the most interesting to a modern reader, but they contain little that is characteristic of Pliny. The general subject is mineralogy, and since minerals are employed in the arts and in medicine, each of them takes the form of a treatise on metallurgy, or marble cutting and working; followed by a treatise on bronze statues

¹ Pliny, "Hist. Nat." XXX. ii. 6.

and reliefs, and a separate treatise on works of art in marble, with the medical uses of metals in one place and stones in another. Even the treatise on painting is complicated with the medical uses of the different colors, such as vermillion. In the same way the last book, which is on gems, includes a history of gem-engraving and an account of all the fancies about their medical virtues. Most of our knowledge of the history of ancient art is eked out by Pliny's hurried notices; but there is not much of literary interest, if we care for the author apart from the subject. One may notice a little explosion of the feeling which overflows in Mr. Ruskin's later works at the beginning of the thirty-third book, where Pliny denounces mining, and declares what a blessed age, what a dainty life, we might lead if we were content with what grows above ground, and then goes on to discuss the early history of gold rings. In the book upon marbles he has a shrewd remark upon a procurator of Egypt in the time of Claudius, who tried to introduce porphyry statues at Rome: they were regarded as more laborious than beautiful. The laborious work concludes abruptly: on reviewing the immense range which he has traversed, Pliny has nothing to tell us but that Spain and Italy are the most gifted regions in the world.

CHAPTER II.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

THERE can hardly be a greater literary contrast than between Pliny the Elder and Pliny the Younger: one was a man-of-all-work, the other a *dilettante*; one was a piece of a pessimist, the other a thoroughgoing and considerate optimist, who fully understood the necessity of *making* the best of the world. One was quite indifferent to style, composing his dedication to Vespasian in a fine vein of confused pomposity, and leaving Seneca and Varro to amalgamate as they could in the main staple of his work. One was at bottom a materialist; the other meant to be a spiritualist: he speaks of "eternity" and "immortality" very often, and always in the most edifying vein of sentiment, which has been revived by the disciples of the "Religion of Humanity."

Here is a very pretty specimen:¹ "Some think one most blessed, some another: and I think him who thoroughly enjoys beforehand his good and everlasting fame, and, having made sure of posterity, lives with his glory that shall be. And for me, but for the reward of eternity in my eyes, I could delight in deep fatness of ease. For all men in my judgment ought to meditate either their immortality or their mortality: exertion and effort are for these; repose and relaxation for those, lest they weary their short life in perishable labors: for many, as we see, by a pitiful and thankless parade of industry, come only to make themselves cheap. I tell you this, which I tell myself every day—I tell you that if you disagree, I may tell myself no more: though you will not disagree, since you have always something glorious and imperishable in working. Farewell."

¹ "Ep." ix. 3.

Here is a necessary qualification in a letter to Tacitus the historian:¹ "You do not applaud yourself; and I never take more pains to be strictly honest than in writing of you. Whether those to come will care for us at all, I know not: it is ours to deserve some care; I do not say by genius—that would be pride—but by study, by labor, by reverence for those to come. So let us keep on the road we are in: it has brought a few into light and renown, it has brought many out of darkness and silence. Farewell."

With all his care, the chief work on which he expected his fame to rest perished soon and completely. No one took the trouble to quote or read his speeches in the senate or the law courts, though he had striven hard to get back to the tone of the days of Cicero, and edited his speeches so carefully that he had no time for historical writing, to which his friends often urged him. He was so painstaking, and so amiable, and so anxious for reputation, that his friends in his lifetime took his oratorical pretensions seriously. Afterwards, the only speech of his which lived was the "Panegyric on Trajan." He is surprisingly explicit himself about the kind of success it had: he invited a few friends, if quite at leisure, to hear it when he had worked it up for publication; and, considering the importance of the occasion, he had made it so long that it took three days to recite, and nevertheless his friends (he says himself they were not many) insisted on hearing the end. Of course they stayed to dinner, though Pliny does not mention this; but they would have been released the first day if there had been nothing to interrupt the recitation. However, Pliny satisfied himself that their judgment had been deliberately given, and was a sample of the judgment of the world, and his speech has lasted because it was a model of the complimentary speeches which were so important in the third and fourth centuries. Pliny even had the distinction of being taken for the model of a separate style of oratory, the flowery and redundant style—a compliment which he would have hardly valued: if he had a higher ambition than to be a second Cicero, it was to be a second

¹ "Ep." ix. 14.

Calvus. Sidonius Apollinaris still knew of his speech in the case of Accia Variola, of which there is much in the letters; for Pliny thought it his masterpiece,¹ and compared it to Demosthenes's oration on the Crown. Consequently, Sidonius lays down that he won more glory by defending Accia before the Centumviri than by his Panegyric; but there is little proof that he had read the first. The Panegyric is an intensely clever work, which it is very hard to read; it is admirably written, and execrably composed. The author had a double object—to pay a long series of exquisite compliments to Trajan, and to make the most effective protest that he could against the system of Domitian. A modern reader thinks that the work is a piece of servile ostentation; Pliny thought it was a demonstration of antique courage. In fact, he praises Trajan fulsomely for conduct to which only an exemplary emperor would like to feel himself pledged. For instance, he is praised for not usurping the estates of his defunct subjects, as Domitian had done under the pretence that they had said Cæsar would be their heir. He is praised for his extreme punctiliousness about official formalities, actually staying through the whole ceremony whenever he was consul, and kissing each of the candidates he nominated when returned. And his conduct in office was equally sublime: he was consul when the Germans were troublesome, and he went to the frontier and decided cases in his toga, the sight of which awed the barbarians. The style of the speech is redundant if we take it in gross; terse and modest, if we take it in detail. One is continually tempted to compare the epigrammatic turns with Seneca, till one notes the entire absence of passion. Seneca is always thinking that he does well to be angry; Pliny could not be angry if he tried. Here is a fair specimen of the less epigrammatic passages:

"Everything,² Conscrip't Fathers, that I say or have said of other princes has this end, to show how long the custom of corrupting and defrauding the principedom has lasted, which our parent has to reform and amend. And otherwise there is nothing which it is not thankless to praise without a foil.

¹ "Ep." III. xxiii. I.

² "Pan." liii.

Moreover, the first duty of a dutiful citizen to our excellent emperor is to denounce emperors of other sorts; for who can love good princes enough, unless they hate evil princes enough? And remember that of all the merits of an emperor none is greater or better known than this, that we may assail evil princes in safety. Have we forgotten our pain when Nero was avenged but now? A man who thought his death a crime was likely, methinks, to give leave to attack his fame and repute, to refuse to understand of himself what might be said of one so like him. Wherefore, Cæsar, for my part, I rate this above many of thy gifts, and equal to the best, that we are allowed both to avenge ourselves on evil emperors gone by, and warn those to come by such example that there is neither time nor place for the ghosts of deadly emperors to rest from the curses of posterity."

His correspondence with Trajan is a natural sequel to the Panegyric, though two or three of the letters are earlier. In one he apologizes for having declined the office of prosecuting Marius, the proconsul of Africa, until it was pressed upon him by the senate; in another he returns thanks for having been appointed consul before his term of service at the treasury was over; in a third he asks a month's leave of absence, in order to arrange for a temple to several Cæsars, whose statues he had inherited and wanted to put safe out of the open air, and also, as he candidly states, to settle how much he would have to return out of his rents to his tenants. Most of them relate to a short two years of office in Bithynia, where Pliny was known as having defended Bassus, a former governor. He was sent there because local jobbery of all kinds had grown beyond bearing, and he hardly seems to have had energy enough for the post: he is continually writing to Trajan for surveyors or architects to check the contractors on the spot, who wasted the revenues of towns like Nicomedia upon abortive aqueducts, or theatres which were dilapidated before they were opened. Trajan replies that the works of the capital take all the architects within reach, and that, after all, architects come to Rome from the provinces. A rich provincial leaves his fortune to Pliny, in trust for two

towns, to be spent at Pliny's discretion on founding quinquennial games, or buildings in the honor of Trajan. Pliny wishes to be told which Trajan would prefer, and Trajan replies that Pliny must decide: the testator had known enough of Pliny to choose him for a trust which it was too late to evade. In the same way Pliny is referred to his own discretion in questions of towns which wished to have a Roman detachment, with a centurion at its head, stationed among them to preserve order.

The letters on both sides are admirably short and friendly and frank; they have very much the tone of private correspondence. Modern despatches would be far more formal, perhaps we should say more servile, though there is a certain backsliding in Pliny's always addressing Trajan as *Domine*, "Lord," after the emphatic distinction between Lord and Prince in the Panegyric.

The nine books of private letters were deliberately collected and revised for publication by the author, whose boundless self-complacency found here a safe opportunity for expansion. They really serve all the purpose of a polite letter-writer; and this explains their popularity and the diligent imitation of them by Symmachus and Sidonius Apollinaris, neither of whom attains to the measure of Pliny, who is a perfect model of the *purum et pressum genus* at which he aims. One must accept that it is always his intention to flatter himself or his correspondent, or both; that every feeling has to be reduced to the limits within which one can be proud of it before it is expressed. Pliny, for instance, when he does a kindness, never asks to be thanked; he only boasts to some one else of his delicate and reticent generosity. The only feeling which is clearly unamiable is his safe vindictiveness against all who were connected with the persecutions of Domitian. This was sharpened a good deal by his professional rivalry with M. Regulus, the leading counsel of the day, who in the latter part of Nero's reign had been a very active promoter of prosecutions for treason. Such prosecutions had ruined his father and brother, and he wished to retaliate, and make a reputation and a fortune. Under Domitian he was

simply a very active advocate, who traded a little, or more than a little, on the jealousy of the dynasty; he was a personage intimate at court, and he did not keep his suspicions of disaffection to himself. He was something of a bully, and pressed Pliny very severely to give his opinion on the loyalty of a connection of one of his clients, a man actually banished for disloyalty. Pliny very properly refused to give any opinion of his own on such a subject, and felt that he was displaying antique virtue. Such encounters disposed Pliny to be very particular in relating all the stories about the fussy, pompous man: one is really amusing. A lady asked him to witness her will, and put on her best clothes for the ceremony: Regulus actually insisted that she should leave them to him by her will, although she was very likely to survive him. Another story is less discreditable than Pliny seems to think. A lady was ill. Regulus assured her that she was going to recover on the strength of favorable sacrifices, and took the further trouble to consult the Chaldæans, whose report was equally favorable. He swore by the life of his son that she would recover, whereupon she made a will in his favor, and, as was not surprising, died in spite of aruspices and Chaldæans. It was his habit to swear by the life of his son, which convinced Pliny's circle that he could not love him. So Pliny and the rest were surprised when the son died, and Regulus made an immense parade of sorrow, which Pliny describes in a tone of bewilderment which borders on respect. The least unkindly letter is after Regulus, too, was dead; he admits then that he respected himself as a pleader, and maintained the dignity of the profession; he prepared elaborate written speeches, though he failed to learn them by heart. But still an inflated pleader, who insisted on being heard at length, was a boon to a man like Pliny, who lets us see in very many places that the public was getting tired of literary pretensions of all kinds. Pliny's voice was as bad as Regulus's memory: when he entertained his friends with his speeches he had to employ a young freedman with a fresh voice, and actually debated whether he should follow the absurd fashion of the time, and go through the pantomime of

recitation, while the freedman delivered the words. The alternative was to listen and applaud, like everybody else. Pliny himself was very good-natured in the matter of applause: he could not understand going to hear a man you called a friend recite and not applauding, nor could he quite understand the general reluctance to go, especially among those who composed themselves. It was the only conventional duty which he discharged quite cheerfully: he was always delighted to get out of town to escape from conventional duties; he thought himself better employed in cultivating his constitution.

He does not seem to know who is most ridiculous in his story of "Passienus Paullus,"¹ a countryman and descendant of Propertius, who was reciting an elegy before a company which included Javolenus Priscus, a celebrated jurist, who was so absent-minded as to be suspected of insanity. Unluckily Paullus began an elegy with *Prisce, jubes*, the regular formula of a consultation, "Priscus, do you advise?" Priscus immediately answered, "For my part I do not," and Pliny was surprised—at least distressed—that after this the recitation went off badly.

It is not surprising that we find Pliny making Martial a present of money for his journey to Spain, for Martial was a notorious beggar; but we are surprised that he could press a present of between 300*l.* and 400*l.* in our money on Quinctilian on the occasion of his daughter's marriage, excusing the small amount as a tribute to Quinctilian's modesty, for Quinctilian had been a successful teacher, and stood quite at the head of his profession.

But it does not appear that even in its best days the economical condition of the empire was sound or easy. A standing question throughout the provinces was, what was to be done with "nurslings," as free-born children exposed in infancy and reared as slaves were called: it is one of the few points which Trajan does not think Pliny ought to have decided without help.

In Italy at least there was an attempt to provide a remedy

¹ "Ep." V. v. 1.

as early as the consulate of Pliny; he had to thank Trajan for including children in the public largesses.¹ Pliny himself conferred on Comum, his native town, an endowment of 30,000 sesterces (between 200*l.* and 300*l.*) a year for the bringing up of freeborn children, secured upon an estate of considerably greater value. He did not like to give the capital sum of 500,000 sesterces which he had promised, because the corporation were not to be trusted to keep it; he did not like to give an equivalent in land, because public fields were never properly cultivated; and so concluded to convey his own land in satisfaction of his promise, and have it conveyed back to himself subject to a charge decidedly below its annual value, which charge he hoped was permanently secured.

Perhaps something should be said of Pliny's enthusiasm for suicide, which is remarkable, because he has none of the strong feeling of human misery which we find in his uncle and Tacitus. A life that is either enjoyable or memorable, in his judgment, may be an unmixed good; but he still admires the resolution which enables a man to end it at a moment's notice upon utilitarian grounds. He not only approves of a woman who got her husband, suffering from a loathsome—as she thought an incurable—disease, to let her tie herself to him, after which the pair drowned themselves in Lake Como, but actually compares her achievement to Arria's,² who killed herself to encourage her husband, and handed him the dagger with the famous words, "Pætus, dear, it don't hurt." Pliny had a system of detecting heroism in common life, and thought that his neighbors needed nothing but an equal station to command an equal fame. In the same spirit he decides that all the acts of Arria which proved her resolution to share her husband's fate were as great, though not as glorious, as the last.

His letters are full of old news; sometimes, as in this case, it might be unknown to his correspondents; but often he repeats what they must have known simply as an exercise in style. For instance, he tells the story of Domitian's execution of the senior Vestal,³ because he has just heard that

¹ "Pan." vii. and xviii. ² "Ep." VI. xxiv.; cf. III. xvi., III. xi. 3. ³ IV. xi.

a man of prætorian rank who had, under some pressure, given himself up as her paramour had turned professor in Sicily.

When he has a piece of real news, he commonly makes it fill two letters, even if it is no more than that an advocate was retained to oppose the application of a consular for leave to establish a market upon his own estate, which might interfere with a neighboring public market. The advocate did not appear, and the senate decided that he might return his fee and be discharged from the suspicion of having sold the case. Often a letter will be filled with an account of a sentimental visit to the villa of Scipio, or the description of his own Laurentine or Tuscan villas. Sometimes one almost suspects him of using his correspondents' letters as a theme for his own ingenuity. In the first book there is a letter, rather priggish in tone, on the benefits of taking a note-book out hunting; in the ninth there is a reply to the effect that it is pleasant enough to take a note-book into the woods, but then one must renounce the hope of killing boars. Both are nominally addressed to Tacitus; and, as we cannot suppose that a letter of Tacitus's got mixed up accidentally with a careful collection, the alternative is that Pliny appropriated two suggestions of their real intercourse for two letters, of which most modern readers will prefer the later and simpler. When all other topics failed, he could turn an elaborate note on his anxiety if a friend did not write. Besides, correspondence about his own and his friends' literary work was practically endless. He could not imagine a greater happiness than to revise a work of Tacitus's, and send his own work to Tacitus for revision: although the final revision of his own speeches was always a weary task, and he managed to spend much time over them without improving them—a temptation of which he was quite aware in the case of others. In poetry he seems to have suspected that he could hardly succeed; he admired the contrast between a strict life and a wanton muse, and after defending the contrast by copious precedents he finally admits that his muse had been too wanton; for his hendecasyllables had never been really published or recited,

they had only been read to five or six friends, and were subject to revision. Probably they were attempts in the style of Catullus, in the same way as his orations were attempts in the style of Cicero: at least a contemporary¹ imitated the abrupt grace of that poet with considerable success.

¹ Sentius Augurinus, whom we know from a compliment to Pliny, which the latter reproduces, IV. xxxii.

CHAPTER III.

QUINCTILIAN.

It is very seldom that a reaction produces a work so sane, so perfect, and so commonplace as Quintilian's twelve books of the training of an orator. Nothing is left out, and nothing is left to the reader. Every point of composition, of language, of delivery, of gesture, of tact, is fully discussed as if nothing were obvious, in language which is astonishingly like Cicero's, considering that Quintilian wrote a hundred and twenty years later. He does not write so as to be mistaken for Cicero, but he writes very nearly the same language. There are occasional deviations, which look more like misunderstanding than the growth of language. The twelve books were the work of his old age, after he had retired from teaching; and as a teacher his career had been long and brilliant. His full name was M. Fabius Quintilianus; he was a native of Calagurris in Spain, but settled at Rome by Galba,¹ where he proved the best rhetorical teacher of the day, and was appointed by Domitian to educate his nephews, and received the consular ornaments. He was a friend of the younger Pliny's, who made him a present of about four hundred sterling on the occasion of his daughter's marriage.

In his youth he wrote on the decline of eloquence, so that he has sometimes been credited with the dialogue on the subject ascribed to Tacitus; but the conjecture is quite unfounded, for it would have come down to us under his name, like the collection of declamations which seems to have been ascribed to him in the third century.

¹ Apparently he was at Rome with his father, a rhetorician too, and a contemporary of the elder Seneca: in his youth, if St. Jerome's notice in his supplement to Eusebius is correct, his father's success was not enough to encourage him to remain in Rome.

In point of fact, we know that he did declaim in public, for he speaks¹ of his memory, which enabled him to compliment a distinguished hearer who came in during the performance by repeating *verbatim* what he had said before his arrival. He never speaks of publishing his declamations, and if they were reported he had no occasion to mention them, for it is quite incidentally, in mentioning the one speech which he did publish, that he is led to observe that the published reports of all his other speeches were altogether unauthorized. He seems to have succeeded to his own satisfaction as an advocate, for he ventures to illustrate a thesis now and again from his own speeches, though he prefers explaining the points which he had to make, and did make, to quoting what he expected to be in the hands of all his readers.

His lectures, like his declamations, were reported by zealous disciples, and he occasionally has to correct their misreports, and to avow changes in his own opinions in the published lectures. Apparently he found another work in possession of the field, for he repeatedly criticises Celsus as if he passed for an authority. He gives a very large field to the subject, making the training of an orator include all education, for he holds strongly to the doctrine that a good orator is *ipso facto* a good man: the question had a practical side to it, for the *patronus* was sinking into the *causidicus*, and Quintilian was disposed to protest against the change with indirect solemnity.

Like the elder Pliny, he begins his work with a table of contents. The first book deals with what the pupil has to learn before he is ready to go to the rhetorician, and contains Quintilian's views of grammar, which are rather safe than suggestive. In the second book he ventilates his views on rhetoric in general, and plays fast and loose with his ideal of a virtuous advocate. Then come five books on the choice of topics and the arrangement of the heads of a speech, in which the author attempts to simplify the rules invented by Greek rhetoricians. He always tends to common-sense, and discourages what savors of paradox, and therefore rebukes all

¹ XI. ii. 39.

the ferocious ingenuities of Severus Cassius. The illustrations are taken by preference from Cicero and Vergil. The author chooses Vergil and other poets because he wishes to be attractive; but he chooses Cicero out of a principle of deliberate preference. He nowhere explains his reasons for setting Cicero above all Latin orators, he enumerates the points in which an orator who knew Cicero might improve himself by studying others; but his real inarticulate conviction is expressed by the famous words, "*Is multum se profecisse sciat cui Cicero valde placebit.*"

Then come four books on elocution, a subject which is stretched very wide: it is made to include both memory and gesture and dress. Memory again includes not only the art of learning a speech by heart and keeping the whole of a case in mind, but also the art of illustration; for an advocate with a well-stored mind would of course be able to produce a much greater effect than one who knew nothing but his case. Accordingly the tenth book is devoted to a sort of review of Roman literature as profitable to the orator. One may say of the whole that it is extremely well adapted for its purpose; it would be, for an aspiring advocate of fair intelligence, an admirable guide in his reading. As a contribution to literary history it is disappointing: the remarks are sensible, but obvious: the chief use of them to us is that Quintilian's silence or depreciatory candor lessens our regret for many works which contemporaries praised. Even here we cannot trust him. He tells us that the only lyric poet worth reading is Horace, and very properly criticises the occasional unfitness of that poet for the study of youth. Of course Catullus is still more unfit for miscellaneous reading, but Quintilian passes him over altogether. The writer upon whom he is fullest is Seneca, whom he reserves to the last because he was the chief representative of the fashion against which Quintilian was inclined to protest. The protest is candid and respectful, and not instructive: he says nothing which any cool reader of Seneca might not say for himself; he says nothing of the moral contrasts which are the most remarkable thing in Seneca, perhaps because he is not himself in opposi-

tion. This makes his criticism, such as it is, of the early orators of the empire interesting, because he is the only writer who has no political bias against them. Upon Lucan he makes the obvious and false observation that he would have been a very great writer if he had lived to correct the fire and exuberance of his youth by his maturer judgment. History does not supply a single case of a writer who has written a work as vast and powerful as the "Pharsalia" before attaining his maturity, and has afterwards chastened and refined himself.

As to etiquette, Quintilian is not uninformative. We learn that the toga had been rehabilitated, and that the vicious custom of speaking in the lacerna had been abolished: for the writer assumes that an advocate will wear the toga, and requires to be told how to wear it. We are half-way to the state of things described by Tertullian, when the toga was made up in the most becoming way, and damped so that it might be fitted into graceful folds, after which the wearer had to slip it on, if he could, without disarranging them. As to other matters, Quintilian is very particular in his directions: for instance,¹ he rebukes Pliny the Elder for prohibiting a gesture which would ruffle the hair, since Pliny very properly objected to elaborate hair-dressing. The author describes the tone appropriate to each of many famous phrases of Cicero,² and what would be the appropriate motion of the fingers to express every word.

The declamations which have come to us under the name of Quintilian are full of faults which he rebukes, but they are more sober, less unreal, and less brilliant than those which we know from the elder Seneca. There is much less about tyrannicide, less, too, about fathers disowning their sons; there is an attempt every now and then at actuality: for instance, there are several declamations on the subject of suicide as limited by human laws, and there is a reference to the actual legislation of Marseilles. Again, a young man is disowned because, in spite of his father's disapproval, he insisted on fulfilling his promise to provide for the family of a poor friend.

¹ XI. iii. 148.

² *E. g.* XI. iii. 97.

The father was clearly unreasonable, as the son had been taken by pirates, and sold for a gladiator, and the friend took his place and was killed. It is noticeable, too, that the class of themes which arose out of the imaginary rights of ravished women has nearly disappeared.

CHAPTER IV.

FRONTINUS.

ANOTHER decorous and loyal writer was Sextus Julius Frontinus, who survived Quintilian for eight years and Domitian for seven, and who was employed under Domitian as a land-surveyor, and afterwards commanded against the Lingones in Gaul and the Silures in Britain, and his final employment as a consular was the charge of the aqueducts at Rome. Every office produced a book, and his military service produced two. His work on land-surveying¹ has only reached us in a few fragmentary excerpts: "De Agrorum Qualitate," "De Controversiis," "De Limitibus," "De Controversiis Aquarum." It was written under Domitian; but after the invasion of Dacia, and as he mentions his work as early, it has been suggested that there must have been another Frontinus who wrote on the same subject. He wrote a tactical work, perhaps in Greek—at any rate, Ælian spoke respectfully of his knowledge of Greek tactics, and Vegetius uses him for Roman tactics. This work has been lost; it is not improbable that the illustrative matter has been collected as an appendix to the manual of military devices which has reached us under the title of "Strategematon." The first treats of what has to be done before engaging, the second of what has to be done in and after action, the third of forming and raising sieges. The anecdotes are not particularly authentic or accurate—for instance, we are told that it was Cræsus instead of Cyrus who frightened his enemies' cavalry by his camelry—but they are seldom too far from fact to be suggestive. The writer observes that it would be easy to supplement his collection, and it seems to

¹ The proper title of this class of works is *gromatic*, from *groma*, or *gruma*, a surveyor's pole.

have been the fashion to do so to such an extent that what he had inserted in one place was put in another; whence it sometimes followed that the interpolation has displaced the original passage. The interpolations are identified by the formulæ which introduce them. The original work consisted of instances of a special kind of ingenuity, each instance with the name of one commander; but the interpolations link the instances together with "the same man," or "likewise," or "also," or give the story as a tradition. The fourth book, so called, is full of stories which appear in the earlier ones: many of the rest seem to be taken from Valerius Maximus. The compiler in a pompous preface claims to be fulfilling a promise which he had made in the interpolated preface of the first book; so that it is not unlikely that he was really intent on giving all the stories which circulated under the name of Frontinus.

The last work of Frontinus is his best: it is an account of the aqueducts of Rome, from the point of view of a man who has to administer them, not from that of a man who has to construct them. He gives a list of them, and the distance of the source of supply from Rome, and the length of each aqueduct, and what proportion of it is carried upon arches. Occasionally he ventures a doubt whether the aqueduct was worth building: the Aqua Alsietina was not used to drink and was not wanted, and Frontinus can only suppose that Augustus objected to wasting good water on a sham sea-fight. The author seems inclined to agree with "Vitruvius and the plumbers" that the true meaning of a "quinary" pipe is not a pipe holding five times as much as a pipe with an opening round or square of a twelfth or a sixteenth of a foot, but a pipe made by folding a piece of metal five twelfths or sixteenths of a foot in width into a square or round channel. The water-supply of Rome was not felt to be abundant until the Aqua Claudia had been completed. As late as the reign of Augustus the senate had to decree that the number of public fountains should neither be increased nor diminished. Even when Frontinus wrote, the right of private persons to tap an aqueduct was jealously limited. It was feared that the pipes would leak

if they were tapped, and so the rule was that the water could only be drawn from a reservoir, and this involved the erection of joint private reservoirs, which were under the superintendence of Frontinus; it being his business to choose suitable spots within and without the city. Still, he insists on the rule that water privileges are absolutely personal: they do not pass to heirs, or pass with the lands. Apparently it was essential to reserve the whole of the emperor's patronage, though it is scarcely possible that the successors of subscribers to a private reservoir can have been refused when they applied for a new privilege. On the other hand, baths had a prescriptive right to their supplies: Nerva is praised for restoring the water-rents to the state; Domitian had put them into his privy purse.

He treats Domitian upon the whole respectfully: he praises him in his earliest work for relieving all Italy from its alarm lest the state should assert its rights over the strips of land which fell outside the rectangles which were surveyed for private ownership; he gives in the "Strategematon" an honorable place to the way in which he (we are to understand his generals acting under his auspices) baffled the Germans; he speaks of him as "a high commander," but apparently his respect is paid quite as much to the office as to the man. There is nothing of the homage to Domitian personally which we find in Martial or even Quintilian. Perhaps Frontinus had too much self-complacency to feed another's vanity. This rather grew upon him: he wrote upon the business of his earlier offices when he had retired from them; he wrote on the business of his last soon after his appointment. He crowned his career by forbidding his heirs to spend anything on his monument: he hoped the deserts of his life would perpetuate his memory. His style is admirably direct and simple: perhaps it would be better if his technical vocabulary were more copious.

CHAPTER V.

TACITUS.

TACITUS stands alone in the Flavian period: he is the only writer who would not resemble the Augustan age if he could. In his early works he is still to some extent under the influence of the neo-classical fashion of which Quintilian was the theorist. The older he grew, the further he withdrew from ordinary speech into a systematic exaggerated mannerism, founded partly upon Sallust, partly on one side of the work of the rhetoricians and of Seneca. One can trace the growth of this mannerism from its beginning, in the "Agricola" and "Germany," through its development in the "Histories" to its culmination in the "Annals." The "Dialogue on Oratory" is so like ordinary Latin, and has so few of the peculiarities of Tacitus, or even of the "silver age," that it has been doubted whether it was his work at all, for the same reason as modern readers might doubt the genuineness of Mr. Carlyle's early essays in the *Edinburgh Review* if he had not collected them himself. Tacitus himself was a famous orator: he was selected by the senate to conduct the prosecution of Marius; which is a proof, stronger than the friendly admiration of the younger Pliny, that he ranked among the first orators of the day. We may well believe, as Pliny tells us, that the characteristic of his oratory was *σεμνότης*, which is inadequately translated "dignity." That Tacitus was an orator at all proves that he had the power of keeping his mannerism under control, though *σεμνότης* probably includes a good deal of proud reserve. Still, sarcastic innuendoes can only be occasional ornaments of oratory, while they may be made almost the staple of history. Of course, too, a history is a long work compared with the longest oration, and, if the author's idiosyncrasy is such as to find

relief in mannerism, the mannerism has room to grow. The perfect transparency of Cæsar's style is unique, but Livy and even Sallust resemble Cæsar in telling a straightforward story. Livy strives to tell his story fully; Sallust, though he overlays his story with reflections, strives to give facts and reflections alike in the curtest possible phrases: still, both tell their story, and tell it to the reader. Tacitus, on the contrary, seems always to be soliloquizing about events which he despises too much to describe plainly. He often expresses his contempt for his subject, especially in the "Annals;" and even in the preface to the "Histories" he says that he has reserved the reigns of Nerva and Trajan for his old age, as a subject at once more fruitful and safer to handle. We can understand that it was difficult to write of the reign of Domitian without giving offence to families which had risen by abetting his tyranny. But it is strange that he should have felt the subject of the "Histories" barren: the civil wars which accompanied and followed the fall of Nero were among the most dramatic events in Roman history, and the checkered campaigns of Domitian in Dacia were interesting in a way that Trajan's perfectly organized military promenades can hardly have been. We should have been surprised if a historian of the Indian empire had found the Chinese wars more interesting than the days of the Mutiny, or the Sikh or Afghan campaigns. Of course Trajan was a masterly commander, and it was possible to dwell upon his operations in detail with entire complacency, while the scenery of his exploits was unfamiliar, and very meagre descriptions were acceptable to Roman curiosity. It is true, also, that the wars of Trajan were an attractive subject to a Roman aristocrat, because they were comparatively like the wars of the republic, to which Tacitus looks back with implacable regret. The dull feud which always raged between the senate and the emperor, unless the emperor was a general of approved merit like Vespasian or Trajan, or could find a distraction, like Hadrian, in endless tours of inspection, bore no resemblance to the struggles between the fathers and commons; or to the rivalries of military chiefs, each of which Tacitus thought a happier subject than his own.

Tacitus is a writer who is inspired by his antipathies, like Balzac and Thackeray: he always succeeds best in analyzing what disgusts him. The sum and centre of Roman history in his judgment is precisely the fatal conflict between the ruler and the opinion of the capital as represented by the aristocracy. He passes over all the questions which seem fundamental to a modern reader: what was the position of the provinces under the empire; what was the power of the army; what was the character of that singular institution, the prætorian guard, which in the first century appears as the bulwark of the emperor against the senate, and to a certain extent against the armies of the frontier; in the third century, as the bulwark of the senate against the emperor and the armies of the frontier.

It is true that in the "Histories," and still more in the "Annals," Tacitus is at an awkward distance from his subject. In the first place, he is a continuator: he tells us at the opening of the "Histories" that many writers had treated the 820 years from the foundation of the city, so he begins at once with the 821st, although he is profoundly dissatisfied with his immediate predecessors. Down to the battle of Actium the history had been the history of the Roman people, and had been written with eloquence and freedom, the two going naturally together; afterwards there was nothing but flatterers or pamphleteers. The latter were the most eloquent, but Tacitus distinctly aims at impartiality, at any rate in the "Histories:" he boasts that he had received no benefit and no injury from Galba, Otho, or Vitellius, and that he was under equal obligations to all the members of the Flavian dynasty; so that he could treat the worst fairly. It is obvious that Tacitus, like other continuators, was at a disadvantage compared with historians of the older school, who either gave a complete history of the city, or, like Sallust and Arruntius, treated a single episode. In either case the staple of the narrative was a compilation from the writings of previous authors: the compiler relied upon his superiority in style and judgment; and in either case was expected to tell everything that he knew. The staple of the work of the historians of the empire was the tradition of good society: the best source for the secret history,

which it was the principal endeavor of every writer to give, was practically inaccessible. We read that after Mucianus had entered Rome as regent, the leaders of the independent party in the senate appealed to him to allow the senate to inspect the "Imperial Commentaries:" whence it would appear who was responsible for the different accusations which had thinned their ranks. The senate knew who had conducted the prosecutions, or who would have conducted them if the victims had not anticipated condemnation by suicide; but the ostensible prosecutors always professed that they acted on the emperor's orders, or at least that they had some special reason to propitiate the emperor: the "Imperial Commentaries" contained confidential and trustworthy information upon this and other points. But they were obviously reserved for the exclusive use of the emperor. Nero during the best part of his reign never thought of producing them, when Suillius declared that he had prosecuted Asiaticus by the orders of Claudius; instead, he simply pledged his word that they proved the falsehood of Suillius's defence, as "his father" Claudius had never ordered any prosecution at all. In default of such documents, writers had to draw upon the official records (which were very tedious and full of trivialities and falsifications), and the oral tradition of good society, which was full of partialities, supplemented by the memoirs of the agents, which were incomplete and colored by personal prepossessions. There was no publicity, and under most reigns curiosity was unsafe. Tacitus gives as a reason for the unsatisfactory way historians had treated the period between the battle of Actium and the fall of Nero, that men in general knew nothing of the public business, which was no business of theirs.

And this feeling tells upon Tacitus himself. He never cares to explain any of the administrative measures of the emperor: he notes them in passing, with a word or two of praise if he thinks it deserved. For instance, the centurions had been in the habit of taxing those among the rank and file who were best off, to pay for furloughs and relief from fatigue-duty; and if they preferred to stay in camp and attend to

their ordinary duties, still the centurions secured their blackmail by heaping extra work upon them till they yielded. One would imagine the natural remedy would have been to have raised the centurions' pay, and to have allowed the rank and file their holidays at regular intervals without payment. Instead, Otho, when he decided to redress a grievance that had been festering at least since the accession of Tiberius, simply charged the fees for furloughs on the exchequer. Vitellius, the private soldier's emperor, of course maintained Otho's reform, and Tacitus informs us that even good princes did the same. Here the event is explained, though at much less length than Tacitus thinks necessary in dealing with a state trial of secondary importance. But very often the narrative is so brief as to be obscure to all except contemporaries. What were the surcharges¹ of 2 per cent. and 2½ per cent. that were abolished by Nero and had not been re-established when Tacitus wrote? Were the indirect taxes which Nero wished to abolish altogether the taxes of the whole empire, or, as Dean Merivale thinks, simply such indirect taxes as were levied in Italy or the towns which had the privileges of colonies? According to Tacitus, it was the people of Rome who complained; and yet the abolition of the taxes,² whatever they were, was to be a boon to the human race. Again, what was the nature of the occasion when the solvency of the state was in danger and protected by an advance, apparently from the exchequer to the treasury,³ of 320,000*l.*? What was the precise nature of the financial measures by which Tiberius averted a general bankruptcy?

In fact, the personalities of history have a much larger interest for Tacitus than for most classical historians; and, as it has been noticed, this peculiarity grew upon him: it is far more conspicuous in the "Annals" than in the "Histories," partly, no doubt, because the period covered by the part of the "Histories" we have left is so full of military revolts and national insurrections, that it was impossible to treat the fate of individual nobles as of paramount importance. Besides, while the armies were fighting out the question who should be emperor, the emperor who was in possession of the capital for

¹ "Ann." XIII. li. 2.

² *Ib.* l. i.

³ *Ib.* xxxi. 2.

the time being was not likely to molest the nobility who gave him a compulsory allegiance; which, so far as it went, was quite sincere; for, when armies were in the field, the intrigues of the senate were powerless. But in quiet times the really significant events were increasingly impersonal, and Tacitus's ideal of history is a narrative of the achievements of famous individuals, and he imagines that the next best thing is a narrative of the baffled achievements of a few, like Corbulo and Agricola, who might have done more but for the empire; and the more or less dignified sufferings of the more numerous notabilities, great and small, who, thanks to the empire, had to fight out their quarrels by secret denunciations in the palace, instead of by the more manly and less deadly struggles of the forum and the senate-house.

The feeling that the empire lowered the standard of individual life is surprisingly strong in Tacitus, considering that he rose himself higher and more rapidly than he could have done under the republic; but it never occurs to him to rank *la carrière ouverte aux talents* as any compensation for the evils of the empire. In his earliest work of all, the "Dialogue on Oratory," we have already a clear perception how the empire dwarfed Roman life. Maternus has to mutilate his tragedy of "Cato," and the reader is hardly expected to be so well satisfied as Maternus professes to be with the compromise of putting the same speeches into the mouth of Thyestes. It is roundly laid down that the empire in establishing order had ruined oratory. Tacitus does not disparage the transcendental explanation that genius, and therefore oratorical genius, has times and seasons of its own, incalculable to man: he dwells, with rather exaggerated emphasis, on the mischief done to eloquence by an exclusive and fantastic rhetorical training; but he insists that the decisive cause is, that orators are of much less consequence than they used to be. He professes, indeed, to think that this is a change to the advantage of every one but the orators: it would not be worth while to have the eloquence of the Gracchi sounding again in the forum at the price of having to vote upon their laws.

We cannot fix the period at which the dialogue was written

precisely: it purports to have been held 75 A.D.,¹ the sixth year of the reign of Vespasian; but the author speaks as if he had to go back some distance to recover the memories of his first youth, when he resorted, with exaggerated expectation, to the most famous of such orators as were still to be found in his days. Any time in the reign of Titus or the early years of Domitian would suit these indications tolerably well; at any time after 90 A.D., the severities of Domitian's government had grown so excessive that the deliberately cheerful tone of the writer would be strange.

The dialogue is beautifully written, with an evident imitation of Cicero's great dialogue "De Oratore"—upon a smaller scale. Aper, whom we only know from the dialogue, and Julius Secundus, who is a hero of Quintilian's, are meant to be contrasted, something as Antonius and Crassus are contrasted in Cicero. Tacitus reports and extenuates the unfavorable estimate current upon each of his heroes exactly in Cicero's vein, and he marks the transition from the first part of the dialogue to the second by the same device of introducing fresh speakers. In Cicero, Crassus and Antonius first discuss the question whether the orator is to have any culture besides what is necessary to his business as advocate, and then describe alternately what are the necessary conditions of his education, whether he takes the wider or the narrower view of his profession. In Tacitus, the first stage is a discussion of the comparative merits of the oratorical and poetical career, conducted by Aper and Maternus, who is almost as obscure as a poet as Aper is as an orator. Quintilian sets his tragedies far below those of Pomponius Secundus: apparently his fame was largely due to a tragedy called "Nero," which was an effective pamphlet against the misdoings of a personage disguised under the name of Vatinius. The main point of Maternus's speech is that a poet is as famous as an orator, and lives a happier and, upon the whole, a safer life. Aper's

¹ The absence of allusion to the fate of Marcellus Epirus, who was convicted of conspiracy against Vespasian, in 78 A.D., proves this: there are no allusions in the body of the dialogue in "De Oratore" to the future fate of the characters.

reply is what would be called "realist:" he compares the ridiculous position of Saleius Bassus, who has to beg people to come and hear him at his own expense, with the glorious position of Marcellus Eprius and Vibius Crispus, whom it was worth an emperor's while to court. Their adhesion is a real boon to the emperor, while Saleius must be thankful if the imperial munificence should enrich him with a sum a little over the equestrian census. The contrast between the style of Maternus and Aper is interesting: Aper would be like Cicero if he could: the long sentences are not unlike, although a little overlabored. They come too thick together, and there is too much logic in their structure and too little swell for the illusion to be perfect: the short sentences lack Cicero's simplicity and animation. There is a gain in other ways: without encumbering the style, greater weight and significance is given to individual words. For instance, we are told that Marcellus Eprius had no bulwark against the anger of the fathers but his own eloquence. Cicero might have carried the figure so far: Aper goes on: "*Qua accinctus et minax disertam quidem sed inexercitatum et ejusmodi certaminum rudem Helvidii sapientiam elusit*"—"That was a weapon to be girt with and to brandish, good to baffle Helvidius and his philosophy, that might be well spoken, but lacked exercise and practice in such strife." Here is another phrase, which has a curious felicity beyond the age of Cicero. If the orator comes forward with something fresh and newly conned, and his spirit quakes a little, "his very anxiety gives success a grace and panders to the pleasure"—"*Ipsa sollicitudo commendat eventum et lenocinatur voluptati.*"

The speech of Maternus, we are told, is full of daring flowers, fitter for a poet than for an orator: a modern reader hardly recognizes anything beyond the bounds of prose, except where Maternus speaks of Fame (the orator's fame) as "pale" (with fear). The prose, however, has become musical and simple: the tendencies of the silver age get free play; ablatives absolute replace conditional clauses; each member of the sentence is generally reduced to a noun or two and a verb or two. He winds up with a wish that the statue on his

tomb may have a smile on its face and a crown on its head, and that his memory may run no risk of official honor or condemnation.

At this point Messalla comes in, and apologizes for his intrusion, as he finds company; when reassured, he compliments Secundus on his life of Julius Græcinus, and Aper, rather ironically, on his still continuing to declaim and spending his leisure in the studies of a Greek rhetorician rather than of a Roman orator. This brings us to the real subject, the decline of oratory, which Messalla has often wished to have explained, and cannot believe that Aper seriously denies.

Aper's denial is hardly serious: he will not allow that the orators of the late republic and of the reign of Augustus are ancients at all; he even quotes an aged Briton, still alive, who had fought against Cæsar, and so might have heard Cicero. This is a cumbrous way of saying that the classical period was not over, and that the orators whom censorious contemporaries ranked as ancient were classical writers compared to their predecessors. Aper throws his real strength into a contention that the oratory of the age of Cicero and Messalla and Pollio was really overrated, and still more overpraised; that, in fact, few who praised it could have listened to it with patience. He just admits that Cicero can still be read with some approach to satisfaction, and that Pollio's vocabulary is choicer than Cicero's, as Cicero's was choicer than his predecessors'; but Cicero is very long, spends much space on technicalities, and has a good many mannerisms. As for Pollio, his significance is that he, like a Cicero, marks a stage of the gradual progress to the refinement and animation of the fashionable speakers of the day. Even this is too much honor for Messalla, who is gently ridiculed for always preluding with a deprecatory reference to his health. Aper insists that the speaking of his own day is much terser and more entertaining, much fuller of quotable bits, and much fitter for the ears of a fastidious audience than the speaking of the golden age: when admirers of the past praise its speakers for their "sound and healthy style," this is only a confession that such speakers had little vigor. Messalla takes no pains

to meet Aper's criticisms; he does not pretend that all, or nearly all, the orations of the Ciceronian age were worth reading; he does not care to deny that the average speaker of his own day commanded a more brilliant style. His case is that none of the fashionable speakers had left any durable reputation, while the dullest speakers of the age of Cicero belonged in a way to literature. It would have been invidious to retort Aper's criticism in detail upon contemporary speakers or those of the last generation, so Messalla assumes the decline of eloquence, and only discusses the reasons for it. Even these, he maintains, are obvious, and his explanation is rather reticent: symptoms are constantly substituted for causes: that children were left to Greek nurses and pedagogues, instead of being brought up by their mother and some elderly relative who was willing to act as governess, was an effect of the general decline in family pride; that rhetorical training should have been substituted for philosophical culture was a consequence of the growing poverty of thought, which told upon oratory as upon other things. The habit of speaking in the *pænula* was no doubt unfavorable for oratorical animation, but animated speakers would never have given in to the habit; and when matters were reformed, as we learn they were from Juvenal, to the extent that the advocate always took off his wrapper before he began, eloquence did not revive. If the public had cared for its orators, they would not have been reduced to reserve their set speeches for the centumviri. Messalla's reserve is obviously calculated: he sees, as has been already stated, that there were privileged periods at which a constellation of genius appears, and that the turmoil of the last century of the republic was admirably fitted to develop oratorical talent. But, after all, it is left to Martius, the uncalculating poet, to close the discussion for the time with an eloquent harangue on the price of political repose.

There is more apparent originality, both of subject and treatment, in the next work of Tacitus: for, though it was the fashion in his circle to compose edifying biographies as a protest against a period of tyranny that was over, none of these have

reached us except the "Agricola." This is at once a political programme and a panegyric on his father-in-law, a cautious and respectable officer, who performed considerable services in Britain, and was allowed more opportunities of distinguishing himself than an emperor, who was not a great general himself, could commonly allow the commander of a distant frontier. No doubt the successes of Agricola against the barbarous Caledonians, who had neither arms nor discipline, passed for the exploits of a heaven-born general in patriotic circles, where it was hoped that the empire would be discredited by the numerous misfortunes of the checkered and costly campaigns against the Dacians and their allies.

Agricola escaped uninjured from the zeal of his friends; he even had offers of further employment, though Domitian's intimates were allowed to suggest that they had better be declined. The real offence of Domitian in the matter seems to have been that he did not press Agricola to accept the emoluments of the office he refused; and this was aggravated by what passed for an improper curiosity as to the course of his last illness.

It is clear from the preface that the life was written soon after the accession of Trajan, and the author apologizes for the stiffness of his style on the ground that under the reign of Domitian he had had no practice. Already he was meditating a work on his own times, which was to begin with an indictment on the tyranny that had gone by, and end with a testimony to the happiness that had come in its place. The book is an essay on the advantage of being a good and loyal subject, and this is put forward with the air of discovery. Agricola was a tribune of the commons under Nero, and he did not give himself the airs of a Gracchus or a Thrasea; he was quæstor under a corrupt superior, whom he did not imitate or denounce. He was prætor with nothing to do but to preside over the games, and he did not attempt to do anything. Vespasian picked him out to be the legate of a mutinous legion; he kept his men in good order, and pretended that he had found them so. He was employed, and discharged his employments well, and got more credit because he sought

none. When in command he gave his subordinates due credit, though it was one of his few imprudences to give offence by harsh language (soon forgotten on his side) when he was not satisfied. Nothing that Tacitus tells us of his father-in-law proves that he was as important as Suetonius Paulinus or Cerealis, or superior to Poppæus Sabinus, who is sneered at for attaining imperial friendship and prolonged command by being up to his work and not above it; but neither Sabinus nor Paulinus nor Cerealis had the good fortune to have a great writer for a son-in-law.

The style of the "Agricola" is not yet the mature style of Tacitus: it is sometimes rather bald than severe, rather contorted than condensed. The epigrammatic obscurity is confined to reflections, and seldom affects the narrative. In his later works Tacitus's obscurity seems due to a proud reserve; he is full of thoughts, and will not let them overflow; in the "Agricola" he is obscure when he deviates into a pretentious little digression. Here, for instance, is what he says of Agricola's married life: "Vixeruntque mira concordia, per mutuam caritatem et invicem se anteponendo, nisi quod in bona uxore tanto major laus quanto in mala plus culpæ est." Apparently he means that the love of both was equal and equally meritorious, except that the wife deserved most credit, as marriage is more to a woman than to a man. Such liberality in treating the relation of the sexes is not conspicuous in Tacitus's later writings, where we should not have had to remark that the qualifying clause (beginning with *nisi*) refers back to *mutuam*, though it logically ought to refer to *invicem se anteponendo*. There is the same sententious obscurity in a passage on Agricola's prætorship, when he was *uti longe a luxuria ita famæ propior*, because there were people who thought it distinguished to avoid vulgar expense; though, after all, Tacitus does not venture to say that Agricola distinguished himself much. When Cicero tells us that Crassus the orator was *elegantium parcissimus*, as Scævola the jurist was *parcorum elegantissimus*, he is quite as piquant and less puzzling. But, apart from such surface blemishes, the "Agricola" is a masterpiece of biography; it would be hard to find a more eloquent page in Latin

than the peroration, which begins with a skilfully veiled apology for Agricola's personal appearance, who looked, it seems, very amiable and gentlemanlike, and rather insignificant.

There is nothing equal to this peroration in the "Germania," which was written almost immediately after the "Agricola," in the second consulship of Trajan, and is, upon the whole, a maturer, though a less interesting, work. It is at once a tribute to Pliny the Elder, a guide to the country which it was hoped the emperor might undertake to conquer,¹ and a pamphlet against the corruptions of Rome. Possibly Tacitus himself had served on the German frontier, for in the "Histories" he describes the topography of Castra Vetera at what seems disproportionate length. The work is more remarkable for insight than for method; and one rather pines for the good faith of Herodotus, who never leaves us in the least doubt as to the sources of his second-hand intelligence. Tacitus's *accepimus* does not even tell us whether he is quoting from books or from travellers or from natives. He has no clear conception of the differences of race beyond the Elbe, which is excusable, as he tells us that Roman knowledge of that river and its neighborhood had gone back since the days of Augustus. On the southeastern frontier he is aware of differences of language, but he lays more stress upon differences of customs. The Sarmatians, who always moved with their cattle when they changed pasture, are distinguished clearly in Tacitus's mind from the Germans; but the Lygii and the Venedi, who are just as certainly Slavonic, were settled to the same extent as the Germans were, and Tacitus was not aware that they spoke a different language, or that the Fenni and Estii were further from the kindred of Rome and Greece than any of the races of Europe, except perhaps the Basques. So far as his opportunities extended, Tacitus was a good ethnologist: he notes the German physiognomy and language of the Caledonians, the Iberian affinities of the Silures; if he had known that Slavonic was spoken generally beyond the Elbe, he would have noticed it, and we may almost infer from his

¹ Trajan had commanded upon the Rhine, and was the first to commence the fortification of the frontier of the Agri Decumates.

silence that German was the language of trade on the farthest Baltic coasts known to the Romans.

In general the description of customs is better, that is, clearer, than the description of institutions. The *comitatus* is tolerably well explained: it was striking to the imagination, and had just enough analogy to the nearly obsolete custom of Roman commanders taking noble youths in their train to their provinces. We are not told precisely what were the sources from which a famous chief was able to be liberal to his followers, except that, in a general way, a chief with a famous band was always welcome where there was a war. On the other hand, though what we hear of hundreds¹ is instructive, and becomes clearer in the light of modern inquiries, to a reader with no other source of information it would be impossible to tell what the hundreds exactly were, and doubtful if the author knew. There is the same difficulty about the relation of the local elective authorities to the hereditary or quasi-hereditary kings; a still greater mystery is the position of the priests: we are told what they did, not who they were, or how they were appointed. Again, it is not clear whether the dower that the husband gives the wife² is to be explained of the morning gift, or of the practice of purchasing a wife, or of the practice of making a settlement upon the wife. He is commendably free from any tendency to idealize the ancient Germans: he notices that the Germans believed in their women and consulted them, and that their women were venerated by the whole nation more sincerely than the ladies of different dynasties at Rome, who each by turns had her chance of deification;³ but he mentions, too, that the Germans, like most other savages, left all serious work to women and slaves.⁴ Indeed, in describing the laziness of the Germans, Tacitus is at pains to be emphatic and, for him, almost diffuse: he recurs to it again and again. They do not even hunt; they eat as soon as they wake; they spend their time between eating and sleeping. The only subject on which he is fuller is their chastity, and here he loses sight a little of reality: he sentimentalizes about the meaning of the marriage

¹ "Germ." xii. 3. ² Ib. xviii. 2. ³ Ib. viii. 3. ⁴ Ib. xv. 1.

gifts in a way worthy of a French writer of the eighteenth century. The remarks upon the law of hostages and the polygamy of the rulers are more to the point, though modern readers will find it difficult to believe that masculine caprice had nothing to do with the latter. In other points, too, he may be thought credulous: he narrates that the Germans deliberate over all things of importance drunk as well as sober, without the least suspicion that their sober deliberations were often compromised by the boasts to which they had committed themselves in their cups. One may notice also a little inconsistency in the description of German dwellings. We are told in two consecutive sentences¹ that they are altogether without ornament, and that in some neighborhoods they are adorned with different-colored earths.

The style of the "Germany" is already the mature style of Tacitus, and the note of sarcasm is already predominant. There is nothing much bitterer in any of his writings than the passage in which the fall of the Cherusci is traced to their becoming peaceable, good neighbors;² and the sneer at Rome is bitter enough when we read that the Germans do not call it the way of the world to corrupt and be corrupted.³ The bitterness is quite impartial: when the Germans go quietly into slavery for a gambling debt, they call it honor, and Tacitus calls it madness.⁴

Of the early works of Tacitus, the "Dialogue on Oratory" and the "Germany" would probably have been forgotten if they had not been by the author of the "Histories" and the "Annals." The "Histories" and the "Annals" were never popular: they were superseded by Suetonius, who confined himself to what was really interesting to the Roman public. The emperors were the state, and all that the world cared to remember was the incidents of their reigns, and the authentic or apocryphal anecdotes that illustrated their character. Most of the details of the struggles in the senate and the frontier wars lost their interest for the public as soon as they were over. In aristocratic circles, it was natural that all these battles should be fought again keenly for two or three genera-

¹ "Germ." xvi. 3. ² Ib. xxxvi. 2. ³ Ib. xix. 3. ⁴ Ib. xxiv. 4.

tions, as long as representatives of the heroes or victims kept their place in high society; but few families under the empire lasted long. The consequence is, that both the "Annals" and the "Histories" have reached us in fragments. The "Annals" consisted of sixteen books. Of these the greater part of the fifth, the seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, and the beginning of the eleventh, and the last half of the sixteenth, are lost. The "Histories" have been mutilated yet more severely: out of fourteen books we have lost the last nine and a half, perhaps rather more. Here it is conceivable that antiquity may have exercised a choice: the first five books would have contained a complete account of the wars which followed the accession of Galba, incomparably the most interesting and picturesque part of the whole; the reign of Vespasian must have been nearly barren, and the reign of Domitian probably appeared simply as a period in which the *delatores* raged more furiously than ever. The narrative of the Dacian campaigns would have been interesting if it had been frank and impartial, but it was Tacitus's conviction that a Roman historian ought to find Roman defeats too painful for description; and we should have found Domitian severely blamed for calamities whose extent would have been left uncertain, while his part in them was measured by his deserved unpopularity in the class to which Tacitus belonged. The opening of the "Histories" is curious and perhaps unfortunate: it is fixed too strictly by the calendar; Tacitus does not begin with the death of Nero, nor with Galba's arrival in Rome, nor with his recognition by the senate, but with his accession to the consulate. The result is, that we have only a very incomplete account of his transactions on his way through Italy: we are told incidentally of a massacre of unarmed troops just outside Rome, of the execution of two consulars, of the discontent of the German army, of their enthusiasm for Verginius, and his supposed desire to profit by it if he had only dared; but all these are alluded to as known from earlier writers, or perhaps from the official gazette.

As it happens, the collapse of the rule of Nero and the accession of Galba are some of the obscurest events in ancient

history: Tacitus makes it quite clear that the army of Italy and the common people of Rome were at bottom attached to Nero to the last: it is tantalizing that he does not explain the intrigues by which they were both induced to put on the appearance of revolt. In the "Annals" it is true that some explanation must have been given, but the "Annals" were written later than the "Histories." Another obscure point is the rising of Vindex: the accepted theory tended to minimize the importance of the collision between him and Verginius; Tacitus without explanation or controversy tends to maximize it.

These defects do not make themselves felt after the first few pages. From the first mention of Galba's adoption of a successor the reader is carried on without a break to the butchery of Vitellius. The war in Germany and Northeastern Gaul is a less satisfactory subject, and by bad luck we have lost the end of the story, and do not know upon what terms Civilis was allowed to capitulate. And the end of the Jewish war is only known from the windy rhetoric of Josephus, and one or two excerpts from Tacitus in Sulpicius Severus, a late Christian writer; from which it is clear that Tacitus did not believe the legend which Josephus tried to circulate, in excuse for his enthusiasm in favor of his captors, that Titus could and would have saved the Temple if the insane obstinacy of the Jews had permitted him. On the contrary, Tacitus tells us¹ that if the city had been permitted to capitulate, one of the conditions would have been that the inhabitants should abandon their city: a condition they regarded as worse than death.

Galba is treated with surprising leniency, and Vitellius with surprising harshness. Otho had a good right to expect to succeed Galba, and it is difficult to see how the state suffered by his taking advantage of the disappointment and discontent of the prætorians to displace a harsh, unpopular, and inefficient ruler. However, Tacitus will have it that the military insurrection was a crime of the worst kind; he sets the act by which Otho gained power, and the act by which he left it,

¹ "Histories," V. xiii. 4.

over against each other: one was as shameful as the other was glorious. What seems to shock Tacitus most is, that the movement was completely spontaneous. Two common soldiers contracted to transfer the Roman empire, and they did transfer it. That the chief of a province should revolt, with the assurance that he had sympathizers in the senate who would instal him legitimately if he succeeded, was not intolerable as times went; it was a crime for the prefect of the prætorians to intrigue in his own interest; but all order and discipline were subverted if the troops were to choose for themselves. Besides, Tacitus is compelled again and again to recognize the abiding popularity of Nero, and he is angry with Otho for having profited by it. He is more concerned for the respectability of the central administration than for its popularity in the capital, or its beneficence in the rest of the empire. Vitellius was no more suspicious than Galba: he did not order more executions of nobles, he ordered fewer executions of soldiers, even counting the hundred and twenty victims who suffered for thinking their zeal against Galba and Piso a title to reward. But Vitellius was an elderly man, with a strong tendency to over-eat himself. Such capacity as he had was that sort of perception of what is fair that goes with an easy temper; and, to judge by the enthusiasm of the German army in his cause, he had this perception in a very high degree. The army had an instinctive appreciation of his kindness; but Tacitus is only struck by his self-indulgence. He made the same mistake as Mucianus; he underrated what Antonius could do by advancing with forces inadequate to the task before them. Believing that it was impossible that the crisis should arrive as soon as it did, he did not keep himself ready to meet it, and, as might have been expected, he broke down under it. Till it came he enjoyed the privileges of his position, and no doubt his good nature made it easier for him to accept the invitation pressed upon him by loyal landholders and corporations than to refuse them; and every time he accepted their hospitality was remembered against him by the implacable aristocracy, greedy of all opportunities of degrading the monarchy, and much too

resolute to be propitiated by the sincere endeavors of Vitellius to make his office as constitutional as possible. In fact, to writers who came after Domitian this seemed perhaps an aggravation of his offence: after Domitian the affectation that the Republic still subsisted was impossible. The best emperors governed through the senate: they kept their procurators and the claims of their private exchequer within bounds, they dispensed with degrading homage, but they did not pretend to treat their subjects exactly as equals. If they lost their temper in the senate, they did not say that it was nothing new for one senator to disagree with another. If Vitellius had been a modern ruler, his gastronomic excesses would not have been branded as decisive of the civil war.

The truth is, that both Otho and Vitellius fell before the contempt of the aristocracy, and Tacitus accuses both of having been unequal to the situation they had seized. Otho fought too soon, partly out of an impatience of suspense, natural to a voluptuary, but prudence and patience were hardly possible when he knew that his officers were treating over his head. Vitellius, who had been raised to the empire by ambitious subalterns, fell because one of them speculated on betraying him. If opinion at Rome had accepted either as it accepted Galba, who fell by his own mistakes, their subordinates would have been loyal. But Tacitus treats the pretension of both as preposterous, and only treats Otho with very qualified respect on account of his soldierly bearing during the war and the gallantry of his end. Besides, he had reasons to respect the feeling of many important personages, who had sympathized with Vespasian, without having declared for him. From the first news of Vespasian's proclamation, all the upper class were disposed to calculate on his success: and this explains the ferocious resentment with which Tacitus details the homage paid to each pretender on his accession. The superiority of Vespasian in the long-run was so obvious that he had no intention of pushing forward into Italy, and the battle of Cremona was due to the ambition of a single partisan. The burning of the Capitol and the bloody fighting at the entrance of Rome were due to the attempt to carry out the

abdication of Vitellius prematurely; which seems to have been chiefly due to the ambition of Vespasian's brother, who wished to have his share in the foundation of the dynasty, and partly to the general incompetency of elderly Romans, which allowed Vitellius to be forced back into the palace for want of proper arrangements, although he himself would have been glad to carry out the capitulation to which he had consented in the interest of his family. Here Tacitus's narrative is ambiguous: he gives all manner of discordant rumors, and does not express an opinion of his own. Part of the difficulty was, clearly, that the common people as well as the soldiery were still on the side of Vitellius, whose good-nature and kindly interest in the public shows won popularity of a kind that Tacitus is glad to depreciate. He gloats over the brutality with which the rabble exulted over Vitellius's fall, as a contrast to the servility with which they had applauded his extravagance. At the same time the nobility were no better: they were ostentatiously loyal to Otho and Vitellius, and claimed credit on Vespasian's accession for having joined Sabinus and Domitian in the Capitol. Their treachery disgusts Tacitus: he will not allow that when they deserted Vitellius for Vespasian they were moved by the public good. Much as he disliked Fabius Valens, he takes leave of him with the observation that he was renowned by the perfidy of others. The ascendancy of Mucianus and Marcellus was quite as scandalous as that of Vinus and Icelus under Galba, or that of Valens and Asiaticus under Vitellius; if it was shorter, if it came to an end with the arrival of Vespasian, Tacitus does not say.

Another point on which he would have been equally mysterious is the real relation of the revolt of Civilis to the movement in favor of Vespasian. It is quite clear that most of the higher officers whom Vitellius had left on the Rhine were ready to find or make an opportunity of abandoning him. It is certain that Civilis in the first instance declared for Vespasian; certain also that he went on fighting after the army, to the great disgust of the rank and file, had been brought to swear allegiance to Vespasian; and that, when certain Gallic cantons proclaimed the Gallic empire, he joined his forces to

theirs, though without swearing allegiance to their cause. After the first defeat he was allowed to capitulate on the ground that he had been acting in the interest of Vespasian. Tacitus seems to lean to the opinion that Civilis meant to prepare himself to take the lead in a German conquest of Gaul; though it is hard to see that he had any part in the death of Hordeonius Flaccus, or that he took the initiative in the Gallic insurrection, which seems to have broken out spontaneously on the news of the burning of the Capitol. Until these events, he did nothing incompatible with his professions of devotion to Vespasian.

A still more extreme instance of Tacitus's unwillingness to be at pains to investigate facts is his account of the origin of the Jewish nation, which is placed at the opening of the fifth book. It is evident the writer had never taken trouble to speak to Josephus or to read him, much less to read the Septuagint. Herodotus is always careful to give the native account, if possible, of all questions of national antiquities: Tacitus seems to have set himself to give at second-hand all the speculations about the origin of the Jews which Greek writers had been able to invent or to collect among their neighbors. It is possible to trace some remote thread of fact through most, except the suggestion meant to do them honor, that they were connections of the Homeric Solymi. The suggestion that *Judæi* is a corruption of *Idæi*, from Ida in Crete, is obviously absurd, but it may point to the latest form of a real tradition of the Philistine migration which gave its name to Palæstine. The Assyrian mixed multitude who occupied part of Egypt, and eventually retired into the cities of the Hebrews and the nearer parts of Syria, are obviously our old acquaintances the Shepherd Kings. It is harder to say what can have been the foundation for what was obviously the commonest story, that the Jews were the descendants of a horde of diseased and filthy immigrants expelled from Egypt by King Bocchoris, who came to the throne, according to the chronology of M. Brugsch, 733 B.C. As Bocchoris was burned by Sabaco, King of the Ethiopians, it might be a question whether any of the expelled immigrants were Ethiopians, and whether this was the substra-

tum of fact in another story about the Ethiopians who left their country in the time of King Cepheus. There is no trace in the monuments of any such measure of King Bocchoris, and the whole story is made much more suspicious by being mixed up with a preposterous parody of the Exodus. Moses placed himself at the head of the exiles, and by the help of a herd of wild asses found water for them in the wilderness, and at the end of seven days led them to Jerusalem. Apart from this the story is plausible, and perhaps general tradition may warrant us in admitting an enforced migration from the Delta to Palestine in the eighth century B.C. Jewish institutions are less grossly caricatured than Jewish history, although it is difficult to guess what is meant by the statement that among themselves the Jews were singularly licentious in sexual matters, or whether the limitation of immortality to the souls of those who died for the law on the scaffold or the battle-field lay in popular belief or in the ignorance of Tacitus. We have no means of checking what Tacitus has to tell of Velleda, the German prophetess who supported Civilis; but German beliefs were simpler than Hebrew, and the Romans in trying to master them made fewer mistakes.

The real greatness of Tacitus as a philosophical historian lies in his analysis of the conditions of Roman public life, and his speculations as to the power of human conduct to modify them. Such a sentence as this, on the temper of the prætorians when Otho entered their camp, is the measure of his power: "Julius Martialis, a tribune, was the officer of the watch on duty. He, stunned at such a monstrous sudden crime, or may be fearing that corruption had spread further in the camp, and that he would pull against the stream at his peril, gave ground to general suspicion that he was in the plot. And the rest of the tribunes and centurions preferred a certainty to an honorable risk. And the condition of their minds was that few had daring, many good-will, and all consent for an execrable deed." So, too, the often-quoted phrase that Otho did everything like a slave to be master, and the bitter jest that "Otho had not yet authority to prevent a crime; he was already able to order one;" and the yet bitterer epigram that

"when the day had been spent in guilt the turn of the worst evil came—men had to rejoice."

A more elaborate picture is the revolt of the German army. All the complicated influences at work are unravelled. "Vittellius had taken pains when he inspected the winter-quarters of the legions: one of the legates thought he had been slighted by Galba; another was in danger of being punished for speculation. The army itself had only joined Galba after Nero's death, and then had been anticipated by troops lower down the Rhine. Then the Treveri and Lingones, and any other states that smarted under harsh decrees of Galba or the loss of territory, came into close contact with the legions in their winter-quarters; whereupon there was much seditious talk, and civilians corrupted the soldiery, and their good-will to Verginius was at the service of anybody else. The state of the Lingones had sent, after its old custom, a present to the legions, right hands joined as a token of hospitality. Their ambassadors were made up into a show of mourning and dishonor, went through the parade-ground and the quarters complaining of their own injuries, the favor shown to their neighbors, and, when the soldiers were inclined to hearken, of the peril of the army and the despite done thereto. And they were nearly ripe for sedition, when Hordeonius Flaccus bade the ambassadors go away, and that by night, that they might leave the camp more secretly. Thereupon rose a shrewd rumor, for most affirmed them slain, and that but for their own better heed all the briskest of the troops who complained of things as they were would be killed in the dark and the rest know nothing. So a silent league bound the legions together: the soldiers of the auxiliary forces were brought in, though at first suspected, as though squadrons and cohorts were being mustered to surround and charge the legions. Soon it was seen they brooded more fiercely on the same offences, for it is easier among bad spirits to consent for war than for concord in peace. Still the legions of Lower Germany were brought to swear allegiance to Galba on the solemnity of the First of January. With much delay, and but few, and those in the front rank, swore aloud, the rest kept silent, each waiting for

his neighbor to be bold, as mortal nature is made to follow and be loath to begin."¹ There is a touch of satire further on, when we learn that a part of the army swore allegiance to the senate and people of Rome, and a few days after to Vitellius on the ground that their former oath was empty.

The declaration of the Syrian army needed less explanation, for Vespasian was a very different commander to Vitellius; and although Mucianus was in command of a larger force, he preferred being the first subject of the empire to being emperor: for what he wanted for himself was license and luxury, not power. There were too many scandals about him for it to be safe for him to reign in his own name. Tacitus makes a mystery of him. "He was notorious alike in prosperity and adversity. When young he had been lavish in attentions to great friends; soon, when his means were impaired and his estate but slippery, and the anger too of Claudius seemed upon him, he appeared, as he lay in retreat in Asia, as near an exile as afterwards near a prince. He was a mixture of luxury, energy, courtesy, arrogance, evil ways and good: excessive in pleasures when at leisure, great in virtues as often as it served his turn. In public a man to praise, his privacy was of ill-report. Still, various alluring arts gave him power over subordinates, over kinsmen, over colleagues, enough to make it easy for him to grant a sway too hard to hold."² This reminds us of the over-elaboration in the "Agricola;" further on we learn that Mucianus contrived to make a parade of his politic adhesion to Vespasian.

It is very noticeable that Vespasian is nowhere characterized in the part of the "Histories" which has come down to us. Tacitus's rule in the "Histories" seems to be to describe every important personage upon his first appearance, and again when he disappears from the scene. It is, therefore, deliberate reticence that leaves us to judge of Vespasian almost exclusively by his deeds, with only a touch of comment here and there. Vespasian set the example of a frugal table; he was admirably firm against largess to the soldiery, and had the better army for it; he refused redress for the exactions

¹ "Hist." I. lii.-lv.

² Ib. I. x.

devised by Mucianus, "though in the beginnings of his empire he was less stiff in holding his ground when wrong, till, between base counsellors and the indulgence of fortune, he learned and dared to be unjust."¹ Vespasian's elder brother, who was taken and massacred by the partisans of Vitellius, after the latter had been hustled out of his attempt to abdicate by their boisterous loyalty, was always considered the ornament of the family while both were in a private station. All this seems as if Tacitus had little esteem for his first employer, though "no doubt it was the interest of the commonwealth that Vitellius should be conquered." Less is said of Titus, but the notices are kindly in the main, while there are abundant hints given in advance of the fatal idiosyncrasy of his younger brother and successor. In general, Tacitus does not flatter his own side. No one is more severely handled than Antonius Primus, who actually decided the overthrow of Vitellius, and seems to have survived his disappointment in the partition of the spoils with decorum. It is one of the evils of war that he obtained an amnesty, having been condemned under Nero for forgery: he is the worst of men in peace, in war above contempt. Of all the commanders who actually took part in the war on Vespasian's side, Messalla was the only one who brought a good character to the cause. Cornelius Fuscus is treated with some approach to respect, though his character seems to have lacked solidity: he dreaded anxiety, and he liked excitement; he laid down his rank as senator for the sake of a quiet life; he took the lead in his native town for Galba, and was rewarded with a place as procurator, in which he threw himself energetically into the cause of Vespasian, "delighting more in perils than in their reward." In fact, it is doubtful whether unblemished characters were common in any camp. It is clear that the senate was always inclined to screen informers, even when an interregnum left their hands free; examples were made of the worst cases, but any general measure would always have touched very influential men, who, when their position was assured, often were dignified and bountiful enough. Many rising men had done

¹ "Hist." II. lxxxii. 3; lxxxiv. 2.

questionable things; there was a general feeling at the end of each tyrant's reign that the survivors ought to be safe. Besides, it is obvious that under the constitution the senate must have been recruited with a constant stream of imperial nominees, who were naturally more imperialist than the emperor, because the more they could harass families whose consideration dated from the days of the republic, the more of the patronage of the empire was free for their own promotion. Tacitus, who measured the merits and demerits of all emperors by their respect for the dignity of the senate, and their willingness to allow it a real share of the administration, systematically keeps silence as to the standing cause of the servility upon which he spends so much indignation.

This makes Tacitus unjust to all the emperors who did not repress all accusations of high-treason. For a hundred years before the empire the nobles had been given to bitter quarrels among themselves, which were aggravated by the ambition of those who wished to push into their number; but these quarrels had often come to nothing under the republic: the prosecution was unsparing, but the court was considerate. Under the empire every prosecution came before the senate, every prosecution had a political character, every prosecution involved the charge of treason; for Augustus, by an oversight, had made all discreditable conduct treasonable, as part of his laborious and unsuccessful endeavors to make the upper classes at any rate respected and respectable. Lastly, the imperialist majority in the senate insisted that every charge of treason should be treated seriously: acquittals were the rule in state trials under the republic, convictions were the rule under the empire. The only remedy the nobility had was to frown persistently upon all who conducted state prosecutions, and especially upon all who conducted them of their own accord; and whenever an emperor succeeded who wished to protect the nobility, both classes professed that they had been coerced by the fallen tyrant. Even when a real crime had been committed, it was generally mixed up with a more or less imaginary charge of treason; and then the condemnation was more invidious than the crime. Genuine loyalty was

extremely rare, and nearly all rulers felt it necessary to treat visible disaffection as a capital offence. Any sign of disrespect was construed into disloyalty, and this led to endless elaborations of homage, soon carried to a point¹ intolerable to self-respect. The least approach to a parade of reserve was itself a proof of disaffection, for the majority visited any resentment they might feel for their own abasement upon those who refused to share it. The emperors were embarrassed also by another difficulty, which Tacitus half hints at in a phrase which he puts into the mouth of Galba—that the Romans could not bear either thorough slavery or thorough freedom. The vastness of the empire and the corruption of the times made a single ruler necessary: no serious politician denied this; Tacitus insists upon it repeatedly. But though all real power, or almost all, was in his hands or those of his delegates, he was not a sovereign and the rest of the Romans his subjects: they were free and independent citizens, though his will counted for almost everything, theirs for almost nothing. The only *rationale* of this which the most audacious emperors put forward was that they were superhuman. As a rule, emperors were deified after death: an emperor who chafed under republican fictions anticipated his apotheosis, and so multiplied the difficulties of those who regretted the republic. Tacitus is the echo of their indignation. He blames the emperors almost exclusively for their misgovernment of the capital; if he blames them for rapacity in the provinces, or for military failures on the frontier, it is only because these scandalize the opinion of the capital. The proof is that rulers who, like Tiberius or Claudius, did much for the provinces receive no credit from Tacitus.

In most things, indeed, Tacitus is rather illiberal: he has no sympathy whatever with the progressive innovations of Claudius. He is positively shocked that he should have given the officers of his exchequer jurisdiction in civil and criminal

¹ This point was often reached earlier than a modern could imagine. For instance, a senator made himself ridiculous by an ineffectual proposal to have the decrees of the day on which Tiberius's arrangements for the succession were ratified engraved in letters of gold in the senate-house.

causes;¹ he has no eyes for the administrative convenience of the change; he only sees that it was monstrous for freedmen to exercise the same jurisdiction as consulars. So, too, he distinctly approves² the vote of the senate for the execution of a whole household, over four hundred in number, who passed the night under the same roof as their master, who was killed by a slave to whom he had refused freedom, and records that the populace was in favor of mercy, or, as we should say, justice.

The "Annals" are decidedly gloomier than the "Histories," probably simply because the writer was older: he sees evil everywhere; his recognition of merit always has the air of paradox. All the emperors were tyrants, and it was natural that under a tyrant everything should go wrong; that all offices should be filled by servile instruments of tyranny, that virtue should have no alternative but retreat or martyrdom. When he takes leave of a noble like Lepidus or L. Piso, who were always in high place, and lived to the end of their days without peril and without shame, Tacitus always pauses to observe upon the singularity of their fate. The prudence which preserved them is always treated as a discovery: the natural course for a virtuous man being that of silent or public protest; for the virtuous man was presumably a Stoic, and a Stoic was bound to be instant in the assertion of his principles. Tacitus himself was sceptical as to the value of philosophy, especially of Stoicism. It is mentioned to the honor of Agricola that his early tendency to philosophize more deeply than became a Roman was checked in time; and Helvidius Priscus is praised for making it the object of his studies to strengthen him for public life, while most contemporary Stoics only cared to talk. Besides, Tacitus had two strong convictions quite at variance with the Stoic creed: he disbelieved in providence, he disbelieved in fate. He is never weary of illustrating the thesis, as old as Ennius, that the gods care no more for the righteous than the wicked, whence it follows that Providence, in the Stoic sense of a power overruling all things for the best, is a fiction. He excludes fate with providence

¹ "Ann." XII. lx.

² Ib. XIV. xlii-xlv.

in order to make room for prudence, but even then he has not excluded the gods from the affairs of mortals.

This is one of the most important contrasts between Tacitus and Sallust. Sallust never discusses the question at all: he has no occasion to go beyond the sphere of human prudence and human passion, in which he finds the reason for everything. Tacitus does not escape so easily: he is never sure that the gods' wrath is not formidable, because it is useless to count upon their justice: he never gets beyond the epigram,¹ "The gods care not to protect us, and yet they care to avenge us." All misfortunes, like the grandeur and downfall of Sejanus, are referred quite simply to the anger of the gods. All precedents which enable men to scan their inscrutable ways are anxiously recorded: for instance, when Vitellius assumed the office of chief pontiff on the day that the Gauls had smitten the Romans on the river Allia, it is an astonishing proof of his own blindness and that of his friends. He is afraid to dispute the legend of the strange bird which appeared to excited eyes during the last night of Otho, and he investigates the miracles of Vespasian with the utmost simplicity. When he has proved that they were not invented to flatter Vespasian, he is satisfied, and takes no pains to get behind the formal report of the physicians, who evidently thought Vespasian might safely undertake to heal patients who might be well without help when they pleased. In the same way Tacitus accepts the prophecies, whatever they were, which were supposed to be fulfilled by the accession of Vespasian, in an ironical spirit, as if superhuman wisdom were always useless for human guidance. Vespasian was not the least influenced by the prophecies which all the world agreed he had fulfilled; the Jews thought that they justified their own insane resistance. All the omens, great and small, which were noticed in a town that canvassed everything, are solemnly recorded for what they may be worth. Tacitus gives no decision: he writes as if it were his object to give posterity the materials for forming one. The will of the gods seems to

¹ "Hist." I. iii. fin.: Non esse curam diis securitatem nostram, esse ultionem; cf. Lucan, iv. 807.

count for a good deal in the order of the world, but their judgment has no respect to individual worth: they prosper and punish communities as instruments of their designs; perhaps it is safe to assume that they are offended by the neglect of the established ceremonies of propitiation. The transition from Seneca to Tacitus is like the transition from Shaftesbury to Bolingbroke: Tacitus failed long ago to find any trace of "moral attributes."

Here he has the advantage of appealing from theory to what he takes for facts, but his criticism of fatalism suffers from his Roman contempt for "minute philosophy." Apparently he leans, like Pope, to a belief in a power

Who binding nature fast in fate
Left free the human will.

The only alternative which he recognizes is the crude fatalism of the Oriental—what will happen, will happen whatever we do. He does not understand the Stoic doctrine of "con-fatalia"—that conditions were fated as well as results—and therefore he does not discuss it. He gives his measure by uniformly describing a natural death as a "fatal" one, as though fate was set aside whenever a man killed himself or was killed. The extreme instance of this loose way of thinking which he records and shares is a passage on the Rhine being unusually low during the revolt of Civilis.¹ "In time of peace this would have been nature or chance, in war it seemed fate and the anger of the gods." This makes his solemnity less impressive. Plato's doctrine of the inward misery of tyrants is hardly established by the quotation of Tiberius's letter² when asked to sanction the prosecution of Cotta Messalinus. Tiberius probably meant nothing by his outburst, except that he felt it a great tax to write to the senate; and, as his self-control was impaired by solitude and indulgence, he actually swore at himself in a despatch; which appeared phenomenal because the ancients were not addicted

¹ "Hist." IV. xxvi. 2.

² Quid scribam vobis, patres conscripti, aut quo modo scribam hoc tempore di me deaque pejus perdant quam perire me quotidie sentio, si scio.—"Ann." VI. vi. 1.

to that special form of profanity, and generally were capable of decorum in their public acts. The eloquence of Tacitus has rather blinded us to the fact that it was really very provoking for Tiberius to be asked to put another old friend on his trial, because there was more or less reason to think he spoke disrespectfully of the senate and the emperor in his cups. His annoyance broke out in an irritable confession of his failing powers, after which he settled the case sensibly enough.

In fact, the whole account of the reign of Tiberius is a masterpiece of detraction: the emperor gets no credit for his faithfulness to old friends, very little for his munificence on all public occasions. Though one of the most splendid instances of it comes in the last year of his reign, we are told that Tiberius retained that virtue long, while putting off all others—as if he put that off at last. The instances of his honest, manly dislike to flattery are carefully enumerated, not without a certain sympathy; but we are reminded that many attributed such modesty to self-distrust, and not a few to a craven spirit, dead alike to fame and virtue. Tacitus is pitiless to his repeated and undignified professions of his sincere desire to abdicate, and his efforts to cover his despotism with antiquated forms. He is especially angry when an old law worked without straining in favor of the new despotism; as if the monarchy was bound systematically to soften republican procedure, especially by depriving prosecutors of their legal rewards. Tiberius held that the laws would lose all effect if the machinery for enforcing them was suddenly thrown out of gear; Tacitus's comment is, that a detestable race of informers, who can hardly be kept in check by punishment, were warmed to life by rewards; which, though a fair retort from a political opponent, comes short of historical impartiality. Again, Tiberius quite honestly regretted the precipitate execution of a Roman knight who had been foolish enough to read an elegy on Drusus, the son of Tiberius, at a time when he was expected to die, after having been rewarded for an elegy composed after the death of Germanicus. Accordingly he rebuked the senate, who passed a rule that for the future no capital

sentence should be registered or executed for ten days. Tacitus's comment is, that after the sentence was recorded the senate had no power to recall it, and Tiberius grew no milder in the time. This is literally true, though the senate frequently waited on the chance of his interference, though no one was ever punished for the delay, which the irritable old man occasionally resented. The instances of moderation are all mentioned in their place, but without comment or emphasis, except an occasional regret that when Tiberius knew what was best he so often chose to do what was worse.

Sometimes the harshness of the historian makes his elaborate pictures enigmatical. For instance, a son accused of high-treason a father already sentenced to exile, and after a time wished to abandon the charge, which had broken down, as the slaves could not or would not swear to anything against their old master. Tiberius insisted that the son should carry the prosecution through, and, when the father was convicted, inflicted no greater penalty than exile, even taking pains to insist that he should not be banished to an island without water. The scandal is emphasized with all the art of Tacitus; but it does not appear upon what principle, if any, Tiberius acted. Had he real grounds for believing that impotent malice had turned an exile into a conspirator, while resolved to treat him as insignificant when convicted? Again, it is a crime of Tiberius that he allowed the law of high-treason as extended by Augustus to be put in force; it is not a merit that for some time he exerted himself to check the fantastic developments it seemed likely to receive from the ingenious malignity of Roman idlers. Even in his later years he did not encourage prosecutions for such purely constructive disrespect as swearing falsely by the deity of Augustus, or breaking up his consecrated image for old silver, both of which seemed deadly crimes to eager prosecutors when the law and Tiberius's rule were new. In general, a modern historian would blame what Tacitus blames, but less severely. But in the matter of Hortalus, Tacitus blames Tiberius for simple good sense. It was an excusable mistake of Augustus to give a worthless and harmless man a small fortune because he was

the grandson of a celebrated orator, and it was hoped that his marriage might keep up an illustrious family; but when Hortalus made an opportunity of begging in the senate for a further supply, Tiberius could only refuse, and it is surprising he should have conceded so much as he did to the facile and factitious sympathy of the senate.

The campaigns of Germanicus and Corbulo are the only part of the history of the early empire on which Tacitus dwells with any complacency: it was the great fault of all the emperors till the days of Domitian and Trajan that they took no care to extend the empire. The two generals who showed some inclination to renew the traditions of conquest seem to be overrated. Corbulo was clearly very jealous of other commanders, and inclined to leave them to difficulties; Germanicus was reckless and irresolute, and very much less careful of his men's lives than Tiberius. Tiberius invaded Germany three times, and each time he defeated the enemy and brought his army back safe; and the only result was that his admirers hoped another campaign might bring the enemy to submission. It would be curious to know why he invariably went back to Gaul for winter-quarters—because he could not maintain himself in Germany, or because Germany was too poor a country to support an army of occupation? Tacitus thinks the policy of Germanicus too obvious for explanation; that of Tiberius seems to have struck him as curious and interesting. Tiberius was not at all disposed to non-intervention; he had too keen a sense of the possibilities of a German invasion of Italy. He told the senate that Maroboduus, who for a long time maintained a powerful kingdom in Bohemia and Bavaria, was more formidable to the Roman people than King Pyrrhus or King Philip, and was delighted when his kingdom collapsed and he had to take refuge on Roman territory. What he dreaded was the consolidation of any power in Germany strong enough and durable enough to direct the force of the race against more desirable lands. It was easy enough to keep the Germans at war among themselves, for every ruler disgusted his family and tribe after fifteen or twenty years of rule—just like the rulers of Norway in the interval between

Harold Harfager and Harold Hardrada, and the rulers of France since the revolution of 1789. On the eastern frontier the policy of the empire was somewhat more decided, though it did not go beyond the lines marked out by Pompeius after his great command. No attempt was made to conquer Parthia, but full advantage was taken of the readiness of the dynasty to have a possible pretender kept in Italy till the throne became vacant. He was generally called upon after a palace revolution: he received a Roman escort, and never succeeded in establishing himself permanently among subjects to whom he had become a stranger; but the Romans never regarded their prestige as affected by the failure of their *protégés*, while the Parthian monarchy gradually weakened itself by internal dissensions. Tacitus is rather indifferent than contemptuous when he speaks of the pretensions of the emperors to confer a diadem which their nominees could not retain. He is less ironical in his treatment of the Roman claim to a protectorate in Armenia. The Parthian pretender had rather a better chance, upon the whole, than the Roman; but even the Parthian pretender had to reckon with Rome, because the small states of Upper Mesopotamia leaned to the power which held the road to the Mediterranean; while the small states between Armenia and the Caucasus were dependent on the commerce of the Black Sea, which also was in the hands of Rome.

The dissensions of the imperial family fill a larger space than the frontier warfare in the "Annals" of Tacitus, and there is no part of his narrative that is more puzzling—we never know what evidence he had for the majority of his charges. We know that he used the memoirs of the younger Agrippina; he does not seem to have used the memoirs of Tiberius, and no public documents except the trial of Locusta would throw much light on the alleged assassination of Claudius and Britannicus. In the case of Drusus, we know the story told by Apicata, the divorced wife of Sejanus, eight years after the time, which Tiberius believed, and the Roman people improved upon. According to the latest version, everything passed after the fashion of a schoolboy's theme. Seja-

nus told Tiberius that his son was going to poison him, and so lured the suspicious father to force the poisoned cup on the unsuspecting son. Tacitus rejects this story, and hardly thinks of testing Apicata's, who, after her divorce, can only have learned Sejanus's plans from slaves who deceived him and perhaps her. Though a slave of Drusus and a slave of Sejanus confirmed her story under torture, a modern court, and even a modern historian, would have doubted.

The case of Germanicus is equally perplexing. Plancina seems to have tried to bewitch him; and when Tacitus describes her death, which followed closely on Agrippina's, he takes her guilt for granted. In the narrative of the trial he does not go beyond strong hints that Livia's patronage, which saved her from sharing her husband's condemnation, was exercised unjustly. Clear facts are not distinguished from suspicions: the whole proceedings passed for an act of laudable vengeance for the death of Germanicus, whom it was alleged, but not proved, that Piso had poisoned with his own hand at a banquet. What was proved, according to Tacitus, was that Piso had behaved as if he wanted to make himself independent in his province, and that he had attempted to resume possession forcibly after being dismissed by his superior officer, whose authority to do so he contested with some plausibility. He committed suicide; and Tiberius, who apparently did not believe in the story of the poisoning, and had most probably sent Piso to Syria as a check on Germanicus, professed that if he had awaited sentence he would have saved his life.

The catastrophe of the house of Germanicus, who seem to have been fairly represented by Caligula, falls within the part of the "Annals" which has been lost to us, so that it is uncertain how Tacitus distributed the blame between the jealousy of Tiberius, the intrigues of Sejanus, and the ungovernable temper of Agrippina and her sons. Enough is said to make it clear that the heirs were jealous of the minister and expected to share the power of the reigning monarch—another proof that an avowed monarchy would have answered better than the preponderating influence of a single family disguised under republican forms.

The influence of Sejanus over Tiberius is treated as a fatal mystery; and the elaborate character of the favorite explains nothing, and is not meant to explain anything. The conception that there are classes of character with common tendencies does not occur to Tacitus. All his generalizations (and he is fond of generalizing) extend to mankind at large, and they are almost always pessimistic. The inbred depravity of mortals is a favorite formula, which recurs with the fatal facility of the ablative absolute to explain everything. Like Sallust, too, Tacitus likes to dwell on the impossibility of carrying any movement through that requires general co-operation. He takes a sort of malicious pleasure in analyzing the failure of attempts to punish delation, to organize the senate and people for the defence of the capital, or to reform manners by public authority. The nobility of the old republic were irreclaimable: so long as they had any money they could not abandon the ostentation of splendor and power; the multiplication of gastronomic oddities passed for splendor among a semi-barbarous race; a dish of nightingales' tongues was accepted as a luxury well worth the price; it was a mark of spirit and taste to import and slaughter a menagerie for every banquet. The fashion lasted, Tacitus says, till the accession of Vespasian; and then a thrifty old emperor and thrifty old courtiers, who had formed their habits in the provinces, were strong enough to set a new fashion. Naturally he does not inquire into the question, which seemed so important to Juvenal, how this reformation affected the majority who were used to depend upon the munificence of the great. Tacitus counts it pure gain that the rich ceased to waste their substance in ways that gave them no selfish pleasure or profit, though ready to sneer at an old age of shabby power, and the influence of a rich, childless old man, which is strong enough to protect its owner under good and bad rulers alike.

In truth, the severe self-repression of Tacitus is often a mask for caprice: he is not faithful to any doctrine or to any plan. He never carried out his intention of following the History of the Flavian dynasty with a History of Nerva and Trajan. His success had been sufficiently marked to enable

him to compete with the reputation of a Fabius Rusticus, a Pliny, or a Cluvius Rufus, on the ground of the early empire. In the "Annals" he expresses an intention, if he lives, of going back to the reign of Augustus; as if he wished to carry his cynical frankness right through the imperial period—perhaps he suspected that the reign of Trajan was a fitter theme for flatterers than for historians.

His contempt for his subject seems to make him inaccurate: he tells us that Augustus was the only ruler between Sulla and Claudius who enlarged the Pomerium, forgetting, if he ever knew, that Julius had begun the work which Augustus simply carried out. In the same way he tells us that the gift which the Knights dedicated on the recovery of Livia had to be taken to Antium because there was no temple of Equestrian Fortune at Rome. Such a temple certainly existed in the age of Augustus: we have to choose between believing that Augustus, the restorer of temples, demolished this, and suspecting that Tacitus, who knew that the offering was dedicated at Antium, invented the reason which determined the pontiffs. Again, it is impossible to reconcile his account of the relationships and successions of the Parthian royal family with Josephus, an earlier writer who must have been familiar with the facts. It is not easy to understand how the younger Agrippa could figure among the *veteres reges* in A.D. 54: he had only been in possession of the principality of Chalcis six years, and that principality was neither venerable in itself nor an ancient possession of the house of Herod.

In such matters there is some excuse for carelessness or uncertainty: it is more noticeable that Tacitus makes, or seems to make, Felix governor of Samaria, while Cumanus is governor of Judæa; while Josephus makes Cumanus the successor of Festus, himself the successor of Festus in both offices. Even at Rome all the details of administration are slurred over, even in such an important matter as the fashion in which Tiberius appointed the consuls; and it is not surprising that more than once, when Tacitus takes leave of an official, it is hard to reconcile his summary of his services with the *Fasti*.

Most of these sacrifices to a fastidious taste and more fas-

tidious style occur in the "Annals," and have been collected in support of one of the most ingenious paradoxes of literary history. It has been suggested that the "Annals" were forged in the fifteenth century by Poggio Bracciolini, and it is certainly curious how little unambiguous mention is to be found of them either in antiquity or the middle ages. Sulpicius Severus quotes with very little change the passage on the martyrdoms in Nero's reign; John of Salisbury, in the twelfth century, speaks of Tacitus as an author who described the cruelties and downfall of tyrants. St. Jerome, in his Chronicle, speaks of thirty volumes of histories from the death of Augustus. Perhaps this is the clearest testimony of all: it is absolutely decisive, unless we suppose that Poggio contrived to get all the MSS. of the Chronicle interpolated to support his forgery. His testimony proves, in all probability, that the "Annals" and "Histories" had been already arranged as a continuous work, though it is possible to discredit it on the ground that it is difficult to imagine how the "Annals" can have been compressed into sixteen books, or the "Histories" into fourteen, while even the "Histories" cannot have been extended into thirty books. It is possible and comparatively easy to contend that, instead of Sulpicius Severus copying Tacitus, Poggio Bracciolini copied Sulpicius Severus. It is certain that John of Salisbury would have reckoned Otho and Vitellius, not to mention Galba, as tyrants like Domitian; so that it would be possible to think that he was speaking of the "Histories," although what he says certainly fits the "Annals" better, for Tiberius, Gaius, and Nero had more opportunity to display their "cruelty" before their "downfall" than Otho or Vitellius.

The strong point of the hypothesis is that about 1422 and 1423 Poggio's correspondence proves that he was hesitating between a professorship and some literary enterprise, and finally decided upon the latter as more profitable. There is enough mystery about the matter to suggest that he was meditating a magnificent forgery, especially as the mystery recurs at the time when the fragment containing the latter half of the "Annals" was upon the point of being sold.

It is hardly fatal to the theory that another MS. containing the whole remains of the "Annals" and "Histories" was produced long after Poggio's death, and purchased by Leo X.; for of course it may be maintained that Poggio improved with practice, and left the second part of his work ready to be copied in an archaic hand. Nor is it fatal that the two principal MSS. from which the rest are held to be derived are both, on the face of them, much older than the fifteenth century, for one of the most suspicious circumstances is that Poggio is anxious to get an old MS. of Tacitus in Lombardic letters, and to get into communication with a skilful copyist. Still it is very hard to suppose that two forgers (for by the hypothesis Poggio employed two copyists at least), working in the fifteenth century, before palæography was at all scientifically studied, should have done their work so well as to escape all suspicion till the nineteenth century was three parts over. There is the further difficulty that all MSS. of the once well-known "Histories" must have disappeared except those which Poggio procured for his accomplices, and that the accomplices, to keep faith with their employer, gave up those MSS. to him or his agents to be destroyed, and that this was punctually done not only in Poggio's life, but after his death, when the temptation to sell the second MS. of the "Histories" either before or after the enlarged copy would have been very strong.

Nor is the attestation of the "Histories" so very much clearer than that of the "Annals:" we know, indeed, from the life of the emperor Tacitus that Tacitus the consular had written something which passed under the name of "Augustan History," for the emperor ordered that every public library should have ten copies of his works taken because they were getting rare, and it was to be feared that careless readers might destroy the few existing copies. What is really decisive is the letter of the younger Pliny, in which he describes his uncle's death as a contribution to the historical work on which his friend was then engaged, which can only have been the "Histories."

But in truth the discussion is idle; it is simply incredible that Poggio or any other scholar of the fifteenth century could

have written two pages of the "Annals." The style of the "Annals" is the unique style of the "Histories," with its mannerisms a little exaggerated: it is in no sense a caricature, and no inference can be drawn from the undoubted difference of tone, though this is not quite explained by the difference of subject. The "Annals" are more personal than the "Histories," because an interest in personalities had grown upon the author: this is a part of the reaction from the hopes which Trajan's accession had inspired. The author thinks worse of the world as a whole, and its larger events seem dim and shadowy; they fail to dwarf the details which are still able to sting: besides, the matter is in itself more depressing, for instead of the conflict between armies we have the conflict between the emperors and the nobility, and this conflict is made still more depressing by the persistent assumption that the victims were always innocent. This assumption is strained very far in the case of Barea, who had allowed a town in his province to defend its art treasures by force against an imperial agent. According to Tacitus, to put such a governor on his trial for treason was an attack upon virtue itself. Barea may have been, and probably was, virtuous: he can hardly have been loyal; and we cannot trust Tacitus that the charge of treason rested so much as he implies upon the charge of magic, or that the pathetic denials of Barea's daughter were unimpeachably sincere.

But the style does not fall off, at least in the first half of the "Annals," with the author's loss of interest in his subject. It may even be said to gain both in concentration and flexibility: there are still passages in the "Histories" which are almost impersonal, ordinary narrative that any accomplished and reserved writer might have written. There is nothing impersonal in the "Annals;" the accent of personal scorn or suspicion or indignation breaks out everywhere; where nothing else is characteristic there is always the severe repression and the endless variety of phrase. The stately architectural structure of the age of Cicero and Livy has quite disappeared; the clauses are at once fragmentary and elaborate; the sentences would be incoherent if they were not condensed; po-

sition and emphasis are made to do the work of grammatical subordination and conjunctions and auxiliary verbs. The ablative absolute and long compound substantives and adjectives attain their fullest development. It is, perhaps, a sign that the richness of suggestion is passing over into decay that nothing is quite simple; there is a touch of fancy or reflection everywhere, even when nothing is really added, and the author is only reinventing with superfluous ingenuity phrases which had been rubbed threadbare. For instance, he is very fond of marking evening, but he never says simply "at evening," but "as the day waned to evening," or "when the day was turned about to evening." In the same way Tacitus can never say simply a man killed himself, even when he does not know or care to mention the manner of death, he prefers to say "he devised his own death," *sibi mortem conscivit*. But, after all, the style of the "Annals" is a matchless instrument for expressing and stimulating thought and imagination of a certain order.

CHAPTER VI.

SÜETONIUS.

SÜETONIUS TRANQUILLUS was a *littérateur* of a new kind. He was at once a grammarian and an official; he was employed as secretary to Trajan and to Hadrian; he was dismissed from the latter office for disrespect to the Empress Sabina, with whom, according to some, he had an intrigue. He was not a rich man, and his own marriage was unlucky, so that he had to obtain the rights of a father of three children from Trajan by the intercession of the younger Pliny.

He has none of the pretensions or the prepossessions of the senatorian writers: one may call him unprejudiced or unscrupulous. He does not aim at blackening any emperor in the way that Tacitus aims at blackening Tiberius or Nero; he has still less of the genuine though not unofficial enthusiasm of Velleius; he is a gossip, and speaks evil of every one without an intention of doing harm.

His "Lives of the Cæsars" are his principal work, and they are very tantalizing, as they are to us a substitute for history. They are not orderly biographies, but biographical portraits, and the chronological skeleton which we cannot supply was still accessible when he wrote. He is careless of truth of detail, but all the stories which he gives might have been or ought to have been true. They illustrate a sound view of the character which is under discussion. Very few French or English *éloges* have the easy mastery we find in Suetonius's "Lives of the Cæsars," or at least in the first six. Whether materials or courage to be frank failed the author, the last six are comparatively meagre. Of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius there was, of course, little to say; their administration was too short to have a well-marked character, and Suetonius's plan

does not lead him to dwell at length on the events of their reigns. Even on his plan more should have been said of Vespasian and Domitian, but the treatment of the events of their reigns is even more meagre in proportion, just because tradition was fresh; and he could take for granted the vague knowledge of events, which was all he ever thought it necessary to communicate as a framework for personal anecdotes.

The life of Julius, if nothing has been lost, begins abruptly, as if the author did not care to give the traditional glories of the Julian house, which must have been hackneyed when he wrote. The first thing we are told is that he lost his father at the age of sixteen, and the year after parted with a rich wife to whom he had been betrothed in his nonage, in order to espouse the daughter of Cinna, the last chief of the Marian party. He makes up for this reticence by a long list of all the conspiracies of which Cæsar was suspected in his early years. He came back to Rome from his stay in Bithynia, about which there was scandal that Suetonius takes care to retail, in order to see if he had a chance with Lepidus; and as he disapproved of Lepidus, and did not believe in his chances, he went to Rhodes to be out of the way and study rhetoric, after which he distinguished himself against Mithridates and the pirates.

After his term of office in Spain he came back before the time to claim full citizenship for the Latin colonies, and to conspire with Crassus to massacre a competent number of senators to secure the consulate to Sylla and Autronius, while Crassus and he were to be dictator and master of the horse. Suetonius does not give a single hint of Cæsar's share in the conspiracy of Catiline, the most formidable of all. The author's reticence appears to be imposed by the pressure of a loyalty which he does not share; for the treatment of the Civil War is, upon the whole, impartial. We are told cynically how Cæsar made a party by bribing all the surroundings of Pompeius and great part of the senate with gifts or easy loans, while everybody of lower rank, who visited him by invitation or otherwise, received splendid presents. He helped everybody in difficulties who was not too far gone to be helped

decently, and hinted that he should be able to help these too if there came a civil war.

Suetonius does not trouble himself to make the negotiations which preceded the Civil War intelligible. He tells us that the tribunes who had fled to Cæsar's camp were only the pretext of the Civil War, and gives a list of the different conjectures as to the real cause. "Pompeius was in the habit of saying that as Cæsar could not finish the works he set afoot out of the means of a private citizen, nor fulfil what he had taught the people to expect of his coming, he decided to confound everything in one medley. Others say he feared to be compelled to give account of all he had done in his first consulship against the laws and auspices and the tribunes, since Marcus Cato had given notice not once or twice, and that with an oath, that he would put him on trial as soon as ever he had let his army go. It was a common forecast that if he came back a private man he would have to plead his cause, after the precedent of Milo, with armed men round about. This has been made more credible by the testimony of Asinius Pollio, who says that in the battle of Pharsalia, looking on his enemies smitten and beaten down before him, he uttered these very words: 'They would have it; after all my achievements I, Gaius Cæsar, should have been condemned if I had not asked help from the army.' Some think he was caught by the habit of command, and, after weighing his own strength and that of the enemy, took occasion to snatch the mastery which in his first youth he had desired."¹

The campaigns are hurried over in two short chapters,² in which all the serious risks of the hero are completely disguised: one hardly knows why, for there is no approach to adulation; not even a laudatory comment on his clemency, so unknown in civil wars. Something is said of this last in the long enumeration of personal traits which follows the summary of the Civil War; but it is put on a level with his kindness in beheading the pirates who took him prisoner, before he kept his word by crucifying them, and simply putting a confidential slave, who had undertaken to poison him, to

¹ Suet. "Jul." xxx.

² Ib. xxxiv., xxxv.

death. This praise is balanced by an elaborate indictment of his greed. When governor in Spain he borrowed shamelessly from the natives, and actually plundered several Lusitanian towns without provocation. In Gaul he pillaged fanes and temples of the gods that were full of offerings, oftener for plunder than for punishment, and so he came to great plenty of gold, and could offer it for sale in Italy and the provinces twenty-five per cent. below its value.¹ Here it is doubtful how far Suetonius understands his story: it seems, upon the whole, that Cæsar only offered gold in practically unlimited quantity for silver at the legal rate of exchange, while Suetonius imagined that the legal rate of exchange was as high as it was in his own day. Of course his informants knew that gold even then commanded a premium.

But after commenting on Cæsar's virtues, including his efforts to restore order and external decency by considerable severities, Suetonius decides with startling plainness that everybody thought he was justly put to death. Suetonius rejects all the dramatic incidents of Cæsar's death and burial: he does not believe in the reproachful cry to Brutus or in the ironical speech of Antonius at the funeral; on the other hand, he believes implicitly in all the omens and prophecies, and in Cæsar's own feeling that his time was come.

In the life of Octavius he reaches the type which he preserves thenceforward: he begins at the very beginning with the legendary history of the Octavii, the leading house at Velitræ, which had come down in the world in the century before the birth of Augustus. Though his father had been prætor, he could be plausibly accused of speculating not only in silver, but in the jobs of the Campus Martius, for it was believed he was among those who undertook the lucrative office of distributing bribes. The son was born at Rome, and the place of his birth, Suetonius tells us, was turned into a chapel long after his death, while the cupboard in the old house outside Velitræ, which served as his nursery, was too holy to be entered except as an act of reverence, for when the owner attempted to use the place as a bedroom he and his bed were turned out

¹ Suet. "Jul." lv.

of doors by miracle. And all miracles which were alleged in the honor of Augustus are admitted without hesitation, though Suetonius hardly admires him. No ancient author is so copious on his cruelty up to the war of Perusia, and the official tradition that he was forced to consent to the proscriptions is treated with a very perfunctory respect.

The contrast between his virtues and vices is designedly drawn out as a riddle, and no scheme of his policy, such as we find even in Dio, is apparently present to the writer's mind. The list of his domestic measures is a pretty long one; but their dates, and generally their details, are left to conjecture. It seems that we are meant to feel that the praise predominates; but a modern reader will feel the admissions are too great—for one thing, if Suetonius is to be believed, the emperor was little better than a coward. The most interesting parts of the book are the purely personal traits, such as his dislike to dwarfs and idiots and monsters of all kinds, and his dislike to early rising, which was a singularity in Rome: for hard-working men began early, while Augustus went on late. He agreed with a good many modern statesmen in eating at irregular hours, though he adhered in other respects to the extreme fashion of Southern abstemiousness. Suetonius knew his autographs, which were careless and full of mannerisms; he inclined to phonetic spelling, and did not divide his lines neatly, but ran them on anyhow till he came to the end of his word or phrase. He was a purist in his distaste for archaic and outlandish words, but his partiality for certain catchwords bordered upon slang. One may add that he was naturally cold-blooded, for he scraped his skin till he was sore.

In some ways the life of Tiberius is more instructive. For one thing, it admits of being more closely compared with Tacitus than any other of the earlier lives; for another, Suetonius is not so overpowered by his subject: almost always, when he differs from Tacitus, he seems to differ for the better. The long enumeration of the early troubles of that emperor and his hunted childhood explain much that is enigmatical in his later life. Even the genealogy is significant, and we have

to thank Suetonius for our knowledge that the Claudii had a burial-place assigned to them under the Capitol, though he obviously does not know whether they settled in Rome in the days of Romulus or Brutus. The family pride, or rather one should call it haughtiness, combined very oddly with a real timidity, partly congenital and partly the result of circumstance, to train the emperor to the singular irony and hypocrisy which marked his tyranny. We are told repeatedly that Augustus had a poor opinion of him, pitied the Roman people who would be ground so slowly between toothless jaws, and hesitated seriously as to whether he should not assign the succession to Germanicus, or even to Agrippa, his own grandson, whom he visited in the last months of his life to see whether he could not be brought home from exile. And it does not weaken the effect of this that Suetonius quotes many passages from Augustus's letters when he has resigned himself to the inevitable, full of the praise that would sooth a sensitive, suspicious officer to whom the emperor had certainly behaved badly. The whole narrative of his hard-drinking youth and his imprudent retreat to Rhodes, and the abject shifts to which he descended when he found that his retirement had turned into a disgrace, dispose decisively of Tacitus's solemn paradox that he was of excellent life and repute while he was a private citizen or in command under Augustus; while Suetonius does full justice to his really admirable services as a general both before and after his retirement to Rhodes.

His hesitation in proclaiming his assumption of the empire is explained by the fear, which Tacitus does not mention, that the armies might pronounce in favor of Germanicus, with or without encouragement from the latter. Nothing substantial is said of Germanicus's campaigns, but, on the other hand, the account of Libo's conspiracy is much clearer. The author does not care to explain that this was the first specimen of the persecution to which the stupid nobility were liable, nor that Libo was in all probability crazy, but he does not throw any doubt on the reality of the conspiracy. This is not to spare Tiberius, for Suetonius is rather depre-

ciatory of his munificence to the public, and hints that his advance of a large loan from the exchequer without interest to debtors with real but unavailable assets was made necessary to mask the failure of his schemes to compel capitalists to invest two thirds of their resources in Italian land. In the same spirit he tells us that when Tiberius was "correcting the morals of the state," he appointed L. Piso (whom Tacitus praises for his moderation, temper, and manliness) prefect of the city, because in the course of a three days' uninterrupted drinking-bout he had found him "a friend for all hours." Again, when the ædiles took up the question of sumptuary laws, and some strict senators were anxious for a thorough reformation, Tacitus gives us the ironical letter of Tiberius and the hollow debate in the senate; Suetonius tells us the regulations which the ædiles were actually set to carry out.

Suetonius is as capricious as Tacitus in the lives of Gaius, Claudius, and Nero: in every case the life up to the accession is better than the life after, although there was no abrupt break in the case of Claudius. The peculiarities of Claudius are explained at great length, and it appears that an extreme *gaucherie*, and in later life a very weak memory, were the worst of them, and it is surprising to see how completely they ruined his life. He was treated like an idiot, and then the public were surprised to see how completely he was in the hands of his household. The public were more scandalized that he sometimes made mistakes when judging in person than edified at his resolution to break through the system of keeping trials pending for years. If a party to a trial might attend when he pleased to find it perfectly convenient, trials would never be decided, and so Claudius always gave it in favor of the party who was present, and is the true father of the proverb, "The absent are always in the wrong." The legend that he only heard one side has the same respectable origin. There are very amusing stories of the way advocates used to presume on his good-nature: they would never allow him to rise until they had done with him; they would call after him, and, if he did not stop, catch at the fringe of his toga. One, after apologizing at great length for the absence of a witness,

and evading the inquiries of the court as to the cause, had the ingenious impudence to explain at last, "He is dead; I suppose he might be dispensed with." Another, returning thanks for permission to reply, added, "After all, it is commonly granted." Certainly Claudius, who knew himself to be irritable, and that it was easy to make him permanently angry, had a right to boast that his irritation was short and harmless, if he could hardly say that his anger was always justifiable. The stories of his censorship are less piquant: he deprived a wealthy and distinguished Asiatic knight of his horse (and his equestrian rank) because he could not speak Latin, while he passed over a youthful profligate with a reprimand, "There is really no occasion for me to know the name of your mistress." What is curious is that, with so much shrewd good-nature, Claudius combined so much of the cruelty of an overgrown schoolboy. A man was condemned to be flogged to death at Alba, and Claudius thought he should like to see the ceremony; as the executioner was away, Claudius waited patiently till one could be fetched from Rome. When a forger was brought up for trial, and somebody called out that his hands ought to be cut off, he actually ordered up a knife and a chopping-block, though it appears from Suetonius that he was stopped in time.

Our author is so neutral and phlegmatic that he hardly gives us an opportunity of distinguishing the cruelty of Claudius, who was a diligent and public-spirited administrator, from that of Gaius and Nero, who were both thorough egoists: he recounts the worst excesses of both without any spontaneous disgust. It is therefore surprising how full he is on the early benevolence of both; though he does not draw the inference, it seems that they were both much inspired at first by their situation. Before their accession both indulged themselves in baseness; afterwards, for a time, both exerted themselves to be worthy of their place. In his life of both, Suetonius divides their good and evil deeds sharply and without chronological order. In the case of Nero it is surprising to find not only the persecution of the Christians, but also his artistic exercises placed among the actions which were either

commendable or blameless. But his chariot-driving and singing are qualified as severely as Tacitus could qualify them, though Suetonius does not seem shocked that he induced senators and knights to perform in public. One notices that both Gaius and Nero had the feeling that the senate was the fifth wheel which was likely to upset the coach.

They both were suspected of a desire to abolish the senate and manage the provinces and the armies by Roman knights, though Nero carried his hypocrisy so far as to assign ample allowances for the support of the dignity of decayed noble families.

Of all the emperors there is none whom Suetonius's candor depreciates more than Galba; if he is to be trusted, during the later part of his rule in Spain Galba deliberately elected as a matter of prudence to play the part of King Log, while his personal morality was almost on a level with that of Tiberius. Otho, on the other hand, gains a good deal from his narrative: it is clear that he retained much of the noble nature of his father, one of the best men of the time. For ten years he was an exemplary provincial governor, and these years were a better clew to his true character than the elegant ostentation with which he had sown his wild oats before he fell in love with his own wife, whom he was compelled to abandon to Nero. Suetonius has special information from his father (a namesake, and no doubt a client, of the famous Suetonius Paulinus) that Otho had a genuine conscientious abhorrence of civil war, and would not have had Galba massacred upon any account, if he had thought any one would fight for him. It is noticeable that he omits all mention of what Tacitus passed over lightly—the strong probability that, if the war between Otho and Vitellius had been protracted, their officers would have treated over their heads: while he is more respectful than Tacitus to the negotiations between the principals. Vitellius fares badly with him; he mentions hardly anything to his praise, except his honest anxiety that his escort should have their breakfasts, and even this praise is qualified by the mention of the way in which Vitellius vouchsafed to guarantee that he had had his own.

The Flavian dynasty is treated, upon the whole, with marked respect, "though Domitian suffered the due penalty of his cruelty and covetousness." It is curious that though Vespasian set his face against pedigree-makers, who might have disguised the real facts by their inventions, it was quite impossible for Suetonius to ascertain whether his great-grandfather was a thorough Italian. There was a report that the great-grandfather came from beyond the Po, and was a contractor for the gangs of harvestmen and vintagers who used to come out of Umbria into the Sabine country properly so called. The grandfather had served on the side of Pompeius, the father had never served at all; but this was too much for Roman loyalty: historians would have it he served as long as his health allowed, and only differed whether he had reached the rank of *primipilus*, or had only attained to be a centurion when discharged. He earned a more solid distinction as a revenue farmer, for several cities set up statues and inscriptions in his honor. After this he lent money at interest to the Helvetii. Vespasian himself served a long round of offices rather above his means before he came to the empire. In Nero's reign he was so heavily in debt that he had to pledge his property to his brother, and contract for the supply of mules upon the highways in order to keep up his rank. Even this was not enough: he had to make money out of rash young men who wanted to be senators in despite of their fathers. However, he never sank so low as to force himself to keep awake during Nero's performances in Greece. He actually was in danger of death until the revolt in Judæa broke out, when he seemed insignificant and able enough to put it down. Suetonius abstains from all reflection upon his household arrangements, though his wife was the cast-off mistress of a Roman knight, abandoned by her own father, who afterwards paid Vespasian the compliment of proving that she was not only a freedwoman but a freewoman. Naturally enough, after his wife's death he took a real freedwoman for concubine and treated her almost as well as a wife, while upon her death he provided himself with many successors.

Most of the life of Vespasian is taken up with the presages

of his accession and his death, and with his humorous economies. The best of the latter is the story of one of his household¹ who wanted an appointment for somebody he called his brother. Vespasian inquired what the "brother" was to pay, and took the fee on the appointment himself, and told the brother to find another "brother;" "since," he said, "the one you told me of is mine." He was very nearly impartial between the senate and the knights, for he decided that, if a senator began abusing a knight, the latter had the right to retaliate.

His administration, according to Suetonius, was nearly faultless, only he raised a revenue upon contracts, on which no ruler who respected himself properly would have made a profit. It is strange to see him praised for not punishing a Cynic philosopher who met him on his way to exile and showed him no sign of respect; and for commending a pleader who ventured to say, "If my client is worth a hundred million sesterces,² what is that to Cæsar?" Confiscations seem to have offended public opinion much less than other sources of revenue, which only offended good taste. It is clear from Suetonius that Vespasian was by no means chary in spending: he actually objected to do his public works cheap, because he was anxious to feed "the poor people." His action in reference to the standing question of suits in arrear was conspicuously moderate: he only issued special commissions to overtake the work. Domitian had to go further: he quashed all processes that were over five years old, as Augustus had done, and enacted that whoever recommenced such a process should do so at his peril. The impression that Suetonius gives is that Domitian was a capable and not unpopular administrator. He by no means endorses Pliny's view as to the cruelty with which he punished the Vestals who had been false to the duties of their station: the executions which he ordered are treated as if they were just of a piece with the restoration of the exclusive privilege of the knights in the theatre. Suetonius states expressly that there was no such reaction of public feeling against him as against Nero.

¹ Suet. "Vesp." xxii.

² Not quite 1,000,000/.

The "Lives of the Cæsars" are the only works of Suetonius which have reached us in anything like integrity, but throughout classical antiquity he continued to be a popular compiler. Not only does St. Jerome refer, in the Preface to the "Ecclesiastical Writers" and the "Letter to Desiderius," to his "Lives of Men of Letters" as a model which he was asked to imitate, but Servius Probus, Suidas, and Tzetzes, and the author of the "Etymologicon Magnum," continue to quote him as far as the thirteenth century; in the Byzantine period he took the place of Varro.

A work on "Grammarians and Rhetoricians," containing notes which in neither case seem to go below the Augustan age, is printed in his works with Lives of Terence, Horace, Lucan, Pliny the Elder, and Juvenal, which are probably extracted from the work which St. Jerome imitated.

In addition to these, he wrote probably twelve books of *Prata*, or Miscellanies, and four books of *Ludicra*; the latter probably cover the book *περὶ Ἑλληνικῶν παιδιῶν καὶ ἀγώνων* ("On Greek Sports and Public Games"), and the three *περὶ Ῥωμαίων παιδιῶν καὶ θεωριῶν* ("On Roman Sports and Public Shows"), which Suidas mentions: the latter is quoted by Tertullian, and it is thought that both were written in Greek and in Latin. The *Prata* probably cover the treatises on proper names, on the Roman year, which included much archæology on different festivals, besides chronology, on the names and shapes of dresses and shoes, on Rome and its laws and customs, and a supplementary course of philosophy treating of the universe, animal nature, and perhaps mineralogy and botany. A defence of Cicero as a politician and an etymological dictionary of abuse were almost certainly written in Greek. His work on the pedigree of the twelve Cæsars, in eight books, is probably a recast of that which we possess.

His style is terse in a very high degree: he has no pretension to be epigrammatic or abrupt; sometimes he is elliptical through carelessness. The only "corrupt" phrase that he can be convicted of using is "numerous" in the sense of "many," which shows that he belonged to a generation which had lost its hold upon the traditional meaning of the word.

It should be added that he uses technical and official words more freely than is compatible with perfect purity of style. He requires a commentary in the same way as a racy Anglo-Indian novel.

CHAPTER VII.

FLORUS.

L. ANNÆUS FLORUS was in all probability the last survivor of the literary movement which expired in the second century. Some of the MSS. of his work gave his name as Julius Florus, a poet of the days of Hadrian, who rallied him on his work; a good many critics were disposed to insist that his name was Seneca, because Lactantius quotes Seneca as having distinguished the four ages of Rome which coincide exactly with the four ages of Florus. In fact, we may believe that he was connected both with the house of Seneca and with the Florus whom Hadrian knew; but he can hardly be the contemporary of either Seneca or Hadrian, as he speaks of an interval of nearly two hundred years between Augustus and his own day. Now Augustus only received that title in 27 B.C.; consequently Florus, if he used language with any accuracy, must have written between A.D. 148 and 173, even if we suppose that he dates from the accession of Augustus, after the battle of Actium, not from his decease, which would be the more logical way of putting it, as the author complains that, during the period of nearly two hundred years which he describes, the empire had been simmering away in old age, till, to the surprise of all the world, it renewed its youth for a season under Trajan. Augustus was a conquering emperor up to the defeat of Varus, and therefore the old age of the empire cannot be fairly dated from his accession. It is a more doubtful question whether the author wrote after Varus, whose not wholly barren campaigns might have ranked as another revival of the aged empire. There is one more clew to his identity which deserves mention. A certain [P.] Annius Florus, in the introduction to a lost discussion of the question whether

Vergil is to be considered an orator or a poet, condoled in the reign of Domitian with a friend who believed that the emperor had deprived him of the prize in the competitions of the Capitol, in a style which is very like the Epitome—there are the same airs of independence, the same tendency to windy rhetoric; the author congratulates himself that he is what he is, an independent grammarian of Tarraco, without even a salary from the state, rather than anything else from a centurion up to an emperor, though everybody would think it great promotion for him to be made a centurion. All the MSS. of the Epitomist give either the prænomen of Lucius or none, but it is quite admissible that P. might stand for *Poeta* instead of *Publius*. The best MS. gives the principal name as Julius, and this again has been explained by supposing that it is a clerical error for Lucius.

The work itself falls into two parts, one of which deals with all the foreign wars down to the conquest of Gaul by Cæsar; the second deals with the civil strife from the days of the Gracchi to the battle of Actium, and one or two of the more important foreign campaigns of Augustus. The arrangement is curious, and does not harmonize very well with the four periods into which, after (the Elder?) Seneca, the whole history is divided: the years of the monarchy correspond to the infancy of Rome; the years in which the Italian peninsula was conquered correspond to the vigor of youth: it is in that age that Rome was most fruitful in great men; then comes the period in which Rome conquered the world, which is divided into two halves, marked by the fall of Carthage and the legislation of the Gracchi. The first is the true Golden Age: the second is a time of calamity within and even without; with the establishment of the empire under Augustus old age sets in.

The work was undoubtedly popular through the middle ages as a spirited compendium of ancient history: the writer, though grandiloquent, has a certain insight: he observes that the history of Rome is the history of the world: his way of saying that Rome conquered all known nations is to say that she pacified them. He is fond of philosophizing about the way in which mild climates destroy the energy of vigorous

racess. He is curiously destitute of political opinions; he moralizes or pragmatizes about the struggles of the republic just as the writer of a modern schoolbook might do: he has no liking or disliking for the empire, nor much understanding of it. He tells us (ii. 54) that Augustus was made "perpetual dictator." One cannot tell whether he sides in the Civil War with Julius or Pompeius; almost his strongest expression of feeling is a regret that Julius did not succeed in stopping Pompeius at Brundisium, and so end the Civil War.

Florus, like many other writers, imagines that the battles of Pharsalia and Philippi were fought on the same site: this proves that he is not exclusively dependent upon Livy. But he follows him in the main, and most MSS. and editions call his work an epitome of Livy's. He tries to improve upon his author occasionally—for instance, Livy, speaking of the first Etruscan campaign of Q. Fabius Maximus, says "he drew up towards the hills;" according to Florus, he "seized the upper ranges, whence he could thunder down at pleasure." His style is monotonous and tricky; he is much given to introducing figures with *quasi*, not so often with *velut*; he deals largely in frigid exclamations and questions, and often informs us that this or that taxes the resources of language. He uses *horror* and its derivatives almost as expletives in the way in which "awful" is used now. The marshes, the prison, chains, and exile, "horrificaverant Marii majestatem," "had added awe to his majesty." This and many phrases have a certain poetical color, as if verse were breaking down into prose—for instance, we have *radiarentur*, where a safer writer would have said *illustrarentur*, of the virtues of Augustus; and at rare intervals a broken phrase reminds us of Tacitus. With all his faults of style and arrangement, his compendium is spirited, and might be read with ease and pleasure by any one who, as the author intended, was gaining his first and only acquaintance with Roman history from it.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE JURISTS.

THE reign of Hadrian was marked by an important legislative change. Salvius Julianus, prætor A.D. 131, when he drew up his edict, codified the whole body of Roman equity as it then existed, and his work was sanctioned by an imperial constitution and a decree of the senate, and became binding on all his successors: they retained in theory the right of declaring how new points would be decided during their term of office, but they lost the power of modifying the law as a whole. Salvius Julianus belonged to the liberal and monarchical school of jurists, who traced up their tradition to Ateius Capito, who was consul A.D. 5. He did not attempt to work out legal principles for their own sake, and professed to build upon precedent and tradition; but he only recognized precedents which were sensible and convenient. He had the generosity and discretion to speak highly of his elder rival,¹ M. Antistius Labeo, who had declined the consulate which Augustus pressed upon him, though his republicanism was not too stiff to accept the prætorship. He died A.D. 13, at about the age of seventy, after writing 400 volumes, a task to which he devoted himself in the country for the half of every year. His text-book, which only occupied three books, was abridged by Javolenus Priscus under Trajan, and his "Probabilia" are quoted in the "Digest." Capito's great work was the "Conjectanea." Two other lawyers of the Augustan age were Blæsus and Fabius Mela.

Neither Capito nor Labeo gave his name to the school which he founded. At first Labeo, as the cleverer writer and

¹ A. Gellius, XIII. xii. 1.

the more independent character, seems to have had the more distinguished representatives. The first was M. Cocceius Nerva, the grandfather of the emperor, who was consul A.D. 22, a year before the death of Capito, and held such a high position that Tiberius was distressed by his suicide eleven years later. The heir of the learning of Capito was Masurius Sabinus, who was only a knight, and could not have ventured to enter what was rapidly becoming the close profession of a public teacher of law without the special encouragement of Tiberius. He was dependent upon his pupils for maintenance, so perhaps admitted more: at any rate he gave his name to his master's school, and his "Answers" were a popular text-book, upon which Pomponius, Paulus, and Ulpian all thought it necessary to comment. He also wrote three books upon civil law, which were introductory. Sempronius Proculus, the successor of Nerva, does not seem to have been of much more importance in the state than Sabinus. His first name is uncertain, but he overshadowed the reputation of Nerva's own son, who had also the ambition of being a jurisconsult, and gave his name to the school of Labeo. Both Sabinus and Proculus were succeeded by men of position, who in turn gave their names to schools they did not found. Q. Cassius Longinus, the pupil of Sabinus, consul A.D. 30, was excerpted by Javolenus Priscus, and gave his name to the Cassian school. Pegasus, the son of a captain in the fleet of Misenum, named after his father's figure-head, was appointed prefect of the city under Vespasian, and gave his name both to the *Senatus Consultum Pegasianum*, which dealt with trusts and legacies, and to the Pegasian school. The last conspicuous representatives of this school were Neratius, who filled high office under Trajan, and was thought of for his successor, and Juventius Celsus, who was celebrated for the brusqueness with which he replied to silly questions. Cælius Sabinus, who was consul suffect A.D. 69, and was the highest legal authority under Vespasian, wrote upon the edict of the curule ædiles. His successor was the learned and eccentric Javolenus Priscus, who had the misfortune to be disliked by the younger Pliny as much as anybody

who was not a delator could be. Pliny mentions another Sabinian contemporary,¹ Urseius Ferox, whose answer to a friend struck him as learned and hesitating. He seems to have heard Sabinus, and Salvius Julianus addressed him.

Besides his work as a legislator, Julianus was a voluminous writer. Out of his ninety books "*Digestorum*," fifty-eight dealt with the topics of the prætor's edict, and were completed under Hadrian; the rest were written under Antoninus Pius. Hadrian was careful that his legislation should hamper the activity of learned lawyers as little as possible. He laid down the principle that every senator who had served the office of prætor had *ipso facto* the *jus respondendi*, which since the days of Augustus had been confined to such lawyers as had received an express imperial authorization. Moreover, he made the privilege more valuable, as well as more accessible, by decreeing that the unanimity of jurisconsults should have the force of law, while when they differed the judge was at liberty to follow which he pleased, so that he followed one. Other important contemporaries of Julianus were L. Fulvius, Alburnus Valens, and Sextus Pomponius, prætor A.D. 138, who wrote an interesting little tract on the history of Roman law and magistracies, which survives in a mutilated shape in the "*Digest*." We have also an interesting quotation from the seventh book of his letters,² where he says that up to his seventy-eighth year he had thought learning the only reason for living. He wrote a handbook and thirty-five books of Commentaries on Sabinus. M. Vindius Verus, consul A.D. 138, was a follower of Julian. Sex. Cæcilius Africanus, who was a correspondent of Julian, wrote admiringly of the twelve tables, and composed nine books of questions. Terentius Clemens was one of the first writers to devote himself to the working of the *Leges Julia et Papia Poppæa* on the interesting subject of inheritance. He was followed by Junius Mauricianus (a pupil of Julian), who wrote on the same subject, and also on penal law; by Venuleius Saturninus, who wrote

¹ "Ep." I. xxii. 1.

² Correspondence on legal questions formed a large section of many lawyers' works.

on all points of practice; and by L. Volusius Mæcianus, who conducted the legal education of M. Aurelius, and wrote on trusts (then a branch of the law of inheritance) and on the *Judicia Publica*. Ulpius Marcellus wrote, under M. Aurelius, thirty books "*Digestorum*," and one "*Responsorum*." Gaius, who did not possess the *jus respondendi*, wrote, besides his "*Institutes*," which were published A.D. 161, seven books on daily practice that were called golden, and six books on the twelve tables, beside works on the law of trust and inheritance. He seems to have been a native of the eastern parts of the empire, and, according to Mommsen, lived and taught all his life in the Troad. Cervidius Scævola was even more important than Gaius, for he was the tutor of Papinian. His forty books "*Digestorum*" were written after the death of M. Aurelius, who is quoted under his official title as Divus Marcus. Papirius Justus, about the same time, wrote twenty books on imperial constitutions. Æmilius Papinianus studied with the emperor Septimius Severus under Cervidius, and was appointed by him prætorian prefect: he was massacred A.D. 212. His works date from the reign of Severus: he wrote nineteen books of "*Answers*" and thirty-seven of "*Questions*," besides works on the law of marriage, inheritance, adultery, and police. Callistratus, whose fragments are full of Græcisms, wrote four books on the rights of the exchequer, and two of "*Questions*" under Severus, and a work on procedure under Severus and Caracalla. A Claudius Tryphoninus wrote on Scævola's "*Digest*." Domitius Ulpianus, of Tyre, who was assassinated A.D. 228, during a military revolt under Alexander Severus, wrote his voluminous works under Caracalla. There were eighty-three books on the Edict, fifty-one on Sabinus, a book of "*Rules*," and two of "*Institutes*," which we still have in fragments. His work "*De Excusationibus*" dates from A.D. 211. Julius Paulus was also prætorian prefect under Alexander Severus, but survived him: though he belonged to the western half of the empire, he is a worse writer than Ulpian. He wrote eighty books on the Edict and five books on sentences (a manual for his son) before A.D. 212. The three books on "*Decrees*" were earlier; his "*Responsa*" date between A.D.

222 and 235. Ælius Marcianus, among other works, composed six books of "Institutions." Herennius Modestinus, who also is cited in the "Digest," was *præfectus vigilum*, or head of police, A.D. 244

PART VII.

FRONTO AND HIS SCHOOL.

CHAPTER I.

FRONTO.

As Cicero stands at the head of one literary period, Seneca of another, Quintilian of another, so Fronto stands at the head of a period too: he is at once the lawgiver and the example of his associates and successors. We are in a position to judge accurately of the claims of Cicero and Seneca; even Quintilian's reputation is intelligible: he was an admirable if a wearisome stylist, and it is easy to believe that he was yet more admirable as a teacher. But Fronto is completely inexplicable: he was regarded in his own day as a rival to Cicero, to whom even Pliny the Younger could only rank as a successor, and his reputation lasted quite as long as that of others; he had a great name in the fifth century. Most of his works are lost, and there is nothing in his fragments to explain his celebrity.

He came at an unfortunate time: his pupil, Marcus Aurelius, wrote his private meditations in Greek; and, in fact, it may be said that, from the reign of Hadrian onwards till the translation of the empire to the East, the intellectual needs of the capital, such as they were, were supplied by the eastern half of the empire; all the upper classes learned Greek in the nursery, and it was the language of fashionable conversation. Even as far back as the days of Claudius, a barbarian chief, who had learned Latin and Greek, could be congratulated by the emperor on his knowledge of "our tongues." All people

who professed to be serious entertained a Greek philosopher: their only reason for keeping up Latin literature at all was that the cleverest people who had received a literary education wished to be poets or historians or orators—an ambition which was sustained by the competitions endowed by Domitian, and by the professorships which were founded by his predecessors and successors. Another cause, whose operation was still more transitory, was the revival of spirits among the aristocracy on the death of Domitian. They felt that it had been unsafe to think or speak, and during the reign of Trajan oratory and history were zealously cultivated, and everybody played at poetry.

Besides, for those who could not be idle, there was a more serious work provided by Hadrian's legislation. From the reign of Augustus jurists had shown an increasing inclination to write, but their works had not been systematic; each had dealt with the particular department of case law which happened to attract him. But matters altered after the decision of Hadrian that the city prætors should lose the right, which their predecessors had enjoyed, of laying down the law according to their own sense of equity by the edict which they published on coming into office.

Henceforth all prætors were to act upon the same standing edict, which was called the *edictum perpetuum*, and the process of modifying and improving the law passed from the hands of judges into the hands of writers of text-books, who were at liberty to prove that the edict meant whatever it ought to mean. Henceforward a great lawyer could only hope to make himself felt as the writer of a text-book, and not as a judge, and consequently Roman law competed more and more severely with Latin literature.

But there was one province where the aspirations of the literary class could appeal to an unexhausted public. Pleaders, Juvenal tells us, had a better chance of a living in Africa than Rome, and as the tribes of the Atlas had been effectually repressed, the commercial importance of Carthage steadily increased throughout the second century. Its administrative importance made it the centre of a kind of literary culture,

and, as Latin was the language of administration, it was, on the whole, more likely that this culture would be Latin than Greek. It naturally had some peculiarities: the African settlers of Utica and Carthage brought with them the plain speech of the republican period, and escaped the influence of the refinements which came in and went out of fashion in the capital, even more completely than the villagers of New England, who have preserved so many idioms of the seventeenth century.

This was important, because the literary class at Rome had reached the point at which it is easier to make books about books than about life, and of course for such a purpose the oldest books are the best. Consequently, an African settled at Rome, if he were clever enough, was in the best position to put himself at the head of an antiquarian revival.

M. Cornelius Fronto seems to have been a man of considerable property, though he speaks in a deprecating way of his modest means, which is not surprising, considering that his correspondence dates from a time when he had long been familiar with emperors. He says what any one who was not as scandalously rich as Seneca might be expected to say in writing to an emperor. It is possible that his brother, who was also a consul, may have been the capitalist of the family. Fronto himself was a distinguished advocate, and apparently had more business than Quintilian; for a reflection on a *rhetor* might have wounded Quintilian, while Fronto's position as an *orator* was too firmly fixed for him to be hurt by an allusion to a *causidicus*. Still, the position of the orator was so much lower, and that of the emperor so much higher, that it was promotion for the first orator of the day to be appointed private tutor to the heir of the empire. Cicero only became a teacher when his career as orator was spoiled, and none of the powerful advocates of the earlier empire would have dreamed of accepting such a charge; even Seneca, who had no independent position, was intrusted with the whole education of Nero. Fronto was only the Latin teacher of rhetoric: he was liable to be accused of being jealous of other members of the household; he frankly admitted that he was jealous of philosophy, which he thought

would spoil his pupil as an orator. Characteristically he thought that oratory was the higher and more difficult study, and that philosophy, where there was no trouble in framing a prelude or in picking a vocabulary, was a refuge for laziness, which was rather a plausible charge when we consider the pains which Epictetus had taken to purge philosophy from all speculative and rhetorical ambition. The perfect Stoic tended to go through a round of duties with zealous, disinterested punctuality, without caring for any of them, or putting his strength into any. Fronto found it difficult to believe that his pupil was as attentive as he was gifted: he could not be brought to see that it mattered much what compound of a verb was used, and Fronto has to admit that, if any one chose to say he was a senator or prefect, and superior to grammar, nothing could be said to the contrary; only, after all, we have the choice of rough-hewing language with mallet and crowbar like quarrymen, or carving it with a graver and light hammer like jewelers.¹ Fortunately, in the same letter Fronto explains how in his judgment language might be made as precious as jewelry. If we speak of washing the face, the proper word is *colluere*; if of washing the pavement of a bath, *pelluere*; *labere* is the proper word for washing the cheeks with tears; *lavare* for washing clothes; *abluere* is the right word for washing off dust; *eluere* for washing out a stain; and, if the stain will not come out without risk to the stuff, then it is worth while to read Plautus in order to know that we had better say *elavere*. Then *diluere* is right for wine and honey, *proluere* for rinsing out the throat, *subluere* for washing down a horse's legs.

Again, Aurelius is not sufficiently careful in the order of words: he does not see why one ought to say *tricipitem Geryonam* and *navem triremem*. Of course Fronto is quite right; everybody knows that Geryon had three heads, and that a trireme was a ship, so that the epithet in one case, and the substantive in the other, would be superfluous if not put first. Aurelius is commended for attempting a figure in a speech on the Parthians, who, it seems, wore loose sleeves "in order that there might be room to keep the heat in suspense." Unfortunately,

¹ "Ad Marc. Cæs." iv. 3.

it was quite impossible to hang up heat in a loose sleeve, and the object was not to keep the heat in, but to let it out; and then Fronto gives a long list of words that would have done better, though a modern reader will think that none of them are very good.

Another merit of Aurelius is that he is ambitious, though prematurely, to compose a speech of the most difficult kind, the speech of simple display, though he had read nothing more inspiring than Cato and Gracchus.¹ Later on, he is praised for his success in turning a Greek gnomical saying into something quite worthy of Sallust,² and exhorted to persevere in the same exercise, never being satisfied till he has turned the same sentiment two or three times. Later still, we find Fronto in a more indulgent mood: he is seriously anxious that he cannot get his pupil to take a holiday, just as before he complained that he could not get him to apply himself. Fronto's idea of a holiday³ was to polish one's self with Plautus, swell one's self with Accius, sooth one's self with Lucretius, fire one's self with Ennius—or, if appetite for such delights failed, at any rate to sleep one's fill.

To fire one's self with Ennius rather than with the "Æneid" or the "Pharsalia," to sooth one's self with Lucretius rather than with Horace or the "Georgics," seems at first sight a singular aspiration, till we remember the French Romanticists of the second generation, few of whom cared to read any work of the *Grand Siècle*. The latest writer he approves is Sallust, Cicero the latest whom he admires—very much upon the usual grounds, only he decidedly prefers⁴ his letters to his orations, in which he anticipates the judgment of most modern readers. He complains that Cicero never treats his readers to a new and unexpected word, giving several reasons for the omission: that he did not choose to take the trouble to hunt up such words; that he had a spirit above such niceties; that he was satisfied with a simple and dignified vocabulary. No doubt this is better than to use far-fetched words inappropriately; but what Fronto really likes is a constant stream of far-fetched words

¹ Front. "Ad Marc. Cæs." iii. 16.

² Ib. II.

³ "De Feriis Alsensibus," 3.

⁴ "Ad M. Ant. Imp." ii. 5.

coming in appropriately, which was also what Théophile Gautier liked—and Fronto knew, like Théophile Gautier, that this could only be got by reading up old literature; no doubt, if a Latin dictionary had existed, it would have been his favorite reading.

The only one of Fronto's numerous works which has reached us in anything like a complete form is his "Correspondence," from which we learn the names of his principal speeches—on behalf of the Bithynians, and of the people of Ptolemais; a speech against Herodes Atticus¹ (M. Aurelius's Greek rhetoric master), and against a certain Pelops, which Sidonius Apollinaris tells us Fronto counted his masterpiece; and a thanksgiving speech in the senate for some favor to Carthage. We have fragments of his historical works, of which the most important was a panegyric account of the Parthian campaigns of Verus, which is meant to be stately.² A modern reader would find the remains rather solemn than impressive. There is nothing characteristic in the author's private correspondence in Greek or Latin except the fact that it is bilingual. One of the correspondents to whom he writes at most length is Appian, a laborious compiler of Roman history in Greek. His letters to Verus, of which we have two books, are chiefly remarkable for their ecstatic loyalty, and those to the elder Antoninus are not remarkable at all. To M. Aurelius there were ten books, five when he was Cæsar, five when he was Augustus; but of the last series only two books have reached us. They are certainly attractive, the affection on both sides is so strong;³ though Aurelius never thought it worth while to be an orator after Fronto's heart, he was heartily attached to him. His letters show a pathetic endeavor to write in a strain which his master would think pretty; and he is as unfeignedly interested in his

¹ "Ad Marc. Cæs." iii. 3.

² It is characteristic of Fronto that *pompaticus* is a word of praise; with him the distinction between "stately" and "pompous" has not yet emerged.

³ Fronto remarks, "Ad Ver. Imp." ii. 7, that Latin has no word for affectionate (*φιλόστοργος*), because the thing was so rare at Rome. Marcus quotes the pet word of his master, i. 11.

master's delicate health as his master is interested in his. Both seem to pay the penalty for their uninspired endeavors after perfection, in chronic valetudinarianism, and it is difficult not to smile at the punctilious professor who quotes his old Greek master for a metaphor about the relief of shifting a load, to explain how much easier it is for him to know Faustina is ill than to know that M. Aurelius is ill. Fronto is fond of "images"—so fond that he talks of them in a mongrel dialect of Greek stems and Latin terminations; but there is no trace in his writings that his fondness was prosperous. Perhaps the least unlucky is to be found in the eighth letter of the third book to M. Aurelius, where we have an elaborate description of two islands, of which the larger shields the smaller from the sea. Fronto thinks M. Aurelius will often be able to apply the figure to the relations between the elder Antoninus and himself when he has to return thanks in the Senate.

CHAPTER II.

APULEIUS.

THE style of picturesque and sentimental description which attracted the clumsy ambition of the austere Fronto is not without a real charm in the hands of L. Apuleius, a writer of a younger generation, who is generally thought to have been born in or about A.D. 125, as he was only about twenty-five when he was tried for magic by a philosopher, Claudius Maximus, then proconsul of Africa, whose lectures M. Aurelius had attended. The conclusion is a little uncertain: Apuleius was a great deal younger than his wife, and he said that his wife was forty when he married her; everybody else thought her an old woman of sixty.

He was a native of Madaura, on the border between Gaetulia and Numidia, as Fronto was a native of Cirta, the centre of the most civilized part of Numidia, as Constantine is the centre of the most civilized part of Algiers. He was a franker sophist than Fronto. There were years in his life when, after a sojourn at Athens for the sake of education, he had essayed to establish himself as a pleader in Rome, but he soon found it convenient to make a rich marriage, and come home and speak for glory, not for lucre. All the MSS. of his works describe him as a Platonic philosopher; he boasted himself that he could, by the admission of his enemies, speak equally well in Greek and Latin. He was popular at Carthage, where a statue was voted in his honor, though he had to make a speech in defence of the right to erect the statue, as well as a speech to return thanks for the honor. We do not know whether this statue and others were erected at the expense of Apuleius himself, according to a not uncommon practice.

He seems, in fact, to have lived upon his wife's fortune, de-

voting himself to the business of a popular lecturer, entertaining and instructing the public, and receiving more or less valuable presents from the liberality of his more distinguished hearers. The malice of his wife's family exposed him to a kind of prosecution: he was supposed to have bewitched his wife into marrying him, because there were some suspicions that he was addicted to magic. He took advantage of this to deliver a long harangue upon his own life and virtues, which is all the more comical because throughout the work (much enlarged, like all ancient speeches, in the interval between delivery and publication) the author is careful never to drop the mask of modesty: he would never think of mentioning his own virtues, if it were not necessary to show how incapable he is of crime. There is the same transparent artifice in the flattery of the proconsul Claudius Maximus, which is conveyed by a series of asides. He is asked confidentially to pity the prosecution for their gross ignorance of what every cultivated gentleman knows as a matter of course. The whole procedure seems to have been a comedy on both sides. The speech falls naturally into two parts, and it is only the second which has anything to do with the charge of magic. The prosecution seems to have used this as a peg on which to hang all the disparaging remarks they could think of, about a man whose vanity was obviously vulnerable.

Apuleius quotes them as saying, with a palpable imitation of Calvus, "We have to accuse a handsome philosopher equally eloquent in Greek and Latin." And then Apuleius gravely proceeds to allege that it is no shame to a philosopher to be handsome, and that we have Plato's authority for the beauty of Zeno of Elea; so that if he were the least bit of a dandy there would be no disgrace in it. Not that he himself was ever more than tolerable-looking, even before the continuity of his literary labors "rubbed off all grace from his body, fined away his comeliness, dried up his moisture, turned his color dim, and weakened his vigor." As to his hair, which, if the prosecution were to be believed, he had been vain of, "it was all standing up in a twist and a tangle, just like tow out of a cushion, not trimmed to match, but shaggy, here in a

ball, here in a fuzz, quite past disentangling, having been left so long without smoothing over, and without brushing out or parting."¹ This is probably only half-sincere. The traditional portrait of Apuleius exhibits him with long hair carefully trimmed; and immediately afterwards he replies to the charge of sending a friend some tooth-powder² with a copy of verses. The use of tooth-powder certainly in ancient times implied some special care of the person, and the audience probably did not think the laugh wholly on Apuleius's side when he asked if the teeth did not deserve washing as well as the feet, and explained the pains that the crocodile takes to have his teeth cleaned by a river-bird.³ Equally insincere is the plea for his poetry, which went to the furthest limit of Platonic naughtiness; and Apuleius had to own that he actually possessed a looking-glass, and did not venture to deny that he used it to know what he looked like; for who could be bound to take more pains than a philosopher to maintain a decent appearance at all times.

In the same way he was accused of having too few servants, and answered that this was a glory to a philosopher or to a Roman citizen. Here is a specimen of his praise of poverty: "Poverty was home-bred with philosophy long ago; thrifty, sober, mighty without much, jealous of praise, a weapon against wealth, a safe possession, simple in array, wholesome in counsel; she has puffed up none with haughtiness, corrupted none with insolence, brutalized none by tyranny; she cannot have, and will not have, the delights of the belly: for these crimes, and many more, are familiar to the nurslings of riches."⁴ Great crimes are never found among the poor, nor great virtues in wealth. "Poverty, I say, in the ancient ages was foundress of all cities, inventress of all arts, empty of all sins, bountiful of all glory, fulfilled with perfect praise among all nations"—and so on and so on, till one is surprised to be reminded that Claudius Maximus was rich.

When, at last, he comes to the charge of magic, he begins by explaining that magic is only the Persian name for worship, and that Plato thought highly of Zoroaster, and Zamolxis and

¹ "De Mag." iv.² Ib. vi.³ Ib. viii.⁴ Ib. xviii.

Orpheus and Epimenides were justly celebrated, so that Apuleius might have come at once to his peroration without risk; but, as he had the right to be as long as his accusers, he goes into the charges in detail. The first was, that he bought up curious kinds of fish, having some curiosity in natural history and comparative anatomy; besides which, there is plenty of literary evidence that herbs of all kinds were much more like magical properties than fish, not that he had ever bought or been able to buy the particular kinds named. Even if the object had been to extract a medicine, the charge of magic would have broken down.

There seems to have been more foundation for another charge. Apuleius was half inclined to think that boys might be made clairvoyant by chanting or perfumes, and he actually tried to cure an epileptic boy by chanting over him. A fit came on, and he was rather, if anything, the worse for the attempted cure, and the prosecution attempted to prove that Apuleius had wanted to train the poor boy for a clairvoyant. It is a sufficient reply that he was not a proper subject for such training, which required perfect health of body and mind. There was another charge about an epileptic woman, whom he had not attempted to treat at all, but had simply inquired whether she suffered from noises in her ears. Both charges are made almost unintelligible by a flow of voluble declamation on the absurdity of supposing that so many as fourteen slaves of Apuleius knew of his alleged magic practices, and of refusing to examine them when produced.

At the same time, Apuleius boasts of his mysticism: he had been initiated in as many mysteries as possible,¹ and had all kinds of mementos of his initiation, which he kept carefully covered up; he was in the habit of worshipping a "King," whom he could not name on any account; he boasts of a public sermon he had delivered in praise of Æsculapius, and explains that his wooden image of Mercury² was constructed in strict accordance with the prescriptions of Plato in his latest work, the "Laws." As Mercury was carved out of the sides of a box well fastened together, it is not surprising that the

¹ "De Mag." lv.² Ib. lxiii.

prosecution fancied he was a skeleton, especially if the workman had not fastened the different slabs of wood together finally until he had nearly finished his carving.

The latter part of the speech is occupied with a detailed and convincing proof that Apuleius behaved as well as a man who marries a rich woman older than himself could possibly do. He would not allow her to settle more than a fraction of her property on him, and threatened her with divorce if she would not give up her intention of making a will in his favor at the expense of her sons, who had circulated a garbled extract from one of her letters to support the charge that she had been bewitched by Apuleius.

Another public speech of Apuleius which has been preserved in its integrity is an extempore harangue on the "God of Socrates," which is a very instructive document for the history of religion. He lays down a curious compromise between Epicureanism and Platonism. The Highest Gods have no share whatever in regulating the pitiful lot of men, on which Apuleius dilates in his most florid style: speaking of our quick death and doleful lives, our scrupulous worship and insolent contempt of the highest, which the most venerate but not aright, all fear but fail to trust, a few at the expense of piety deny. The special doctrine which he sets himself to preach is that pious people have a close intercourse with their genius. And here he appeals to the notion embedded in popular speech, that every man has his own genius, every woman her own Juno, the consort of Jove. These genii are of two kinds, the bodiless and the embodied, and the former confine their attention to pure souls like that of Socrates. The interest of the work lies in the author's theory of revelation, which turns round to a glorification of prudence and self-control, and finds its highest type in Ulysses, its poetical personification in Minerva. "With her unchangeable company, he drew nigh to all horrors, overcame all adversities. Forsooth, with her aid he entered the caves of the Cyclops, and came out; beheld the oxen of the Sun, and abstained; went down to hell, and came up thence with the same wisdom for guide; sailed past Scylla, and was not snatched up; was swallowed

in Charybdis, and not held fast; drank the cup of Circe, and was not changed; visited the Lotus-eaters, and did not abide; heard the Sirens, and did not draw nigh."¹

Apuleius followed this up with at least two books on the doctrines of Plato, which are mainly occupied with the exposition of theism. There is no discussion, but the author attempts to parry all difficulties by insisting on the intermediate nature of man, and the responsibility entailed upon him by his free-will; while ignorance is the excuse for a great deal of his imperfections. "Virtue is free and lies in us, and is the proper object of our will; our sins are free no less and lie in us, and yet are not the fruit of that will. For he whom we spake of who has virtue in his eye, when he has thoroughly understood his goodness and the excellency of her kindness, will certainly strain forth unto her, and deem that for her own sake she is good to follow. But as for him who has perceived that vices not only bring disgrace on our repute, but are hurtful otherwise and bring a snare, how can he join himself by choice unto their fellowship?"²

There are four kinds of men to be blamed, who turn out to be the same as the timocratical, the oligarchical, the democratical, and the tyrannical men of the republic; and Apuleius comes back to this point in winding up his work. "Moreover, the tyrant, a single individual, arises then when he who hath broken the laws by his own contumacy gets the laws to be partners of like conspiracy, and so invadeth empery, and thenceforth ordaineth that the whole multitude of citizens should be obedient to his desires and covetousness, and order their obeisance unto such an end."³

Apuleius himself concluded the matter by a dull dialogue between Asclepius and Hermes Trismegistus, in which there is a great deal about the mystical sanctity of Egypt and the efficacy of enchanted images: while physical philosophy is done justice to by a paraphrase of a work upon the "World" which went under the name of Aristotle. Some other writer, whose work has found its way into most of the MSS. of Apuleius, completes the subject with a treatise upon logic of little

¹ "De Deo. Soc." *fin.* ² "De Dog. Platt." ii. 15 *init.* ³ *Ib.* 28; cf. xl. 15.

independent interest, still printed as the third book, "De Dogmate Platonis."

The great work of Apuleius is his "Metamorphoses," which professes to be the autobiography of a certain Lucius, who went on his travels to sow his wild oats, and in the course of a love affair was turned into an ass by a waiting-woman, who intended to help him by turning him into an owl, only unfortunately she used the wrong salve. In his capacity as an ass he was the witness to a good many more or less unseemly love adventures, and overheard the tale of Cupid and Psyche, and travelled with the priests of Cybele; and finally ran away from the games at Corinth, and received a revelation of Isis that, if he ate the rose-wreath out of the hand of her chief priest at the next procession, he would be restored to human form. The chief priest had a revelation too, and gave the poor ass every facility for disenchantment. Of course it followed that Lucius was to be initiated in the mysteries: but he was made to wait, eager as he was, for some little time, until Isis vouchsafed another simultaneous revelation to him and to her chief priest; for the initiation was a death to the old life and a birth to the new, and it would have been perilous sacrilege to venture upon it without a call. By-and-by a few other revelations came to the chief priest and to Lucius that he ought to be initiated in the mysteries of Osiris; he had his head shaved, and appeared in a pure linen dress, and went to a good deal of expense, for all of which he was well repaid by the patronage of the husband and the wife, who favored him abundantly in his practice at the bar.

All this mysticism is at least half sincere; it is quite clear that the author sees and means to show the comic side of it; but there is a very plain contrast between the treatment of the worship of Isis and the worship of Cybele. The priests of Cybele are mere vulgar impostors, whose austerities are only intended to delude the people; who have nothing to teach and nothing that is not shameful to hide; who make a parade of self-torture to provide means for coarse debauchery; while the priests of Isis have the key to the secret of the world. It is quite clear that the same kind of feeling which gathers now

round the devotion to the Madonna had gathered then round the devotion to Isis. The priest, when Lucius recovers his shape, improves the occasion in the most edifying way. "After sharing many and manifold labors, driven by great tempests and exceeding storms of fortune, you are come at last, Lucius, to the haven of quiet and the altar of mercy. Neither your birth, no, nor your rank, and the very learning wherein you abound, could profit you, but in your green and slippery non-age you declined to slavish delights, to receive a luckless reward for unblessed curiosity. Howbeit the blindness of Fortune, while tormenting you with most woful perils, has but led you to this religious blessedness by malice without foresight. Let her go and rage with all her fury, and seek a victim for her cruelty elsewhere. For on such as the majesty of our goddess has laid hold to live her servants, deadly chance cannot prevail. What could robbers, or wild beasts, or slavery, or the changes and chances of most grievous journeyings, or the fear of daily death, profit Fortune in her cruelty? You are taken under the ward of Fortune—who is not blind, for the radiance of the light within her doth illuminate all other gods. Now put on a gladder countenance, which becometh your white habit; accompany the procession of the goddess of deliverance with joyful tread. Let the irreligious see, let them see and behold their error. For behold, Lucius, delivered from his past calamities, and rejoicing in the mighty providence of Isis, triumphs over his fortune! But that you may be the safer and better assured for yourself, give in your name to this holy warfare, for you were summoned but of late to enlist therein; dedicate yourself henceforward to the obedience of our religion, and put on the voluntary yoke of ministry. For when you shall begin to serve the goddess, then you shall gain more enjoyment of your liberty."¹

Isis herself has proclaimed her titles when she revealed his deliverance to Lucius. "Behold, I am here, Lucius, for your supplications have moved me, who am Nature, the mother of the world, the lady of all elements, the offspring of the beginning of ages, the highest of deities, the queen of spirits,

¹ "Met." xi. 15.

the first in heaven, the unchangeable manifestation of god and goddess, wherefore the brightness of the lights of heaven, the wholesome flowings of the sea, the lamentable silence below, are all ordered at my bidding. And my deity, which is one only, under manifold forms, various rites, and multiplied names, is venerated throughout the world. Among the first-born Phrygians my name is the Lady of Pessinus; among the children of the soil of Attica it is Cecropean Minerva; among the wave-beaten Cypriotes it is Venus of Paphos; among the archers of Crete, Diana Dictynna; in the threefold tongues of Sicily, Proserpine of Styx; at Eleusis, the ancient Ceres; here it is Juno, there Bellona; Hecate with these, Rhamnusia with those; and all they who are enlightened with the beginnings of the rays of the Sun-god, the Æthiopians and Arians and Ægyptians, in the strength of ancient learning, who worship me aright, with ceremonies of mine own, call me by my true name, Isis the Queen."¹

The same mysticism pervades the tale of Cupid and Psyche, though the allegory which occupies commentators about the soul and eternal beauty is a very secondary object with the writer. He is much more concerned with ordinary pietistic sentimentality about a maiden, of more than human beauty, brought especially near to the jealous gods, tried and failing, and delivered at last with the ease with which gods can do all things. The provocation which made Venus hate her at first is that Psyche was worshipped in her stead. Venus exhales her rage in a purely mythological speech, and asks, as she might have done in Statius, what she had gained by the judgment of Paris. But in fact what Apuleius cares for most is caressing pictures: after Venus has finished a particularly heartless petition that her son will entangle Psyche in the most disgraceful possible love; after kissing her son long and close with greedy kisses, she sought the nearest margin of the wavering shore, and, setting her rosy feet to trample the topmost foam of the quivering billows, alighted at last on the liquid crown of the deep sea, and at the first dawn of her desire, as if her precept had gone forth of old, all the service of

¹ "Met." xi. 5.

the sea is at hand. Then we have all the pomp of Naiads and Tritons simply to escort Venus to Ocean, where she has nothing remarkable to do. When Psyche is carried to her doom, Apuleius spends all his pathos on the nuptial procession, which is also a funeral, and does not attempt any struggle of paternal affection or youthful clinging to life with the harsh decree of destiny. Again, no pains are taken to account for Psyche's yielding to the temptation of her envious sisters, except making her so simple that when she has a secret to keep she tells two incompatible stories to hide it. At last they know enough, knowing that she has never seen her husband, to frighten her with the assertion that her husband is a monstrous serpent; then they "bare the sword of treachery, and smite the timid meditations of the simple lassie." When she is wound up at last to disobey, "she hurries, she delays, dares, trembles, doubts, is angry; and, when all is done, the same body is hateful as a serpent, lovely as a husband." The climax is that she pricks herself before she wakes him with one of his own arrows, after which the fatal drop of oil falls from the lamp and awakens the god; otherwise no mischief would have been done.

There is the same fundamental heartlessness in the treatment of Psyche's subsequent adventures. The cruelty of Venus makes no impression of religious awe, it arouses no thrill of human indignation; one hardly knows whether we are meant to pity Psyche, or to gloat over her sufferings as Apuleius's first readers gloated over the female victims of the arena. At best our minds are divided between the caressing tenderness of the style and curiosity about the matter. It is noticeable that though the author puts the story into the mouth of the housekeeper of a robber's cave, who tells it for the consolation of a captive heiress, he spends the whole treasures of his flowery rhetoric on ornamenting it. He is equally generous to the robbers: they describe the heroism of their fallen comrades in the same lyrical style as that in which Q. Curtius describes the feats of Alexander the Great. There is no connection between the different adventures of Lucius: when the author is tired of one scene of low life, his

unfortunate hero has only to escape into another; he does not even give himself much trouble, after the first, to explain why the ass is never able to munch the roses without the special grace of Isis. Many of the stories which he relates must have been old when he told them: in this he seems inferior to Petronius; on the other hand, it is to be said that his adventures are commonly voluptuous or comic, rather than indecent, in which we may recognize the effects of the improved morality of the age of the Antonines.

There is another curious question about the "Metamorphoses." The main story is very like a Greek work, "Lucius," which has come to us among the works of Lucian: there is the same transformation, not a few of the same adventures, including the hero's drunken onslaught on the wine-skins,¹ which he mistakes for robbers; but there is nothing of the mysticism which abounds in Apuleius, in spite of his irony. There is nothing weirder to be found in the ghostly side of literature than the story of Aristomenes² and his companion who had his throat cut in the night by witches, and died next day when the sponge with which the wound was plugged falls out when he stoops to drink. On the other hand, a Chaldæan is ridiculed who arrives after a very bad voyage and makes a great deal of money by promising good success to whoever would pay for his calculations. And the adventure of the wine-skins is treated ironically: it is due, no doubt, to the enchantments of the lady, who turns herself into an owl; but it is also a choice device for the service of the god Laughter, or, as we should say, for "All Fools' Day."

The narrative gives a lively picture of the state of the country parts of the Roman empire. The people outside the towns saw very little of the authorities. It was necessary to travel armed and in large bands, and any such band was liable to be mistaken for brigands, and there were savage affrays, which led to nothing. At the same time it was a great risk to be seen near a dead body, and the most innocent person in such a case had no idea of trusting his innocence. The authorities had the most arbitrary power: for instance, an ædile

¹ "Met." iii. 1-11.

² Ib. i. 9-19.

could upset a dish of fish in the street and trample it under foot, to punish the fishmonger for overcharging; though it is probably a comic exaggeration to select a dish which a friend had bought and paid for, to teach the lesson.

The "Metamorphoses" are probably the first serious work of the author; they are overloaded with the most curious research, both of epithets and cadences. There is much more liveliness and variety in the speech on Magic, and even in the collection of elegant extracts from less carefully prepared speeches which has reached us under the name of "Florida." The title is elliptical, and would be "Flowery Meadows" at full (for "meadow" was a common name for miscellanies); and the nearest equivalent for it would be "anthology."

The principle of selection is not obvious; one is tempted to think that the author seldom wrote a speech at full-length; there was a skeleton and an ornamental passage here and there, especially an exordium; and probably Apuleius, or some literary executor, simply cut these loose from the skeleton and put them together.

His idea of ornament is to accumulate a number of short and symmetrical clauses as long as possible. The first specimen of all is very typical:

"Ut ferme religiosi vianitium moris est, cum aliqui lucus, aut aliqui locus sanctus in via oblatus est, veniam postulare, votum adponere, paulisper adsidere: ita mihi, ingresso sanctissimam istam civitatem, quamquam oppido festinem, præfanda venia, et habenda oratio, et inhibenda properatio est. Neque enim justius religiosam moram viatori objecerit aut ara floribus redimita, aut spelunca frondibus inumbrata, aut quercus cornibus onerata, aut fagus pennis coronata, vel etiam colliculus sepimine consecratus, vel truncus dolamine effigiat, vel cæspes libamine fumigatus, vel lapis unguine delibutus. Parva hæc quippe et quamquam paucis percontantibus adorata tamen ignorantibus transcurra."

The author obviously trusted himself to improvise the proof that the city in which he was speaking had more obvious claims upon a passenger than the different wayside sanctuaries, the flower-crowned altar, the cavern with its fringe of

leaves, the mound with the hedge round it to hallow it, the trunk hewn out into the shape of a god, the turf with the libation smoking on it, the stone with the anointing still fresh on it. All such signs, we hear, are little in themselves, and, though the few who inquire into them will worship, those who know nothing may hurry by. Another characteristic trait is "I must hold a speech, and hold in my haste:" the author is fond of suggesting the necessity of verbal distinctions, by putting two closely connected words together so as to give an ignorant or careless hearer the impression of tautology. He is fond, too, of introducing strings of unmistakable distinctions, enumerating, for instance, the technical names of the notes of different birds. This is not the only point in Apuleius which reminds us of the literature of the later middle ages. His ideal of precise propriety of language reminds us of Dame Juliana Berners; his ideal of descriptive eloquence is very like what we find in the latest romances of the "Round Table." In both alike we may trace the ambition of a society which had not attained a full and rational development, and yet had passed into the stage of over-refinement.

Besides the works enumerated, Apuleius wrote voluminous compilations, which have not reached us, upon grammar and agriculture, and paraphrased the "Phædo" and the "Republic," in which last some suspect that he may have imitated Cicero and Aristotle as well as Plato. In addition to these he wrote a collection of jests and questions about banquets, containing such answers as his reading suggested to any question which might turn up at a party. This kind of compilation was always popular, because it enabled a reader to make a display of information where there was an audience to appreciate his knowledge. It is probable, however, that Apuleius came far short of the inexhaustible learning of an Athenæus. In his speeches he shows himself shallow. Of all the ancient authors who have mentioned Alexander's rule of only allowing the first artists to take his portrait, Apuleius is the only one who substitutes Polycletus for Lysippus. This proves that he did not know that Polycletus and Lysippus belonged to separate generations. He had learned a list of eminent

statuaries, and remembered that the name of Polycletus was on it. It is of a piece with this that his philosophical anecdotes, of which there are several in the "Florida," are taken from the same authority as Diogenes Laertius.¹ Nor is he at all strict in construction. One of the longest and most elaborate chapters in the "Florida" begins with a description of Samos, in which the fact that nothing will grow there but olives is twisted into several paradoxes; then we are told that the town is decayed, but that the temple of Juno is celebrated, and rich in offerings of all kinds. There is nothing anywhere that Apuleius admires more than the statue of Bathyllus, the favorite of Polycrates, which was wrongly ascribed to Pythagoras. Then we have an elaborate description of the statue, and an assurance that no philosopher could be the favorite of a tyrant (and apparently the dedication of Polycrates was the one fixed point about the statue), especially a philosopher like Pythagoras, who left Samos when the tyranny was established. Then we have the list of Pythagoras's travels, and his instructors, and his system of instruction, in which Apuleius, whose trade was to talk, naturally lays most stress on the inculcation of silence, and explains that he, for his own part, has learned to speak and be silent in due season.

The next chapter² is perhaps a little more methodical, but equally forced in its arrangement. Apuleius has to return thanks for a statue, and to explain why his absence has deferred his thanks. Further, he has to explain why he is bound in courtesy to explain his absence; then he tells a story how a similar honor was paid to Philemon on the occasion of his reading a new play, and this involves a perfunctory analysis of what that author's legitimate, if exaggerated, reputation has to rest upon. After the third act Philemon adjourned the reading, and when his friends met to hear the remainder he did not come; and they found, when they went, that he was just dead. So, when Apuleius was interrupted in a recitation by a shower, he was hindered from resuming it at the time appointed because he had sprained his ankle and shaken himself very badly, and expected, like Philemon, to take to his

¹ "Flor." ii. 15.

² Ib. iii. 16.

grave rather than his bed. As soon as the hot springs had restored him sufficiently to enable him to hurry to Carthage, he came, though still lame, because the honor, being unasked, was so great as to deserve his utmost gratitude, both to the chief men of Africa who had voted his statue, and the illustrious consular who had stipulated for a good site, on the ground that he intended to put up the statue at his own expense.

It would be unkind to the busy, amiable, estimable man of letters to leave him here. His vanity, if we are to call it so, shows to less disadvantage in this extract:

"Philosophy did not endow me with speech of such a sort as the song which nature grants to certain birds for a short season, as swallows have a matin song, cicalas a noonday song, night-owls a late song, barn-owls an evensong, screech-owls a night song, cocks a dawning song. For all these creatures among themselves strike up and tune up their song by turn; for cocks have a rousing song, screech-owls a doleful song, barn-owls a plaintive song, night-owls a manifold song, cicalas a buzzing song, swallows a very shrill song. But a philosopher's discourse, both inwardly and outwardly, is for its season perpetual, for its learning venerable, and for understanding profitable, and for tune it sings in every key."¹

"PERVIGILIUM VENERIS."

The most charming work of the African school is a little poem on the "Vigil of Venus," which is full of an exquisite feeling for the new birth of the year in spring. The delicacy of the whole and the exquisite grace of single lines more than atone for the want of order and structure, and for the numerous traces of the degradation of the language. There are repetitions, such as the appearance of Love disarmed, and making holiday among the nymphs of mountain, wood, and fountain; and again, the appearance of Dione on her throne of judgment, with the Graces as her assessors, which almost make one ask whether all the poem is by one hand, or whether it is not the result of some friendly rivalry in improvisation,

¹ "Flor." ii. 13.

which is all the more credible as the trochaic metre chosen is very easy. The meaning of single lines is often as vague as the structure of the whole is loose. What does it mean exactly?—

Emicant lacrimæ tumentes de caduco pondere
Gutta præceps arvo parvo sustinet casus suos.

The poet, or the poets, clearly mean that the dewdrop is just ready to fall, and still lingers on the bud; but does the second line mean anything that is not said in the first? And what is meant by a rose putting on the bridal veil? especially as we learn directly afterwards that "Cypris, fashioned of blood and of love's kisses and jewels and flames and the purple of the sun, will deign as a wife may to-morrow to unloose from its one knot the rosy blush which lay hid behind the veil of flame-color;" or what does it mean when the poet bids "Hybla burst the vesture of the flowers through all the plains of Henna?" After this it is comparatively a trifle that the preposition *de* is far on the way to acquire the sense that it has in French, and that we come on a phrase like *De tenente*, which has no analogy in the language of the best authors; for a language has a right to change, but no writer ought to be vague. It is also an abuse of poetical license to represent a wood coming into leaf after the spring rains, as "loosening its locks in the bridal of the showers." The full-grown foliage may possibly be accepted as waving locks which rustle in the wind; but locks must be there before they can be loosed; and the leaves are not there even when they are in the bud. The short imitation of the lecture on the Soul of the World in the Sixth Æneid is stately and glowing; but the real charm of the poem is a soft glow of feeling, which atones for defective meaning as exquisite coloring in a picture atones for defective drawing.

CHAPTER III.

AULUS GELLIUS.

AULUS GELLIUS, a contemporary of Apuleius, who probably belonged to a slightly later generation, only comes in contact with the African school as one of the numerous hearers of Fronto; and Fronto nowhere names him, so that he cannot have been one of the most distinguished. He shares the literary tastes, but not the literary aims, of his predecessor and contemporary; he is not a stylist, but an antiquary. He was a small official with a turn for reading, who, before he had grown absolutely old, resolved to publish his commonplace book; and, if his business and his duty to his children gave him leave, to continue it as long as he lived. Apparently he did not live long, for the commonplace book was not continued; we have only nineteen books of it, with the author's table of contents to twenty. It is the eighth book that is missing. The author, in his elaborate preface, rather plumes himself upon his modesty. He will not follow the example of those who have published their note-books under the title of "Forests," or "Muses," or "Brodered Robes," or "Cornucopiæ," or "Tablets," or "Meadows," or "My Reading," or "Ancient Readings," or "Anthology," or "Treasure Trove," or "Light on the Subject," or "Patchwork," or "Hotchpotch," or "Helicon or Problems," or "Manuals," or "Stilettoes." Some chose the title of "Memorials," or "Pragmatics," or "Incidental Notes," or "Teachers' Manual." Then we have "Natural History," "Miscellaneous History," and the "Meadow" or the "Fruiterie." "The Dust-heap" is common enough, and a good many have thought "Moral Letters," or "Questions of Correspondence," or "A Medley of Questions," a good occasion for displaying a surprisingly pretty

wit. As for himself, Aulus Gellius decides upon what he thinks a very modest, homely title, "Attic Nights," because he began them in the long nights of a winter of Attica. He implies that he took less pains than most of his rivals to write prettily, and asserts plainly enough that he took more pains to write usefully. His boast is not confined to his preface. The sixth chapter of the fourteenth book is devoted to ridicule of the follies of contemporary compilers. "A man of our acquaintance, not undistinguished in the pursuit of letters, who had spent great part of his life over books, said, 'I wish to come to the help and improvement of those "Nights" of yours,' and therewith he gave me a book, and a big book, abounding, as he told me himself, with learning of all kinds, which he said he had worked out for himself out of a great deal of varied and out-of-the-way reading, so that I might extract from it as much as I pleased of things worth remembering." Of course Gellius accepted the book eagerly, but when he came to read it he was astonished and disappointed to find nothing but a blank appeal to curiosity. "What was the name of the first person called a grammarian? How many celebrated persons there had been of the name of Pythagoras? How many of the name of Hippocrates? What sort of gallery-door there was in the house of Ulysses, as described by Homer? Why, when Telemachus was lying close to Pisistratus, he roused him with his foot, and not with his hand? How did Euryclea shut up Telemachus? and how is it that the same poet mentions oil of roses and never mentions roses? Then, too, all the names of the companions of Ulysses whom Scylla pulled out of the ship and tore to pieces, were duly written down. There was a discussion whether the wanderings of Ulysses were in the inner sea according to Aristarchus, or the outer sea according to Crates. There, too, was written how many verses there are in Homer where the numerical value of the letters is the same in two lines running, and how many lines there are which fall into acrostics, and the lines where each word is a syllable longer than the line before; and what Homer can have been thinking of when he wrote that all the sheep yeaned three times a year; and whether the golden

plate in the shield of Achilles was the outside or the middle of the five plates of which the shield was made. Besides, there were all the cities and countries whose names have been altered hitherto; one learned that Bœotia used to be called Aonia, and Egypt Aeria, and Crete was called Aeria just like Egypt, and Attica was called Acte and Acta by a poet, and Corinth Ephyra, and Macedonia Emathia, and Thessaly Hæmonia, and Tyre Sarra, and Thrace used to be called Sithon, and Sestos Posidonium. There was all this, and a great deal more of the kind, in that book. So, returning the book with all possible haste, I said, 'I wish you joy, most learned of men, of all your miscellaneous learning. Here is your learning back; unluckily it don't suit my poverty-stricken writings at all. For my "Nights" that you went in for helping and adorning are all concerned with a single verse of Homer, which Socrates always said was what pleased him beyond everything—

The good and evil that you meet at home.'"

In this temper it is natural that Gellius should have confined himself a good deal to compiling; and it is probable that his entire absence of pretension and his rejection of what was useless gave him the same kind of popularity in antiquity which he certainly enjoyed at the revival of letters. There are a great many MSS. of his works, and no old ones: the inference is that he was copied by everybody who could, from the fourteenth century onward, and he was reprinted a dozen times between 1469 and 1500.

In general it may be said that Gellius takes pains to be less petty than his contemporaries; that he is endeavoring to stretch grammar into a liberal education. He is always severe upon the tendency to specialize, and imagines that a really well-informed man ought to understand the whole of life; and, practically, he knows nothing but books, though resolute to make a sensible use of them. He marks a stage which always seems to be reached sooner or later, when books tend in ever-increasing measure to become the absorbing subject of pure literature. When his mind is quite at ease and at leisure (when he is in his litter, for instance, riding off to his

summer holiday), he naturally turns to a purely grammatical question, the different uses of *pro*, and decides, to his great comfort, that they can be explained upon a common principle, and yet are not absolutely identical. One notices the change in some fifty or sixty years from Pliny the Younger, who, when he was at leisure, had nothing to think of but the trivial epigrams which any accomplished nobleman might write when he was idle. He tells a pretty story of Domitius,¹ a learned grammarian who had a reputation at Rome, who was nicknamed the madman: he was by nature rather wilful and quarrelsome, and Gellius's friend Favorinus met him at the temple of Carmenta, and inquired whether *contiones* was the right Latin word for the Greek *Δημιγορίαι*. Domitius thought that the world was undone if philosophers condescended to grammatical drudgery, and promised Favorinus a book which would answer his question, declining to do so himself because he had higher aspirations. Favorinus remarked that only a man of genius could have been melancholy mad in such a way, and that the rude speech of the grammarian would have been quoted to his glory if he had been a professed philosopher; after which Gellius proceeds to copy some very dull notes from Verrius Flaccus, bearing vaguely upon the question of Favorinus. We have more reason to thank him for a little disquisition on the fashion set by the poets of lengthening *ob* and *sub* when compounded with *jacere* and its derivatives, whence we learn that in spontaneous pronunciation the modified *i* or *ī* was not sounded at all, and that it was a positive solecism to sound the *i* in the first syllable of *injicit* long, even when the metre required it. Gellius hardly raised this point for himself.² He was indebted to Favorinus for the conjecture that the distinction between *præda* and *manubiæ* lay in this, that *præda* was the booty itself, and *manubiæ* the money derived from it. Indeed, Favorinus seems almost to have deserved the rebuke of Domitius: he was a Gaul of

¹ Gell. "Noct. Att." xviii. 7.

² He quotes Sulpicius Apollinaris, iv. 17, as having saved the metre by pronouncing the "i" in *Obicibus ruptis* (Georg. ii. 480) *paullo largius uberiorque i. q. obicibus*.

Arles, and by profession a philosopher; he was also a student of Greek literature, but he was never tired of airing his "superficial" acquaintance with Latin. For instance, when some superficial pretender to antiquarian knowledge was boasting that he was the one man who could explain Sallust, he proved, with a great deal of Socratic display, that the boaster did not understand the hazy antithesis, that it was doubtful whether one of the Catilinarian conspirators was "duller" or "emptier," "*stolidior an vanior*."

He had rather more success in a Socratic dialogue on the meaning of *penus*, "household stuff," and showed that several high authorities had given confused definitions, while the unlucky disputant had given no definition at all. The scene is laid in the "area of the palace," among a crowd that was waiting to salute Cæsar; and for the most part Gellius entertains us, when he is dramatic, with the talk of loungers in public places, instead of the prolonged discourse of a select coterie in some nobleman's villa or bedroom, which is the scenery of the dialogues of Tacitus and Cicero.

Occasionally Favorinus does get into good society in private: he pays a visit to a distinguished family which a baby has just entered, and preaches¹ a sermon on the duty of mothers to nurse their own children, of which the grandmother strongly disapproves. He philosophizes, too, in an elaborate harangue² against the pretensions of the Chaldæans. The temper of the speech is curious, at once rationalistic and pietistic. Favorinus takes most of the objections which a man of science would take (if one could be compelled to discuss the question). He asks how the planets can decide anything at the moment of birth? Is not the moment of conception more important? How is it that many who are born at the same moment under the same planet are so unlike? How is it that if an astrologer can predict the issue of a birth, he cannot predict the issue of a game at dice? If large events are more easily discerned, which of the events of human life can be considered large? and so forth. Lastly, if the planets determine fate, can it be said that every one of the crowd who

¹ Gell. "Noct. Att." xii. 1.

² Ib. xiv. 1.

perish in a general catastrophe, like a conflagration or an earthquake, was born under the same planet or the same constellations? But, with all this, Favorinus does not presume to emancipate himself from the assumptions of the astrologers: he takes it for granted that the heavenly bodies must, in some way or other, dominate the affairs of our earth. He does not suppose that it is a mere accident when astrologers are right: there is a real connection which the astrologers dimly apprehend; if they could see it clearly they would be as the gods—an hypothesis too shocking to be credible. But Favorinus cannot stick firmly either to science or piety; he goes on to explain that men would be mere puppets, which is contrary to common-sense. After all, the objection to astrology was practical; the young men who haunted the Chaldæans compromised themselves in many ways. Elsewhere Gellius is content to transcribe the Stoic distinctions about fate with very little criticism, almost as if he thought them satisfactory.

Favorinus is the one original feature in Gellius's compilation, and generally appears at the beginning of a book to give a certain show of dramatic liveliness, though Gellius's modesty prevents him from giving this prominent position to a discourse on the duties of a judge. It was a sort of axiom of Roman law to decide cases which turned on a conflict of testimony between the parties, in favor of the defendant; it was an axiom of philosophers in such a case to prefer taking the word of the more respectable of the two. Gellius once had a case of this kind to decide, and adjourned it on purpose to consult Favorinus. The sage told him a good deal about his duty in general, especially as to the question whether the judge was to interrupt the pleaders and show his feeling as the case went on. As to the particular case, he enjoined on him by all means to decide for the plaintiff, who had a good character, against the defendant, who was a rogue. This struck Gellius as too great a responsibility, so he refused to decide at all.

In general Gellius appears as a hearer, not as an actor: on one occasion he found himself in the distinguished society of

Herodes Atticus, who edified him by quoting Epictetus against an insincere young Stoic babbler.

It cannot be denied that Gellius is a little censorious: he likes to correct his predecessors and contemporaries; he sneers at the elder Pliny for some of his stories about the chameleon; he is very angry with the people who express themselves unintelligibly in order to show their knowledge of ancient words; he abuses Seneca for his criticism on Vergil and Ennius; he corrects Verrius Flaccus, whom he often quotes, and oftener follows, for his explanation of Cato. The passage comes in a speech against the monstrous "regiment" of women. A woman brings a big dowry; she keeps back a big sum that she lends to her husband, and then, when she is angry with him, she sends a "receptitious slave" to dun him. Verrius Flaccus held a "receptitious slave" was a good-for-nothing slave—a slave whom the owner had to take back because the buyer found he did not answer the warranty given with him when sold. Gellius, for his part, thought that when the lady kept back her money she kept back the slave too, and that otherwise no slave who did not belong to his mistress's settled estate could be sent on such an errand. It is a very pretty quarrel.

So far as Gellius had a taste of his own, it was for the simplicity of ancient literature: he is fond of giving little excerpts from Claudius Quadrigarius and Piso, as if there were some charm in the bald, transparent sentences. On one occasion he compares the way Claudius and Livy described the conflict between Corvinus and the gigantic Gaul, very much to the advantage of Claudius. In the same spirit he exults at Cato's speech where he boasted that he had not gone to the expense of having one of his villas plastered and whitewashed, and thinks that such an example would be the most effective medicine for the excesses of his own day, when philosophers on fire with covetousness used to talk of having nothing and wanting nothing when they were as rich as they were greedy.

Gellius himself is not exactly free from hypocrisy: he tells us a very pretty story of what he found in a book that he picked up at a second-hand shop while waiting at Brundisium

—and one may charitably hope he did pick up the book; but the excerpts had been made to his hand by the elder Pliny, a much more laborious and instructive writer.

As to style, Gellius has no pretensions; he is fond of assuring us that he spoils whatever he repeats, especially the Greek harangues of Favorinus, and devotes a whole article to the impossibility of finding a Latin translation, or even a Latin periphrase, for the Greek *πολυπραγμοσύνη*. He had been reading, he says, Plutarch's treatise against that vice, and when he came to explain the subject gave the impression that it must be a virtue. His chief fault is that he is long and heavy, or else bald and abrupt; his happiest attempts—they are never very happy—are in the way of light, rapid narrative. He translates Herodotus's story of Arion, which he thinks a model in that line, and the introduction is meant to vie with the translation. Still, it may be said that few modern compilers are so uniformly free from cumbrousness, ambiguity, and solecism. The chief signs of the decay of the language are the complete disappearance of harmony and rhythm, and the multiplication of abstract compounds and lengthened forms of words (*cognomentum*), with the occasional intrusion of words like *insubidus*, which properly belong to slang, in an author who keeps up a painful struggle for correctness, and anxiously insists that *dimidius liber* is wrong for half a book, and that it ought to be *dimidiatus*.

PART VIII.

THE BARREN PERIOD.

CHAPTER I.

MINUCIUS FELIX.

It is difficult to fix the precise date of the earliest work of Christian Latin literature, the "Octavius" of M. Minucius Felix. The only two data which can be trusted are, that the author seems to write in a time when the Christians, though slandered, were not persecuted, and that the latest scholars agree in thinking that Tertullian imitated and misunderstood him, though the opinion of scholars of the seventeenth century was that he imitated Tertullian. Whether the earlier date or the later be correct, the author seems to belong to the African school; his principal speaker seems to be a provincial governor, who quotes Fronto, certainly as a countryman, perhaps as a contemporary. He describes the idolatry of the day in terms which are a distinct echo of Apuleius. But the scene of the dialogue is laid at Ostia, the speakers are supposed to be domiciled at Rome. Minucius is supposed to be paying a visit to Octavius, an older Christian and the chief speaker in the dialogue; and, as they are walking by the sea one morning, Cæcilius, a pagan friend, salutes an anointed image of Serapis. Octavius reproaches Minucius for leaving Cæcilius in his natural blindness. There is no hint that it would cost Cæcilius dear to have his eyes opened; the author speaks with less fervor of the sufferings of the Christians than the Stoics speak of the sufferings of their representative sages; earnestness is not his strong point. Lactantius praises

him for his work, which shows how much he might have accomplished if he had devoted himself entirely to such subjects. He does not even show any acquaintance with the Scriptures, or imply anything of their authority, or dwell in any way on such doctrines as the Trinity or the Incarnation. Christianity, in his eyes, is a doctrine of exclusive monotheism, without visible symbols, with the promise of the resurrection and the judgment of quick and dead. Probably this very neutrality of tone made his work more effectual in a time of general tolerance, when Christianity might be represented as a sort of continuation of the fashionable liberal Stoicism, only carried out more consistently. Ebert has pointed out that the argument of Octavius is the argument of the Stoic in Cicero's "De Natura Deorum;" while the argument of Cæcilius is the argument of the Academic. As soon as Cæcilius is attacked by Octavius, he begins a curiously modern criticism of Christianity; he objects alike to the creed and to its followers: the creed is objectionable because it professes to be the absolute religion, and every absolute religion is impossible, considering both the frailty of the human intellect and the ordinary sceptical objections drawn from the disproportion between men's lots and their worth. The first proves that no creed ought to be exclusive; the second, that no creed ought to be transcendental: we ought, in fact, to fall back upon "regulative" truth, and be content to know, on historical evidence, that the religious temper, the observance of historical ceremonies, brings good luck, the irreligious temper brings ill luck. As for the Christians, they are ill-bred, paradoxical persons, who are silent in public, and can talk fast enough in corners; who have no fear of death, and a great fear of nothing after they are dead; who deserve the worst that is said about their cannibalism and incest.

Minucius and Octavius do not take all these dreadful charges very seriously. Minucius, who is invited to judge, remarks that Cæcilius is in a better humor when he has said his worst, and Octavius talks of washing away all the bitterness of his revilings with a river of wholesome words. Octavius, who is the most dignified of the three speakers, holding

some provincial government, is not the least shocked at Cæcilius's language; he rebukes him gravely and lengthily for his rhetorical conceit, and then proceeds to reply at about twice the length of his opponent. The scepticism and pessimism of Cæcilius are met, as has been said, on Stoical grounds; his historical piety is derided upon Epicurean and Euhemerist grounds: his criticism of the Christians is met, partly by the ordinary apologetical considerations, and partly by a counter-criticism of philosophers, who are eloquent against their own vices, and borrow without acknowledgment the sublime wisdom of the prophets.

The style of the book is good and natural, though perhaps a little stiff; the description of the holiday at Ostia, during which the conversation is supposed to take place, is more in the manner of the younger Pliny than of Apuleius, whose influence cannot be traced with certainty, for such phrases as *impiatus* and *plurimum quantum* prove nothing. Many authors of our own day, who do not read each other's works, come to coincide in such doubtful phrases as "cultured" and the "converse" of a proposition, where in an earlier, perhaps purer, state of the language it was usual to say "cultivated" and "the contrary."

CHAPTER II.

TERTULLIAN.

AN African writer, later by more than one generation than Apuleius, carried spiritual interests further with a more consistent devotion. Q. Septimius Florens Tertullianus wrote almost exclusively on religious subjects; his most nearly secular work was a pamphlet written to defend himself for going against the fashion which was coming up in Carthage of wearing the toga instead of the pallium. Almost throughout the author addresses the whole population upon common grounds, and only just at the close reminds us that the pallium is promoted to higher dignity, since it has become the garment not only of philosophers but of Christians. In the rest of his works he is as thoroughly a Christian as Seneca a philosopher: sometimes he is arguing with pagans, sometimes with lax Christians or heretics; but he always argues, except in the treatise on the Pallium, on distinctly Christian grounds, just as Seneca always argues upon Stoical grounds, whether he is dealing with Stoics or worldlings or Epicureans; and, like Seneca, Tertullian is always anxious to find as much common ground as possible. In another respect he reminds us of Seneca: he shows little trace of either of the reactions which passed over Latin literature after the death of Nero. He writes in short, epigrammatic, elliptical sentences, as if the younger Pliny and his contemporaries had never gone back to Cicero, as if Fronto and Apuleius had never gone back to a language which sought its effects in choice and copious diction rather than in the framework of sentences with all the variations of amplification, antithesis, and emphasis. The obscurity of Tertullian—for he is often obscure—is the obscurity of a barbarizing Tacitus; he has Africanisms like Apuleius,

but he belongs to a different school of literature. He is decidedly the most of a man of letters among the Christian writers; though his taste is not so pure as that of Minucius Felix, his intellectual activity and his interest in his own ingenuity are much keener.

The date of his birth and his death are alike unknown, but most of his writings belong to the decade of the third century. He was an advocate practising in the courts of Carthage, and comparatively late in middle-life he was converted to Christianity, when the churches of the West began to be agitated by the question whether the ecstasies of Phrygian enthusiasts were to be trusted when the ecstasies came into collision with their bishops and the sober majority of the congregations. This led ultimately to complete isolation; after a time it became impossible for those who accepted the revelations to remain in communion with the congregations who rejected them, and the separatist communities thus formed had not power for coherence. "Every one had a revelation," and the Camisards and the Convulsionnaires show that in the latter stages of such movements a competition of incompatible absurdities sets in. Tertullian, like many other less distinguished Montanists, found himself the centre of a small society which had no fellowship with the rest of Christendom, and did not survive him long. It was a natural end, perhaps, for a writer who seriously believed in revelations, "extorted by dry diet"—in other words, the fruit of artificial indigestion, produced by eating food without wine or oil, especially after a fast. The revelations themselves were of the quaintest, as he was aware: for instance, a woman dreamed an angel slapped her bare shoulders, saying they were too pretty to be covered, which proved that it was a religious duty for women to wear veils down to their waists, a proposition more probable than the evidence in support of it.

With all his fanaticism, Tertullian is rational at bottom. Even in such an extreme case as the treatise on the "Soldier's Crown," he only exaggerates a rational principle. It was written in defence of the conduct of a soldier who declined, as a Christian, to wear his decoration at a parade where

decorated soldiers were to attend for reward. He was put under arrest, and the general feeling of Christians was that it was a mistake to compromise the security which had long been enjoyed in Africa by insisting upon taking a strict view of such a trifle. Tertullian's argument is, that Christian practice was against the wearing of such frivolous and idolatrous ornaments, each epithet being justified separately and at length; and that, as Christian practice was not only authoritative (this is made out by a list of obligatory observances of the second century, which had no other authority) but reasonable, it was unworthy of a Christian to conform, even temporarily and under pressure, to a lower standard. It is the same thesis as that which a modern writer has idealized, in a spirited ballad on the private of the Buffs who, being taken prisoner in China, chose to die rather than do obeisance in Chinese fashion. Of course in Tertullian the thesis is overlaid with fantasy. One of the most important arguments why a Christian should not wear a crown is, that idols and corpses are crowned, and a Christian is alive from the dead and has renounced idols. But the feeling that a man who respects himself would not wear a wreath of laurel is modern if not rational, and his whole Montanist writings are a very interesting anticipation of the ascetical and dogmatic theories of modern Ultramontanism. He wished the "spiritual" and the "psychical" to stand side by side in the same church, as "religious" and "secular" stand now. The "religious" standard is always a rebuke to the "secular:" until provoked by contradiction, Tertullian hardly accentuates the rebuke. Again, Tertullian is the only early Christian writer who anticipates the modern feeling that, in a living healthy community, the standard of conduct ought to be constantly rising, the insight which recognizes it constantly growing. And this does not interfere with his theory of tradition; to the last he quotes precedent in favor of his rigorism. The continuity of development is as important as the development itself: the principle of monogamy and his theory of the Trinity both appear in his writings before he was involved in the Montanist controversy; but he professes to have received fresh light upon both from the

revelations of the Paraclete. His attitude to contemporary ecclesiastical authority is very like that of the Jansenists: he is loath to submit and loath to separate, and anxious to support the authorities so far as he approves of them. Like the Jansenists, he lives in an atmosphere of controversy. There are two or three treatises on Prayer, on Baptism, on Penitence, a letter to the Martyrs, which may be regarded as works of simple edification; but he likes best to refute and rebuke. The first part of the work addressed to his wife is a warning against marrying again; the second is a warning against marrying a heathen. Perhaps the treatise to a friend who had lost his wife is less controversial in tone than its successor. In the first he only recommends celibacy to widowers; in the second he puts the psychical on the same low level as the heretics—the one forbids marriage, and the others accumulate marriages. The earlier work is more original. "In a second marriage the same husband is haunted by two wives, one in the spirit, one in the flesh, for you will find it beyond your power to hate the first; nay, rather you nurse the pious side of love for her, for she is taken home to God already; for her spirit you entreat, for her year by year you pay your offerings. So you will stand before God with as many wives as you mention in your prayers, and make your offering for two by the hands of a priesthood ordained in monogamy, or even consecrated from virginity, with a train of maidens and wives of one husband; and your sacrifice will go up without a blush? and among your other pious intentions you will entreat for your wife and you the gift of chastity?"¹ Then come the pleas in favor of second marriage: a man wants help; there is the house to manage, the household to keep in order, keys and coffers to be looked after, spinning to be given out, meals to be got ready, and the like. Tertullian asks, "How do eunuchs and travellers and soldiers manage? A Christian is a soldier and a stranger upon earth. Besides, if he must have a housekeeper, let him take an elderly widow or two for charity. But Christians hanker after posterity, though a Christian has no morrow. Is

¹ Tert. "De Exhort. Castit." 11.

a servant of God to crave for heirs who has chosen to have no heritage in this world? Is that a reason to go back to wedlock if he lack children from the first? Is his first reward to be a wish to live longer in a world whence apostles make haste to the Lord? Doubtless he will be readiest in persecution, most steadfast in martyrdom, blithest in almsgiving, most sober in getting, who can die easy because he leaves children to offer heathen rites at his grave. Or must we think men do the like out of foresight for the common good, lest cities be desolate if their offspring fail; lest law and right and commerce fall to pieces; lest the temples be left empty; lest there should be a lack of voices to shout 'The Christians to the lions!' Those who seek sons must love the sound."¹ Then he explains how troublesome children are, especially to Christian parents, and how necessary laws were to make wise men burden themselves with a family. In fact, Tertullian is a thorough pessimist, impatient for the end of the world; he cannot, writing as a Christian to Christians on Prayer, understand how any one can pray that the world may last, though when he writes to heathens he is careful to explain that Christians pray, in a sense, for the preservation of the emperors and the empire because this delays the death-agony of the world. He does not realize how much ill-will the Christians inevitably incurred by their eschatology. A community which looked to triumph in the destruction of all mankind beside could not but be unpopular, and Tertullian has no expectation of the conversion of the empire. Otherwise, his criticism of persecution is much more telling than his criticism of paganism. Like almost all apologists, he goes over the weary round of the immoralities of Olympus and the absurdity of worshipping the dead, for of course he finds Euhemerus absolutely convincing, and is at pains to collect the testimony of historians who had adopted his doctrine, so far as the birth of the gods was concerned. He anticipates St. Augustine in a special attack on the religion of the nursery,² which they knew from Varro, where everything that went on was under the patronage of a special deity.

¹ Tert. "De Exhort. Castit." 12.

² "Ad Nat." ii. 14.

When a child began to crawl, there was a goddess to protect it; there was another to protect it when it went up to any one, and yet another to guard it when it went away; another to bring it home—to say nothing of all the long list of the gods and goddesses of the bridal night.

But he hits harder when he explains how unreasonable it was to extort confessions of all other crimes by torture, while torture was applied to induce those accused of the imaginary crime of Christianity to retract their confessions.¹ Again, he is very effective in pressing that the charges of cannibalism and incest should either be proved or withdrawn: they were not true of the Christians; they were probably true of some of the Gnostics, who, when taxed with being Christians, were ready to disavow the charge; and this accounts for the persistence of a charge that could not be made good. A completer victory is the appeal to the moral change which followed conversion. "You are wont to say to us, 'Lucius Titius is a good man, only he's a Christian;' and another, 'For my part, I wonder at a respectable man like Gaius Seius turning Christian.' Fools and blind, they praise that they know, they mock at that they know not, and that they know not pollutes that they know. None has wit to guess: 'Haply one may be good and prudent just by being a Christian, or a Christian just by being prudent and good,' though it is more equitable to let what is clear decide what is hidden, than to let what is hidden decide what is clear. They know some who before they bore this name were rogues and vagabonds of no account; suddenly they wonder at their reformation, yet they wonder rather than profit. Others are so stiff against us as to fight against their own advantage, which they might take by intercourse with people of that name. I know more than one husband anxious heretofore about his wife's character, and groaning jealously at the sound of a mouse creeping into her bower, who, when he knew the cause of her new diligence, of her unwonted tameness, presently became most accommodating to his wife, and forsook his jealousy: forsooth, he had rather be the husband of a drab than of a Christian; he had a right to

¹ "Ap." 2; "Ad Nat." ii. 14.

change his nature for the worse, his wife had none to mend for the better. A father has disinherited his son when he had no more reason to complain of him; a master has sent a slave otherwise indispensable to the dungeon. Whoever finds a Christian would rather find a criminal. For the training is sure to betray itself; our good comes to light against us. If there is a halo of evil round the evil, why, against the common teaching of nature, should goodness brand us, and us only, worst of all? For what marks do we bear upon us but, firstly, wisdom, whereby we give no worship to men's trumpery handiwork; then abstinence, whereby we keep our hands from other men's goods; modesty, which we will not pollute by a look; pity, which inclines us to the needy; ay, and truth, whereby we give offence; ay, and freedom, for which we have learned to die?"²

The most philosophical of the apologetical writings is the "Testimony of the Soul," which treats Christianity practically as a republication of the two cardinal articles of the "Natural Religion" of the eighteenth century, monotheism, and a future state of rewards and punishments; and when we once admit this point of view, the argument from the tacit consent of the old world is very well put. It is characteristic that Tertullian repudiates the parade of poets and philosophers in which so many fathers indulge. He says he wants the soul, not as she is found in schools, drilled in libraries to pour out wisdom won in the Academy and the Porch at Athens. He appeals to her; simple and rude and unpolished and unprofessional, such as they have who have her and no more—just the soul, with nothing in her beyond the cross-ways and the finger-posts and the loom. He wants her ignorance, since the little she knows can find no credit. He wants her testimony to what she brings with her into man, what she has learned inwardly either from herself or from her maker, be he who he may. The main argument of the treatise is to be found in Minucius Felix, who is generally accepted as a predecessor of Tertullian. Tertullian has added immensely to its force by isolating it: the vulgar, popular opinion embodied in current language is

² "Ad Nat." i. 4.

certainly a vague approximation to Christian doctrine. The weakest point is the attempt to deduce the natural pity for the dead from fear of an anticipated judgment, though, as Tertullian and his readers both agree in thinking that the evils of life outweigh the good, the obvious meaning of this pity is obscured.

The treatise on the Soul itself belongs to one of the most tantalizing classes of literature: the author argues, with the utmost force, vigor, and acuteness, in support of a thesis which has no permanent interest and value. He wishes to prove that the soul is material and separable from the body, in large measure because he wishes that even before the resurrection it should be capable of physical pain. His analysis of the theory that a purely immaterial soul, the soul of the "Phædo" and other Platonic dialogues, which has everything to gain and nothing to lose by its severance from the body, can have any real perception of material things, is very masterly.¹ Equally good is the discussion of Marcion's theory of a supreme goodness which delivers the creatures of an inferior creator from his harsh bondage. He shows clearly that the creator must always have rights over his creatures, especially as Marcion, as a rule, considers the creator to be just. He shows what an unsatisfactory object of worship Marcion has to offer in the irresponsible, unqualified benevolence which does nothing for men in this life, and only admits them capriciously to eternal life on condition of a mystical intuition not within reach of all.² The discussion on the Old and New Testament, which takes up the greater part of the treatise, is effective, but very tedious for readers who assume the continuity of Scripture. The same may be said of the elaborate treatise against the Valentinians, though there is grim humor in the comparison of the upper world of Valentinus to a Roman lodging-house, with the difference that the most dignified lodgers were highest up.³ And the personalities are the best part of the pamphlet against Hermogenes, a painter, who gained some temporary notoriety by deducing the eternity of the world, or at any rate of matter, from the scriptural epithets

¹ "De Anima," 18. ² "Adv. Marc." i. 9 sqq. ³ "Adv. Valentinianos," 7.

which represent God as the Lord. The wittiest of Tertullian's works against the Gnostics is that in which he treats them as scorpions, to be crushed for their poisonous insinuations that it was lawful to avoid persecution by denying the faith. The close deals with the ingenious hypothesis that the "men" before whom Christ is to be confessed are the true men of Gnostic mythology, since the earthly men before whom he may be denied are "worms, and no men." If so, asks Tertullian, will the consequences of confession be the same? Will the Christians who confess be racked upon the axis of the heavens, and be thrown to the beasts of the zodiac? If so, is it not better to confess on earth, if only for practice?¹

The weightiest of his works against the Gnostics is the well-known "De Præscriptione Hereticorum," which involves a technicality borrowed from his old profession as an advocate. The argument is that the orthodox have a prescriptive right to debar heretics from establishing their novel doctrines by mystical interpretations of Scripture. Except in form the argument is taken from St. Irenæus, who proves quite as forcibly that theories which formed no part of the common tradition of apostolical churches could not belong to apostolical Christianity. But his argument, like that of Minucius Felix, becomes more brilliant and pointed in the hands of Tertullian, who was not ashamed to show the fear he felt of indiscriminate appeals to Scripture. The orthodox believed, very largely, because they had been taught to find the whole of their belief in every part of the Old Testament by a process which did not differ materially from that by which the Gnostics found the whole of their belief in every part of the New Testament where they chose to look for it. Accordingly Tertullian suggests that those who must study, and cannot rest content with bare tradition, should go from one apostolic church to another in order to confirm their faith, instead of imperilling it by solitary study of the Scriptures. He ceased to fear this as a Montanist, for the "Revelations of the Paraclete" at once supplied a rule of interpretation and a supplement.

Though austere and passionate, Tertullian is not rigid. It

¹ "Cont. Gnost. Scorp." 10.

is a very instructive measure of his versatility to turn from the fiery tract upon the Spectacles, where, with his usual originality (no Christian writer before or after said the like), he gloats over the prospect of the torments of the heathen—a much finer spectacle than any which the torments of Christians have furnished on earth—or from the shrewd, strict logic of the tract against flight in persecution, where believers are warned very sensibly of the folly of paying hush-money, to the daring, adroit good-nature of the memorial to Scapula, a new governor of Africa, who had, on entering the province, to determine, among other things, how he would treat the Christians. The laws under which Christians could be persecuted left the judge a large discretion, as he had to decide whether the prosecution in each case was *bona fide*, just as in the parallel case of the laws of high-treason. Accordingly, without attempting to convert Scapula, Tertullian argues the matter on general grounds of toleration. The Christians were too numerous to be extirpated; no man ought to be molested for conscientious convictions; the gods ought to be left by their worshippers to punish blasphemy for themselves. The Christians were loyal as a matter of fact, and had not been implicated, either as a class or as individuals, in the wars of succession which followed the death of Commodus. As to the charge that they brought bad luck upon the empire (which probably had more to do with persecution than anything else), Tertullian replies that their supplications had often been effectual in time of drought and pestilence, and he does not omit to remind Scapula of all the instances which the Christians had collected already of persecution bringing ill-luck to the persecutors, some of whom were brought by suffering to the verge of belief. It is noticeable how boldly in his writings to the heathen Tertullian appeals to the most questionable facts, such as the imaginary edict of toleration of the elder Antoninus, the worship of Simon Magus at Rome, and the proposal of Tiberius to establish the worship of Christ as a deified hero. Apparently he believed them and expected to be believed, and it cannot be said that his writings were only nominally intended for the heathen, since he certainly writes,

upon the whole, more clearly and carefully in the books meant for a wider audience than the Christian community supplied.

He even attempted the flowery style of Apuleius in more than one prelude: for instance, in the preface to the "*Palium*," where the system of couplets is pursued for five or six lines. It is true that there is as much display in the treatise on Chastity. But this was a manifesto in reply to a very important decision of the Roman see, which involved a real change in ecclesiastical discipline. Tertullian goes carefully through the arguments of the party of lenity, but he nowhere mentions that they claimed to be continuing the ancient discipline. The ancient discipline restored penitents to communion after venial sins, such as drunkenness, fits of passion, lying out of civility or cowardice, unintentional blasphemy, or even denial of the faith when pressed by a zealous and troublesome pagan. St. Callistus had made a great step; he had decided to admit Christians to communion even after fornication and adultery, and Tertullian's strongest argument is that he might as well go further and proclaim that Christians might be absolved though they fell into murder or idolatry, especially as a Christian who fell into idolatry never fell willingly—he was a confessor who had broken down.

The reply was, after all, ineffective: even the Montanist prophets and prophetesses felt that the Church had power to absolve. The question really was one of expediency, whether lenity was more likely than severity to reform offenders; for it was admitted on both hands that no penitent offender was cut off from hope of salvation, and therefore it could not be denied that it lay in the discretion of the Church to give or withhold Church privileges; and Tertullian is reduced to argue that the stricter discipline is really the kinder; that it is better for such sinners to blush before the Church than to communicate with her; that her intercession helps them more than her absolution; and here, as often, Tertullian becomes more tender as he becomes more austere. Perhaps the two qualities are most closely united in the two treatises on *Women's Dress*. He alternately taunts them with the transgression of Eve and with the want of rational occasions to dis-

play the finery that they continued to cherish, and caresses them as his dear sisters and fellow-servants, apologizing for his presumption in advising them; and there are all sorts of pathetic hints about the possibilities of persecution. How will the feet that are used to bangles bear the stocks, or wrists that are used to the play of bracelets bear the numbing pressure of manacles?

Here, too, one doubts whether the different transcendental grounds of penitence, humility, and austerity, which Tertullian argues upon, express his fundamental feeling. His chief care seems to be for entire modesty, the absence of display as a matter of human dignity; his dislike to ornament of all kinds as a means of attracting attention is at most an exaggerated anticipation of the modern demand for simplicity, as indispensable to a gentleman and very desirable for a lady. In the same way he insists in one of his most mystical works, on the Veiling of Virgins, that every virgin—at least every consecrated virgin—ought to wear a veil, like a matron, for many reasons of sentiment and Scripture; but, after all, we do not get far beyond the starting-point, that it is unseemly for elderly women to make it a religious privilege to dress like young girls, and that, if it was part of the tradition of the Church for the younger virgins to go unveiled, it was clear the tradition was not binding beyond repeal, since it was now proposed to make a universal rule of the practice of the young. Principle, according to Tertullian, is a better rule than custom, and the authority of the Paraclete ought to enforce or to override the general judgment of the present Church. His devotion to progress and principle is remarkable in a writer whose sympathies are so narrow; and here, too, we are reminded of Seneca, only Seneca looks to progress throughout the world, whereas Tertullian looks to progress within the limits of the Church. Even this distinction is more apparent than real, for both the philosopher and the theologian practically divide the world and the Church between the spiritual and the natural, and are not concerned with the transition from one to the other.

There is one other characteristic of Tertullian which calls

for notice. He is not only a very bitter but a very fair controversialist; he always states the case of opponents as forcibly as he can, and he feels it strongly enough to state it forcibly; and his perception gives a constant air of paradox to his style. He states his view that martyrdom is victory all the more strongly because he has to admit that Christians, like other men, naturally prefer to be left in peace. He is not insensible to the taunts which branded Christian endurance as barren obstinacy, so he rolls up a long list of triumphs of pagan endurance to prove that pagans are as obstinate as Christians. But it was the conflict with Gnosticism which brought out Tertullian's turn for paradox most strongly: the pagans criticised Christianity on points where Tertullian felt that Christian life was strong, the Gnostics criticised orthodoxy on points where he felt that human reason was weak; he could defend the general Resurrection more easily against unbelievers than he could defend the Incarnation and the Passion against heretics. It is this subject which extorts the original of the often-quoted phrase *Credo quia impossibile est*, which Tertullian never wrote. The original is startling enough:¹ "Whatever is unworthy of God is profitable to me. I am safe if I am not abashed for my Lord. He saith, Who shall be abashed for me I also will be abashed for him. Nowhere else do I find whereat to be abashed: somewhat to approve me one above blushing with goodly shamelessness and happy folly. The Son of God was born of woman; it shames me not because it is shameful. The Son of God died; it is right credible because it is silly—and being buried rose again—certain because impossible." But the triumph over reason is still incomplete. In his controversy with Praxeas he turns to the point that orthodoxy strains belief less than heresy.² "What shall we say of the doctrine that God Almighty, the great, the invisible, whom no man hath seen or can see, he who dwelleth in light unapproachable, he who dwelleth not in temples made with hands; before whose countenance the earth trembles and is moved, and the mountains melt like wax; who taketh up the whole world in his hand like a nest; whose throne is heaven

¹ "De Carne Christi," 5.

² "Adv. Prax." 16.

and earth his footstool; in whom is all place and he beyond; who is the uttermost bound of the universe—that he, the Most High, walked in Paradise at eventide, seeking for Adam; and shut the ark when Noah was gone in, and rested under the oak with Abraham, and called out of the bush to Moses, and was seen the fourth in the furnace of the King of Babylon, though he is called the Son of Man — except this was all in an image and a mirror and a mystery? Surely that even of the Son of God these things should not be believed except they were written, and perchance not believed though written of the Father, whom they [the school of Praxeas] bring down into the womb of Mary, and shut up again in the monument of Joseph.”

CHAPTER III.

ST. CYPRIAN.

ST. CYPRIAN's literary activity was limited to about a dozen years. He suffered martyrdom in 258, and his earliest work is dated A.D. 246. He is a clear and forcible writer, but not as original as Tertullian, to whom he is much indebted. It is an old legend that his habitual way of asking for his copy of Tertullian was, *Cedo magistrum*—"The master, please." He follows all Tertullian's ideas—his pessimism, his austerity, his horror of heresy, his enthusiasm for death; he adds nothing of his own except sanity and moderation and consistency. Even in consistency the author is scarcely perfect. We are told when the writer is advocating the works of mercy, that the alms-deeds of Dorcas earned her recall to life; when he is consoling the Christians who were not exempt from the chronic pestilence which raged for many years in Africa,¹ he insists that death is a good to the true believer, and waxes sarcastic at the fact that believers shrank from death. It seems there was a bishop dying of the plague, and he prayed for time to prepare himself, and in his sleep had a vision of a glorious and terrible young man, who stood over him and said, "If you fear to suffer and are not willing to depart, what is it I shall do for you?" As the bishop died soon after, St. Cyprian feels that the rebuke was intended for survivors. It is characteristic of the difference between him and Tertullian, that while Tertullian thinks it a disgrace, or something like it, for a Christian to die by a slow, easy fever, St. Cyprian rebukes the impatience of those who would rebel against a foul and horrible pestilence, because it interfered with the chance

¹ Because sewers had not kept pace with amphitheatres or even aqueducts?

of martyrdom. In the writer's view there was no reason to be shocked at these horrors, since the world was irretrievably bad. There is much less parade of loyalty than in Tertullian, who lived nearer the days when the empire had unmistakably deserved it, and might still expect that the empire would come to deserve it again.

The contrast goes deeper. St. Cyprian, on his conversion, attained perfect inward peace and self-complacency. He tells us himself that he had a great many excesses to repent, and this is supported to some slight extent by the tradition which makes him a magician anxious to bewitch a consecrated virgin upon any terms.¹

However this may be, he had resolution enough to turn over a new leaf completely and at once. His deacon and biographer, Pontius, assures us that he embraced continence even before he was baptized, and on his baptism, in which he enjoyed a sensible illumination, edified and astonished the faithful by a complete renunciation of his property, which he sold for the benefit of the community he joined. It seems that the sacrifice was less complete than he intended, as the purchasers restored him the usufruct.

His conversion was the expression of the pessimism of a man who wishes for a more regular life, and has to change his theory of the universe to attain it. His first work was a letter to one Donatus, a fellow-convert, to whom he confides his indictment against the world. He begins with a philippic against the growth of vulgar crimes and vices; then he dilates on the miseries and turpitudes of what passes for being respectable and glorious. The advocate will sell his client, and the judge will sell his sentence. The official ruins himself by splendid shows, and the rich always know that they may be ruined by calumny. No one is secure in any station, and the emperor who is most feared has most to fear. Nothing but a belief in the inalienable favor of the Highest can give real peace. Throughout the author hardly argues; he makes assertions which he leaves to be tested by an appeal

¹ There is no evidence that the legend of Cyprian of Antioch either distinguished or confounded him with Cyprian of Carthage.

to experience. He has not the keen sense of the objections to his system which we find in Minucius Felix and even in Tertullian. In his reply to Demetrius or Demetrianus (we do not know whether he was a proconsul or a pamphleteer) he takes for granted that the world is going from bad to worse, as Demetrius alleges; but he denies that it is the Christians' fault.¹

"You are puffed with pride, or greedy with avarice, or cruel with wrath, or wasteful with gaming, or staggering with wine, or envious with blue malice, or polluted by lust, or violent with cruelty, and you marvel that God's anger grows into punishments upon the race of man when what is matter for punishment is growing day by day. You complain that foes arise, as though, if there were no enemy, there were room for peace among togas of our own; as though, even if warfare and perils from barbarians without be put down, there were no weapons of home-bred assault raging more fiercely and grievously from within by reason of calumnies and injuries of powerful citizens. You complain of barrenness and famine, as if drought caused more famine than greed; as though forestalling the rise in corn and the growth of prices did not make the furnace of distress grow hotter. You complain that rain is shut up in heaven when granaries are thus shut up on earth. You complain that earth bears less, as though what she bears were not denied to those who lack. You make a crime of pestilence and plague, whereas plague and pestilence serve to reveal or increase the crimes of individuals, who neither show mercy to the sick, nor refrain from letting rapine and avarice loose upon the dead, whose succession is at the mercy of sycophants. All such are cowards in the obedience of piety, rash in covetousness of impiety, fleeing from the burials of men dying, turning upon the spoils of men dead, to make it plain that haply the poor souls were forsaken in their sickness to this end that they should not be able to escape by fitting care, for he was minded that the sick should perish who enters upon the heritage of the perishing."

The conclusion of the matter is, that St. Cyprian warns his

¹ "Ad. Dem." 10.

readers:¹ "Take heed, therefore, while time serves, to true and everlasting salvation; forasmuch as the end of the world is now at hand, turn your mind to God in the fear of God, and take no pleasure in this life, in that wanton and vain lordship over the righteous and meek, since we see in the field that tares and wild oats lord it over well-tilled and fertile wheat. Do not say that evils befall because your gods have no worship from us; but know that this is the judgment of God upon you, that since you discern him not by his benefits, you may discern him by his wrath. Seek God, however late, since he exhorts you long ago by his prophets, saying, Seek God and your soul shall live. . . .

"What shall be the glory of faith and the doom of faithlessness when the day of judgment shall come? What gladness of believers, what sorrow of the faithless, who have refused to believe this in time, and are unable to come back to belief! For the ever-burning Gehenna will consume its prey, and the ravenous torment will feed upon the guilty with undying flames: and there will be no place where the torments shall have rest or end."

He insists throughout his treatise on the Plague that the visitation is not a sign of wrath upon the Christians, though they are not exempt, and that it is a sign of wrath upon the heathen; and naturally the argument is not free from confusion. It may be said that he has not Tertullian's energetic sense of the worth of temporal order: he does not think that the great obstacle to the conversion of the emperors is that the world could not exist without the empire. His temper is much more cheerful and equable than his master's, and his pessimism was much more thoroughgoing, inasmuch as he lived in the unhappy age of Decius and Valerian instead of the prosperous though stormy age of Severus. He even exceeds the severity of his master in dealing with the dress of consecrated virgins. Tertullian insists on a veil as a badge of modesty appropriate to all grown-up women, while St. Cyprian is engaged in a crusade against all forms of personal vanity, which not unfrequently developed themselves more

¹ "Ad. Dem." 23.

freely in those who naturally were somewhat self-absorbed (it is worth notice that St. Theresa, B. Margaret Mary Alacoque, and Catharine Emmerich were all naturally dressy), and the author is not afraid of pressing his point by the severest imputations.

He follows Tertullian without exaggeration in the two treatises on Patience, and Zeal and Envy, both of which are devoted to enforcing peace upon the members of a community apt to be jealous and censorious in proportion to their earnestness and to the dangers to which they were exposed. This tendency was not lessened by the recurring outbreaks of persecution, which were inspired now by the fitful energy of the government, now by the irritability of the public, who, when things went wrong, were always in search of victims. Of course, as the old institutions continued to go to pieces, an increasing number of persons, of weak and uncertain character, sought the shelter of the new faith; and in time of trouble many of these gave way.

St. Cyprian, it is not too much to say, owes his place in ecclesiastical history, which is much higher than his place in ecclesiastical literature, to his dealing with the Lapsed and the Baptism of Heretics, which between them fill the greater part of his occasional writings. We have an eloquent cento of passages from the Bible, divided into three books, under the title of "Exhortation to Martyrdom," written to sustain his flock, from his retreat during the Decian persecution. But it does not seem to have been very effective; the weak made all sorts of compromises; some apostatized at the first proclamation, probably not thinking the comfort of their new creed worth keeping at the risk of torture, ruin, and death; some went to the authorities and pleaded their conscientious objections to comply with the edict, after which some money passed, with the result that they had the credit in public of having denied the Lord, whom they had confessed in private. Sometimes they approached the altar and were allowed to retire without sacrificing; sometimes they took a certificate that they had sacrificed, or, if more scrupulous, a certificate of indemnity—from one or other the class were named Libella-

tics; others, again, complied with the edict, in order to save their families and dependants from molestation; some, whose case St. Cyprian thought best of all, actually confessed and broke down under torture. Almost all intended to reconcile themselves with the Church when the persecution should be over, and almost all prepared the way for a reconciliation by effusive attentions to those who had stood where they had fallen. Then the confessors (who were for the time being nearly the only official representatives of the Church who could be consulted without danger to themselves) gave the penitents letters of peace; then, when the Church was free to meet again, its doors were besieged by a crowd of suppliants for indiscriminate pardon. Their prayers encountered no obstacle except from rigorists who wished to exclude them for life from Christian fellowship, until St. Cyprian gained a complete victory over both rigorism and laxity, and established the principle that each case should be judged on its merits by the bishop and presbyters, subject to the assent of the congregation. The task was difficult, because personal ambitions, especially among the richer members of the community, availed themselves of the question of principle on either side, and the confessors were by no means always willing to surrender the prerogative they had been used to exercise. It is clear that a good deal of diplomacy was necessary, and sometimes, perhaps, penitents owed their restoration to their submissiveness at least as much as to their sorrow. One correspondence is very curious. Celerinus writes to intercede for a sister, who had compromised herself almost involuntarily, and had been already admitted to "peace" by an enterprising confessor. The upshot of it was that the confessor finally found himself a schismatic, while Celerinus not only saw his sister restored to communion, but was himself promoted to the rank of deacon, with the promise of rising to be presbyter.

On the question of the rebaptism of heretics, St. Cyprian's correspondence is less interesting. He seems to have carried Africa with him without an effort, only to come into collision with Rome. Throughout his career he had been in close connection with Rome; he had supported Cornelius against

Novatian, who, according to his own account, was consecrated against his will by the rigorist party; he had needed and found the support of his own clergy when the clergy of Rome were inclined to censure him for his retreat from persecution; he had written a famous work on the Unity of the Church, which lent itself very naturally to interpolation in the interests of the Papacy. But when St. Stephen attempted to overrule the Bishop of Carthage, supported by the Synod of Africa, he refused to yield a hair's-breadth; and in that generation it certainly seemed as if the choice lay between principle and expediency: nothing was said on the Roman side to balance the aphorism, varied in so many forms, that only the one Church which can give salvation can give the new birth.

The only work of St. Cyprian which has been left unnoticed is an elaborate argument from Scripture against the Jews, whose claims had something of the effect in keeping waverers back from Christianity which the claims of Constantinople have upon those modern Christians who are or might be inclined to acknowledge the claims of Rome.

CHAPTER IV.

MINOR WRITERS.

JULIUS SOLINUS.

THE period in which St. Cyprian wrote was otherwise very barren from almost every point of view; it was a time of general public calamity, and in no department of literature was there a single memorable work. The age of the great jurists was over. Ulpianus, the last and by no means the greatest, was prætorian prefect to Alexander Severus, as Papinianus, a greater than he, had been prætorian prefect under Severus and Caracalla, while Gaius, whose Institutes were the foundation of all that came after, had not the right of giving opinions. Of course, when the first lawyer of the day was prætorian prefect, which practically meant being prime-minister, there was nothing for other jurists to do; and in a revolutionary state of things, when most prime-ministers, like both Papinian and Ulpian, were liable to be dismissed from office by a violent death, obviously knowledge of law was not likely to continue to bring a man to be prime-minister. The elaboration of Roman law as a science and a fine art practically came to a standstill with the death of Alexander Severus. What remained to be undertaken when better times made it possible was to reduce the whole to one body, which could be consecutively taught, and to fuse the results of imperial legislation with those of republican judges and imperialist text-writers into one coherent whole.

Absolutely the only important prose work of the period of Valerian and Gallienus which has reached us, the only work which seems to have attained any celebrity, is the work of Julius Solinus on Memorable Things. In the middle ages this work was very popular, and as early as the sixth century

it had received a second title, "Polyhistor," which, as time went on, came to pass for the name of the author. He had done nothing but excerpt an abridgment of Pliny's "Natural History," which was also used and abused by Apuleius and Ammianus Marcellinus. His style, without being ridiculous or unintelligible, is rather empty and pretentious; but the excerptor had the advantage of being short and readable.

Three quarters of his work, which in Mommsen's edition contains 231 octavo pages, and consists of fifty-six chapters, are taken from Pliny, whom he did not always understand. In addition to Pliny, he used some good chronography of an author who was familiar with Verrius Flaccus and Varro, and is plausibly identified with Cornelius Bocchus, whom Pliny seems to have used for other purposes; also a "Chorographia Pliniana," in which the geographical information was methodically digested, and the geography of Pomponius Mela. The excerptor made no use of the chronography after the tenth chapter, but he continued to use Mela as far as the 206th page, and the Chorographia up to the 208th; his use of it can be traced by quotations from authors whom Pliny does not name. The excerptor intended to arrange the whole of the essential facts of Pliny's vast compilation in a topographical framework; but here, too, he fails to carry his programme through—nothing is reproduced that lies between the eleventh book, which treats of foreign trees, and the last, which treats of gems.

COMMODIAN.

In the poetry of the period we find the first sign of the complete breakdown of the language; Commodianus, a Christian poet of Gaza, wrote copiously in hexameters which are neither grammatically nor metrically correct. He is full of expressions like *nuntia*, neuter plural for "news;" *milia*, feminine singular for "a thousand." His metre is more eccentric still; it would be paying him a very exaggerated compliment to say that he writes in accentual hexameters. Often enough he gives a line where a modern ear misses little or nothing, like—

Ob ea perdoctus ignaros instruo multos.
Rex Apolion erit cum ipsis nomine dirus.

But what are we to make of

Curiositas docti invenit nomen in isto;

or even

Inscia quod perit pergens deos quærere vanos?

There are two poems which have reached us under his name—one a series of acrostics, called "Instructiones;" the second a "Carmen Apologeticum," which clearly dates from the time when the Gothic invasion in which Decius perished was impending. The author expects that Antichrist will presently appear, and identifies him both with Nero and the Man from the East; and exhorts all mankind to repent, since the end of the world and judgment are at hand. Both the metre and the spirit rise higher in the "Carmen Apologeticum" than in the "Instructiones," where the writer is depressed both by the cumbrousness of his acrostics and also by his position as a penitent, which made it his duty *volutari sacco*, which is the beginning of an hexameter. This we learn from an address to the penitents, as one of many classes in the community, to each of whom one of the acrostics in the second part of the "Instructiones" is addressed: the first is addressed to pagans and Jews, and is full of the hackneyed ridicule of the mythological deities.

It is curious that he should have lived before Terentianus Maurus, a writer of the age of Diocletian, who played in his old age with a metrical exposition of the doctrine of syllables and metres, and, having read few but recent poets, quoted them with the greater satisfaction because of their metrical correctness.

His two heroes are Alfius Avitus, who wrote three books upon Excellent Things and Persons in pure dimeter iambics, and Septimius Serenus, who wrote pretty little books about country life in pretty little metres.

NEMESIANUS.

Time has relieved us of the "Antoninias" of the elder Gordian, which was doubtless yet more ponderous than the "Pu-

nica" of Silius. It has spared another Vergilian echo in a large fragment of M. Aurelius Olympius Nemesianus, who flourished under Carinus and Numerianus, the immediate predecessors of Diocletian, and who writes very much as a contemporary of Statius or the panegyrist of Piso might have written, except that one can trace the degradation of the language a little further. He wrote on hunting, fishing, and navigation; won all the prizes for poetry, and had no superior except Numerian himself, who wrote upon all his subjects. For his own period Nemesianus is a good writer, flowing and copious, and not lacking elevation and ease. He is less ingenious than earlier writers, and also less intricate. Nothing has reached us but 325 lines of the treatise on hunting, and about a hundred of these are introduction. Fourteen go to explain that he must write poetry, and that upon an original subject; for Gratus was probably forgotten, and therefore, if he wrote on hunting, his steps would be upon untrodden moss: the Aonian sting has set his bosom boiling; the lord of Castaly plies his pupil with new cups from the fountain, yokes the bard, and holds him in with trappings of ivy-berries. Then come thirty lines of mythological themes, which Nemesianus will not treat because they have been treated already; they have been treated by really great poets—a sign that we are in the third century instead of the first, for then even a Manilius could afford to be impatient of his predecessors. It takes fifteen lines to explain that Nemesianus takes up hunting as the easiest subject to essay his powers; as he puts it himself:¹ "It seems well to let such a care fan the canvas, while the little bark, wont to move close to the shore and skim safe bays with its oars, now spreads its sails for the first time to the south wind, and leaves the trusty port, and ventures to brave the storms of Hadria." We learn, by the way, that hedgehogs and ichneumons and wild-cats are game, as well as hares and deer, and wolves and foxes. And then, when his powers are mature, Nemesianus, like Statius, will rise to the highest of all themes—the glory of his patrons, the imperial brethren who, in peace and war, surpass the majesty

¹ Nem. "Cyneg." 58 sqq.

of their divine father. After twenty lines of invocation to Apollo and the wood-nymphs and Diana, at last we are permitted to come to business, and are instructed in the breeding of dogs. Henceforward we are reminded of the "Georgics," especially, perhaps, in the direction how to choose which puppies out of a litter are to be reared, by a double test, that the heaviest will be the most valuable, and that the mother will save the best if the grass is fired round them. After a little discussion of different breeds, and a good many rules for keeping the kennels healthy and breaking the young dogs, we have a poetical list of the best kinds of horses, and a very perfunctory list of the mechanical paraphernalia of sport.

Here the fragment stops. The rules for the sportsman's own behavior in the field, and for his management of his dogs, with the poet's observation on the different habits of different breeds, were to follow, with, no doubt, some information about the haunts and ways of game of various kinds. It is noticeable that mythology is banished after the introduction, while Grattius clings to every fragment of tradition. Nemesianus is not to blame for using *devotio* in the modern sense of "devotion," instead of the "classical" sense of "imprecation." It is a graver fault that a reminiscence of Vergil's *penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos* makes him write *divisa Britannia*, which has hardly a sense of its own; and *emeritæ laudem virtutis amare*, as an object of aspiration to puppies, is a solecism, though it sounds like an echo of Vergil.

SAMMONICUS.

An earlier work, which has less pretensions, is perhaps more satisfactory. Serenus Sammonicus, whose father was put to death, A.D. 212, by Caracalla, was himself a favorite author of Alexander Severus. He wrote a collection of medical receipts in hexameters, which are quite clear, and free from all faults of taste, prosody, or syntax. The imitation of the "Georgics" is obvious here also, but it does not extend to the poetry. The author's chief sources are Pliny and Dioscorides. His object is to provide the public with cheap receipts which they can apply for themselves without the help

of a doctor. Apparently it was intended to treat diseases in order, with reference to the part affected, beginning with the head; but this is not carried through: we have a prescription for worms before prescriptions for failures of sight and hearing. The writer is sceptical of the virtue of many of his receipts. For instance, he protests against many of the portentous words which are usual in fever; no doubt because he was of opinion that noisy incantations were likely to do harm, for he gives directions for making the well-known amulet of Abracadabra, to be worn as a protection against the peculiarly dangerous semi-tertian fever, for wearing gibberish can do no harm. In the same way he recommends emeralds to be worn with coral, if any one thinks it worth while to wear coral as a charm. If too feverish to sleep, it is not uncommon to paint a charm on paper, burn it, and drink the ashes in warm water. Sammonicus himself recommends a high pillow, a decoction of cypress, and, lastly, rose-water with poppies steeped in it, to be taken in olive-oil. No wounded sinew ever heals properly, but it is a good thing to apply pounded earth-worms. Pains in the sinews which make them smart till they stiffen are to be treated with embrocations—almost any will do: vulture-fat and rue, wax, hot sea-water, Carian figs with beet and honey, flour steeped in wine with cypress-leaves. Sudden stiffening of the limbs, so that they cannot be straightened, may be cured by eating pigeon's flesh. He concludes his treatise with a description of the famous antidote of Mithridates, which was found, according to him, among the papers of the vanquished monarch by Pompeius, who thought the antidote too cheap to be valuable. It consisted of twenty leaves of rue, a little salt, a couple of walnuts, a couple of figs—all steeped in a little wine, and was probably intended to strengthen the stomach, so that it would throw off poison without taking it into the system. Of the many descriptions of this fabulous remedy, Sammonicus's comes nearest to Pliny's; but as Pliny mentions dry nuts, and Sammonicus walnuts, perhaps they copied from the same source. Milk and betony, in wine, seem to be the chief specifics to be taken after poison: goat's milk is good to be taken after hen-

bane. If ivy juice be strained into a cup, any poison that may be poured into it will be harmless. A decoction of ivy juice and anise-seed in wine is also recommended as one of several preparations which are likely to heal wounds which have turned to sloughing sores. If a wart bursts and bleeds, the bleeding may be stopped by the ashes of wool that has been dyed with shell-purple: of course the shell-purple is the real styptic, but Sammonicus writes for those who cannot get the dye except by burning wool dyed with it.

DIONYSIUS CATO.

Another work of the same period, which had an enormous success in the middle ages, was the four books of moral aphorisms of Dionysius Cato, who has been, apparently, extensively edited by Christian copyists, who have left out and inserted as suited them. Still the old foundation is visible. The writer deals chiefly in negative prudence: he wishes to train his pupil to safe, cautious self-possession, rather than to any transcendental achievement, intellectual or moral. The writer gives us his measure in the fifty-six aphorisms addressed to his son, by way of preface to the first book. His son is to pray to God, pay his way, keep his property, lend money, mind whom he lends it to, sit at few feasts and be silent there, give courtesans a wide berth, and bear love cheerfully.

There is little method in the succession of the distichs. Their structure is a little curious. The two hexameters perhaps represent the elegiacs of Greek gnomic poets: the structure of the lines themselves is rather like that of leonine hexameters, as one or both lines can be divided into two clauses, which balance each other more or less exactly. Here is a specimen:

Contra verbosos noli contendere verbis;
Sermo datur cunctis, animi sapientia paucis.

Here is another:

Qui simulat verbis, nec corde est fidus amicus:
Tu quoque fac simules, sic ars deluditur arte—

which is tolerably unscrupulous for a moral writer. The conception of "virtue" has almost entirely disappeared; the only

trace of the Stoic teaching which is still recognizable is that, if the spirit of man be a god within, we ought to venerate it accordingly; the only trace of the old physical culture is the recommendation to play with the hoop and not with dice. Instead of the old practice of "lucubration," we have a recommendation always to be awake most of our time, since long repose supplies nourishment to vices. Taciturnity is the quality upon which the author insists oftenest, except, perhaps, self-knowledge and equity, never condemning others at the risk of being condemned one's self. There are few rules for getting money, many for saving it, and still more for reconciling ourselves to the loss of it. The device for getting which he seems to trust the most is throwing a sprat to catch a whale. On the other hand, it is a bad thing to marry a wife for her dower, because she cannot be got rid of if she is troublesome. The old Roman misogyny appears for the most part in a mitigated form. A wife is not to be trusted when she complains of servants; she only does it because you are fond of them. But if she is a good manager she may expect you to put up with her tongue. Temperance is recommended more than once on the ground of health, and once at least industry is recommended on the same ground that indolence wears away the body when the mind is unstrung. The author is frugal in religion: he would have the calf grow up to plough, and propitiate the deity (to whom blood is an offence) with frankincense. Perhaps the dislike to blood savors of an approximation to Christianity, and this is quite of a piece with the writer's evident horror of divination in all forms: he objects to it not merely because it multiplies anxiety to no good purpose, but because of the presumption of prying into the ways of Heaven. It is part of prudence with him to anticipate the worst, as well as to calculate the consequences of actions.

CHAPTER V.

AUGUSTAN HISTORIES.

IF we wish to measure the whole extent of the intellectual decadence accomplished in the course of the third century, we need only compare the Augustan history with Suetonius, and the comparison is the more instructive because the Augustan history was to a considerable extent an official work. Napoleon wished to provide for an official history of France by subsidizing an official continuation of Velly, in order to discourage writers who might have taken a revolutionary or reactionary view of the past. In the same way Diocletian and Constantine seem to have thought it would be a good thing to have an authorized continuation of Suetonius. From Nerva to Heliogabalus the work was actually done, but from the point of view of an emperor who respected himself and his office it was done badly. Marius Maximus, a man who had been in high office all his life (his career culminated under Alexander Severus), had written the lives of the emperors; but he had been immensely long, he had been very discursive, he had gone so far into all legendary questions, whether genealogical or topographical, that he was classed not with the pure "historians," but with "the mythical historians." His abbreviators are fond of observing upon his verbosity; and yet it appears that he did not aim at fine writing, for he is classed with Suetonius among writers who tried to give facts simply, and contrasted with eloquent writers like Livy, Quintus Curtius, and Pompeius Trogus. What he seems to have aimed at was a complete collection of all kinds of details, credible or incredible, embracing everything from the earliest origin of an emperor's family to all the measures of his reign, all the omens that foretold his empire and the loss

of it; all his personal habits, all his vices, all his friends: the whole being copiously illustrated by extracts from official documents and private correspondence, and ornamented here and there with more or less imaginary speeches, for speeches addressed to the army were not put on record like those of the senate, where the reporters went into so much detail that it was known exactly how often the senate shouted in chorus on a change of emperors.

But Marius Maximus was not merely lengthy and frivolous, he was also, from one point of view, incomplete: he confined himself to reigning emperors who had really governed the Roman world with some legitimate title; he did not give a satisfactory account of the numerous pretenders who for a shorter or longer time held an army or a province, nor of the members of reigning dynasties who never got beyond a more or less titular rank. It was a nice question sometimes whether a pretender had ever assumed imperial rank, or whether a particular member of a reigning house had ever received the title of Augustus; but, upon the whole, the safest rule was to insert everybody, for the benefit of emperors who were curious about their predecessors, and liked to be able to turn to the appropriate article in a chronological series of biographies. Sometimes the compiler felt that there was not room for a whole book about insignificant persons like the younger Maximin, or the two elder Gordians; but even when two or more emperors were put together in a book, each still had his own division.

After Marius Maximus, the compilers had no satisfactory material. There was a Junius Cordus, who had the ambition of continuing Marius Maximus; but he was even more frivolous than his predecessor, and does not seem to have paid so much attention to serious history; besides, he did not give a complete account of every emperor, though he had been careful to pick out the obscure ones. He appears to be the chief authority for the life of Albinus, the competitor of Severus; he is not quoted before; he continues to be quoted down to the end of the dynasty of the Gordians. After this compilers had to depend upon the Greeks, whose activity in compiling

more or less fabulous histories of recent events continued through the third century, quite unabated by the criticisms of Lucian and Herodian. Hence, when a serious writer like Flavius Vopiscus was asked to undertake a life of Aurelian by his friend Tiberianus, a man of high rank, the only resources Tiberianus could place at his disposal were official documents and Greek books.

The work of compilation proved tedious: this is proved by the insertion of non-official works in what was meant to be an official compilation, and by the length of time which the work was upon hand. It only amounts to two moderate volumes of the Teubner series—at least this is all that is left of it, and there is no evidence that there ever was much more: it is quite clear, also, that the different works comprised in it were composed at intervals through a space variously estimated at from twenty-five to thirty-two years. The latest editor, H. Peter, relying on tolerably satisfactory internal evidence, places the lives of Hadrian, the elder Ælius Verus, Didius, Severus, and Niger by Ælius Spartianus, the life of the Pretender Avidius Cassius by Vulcacius Gallicanus, and those of Antoninus Pius and his two adopted sons by Julius Capitolinus, and that of Macrinus, who seized the empire on the death of Caracalla, between A.D. 292 and 305, marking Hadrian and Antoninus Pius as doubtful. Between 303 and 305 Trebellius Pollio, the most careless of all, had written the lives of the Philips, the Decii, the two Valerians, and the two Gallieni, and the thirty tyrants (as those officials were called who, during the paralysis of the central government, held the revenues of their provinces on their own account for a longer or shorter period), and also Claudius, the first of the Illyrian emperors who restored the empire.

The life of Aurelian mentions that Constantius was emperor, and what Diocletian used to say when he was once more in private life. Soon after Vopiscus wrote on Tacitus and Florianus, the successors of Aurelian, and then on Probus, whom he idealizes probably in honor of Constantine, who admired him; and, as he speaks of a civil war, it is natural to think of that of Maxentius in A.D. 312.

After this Vopiscus wrote on three or four insignificant pretenders under Carus, Carinus, and Numerius, and declined to go further, because Claudius Eusthenius, the secretary of Diocletian, had written the lives of that emperor and his three colleagues each in a separate book; and even when an emperor had been deified, it was not wholly safe to write about him.

Constantine, who had a great admiration for the name of Antoninus, insisted that Ælius Lampridius, whom it is hard to distinguish certainly from Ælius Spartianus, should write the life of Heliogabalus as late as A.D. 324, for he speaks of following up the lives of Claudius, Aurelian, and Diocletian, with Licinius, Severus, Alexander, and Maxentius, "whose power," he tells Constantine, "has come into your hands." Now Licinius was not finally overthrown till A.D. 323. The defeat of Licinius is mentioned also in the thirty-fourth chapter of Julius Capitolinus on the Gordians, and the works of the same author on Maximus and Balbinus are probably of the same period.

Spartianus was at work at the same time on the two sons of Severus. He had begun with the intention of treating all the emperors, great and small, legitimate or illegitimate, from the accession of Nerva to that of Diocletian at any rate; and, as he is much the best of the six writers whose remains are huddled together, it is curious that we have only fragments of him supplemented by their inferior work, if he ever carried out his intention. One is inclined to suspect that the continuation of Suetonius proved a more thankless task than he anticipated; he was probably an official of the imperial chancery in a subordinate position, who found he was equally unlikely to be rewarded or pressed to complete his work. The same may perhaps be said of Julius Capitolinus, who seems originally to have intended a complete work upon the whole series of emperors who bore the title of Antoninus, though with respect to the only two who honored it, and to Verus, who, in the judgment of contemporaries, did nothing to disgrace it, he was forestalled by Spartianus.

As for Vopiscus, he seems to have done as much as he in-

tended, possibly because he was his own master, or at least only wrote for Roman patrons, for the life of Probus is dedicated to one Celerinus, if we may trust the conjecture of Salmاسius, while those of the four pretenders of the reign of Aurelian are dedicated to Bassus. In his case it is a little puzzling that, writing as early as A.D. 305, he should quote from memory his father's report of Diocletian's conviction, expressed when he had abdicated, that an emperor might be good, careful, most excellent, he was sure to be sold: a coterie of four or five would always be able to hoodwink him by acting in concert. Perhaps, when the author was enumerating the series of emperors from Augustus downwards, he stopped short designedly at Diocletian and Maximian; for a writer under Constantine could not feel safe in deciding which of those who came after were emperors and which were "tyrants."

Whether we are dealing with a collection or a selection, it is certain that it is incomplete: the life of Valerian is a fragment in our MS.; the lives of the Philips and the Decii have disappeared altogether; so have the lives of Nerva and Trajan, if they were ever written; the MS. title makes the work extend "A Divo Hadriano usque Numerianum." The oldest MS. certainly speaks of excerpts from the work of Spartianus on the emperors, but then it introduces him as writing on Vulcacius Gallicanus and Avidius Cassius, so that we are as likely to have the ignorant conjecture of a mediæval scribe as that scribe's ignorant report of an ancient tradition.

Taking all the six, or five, authors together, one is more inclined, upon the whole, to be grateful to their entire good faith than to be vexed at their clumsiness. They have none of the partiality of Tacitus, or even of Suetonius. They do not quarrel with the emperor for being emperor. They have no sympathy with the malicious reports of the capital. Flavius Vopiscus is quite astonished at his own independence when he quotes Diocletian against Aurelian. He is puzzled that there have been so few good emperors that, as a buffoon said on the stage in the time of Claudius, one ring on one finger would hold them all. He only reckons ten from Augustus to

Diocletian and Maximian, counting Aurelian, and he has a simple explanation of why there are so few. Valerian and the Decii were excellent, though unlucky; but in general an emperor can do what he pleases, commands the world, has roguish friends, detestable hangers-on, greedy eunuchs, stupid or wicked courtiers. All this is disputable, it seems—no one can deny that the public business is not understood. There were many who would not set Aurelian with the good emperors or the bad. He wanted clemency, which is the foremost endowment an emperor ought to have. For this reason Asclepiodotus, whoever he was, left it on record that Diocletian used often to tell his prætorian prefect that Aurelian was fitter for a general than an emperor. The same Asclepiodotus is quoted for a saying of Diocletian, vouched for by his privy-councillor Celerinus—to whom the life of Probus was dedicated (?)—that Aurelian had been guilty of consulting the Celtic Druidesses, or "Dryads," as to whether the empire would continue in his family. The author is entirely satisfied with the story that the Druidesses foretold that no name in the republic should be more glorious than that of the descendants of his predecessor Claudius, and adds, "There is the Emperor Constantius already, a man of the same blood, and I think his descendants will come to the glory foretold by the Druidesses." This would rather lead one to believe that Vopiscus was writing under Constantine, whose fine family might seem to be heirs of the promise. One cannot be sure that he was so accurate as to avoid saying "there is the Emperor Constantius" when he was speaking of a dead man; whereas, if he wrote while Constantine had rivals, he might have refused to commit himself by speaking of the Emperor Constantine.

One would naturally have expected that the passage analyzed would have formed the peroration of the life of Aurelian, but instead we have a long appendix on his achievements in civil administration. He founded a perpetual revenue for the city of Rome, secured upon Egyptian glass, paper, flax and tow, and fancy cloaks. He prepared to erect hot-air baths for winter use in the region beyond the Tiber, because the supply of cold water was short there. He began the founda-

tion of a market under his own name in the region of Ostia by the sea, and a set of public offices has been established there since. He gave his friends moderate fortunes, so that they should escape both want and envy. He had no garment all of silk in his own wardrobe, and would not grant it to any. When his wife asked him for one cloak of spun silk he refused it, saying it was a shame for threads to sell for their weight in gold. He was of opinion that gilding of all kinds was vicious, and made gold scarce, though there was more gold in the world than silver. The author hardly marks the inconsistency of the emperor in relaxing sumptuary restrictions on the use of gold and silver. We may make out for ourselves, if we please, that the new uses of the precious metals which he sanctioned did not ultimately interfere with their being melted down for their proper purpose as coin; gold vessels and cups, silver mountings for carriages, were available; gilding on ceilings and gold brocades were not. The same justification hardly extends to his permission to all matrons who could afford it, to wear garments woven of silk dyed with cochineal, when hitherto they had been confined to home-dyed silk, and blush color was thought a great stretch. Apparently it was a piece of real liberalism, for he economized in the gifts of cloaks of honor to the soldiery, only granting garments with from one to five stripes of purple, while his predecessors had granted more costly self-colors. On the other hand, the soldiers were permitted to invest for themselves in gold buckles, instead of being confined to silver.

He valued himself on his measures for supplying the Roman people with cheap food. He even wished, so Vopiscus thinks, to found a cheap, though not a gratuitous, supply of wine. A gratuitous supply, his prefect told him, would have involved a gratuitous supply of geese and poultry. Then we learn that he did not like living in the palace, and made a drive a mile long in the gardens of Sallust, and when he was at Rome used to tire himself and his horses, though he had weak health, which he thought best remedied by going without food.

He was a hard master to his slaves, and often sent them

for trial before the public courts. Again the writer does not see the inconsistency of trying to revive the old fashion of letting matrons try the members of their own order *in camera*.

The author omits to describe one of the greatest works of Aurelian—the fortification of Rome. We are only told that he enlarged the walls without enlarging the pomerium. He is excusably vague with reference to his victories over the Goths, and his abandonment of Dacia, which is put on the ground that its troops and population were required for the provinces to the south of the Danube, which had been desolated by the Goths.

Nor does Vopiscus explain the personal history of his hero, about whom he evidently differs from his employer. He records at intervals that, according to some accounts, he ordered the execution of his sister's son; according to others, of his sister's daughter; according to others, of both, without deciding between his authorities; and when he sums up the reasons for his assassination he falls back upon the story of the sister's daughter, as if he had never mentioned another. It is equally characteristic that he wavers between the official story of the assassination being the contrivance of a perfidious secretary, and vague hints that Aurelian was the victim of the unpopularity which he had accumulated during a harsh and bloody, though efficient, administration. So, too, he declines to tell us what the revolt of the treasurer Felicissimus was about, for he must have had some other pretext than his own defalcations. He declines to explain, in the life of Aurelian, the arrangement in the senate whereby Tacitus was chosen for his successor.

On the other hand, he gives all sorts of interesting official details: the arrogant speech which Aurelian made to Valerian upon his first high promotion; the list of the troops, sufficiently miscellaneous, placed under his command; the provision made from the treasury to enable him to meet the expenses of his consulship. Theoclius is quoted for his personal prowess in the Sarmatian war, where he killed forty-eight men with his own hand in a day, and over nine hundred and fifty

before all was over. Theoclius, who was a Greek, inserted the songs of Aurelian's soldiers at his triumph, just as they stood in Latin, in his history.

Vopiscus is very much afraid that these details, especially the letter of Valerian on the cost of Aurelian's consulship, are frivolous; but they are choice contributions to history. Perhaps the most valuable of all, if we could trust the substitution of one emendation for another by the most recent editor, would be the information that a Roman general had "liegemen" in the middle of the third century—men bound by one oath with him.¹ After Aurelian had received the decoration due to his achievements, with promise of promotion to the consulship, the emperor, it seems, gave a hint to Ulpius Crinitus, a descendant of the family of Trajan, and a rich man, who was then commandant of the Illyrian frontier, to adopt Aurelian, who had no fortune of his own; but the official record said nothing of this. On the contrary, it recorded with great pomp the satisfaction Ulpius had in following the illustrious precedents of Nerva, his own great namesake, and the elder Antoninus. There is the same love of official pomp in the account of what followed Aurelian's death. We have at length the official letter of the army and the official panegyric of Tacitus. So, too, in the account of the affairs of the East we have what purports to be the letter of Aurelian summoning Zenobia to surrender, and the haughty answer dictated by Longinus, which, as the story is put in Vopiscus, cost him his life.

One of the points which Vopiscus illustrates at greatest length is the consultation of the Sibylline books which Aurelian ordered. He gives the official report of the speech of the senator who voted first, and the letter of Aurelian, who expressed himself scandalized that the senate should hesitate "as if they were deliberating in a church of the Christians

¹ The word is "*conjuratores*," which used to stand for conspirators, substituted for *canterios*. The question is whether Aurelian boasts of spending his liegeman or his geldings in the public service. The passage is quoted from the ninth book of the "Acts of Valerian," published by Acholius, the "master of admissions," or, as we should say, lord chamberlain.

instead of a temple of the gods." The reason he is so full upon the point is, that the Marcomanni had invaded Italy in force and fought a battle at Placentia, which was very like a Roman defeat.

Callicrates, of Tyre, seems to be the chief authority for the early omens of his greatness. His mother was a priestess of the sun; his father a silly, viewy man, whom his wife had a fine way of scolding whenever he was sillier than usual. She used to say, "What a father for an emperor!" which afterwards passed for a prophecy. When Aurelian was a baby there was always a serpent coiled round his footpan, and nobody could kill it, and his mother cut up the purple cloak an emperor had offered in the temple to make his swaddling-clothes. An eagle flew away with him and carried him by his waistband, and laid him down safe on an altar where there was no fire alight. A calf was born in his mother's herd, white, with purplish spots, which on one side looked like a crown and on the other like "AVE." All this is comparatively serious; but Vopiscus objects to a story of roses which had the scent of common roses, a golden color, and yet were purple. When he entered Antioch in a carriage because he could hardly sit a horse, a purple cloth spread in his honor fell on his shoulders, etc., etc.

The life of Aurelian has been analyzed at length because it is an unusually favorable specimen of what is and what is not to be found in the Augustan histories. In spite of his strong interest in Tacitus, Vopiscus does not know whether he died of disease or was assassinated by the soldiery, though he had read an elaborate life by Suetonius Optatianus, whence we learn that he gave the people of Ostia a hundred columns of Numidian marble, twenty-three feet high; and that his one personal extravagance was unmeasured indulgence in lettuces—cost what they would, he thought sleep cheap at the price. The original research of Vopiscus was confined to the formalities of the accession, for as there was some doubt whether Tacitus, who went away till the senate was unanimous, came back to sign the decree for his own appointment, he looked up the original document in the ivory tablets

of the Ulpian Library, where all the acts of the senate on the accession of new emperors were preserved.

The life of Probus is simply a windy and meagre panegyric; and there is nothing of general interest in the three lives that follow it.

Decidedly the most piquant of the other lives is that of Avidius Cassius, by Vulcarius Gallicanus; but it is much less certainly authentic. It is full of what purport to be letters by Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus and Faustina, and by Avidius Cassius himself; but these are all open to more or less grave suspicion. The letters between Aurelius and Verus are doubtful because, contrary to all other authorities, Verus is represented as the son instead of the brother of Aurelius. This is not quite decisive, because Aurelius was the son-in-law and adopted son of the elder Antoninus, and Verus was the son-in-law and adopted brother of the younger, and might, for all we know, have passed for son by courtesy. The objection to the letters of Faustina and Aurelius is, that they make the latter go through Italy on his way from the Danube to Syria without visiting Rome, which is not in itself impossible, but all the details of his severities and intended reforms have a certain suspicion of Greek rhetoric about them. Besides, the word *præsides* is used indiscriminately for governors of provinces; while it is clear that for official purposes, at any rate, the distinction between "proconsuls" and "proprætors" was not obsolete. So, too, Marcus Aurelius is made to write of a "tyrant" in the sense of a usurper. What makes the matter more suspicious is, that Trebellius Pollio, in his fragmentary life of Valerian, gives us several letters to the King of Persia from his vassals, which, if genuine, must all have been composed by Greek sophists. Space would fail to prove how coins and inscriptions testify against Pollio's account of his thirty tyrants.

Ælius Lampridius, a better writer, gives a very confused account of the jealousy of Commodus, which made him sacrifice one minister after another, compared with Herodian, who, however, is more reticent. In general, the majority of the writers of Augustan history huddle notes from different

sources together without criticism. The only point they endeavor to form a real judgment on is the moral and political worth of the different emperors, and here they are not without insight. For instance, Capitolinus observes, after recounting all the proofs of the virtue of M. Aurelius, that he wanted the simplicity of the elder Antoninus and of the two voluptuous Veri. His virtue prepossession has imposed upon posterity, but evidently it did not impose upon contemporaries.

Upon the whole, the Augustan histories are more valuable for manners and customs than for political history. We learn what an emperor used to have for dinner, and what a rare dainty a pheasant was in the days of a thrifty emperor like Alexander Severus; and how the Roman army was gradually broken up into detachments; and how the senators distributed their acclamations in mechanical salvos, repeating the same thing ten or twenty times; and how repeatedly the accumulations of the palace were sold to supply the necessities of the state.

As for style, it is null rather than bad. Ælius Spartianus at his best might be mistaken, perhaps, for the worst parts of Suetonius. The sentences are rudely, often vaguely, terse or ambiguous; there is no attempt at fine writing, very little solecism, but a degenerate vocabulary, infected partly by the intrusion of foreign words, partly by the substitution of compound coined words for simple ones which had been forgotten, which is one of the worst signs of the degeneracy of a language.

PART IX.

THE REVIVAL OF THE EMPIRE.

CHAPTER I.

RHETORICIANS.

THE Augustan histories are decidedly an unfavorable specimen of their period: they do not show fairly of what Latin writers were capable when the military organization of the empire had been restored by the great Illyrian rulers who succeeded Gallienus, and the civil organization had been transformed by Diocletian. The whole period, from the accession of Diocletian, A.D. 280 to 411, when the barbarians had Rome for the first time at their mercy, was a period of restoration. The empire was burdened beyond its strength by the administrative machinery; rich men had the choice of taking their chance of being plundered by the administration, or taking their chance among the administrators, in which case they would be safe from being plundered unless they were executed. The middle class, who were represented by the richer members of the municipal corporations, ran less risk, but were more heavily burdened in proportion to their resources. But, heavily burdened as the resources of the empire were, it was possible throughout this period to apply them, so far as they were disposable, for the permanent improvement of the state of men. Even the disaster of Valens did not materially affect culture for the time being: the Illyrian frontier was never established again; the barbarians were never driven out of the empire; the country between the Danube and Thessalonica was probably improv-

erished beyond recovery; but it had never contributed very much to the wealth of the rest of the empire.

Even when we make allowance for the activity of the jurists, the fourth century was much more fruitful, in a literary sense, than the third, even if we leave out, for the moment, the great speculative movement of Christian theology, and also make allowance for the fact that its literature is much better preserved. We do not know that Servius or Donatus were much superior to other grammarians who flourished before them; but when education passed into the hands of the clergy, they naturally handed on the set of school-books they found in their hands; and as this happened throughout the West in the course of the fifth century (the clergy being the only surviving representatives of the literary class), of course the books they found in their hands were in the main works of the fourth century. By a somewhat similar accident Vegetius, the author of a handbook of the art of war, has reached us, while Frontinus's work on the same subject is lost.

These writers belong to the latter part of the period. The first sign of the revival showed itself among the rhetoricians, and it showed itself on the largest scale among the Christians: the works of Arnobius and Lactantius are decidedly superior to those of the so-called panegyrists, who composed solemn harangues in honor of most emperors from Maximian to Theodosius the Elder.

ARNOBIUS.

Arnobius, whose full name is unknown to us, though St. Jerome has preserved some facts of his life, is the earliest instance of an obscurantist convert. He was a successful rhetorician, and wrote against Christianity; on his conversion he had to prove his sincerity by writing against heathenism. His attitude is curiously unlike that of Minucius Felix, or even Tertullian and St. Cyprian, though the situation to which he addresses himself is substantially the same. The heathen are always complaining that the Christians bring ill-luck to the world, and the reason is that the gods are offended at the decline of piety. Arnobius makes the old replies: the

gods of the heathen are devils who trade upon the homage paid to dead men;¹ gods who were such as their worshippers think they believe would be displeased by the heathen worship, which is offensive to any spiritual intelligence, both by the ceremonies prescribed and by the legends implied therein;² for Arnobius is on his guard against the obvious reply that polytheism was not responsible for the poets. As to the fact that the world was unfortunate, natural misfortunes—famine and pestilence—had been felt quite as severely before Christianity came into the world, while civil misfortunes—war, violence, fraud, open and secret murder—are both directly and indirectly mitigated by Christianity, which diminishes the amount of evil to be borne and makes it easier to bear it.³ Of course there is the ordinary argument, that the Pagans as well as the Christians acknowledged and worshipped one supreme Deity.⁴ As Christianity made this worship far purer and more prominent, it obviously could not be said that Christianity was destructive of piety; in fact, no worship which ignored the supreme Deity, as most Pagan worship did, could deserve the name of piety. The suppression of worship of the inferior deities was the real cause of scandal; but then how do the heathen know that their inferior deities are better than devils who have led men captive from their true Lord?

But here comes the peculiarity of the position of Arnobius: he puts the supreme Deity at as great a distance from the actual world as a Pagan or a Gnostic or a Neo-Platonist. Indeed, he makes the distance greater than the Neo-Platonists, who, if they were unwilling to bring the world of matter into close connection with him, recognized him as the Father and Fountain of the spirits of men: Arnobius, on the contrary, thinks that the human soul, with its liability to suffering and error, was quite unworthy to be the direct work of the Highest, to say nothing of being a portion of his substance.⁵ He obviously, without knowing it, is half-way to being a Gnostic. He imagines no antagonism between the

¹ Arnob. i. 37; vi. 6.² Ib. v. 16, 20.³ Ib. i. 3-6.⁴ Ib. i. 34.⁵ Ib. ii. 36.

brilliant creative spirit, one of the brightest and highest in the court above, and the supreme God; but, on the other hand, the only relation between the Most High and man seems to be that he has revealed the way of salvation for the soul, and meanwhile carries on the government of the world by the inferior deities whom he employed to make it.

This Gnostic way of thinking, which must have held its ground within the Church, is not carried very far in Arnobius, because his strong sense of the incompetence of reason disinclines him to discuss the origin of evil, or any other speculative difficulty of theism: his one concern is individual salvation. The soul, he is more than inclined to hold, is of its own nature mortal, as it is fallible and passible, and only attains immortality by grace.¹ Here he comes into collision with Neo-Platonism, which professed to promise as high a spirituality as Christianity to the small section of the educated classes who cared for it, while explaining and respecting the religious traditions of the majority. And his criticism is interesting.² He admits that culture is on the side of his opponents: they know the "Fornix" of Lucilius and the "Marsyas" of Pomponius by heart, which are a sure safeguard against solecisms; they know how to state the question for every case that could come into court; they know the difference between species and genus, between contraries and opposites. On the strength of all this they imagine they know the difference between falsehood and truth, between the possible and the impossible, between the highest and the lowest; and, all the while, in matters of natural history they are at sea, and have nothing to go upon but contradictory conjectures: they cannot even tell why no fluid will mix with oil, or why some hairs turn white on the same head before others, or even why the mind, which they hold to be divine and immortal, waxes sickly in the sick, and is dull in children, and in the weariness of old age babbles crazily at random. And then these ignorant philosophers actually laugh at Christians for being believers, as if it were possible to carry

¹ Arnob. ii. 14.² Ib. ii. 6.

on the business of life without belief. (Arnobius does not distinguish at this stage between belief founded on authority and belief founded on experience.)

As for the philosophers themselves, they believe, after all, on the word of Plato or Porphyry or Pythagoras, who do not agree among themselves, and not one of them had power to charm away so much as a wart or a boil. True enough, they are laudable for integrity of morals, and accomplished in all manner of study and learning: it is known that they speak in the daintiest words, and fit them to flow most smoothly; that they shut up their syllogisms very sharply, arrange their inductions orderly, assign due formulas to every definition; that they are masters of partition and division, have much to say on the kinds of numbers, and on music, and have their rules and ordinances for the explanation of matters of geometry; but what is all this to the purpose? Are enthymemes or syllogisms, pray, any security for their knowing the truth? Are they worthy for that to be believed perforce upon matters full of obscurity? In comparing persons we ought to weigh, not the power of their eloquence, but the virtue of their works.¹

Obviously Arnobius holds, like Professor Jowett, that logic is another form of rhetoric: not on transcendental grounds, but simply because it was part of a rhetorician's training to be familiar with logical forms. His idea of a good authority is one who can show divine works as a security for the truth of what he professes. He is surprised at the blindness of his opponents in wilfully shutting their eyes to the facts that the chariots of fire and horses of fire of Simon Magus vanished at the word of St. Peter,² so that the false gods in whom Simon trusted were compelled to let him fall to the ground; after which the unfortunate man tried to fly, at Brundisium, and finally broke his neck. All which at the time, says Arnobius, made numerous converts at Rome, although the persecution of Nero was raging. The conversion of all the world, and even of many men of letters and philosophers, is a miracle of itself which ought to convince the most in-

¹ Arnob. ii. 11.

² Ib. ii. 12.

credulous.¹ Besides, though Plato² made the mistake of believing that the soul was immortal, even he taught that sinful souls were tormented in hell, though he did not know of the cruel spirits who carried them to torment. There is a good deal of ingenuity in the argument that, if the soul were absolutely mortal or immortal, philosophy would become unmeaning; for philosophy, as he understands it, includes a laborious and costly repression of appetites which of themselves are stronger than the aspirations with which they compete. If the soul is immortal, and in its own nature purely spiritual, and all sin and error are due to its connection with the body, why should not the desires of the body be indulged, so long as the body is importunate? If the soul is mortal, and dies with the body, why should it be cultivated at the expense of the body? One sees that thought has travelled far since the days of Sallust, when an unscrupulous, accomplished man could still take his own aspirations seriously, while regulating his practical conduct by his resentments and his interests.

In another way we can trace the decline of wholesome natural sentiment which so often either prepares or accompanies the acceptance of a higher standard at second-hand. The last words that have come to us from Arnobius are an angry protest against the universal dominion of Rome—a city towering over the world, and founded for the ruin of the human race. This comes in oddly at the end of a tirade against the Pagan theory of local partial deities that could favor one nation at the expense of another, and be propitiated by having their images moved from city to city; and at last the crime of the aggrandizement of Rome is fastened upon Cybele, because she was the most important deity transferred to Rome by that simple process. Of course it is quite reasonable to apply against the Pagans their own ideal of pure, passionless benevolence; but, upon the whole, St. Augustine is more prudent when he admits that the Romans were a chosen people in the temporal order, as the Israelites were in the spiritual—chosen for their merits, as the Israelites were not.

¹ Arnob. i. 5; ii. 12.

² Ib. ii. 14.

The style is almost as fluctuating as the structure of the argument. Arnobius, like Lactantius, has been called the Christian Cicero, and there is a certain fitness in the title: all through his seven books he seems to be perorating, or trying to perorate, and he is not unlike Cicero when Cicero is most vehement and most wordy. Arnobius's imitation succeeds best in stringing together scornful interrogations, interrupted here and there with scornful exclamations; for instance, he spends a page¹ upon showing how shameful it is that, if the gods are to be worshipped with wine, the worshipper should stipulate that they are only to claim the wine actually used in the service; and upon the larger question, whether wine ought to be used at all in worship, he is equally copious and equally uninformative. Occasionally there are intervals of what is intended for quiet and sustained disquisition, and here Arnobius does not shine. He is always overloaded and ungraceful; he encumbers himself with his own redundancies, and is generally too impetuous to get forward; but when he is trying to be calm he is tedious and monotonous, partly by reason of his excessive anxiety to vary his cadences: the proportion of long words chosen for their sound is overwhelming; no noun is allowed to appear without an adjective, and verbs are often imprisoned between doubled participles. It is difficult to make our way through a tangle of ablatives absolute, especially when there are two of the same number and gender, and the nouns and participles are scattered over the whole length of the clause in accordance with the supposed requirements of euphony, which seldom or never permits an adjective and substantive to stand together; and even when Arnobius means to write gravely and simply, he seldom resists for more than a page the temptation to put three synonymous words for the sake of a climax where one would do. He sometimes repeats a paragraph in two slightly varied forms—though, as we have substantially only one MS., it is difficult to say whether the blame rests in any manner on the copyist, who may have made a medley of two different texts. Sometimes he reminds

¹ Arnob. vii. 31.

us of Apuleius. We come on five or six nicely assorted adjectives and substantives; sometimes the studied cadences are not infelicitous; but, upon the whole, the artist of the decline fails less egregiously when he tries to copy the large, simple work of the prime than when he tries to copy the subtle work of the later master.

LACTANTIUS.

Far better, and saner both in style and temper, are the works of Lactantius Firmianus, whose other names, according to most MSS., were Lucius Cælius, or Cæcilius, who wrote his great work during the height of the Diocletian (or rather Galerian) persecution. St. Jerome assures us repeatedly that he was a pupil of Arnobius: it is clear from his own writings that he was educated in Africa, where Arnobius flourished. He was invited to Nicomedia by Diocletian as a professor of Latin rhetoric, and in that capacity he was a failure. Nicomedia was a Greek city, and the residence of the court did not do much to Latinize it; there was little business in the forum, and Lactantius was not employed in it; he had not many pupils, and was in constant want until Constantine employed him in his old age as a teacher to his son Crispus.

Naturally he was disgusted with his profession, and saw its hollowness, though he was not ungrateful to it, as he had trained his eloquence for the exposition of truth by the discussion of imaginary law-cases.

In his youth he wrote a "Symposium," or poem in hexameters, on his journey from Africa to Nicomedia, and a book entitled "Grammaticus," and perhaps a copy of verses in elegiacs on the phoenix, in which the latest form of the legend is set forth: The phoenix lays his own funeral pyre, and the heat of pairing-time lights it; the result is a worm which turns into an egg, which turns into a phoenix, which flies away with the ashes of its predecessor. The poem does not discard mythology, but the feeling of immortal life out of death may fairly be taken for a sign of sympathy with Christianity.

His earliest undoubted work which has reached us is Christian, but still reserved in the expression of doctrine. Its title

is "De Opificio Dei," and its object is a criticism at once of the Epicurean and Stoic doctrines of creation. He wishes to carry teleology just far enough to prove a wise and mighty and beneficent Creator, and to prove that it breaks down soon enough to prove that he is incomprehensible. The writer follows Aristotle and Varro in extolling the mechanism of the human body, and declines to be baffled by the Epicurean and sceptical argument from the helplessness of human infancy. He asks whether his opponents would like to change with dumb animals because they can stand alone sooner than babies, and hints that babies are better off than birds, which have to be born twice over, first in the egg and then as fledglings, and suggests that the hen which has to hatch them without eating goes through more than a human mother. As for physiology, he supposes that he knows the use of the two great cavities—one holds air and nourishes the soul, the other holds food and nourishes the muscles. He has plenty to say in praise of the intestinal canal, which holds the food long enough and not too long; and triumphs over philosophical ignorance of the purposes of the liver and the spleen, and the "globe of the heart," and "the most bitter liquor of the gall." About the spleen philosophers are ignorant still, but the liver is one of the best-known organs, and every physiologist who likes may smile at the suggestion that its primary function is to be the seat of love, as the primary function of the "globe of the heart" is to be the seat of fear.

A pendant to the treatise "De Opificio Dei" is the treatise "De Ira Dei," which is a criticism of the current doctrines of Providence, as the earlier work is a criticism of the current doctrines of creation. It corresponds to the doctrine of "a moral governor" in the eighteenth-century apologetic. His thesis is, that the Epicureans are wrong in holding that the Deity is purely indifferent to human affairs, and that the Stoics are wrong in holding that he is a being of pure benevolence: in either case men would have no motive to fear God, which is inseparable from the essence of religion. The author keeps to the divine working, and does not seriously discuss the divine nature, so that we do not know how he would have

met the classical scholastic dictum, "Affectus in Deo denotat effectum."

The treatise "De Ira Dei" contains references to Lactantius's great work, the seven books of "Divine Institutions," and is therefore later; it is addressed to Donatus, to whom another work, "De Mortibus Persecutorum," was addressed by Cæcilius, who is still thought to be rightly identified with Lactantius, who, according to St. Jerome, wrote "De Persecutione." The "Divine Institutions" seem to be dedicated to Demetrianus, like the "De Opificio Dei."

The chief ideas of the work are "wisdom" and "religion," which are in fact inseparable: the simple feel the need of religion, the educated of wisdom; and if they attain to either they attain to both. In the first book he attacks polytheism; in the second he explains its origin; in the third he gives his criticism of heathen philosophy; in the fourth he gives his theory of true knowledge; in the fifth, his theory of virtue. Both are made to depend upon true religion, and this is illustrated by the contrast between Christians and heathens. The subject of virtue is continued in the sixth book, where he explains that charity to others is the chief part of the service of God, and explains the defects of the Stoic and Peripatetic theories of virtue. In the last book we have the doctrine of the blessed life, that is, according to Lactantius, a doctrine of future rewards and punishments; the world was made for man in six days, and it will last six ages, which, according to the best chronologies accessible to Lactantius, had at most two hundred years to run;¹ at the end of the six thousand years came the downfall of Rome and the reign of Antichrist. Unlike Arnobius, Lactantius regards the downfall of Rome as an unmixed calamity,² though it is to be followed by the millennial reign, in which God dwells among the righteous who have part in the first resurrection, in the holy city on earth. Then comes the loosing of the devil, and everything else which crude interpreters have been led to expect from the Book of Revelation. The author is throughout quite as dependent upon the Sibyl as upon the prophets of the Old

¹ Lact. "Div. Inst." vii. 16.

² Ib. vii. 15, 25.

Testament. He constantly takes the attitude of an enlightened moderator between the dogmatist and the sceptic: he holds that Socrates and the New Academy have finally disposed of the theory that philosophy is a body of independent knowledge, while the Stoics have disposed of the doctrine of opinion upon which the Academy was anxious to fall back.¹ It is equally absurd to hold that men can know all things, which is the portion of God, and that they can know nothing, which is the portion of beasts: the rational position is that man, who has a celestial soul in a terrestrial body, is capable of a real, though a partial, knowledge, though this is only to be obtained by revelation. Revelation, according to Lactantius, is to be authenticated rather by prophecy than by miracles;² and this shows his general mind towards argument: he is quite willing to admit that all the stories of oracles and prodigies which are embalmed in the classical histories are true, only this serves to confirm the history of the fall of the angels in Genesis. All false religions originate with the celestial or terrestrial demons: the celestial demons are the angels who were appointed to guard mankind from the devil, and saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and the terrestrial demons are their sons;³ and between them they are the authors of all the mischief in the world, and gratify their depraved appetites under cover of the worship paid to the images of false gods, who were nothing but deified kings—an explanation which steadily gained in plausibility up to the time of Diocletian, the last emperor who was solemnly deified. Of course all the immoralities of mythology are set down to the charge of these deified kings, of whom Jupiter was the first. Here again it is remarkable how closely the author adheres to classical tradition: he seriously believes the legend of the golden age, when Justice dwelt among men.⁴ The accession of Jupiter drove her away, because Jupiter was the first to introduce false worship, which is the essence of injustice; till the days of Jupiter men served God rightly in abstaining from all outward service except kindness to one another. It is an old observation that the Christianity of Lactantius is very

¹ Lact. "Div. Inst." iii. 4. ² Ib. v. 13, 19. ³ Ib. ii. 15. ⁴ Ib. v. 6.

rudimentary: he insists repeatedly on the fear of falling into torment among the angels, and says little or nothing about the doctrine of the sacraments, which perhaps may be intentional.

The most penetrating part of the book is the criticism of philosophy, which he regards as defective because it has no reference to the fear of God or a future life. He singles out for rebuke the famous saying of Anaxagoras, that he was born to behold the sun and the face of heaven.¹ The contrast is really typical. Anaxagoras gives full expression to the ideal of philosophy as a life lived for its own sake, and Lactantius insists that it is selfish precisely because it is disinterested, and does not subordinate life to duty and to a higher end (for Lactantius, like many others, cannot resolve the conception of duty into anything but an external rule and a motive for obeying it), and the Stoical ideal, though less openly egotistic, still found the chief good in the self-consciousness of the wise man at every moment. As for the civic virtue of the ancient world, Lactantius makes exactly the same objection² which all modern advocates of Christianity used to make until the charitable foundations of the age of Trajan and his successors were understood, that pagan civilization was apt to forget the value of provision for the weak and suffering, which, in the judgment of Lactantius, was the most essential part of virtue and the remedy for the sins of the flesh, which it is scarcely practicable to avoid. He is in agreement, upon the whole, with the tradition of philosophy, that the whole system of public amusements was wrong:³ he protests especially against the competitions in eloquence and poetry, which were still apparently in sufficient vigor to be a temptation.

He reasserts his superiority in the theory of the passions.⁴ According to the Peripatetics, the important thing was to keep them within due limits; according to the Stoics, they were to be suppressed altogether; according to Lactantius, they were to be rightly directed—it is impossible, if we love and fear and hate aright, to love or fear or hate too strongly. Lactantius even reaches the observation that the intellect is enlight-

¹ Lact. "Div. Inst." iii. 9. ² Ib. vi. 16. ³ Ib. vi. 18, 20. ⁴ Ib. vi. 15, 16.

ened by rightly directed feeling;¹ of course he does no justice to the old opposition between the higher intellectual nature and the lower passionate animal nature.

His criticism of philosophy is of course inadequate. He regards Cicero as the greatest master of it; if Cicero did not know a thing, it is beyond the reach of the unassisted human intellect. He knows Plato, but only second-hand, and he does not seem to know any Peripatetic author but Aristotle, whom also he knows at second-hand, and Seneca is to him the one representative of Stoicism. In fact, his culture is purely Latin; the only Greek writer he knows well is the "Sibyl." His Latin culture, too, is limited: he knows Cicero and Vergil, and the authors to whom they introduce him. Even Cicero he does not know intelligently; the distinction between his oratorical and philosophical style seems to escape Lactantius, who constantly speaks of "perorating," though, to do him justice, it is the last thing he thinks of doing. For a book to be read, his "Institutions" are eloquent; for a series of speeches they would be decidedly tame. They have less oratorical movement than the apologies of Tertullian or of St. Cyprian, still less have they the clumsy rhetorical gait of Arnobius, who, if we may trust St. Jerome, was successful as a pleader, while Lactantius was hardly successful as a rhetorician.

There is much less power than ferocity in the treatise "De Mortibus Persecutorum," though the passion is strong enough to have roused a suspicion that the author is declaiming without regard to facts. Yet, by a curious irony of history, his book has come to be one of our chief authorities for the eventful period between the abdication of Diocletian and the overthrow of Maxentius; for the Christian historians would not write freely of the secular history of their persecutors, and Christian scholars refused to hand on the pagan histories that were written. The date of the work, about 314, is fixed by the entry of Licinius into Nicomedia to publish the edict of Milan, in the middle of June, A.D. 313. It begins with assuring Donatus, a confessor who had been six years in prison, that his prayers are heard; the Church is rising again, for

¹ Lact. "Div. Inst." vi. 17. Cogitatio nihil aliud quam mentis agitatio.

princes have been raised up to cancel the wicked commands of tyrants. Besides this work, if it be his, Lactantius wrote two books on some unknown subject to Asclepiades, and four books of letters to Probus, and two to Severus, and two to Demetrianus, to whom he dedicated the work "De Opificio Dei." In these last, and perhaps in the treatise to Asclepiades, the author shocked St. Jerome by affirming that the Spirit was not a separate hypostasis; but in general his correspondence was lengthy, and handled religious topics only incidentally, both which circumstances we know from a letter of St. Damasus, who found them equally objectionable.

THE PANEGRISTS.

The Christian rhetoricians are connected in one way or another with Africa. The pagan rhetoricians, who continue after such a long interval the work of the younger Pliny, are almost all in one way or another connected with Gaul, which, throughout the fourth century, was the most important province of the empire from a military and administrative point of view. Perhaps we a little overrate the importance and representative character of the Gallic or quasi-Gallic panegyrists, who have reached us simply because they were at the pains to write out and publish their speeches, for most of the occasions on which they were delivered were celebrated by many other orators in many other cities. An emperor who visited a great city expected to hear his praises from its orators. Every five years the festival of his accession was kept, and this was always a proper occasion for a speech, whether he was present or not. Lastly, the birthday of the city of Rome came every year, and this was an occasion for speeches, though perhaps less indispensable than the festivals of emperors. Still, it is worth observing that towards the end of this period Symmachus, the famous prefect of the city under Theodosius and Honorius, wrote a letter asking for a Gallic rhetorician to train his son, because he himself had been trained by an old man from the Garumna, doubtless a member of the school of Bordeaux, whose traditions were celebrated by Ausonius. Besides, the eloquence of Latium, which Symmachus was anxious not to

disparage, was an old and hackneyed thing, which those who had the knack went through mechanically, to receive the conventional plaudits of connoisseurs. It would have been a shocking thing if Rome had been without distinguished orators or distinguished ballet-dancers; perhaps the reputation was of the same kind. In Gaul the audience, at any rate, was fresh, and helped the speaker to take himself seriously. Gaul, in the time of Maximian, was, to compare small things with great, in something the state which the Roman world was in the time of Augustus: it was settling down after an exhausting crisis; the struggle with Carausius recalls the struggle with Antonius, the revolt of the Bagaudæ recalls the revolt of Spartacus and the Servile wars of Sicily: both owed their temporary success to the intolerable condition of the country laborers. The wars of the pretenders which went on during the reigns of Gallienus and Claudius, till at last Tetricus entreated Aurelian to deliver him from the tyranny of his own army, remind us of the civil wars of the last century of the Republic; and, lastly, the frontier was constantly threatened, as the frontier of Italy had been till the limit of the Danube was established by the victories of Drusus and Tiberius.

Juvenal knew of no occasion for literary display beyond the games at Lyons; but in the era of Constantine there were public schools at Autun, which had been suppressed during the troubles, and were restored by the favor of Constantine; and Autun was by no means a solitary instance. It was probably every way inferior to Trèves, the capital of Maximian and Valentinian.

The two earliest speeches are addressed to Maximian: they are generally ascribed to an older Mamertinus, because the Mamertinus who was made consul by Julian is described as the younger. The first is in honor of the birthday of Rome, and alludes to the intention of subduing Carausius. The author is curiously frank in speculating upon Maximian's ignorance, which was sufficiently notorious; but one might have expected that an orator, speaking in an emperor's presence, would either avoid topics that the emperor could not understand, or give him credit for understanding them, if he had

not skill enough to tell the story in such a way as to convey the knowledge he assumed his hearers to possess. The speech dates from A.D. 289, and is comparatively short and simple. The second is much more curious: it dates from 293, or earlier, as Maximian and Diocletian were still sole emperors, and the author has much to say of their felicity and their "piety," a curious topic in the case of Maximian, who, by all accounts, was at all times ferocious. He confines himself to these topics in the main because he, like other orators whom he admires, has celebrated Maximian's military merits (the only real merits he had) in another speech. It is doubtful whether we can identify this with the speech of A.D. 289. There the author does not confine himself exclusively to Maximian's military merits, and has not quite as wide a range of particles as we find in the second speech, the author of which credits the emperor with ability to follow his historical allusions. He exhibits his *gaucherie* in another way: he had spoken before the emperor once, and made a vow that his majesty should *deign to hear* him again (literally, "hear him with the same dignation," graciously thinking the speaker worthy of the theme); consequently the public expected to hear him when the five years' festival came round; but, as Maximian could not hear him, the public could not hear him either; and the author gravely explains that he seizes the opportunity of the emperor's birthday to make amends to both for the delay, which he does not the least regret, but the contrary, as his speech for the fifth anniversary of the emperor will come in just as well for the tenth.

There is no clew to the nationality of either of these speakers, if they are to be regarded as two, except that neither was in the strictest sense a Roman. We know more of Eumenius, who was the grandson of a Greek rhetorician who settled at Autun. He himself had not been in the habit of speaking in public, but had confined himself to his duties as a professor. He had wished himself to retire into the country, but Constantius had employed him as tutor to Constantine, an office for which Eumenius, who felt a little past work, would have preferred to recommend his son. The employment, however,

naturally required a man of assured reputation, and Eumenius had to content himself with launching his son as advocate of the exchequer, while he employed the magnificent pension he received from Constantius to endow the schools of Autun, which the emperor graciously permitted to be restored. The rhetorician naturally took advantage of his liberality to deliver his first public oration in 296, soon after Constantius had reconquered Britain. It was addressed nominally to the president of Gallia Lugdunensis. Another was addressed to Constantine, who was visiting Trèves, and was still expected to stand through speeches in his honor, for which reason Eumenius probably kept his speech as short as he meant to in delivery, though the speech, as we read it, is unmercifully long. Apparently he had delivered a speech in honor of Maximian, which did not interfere with a very enthusiastic speech in honor of Constantine, addressed to him on the birthday of Rome, soon after the execution of Maximian, A.D. 310, which is politely treated as a suicide, the effect of remorse, though just before he taunts the poor old emperor with having allowed himself to be taken alive and the like. The speech has a practical object, and in this it succeeded. Constantine did pay a visit to Autun, and allowed the city to take the new title, soon to be dropped, of Flavia Augusta, and, what was more important, reduced the taxation considerably, by lowering the assessment from 42,000 taxable units to 27,000. Of course he was rewarded by a speech of thanksgiving, in which Eumenius acknowledged the duty of celebrating the everlasting fifth anniversary, although it was then happily over.

It is curious that Eumenius, who was a mere schoolman, should, upon the whole, show more tact and taste than contemporaries or successors, who were famous in the forum. Perhaps the constant familiarity with text-books, which preserved some echo of the tradition of better days, may have kept him out of some pitfalls.

A harmless and colorless writer, whose name has perished, wrote a speech to congratulate Constantine on his marriage with Maximian's daughter in 307. The speech is interesting because it shows how completely Constantine was identified

with his father-in-law, whom Rome is made to apostrophize to deliver her from the unworthy hands into which she had fallen since his enforced abdication.

The author is more or less a pagan, like Eumenius and another anonymous writer who used to be identified with Nazarius, who congratulated Constantine on his victory over Maxentius, won in spite of the warnings of the haruspices. He himself is rather sceptical; he does not know whether fate is to blame for evil, or whether the gods are too much engaged with other things to be able to prevent it. It is probably a personal tribute to Constantine¹ when the author says that the sun is the god by whose gifts we both live and see.

The other anonymous panegyrist perhaps comes nearer to being a theist, but he still thinks it safe to say "your deity," as now we might say "your majesty." He is perhaps the simplest of all the panegyrists, because he has an exciting and manageable story to tell, and he is disposed to apologize for what he takes for rhetorical flights. He insists that he is not a Roman, perhaps because Maxentius insisted that he was the one genuine Roman emperor, inasmuch as he, and he alone, lived at Rome.

Nazarius, a professor of Bordeaux, spoke himself on this campaign, as we learn from a speech delivered eight years later to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of Constantine's accession, and the fifth anniversary of the admission of his son to rank as Cæsar. If we could trust the text, Nazarius had delivered two speeches on successive days, and in the first he had handled the campaign against Maxentius, but it is not inadmissible to read *pridem*, "some time before," instead of *pridie*, "the day before." In that case the anonymous speech might not impossibly be the speech of Nazarius, for there is no reason why a rhetorician should not acquire a new manner in eight years. The undoubted speech of Nazarius, who, according to St. Jerome's chronicle, reached the height of his reputation about five years later, is certainly more ornate than its predecessors, and rather more stately in cadences; be-

¹ His devotion to the sun appears on his coins after he saw "the sign of the sun," which he afterwards thought converted him to Christianity.

sides, the vocabulary abounds in verbal substantives, many coined for the occasion, and in semi-poetical phrases which are of the kind we might expect from a rhetorician who had lately been reading Tacitus. The speech is singularly unreal; it is addressed throughout to Constantine, though he is absent.

There is more actuality in the last two speeches in the collection. One is addressed to Julian in 361 by Claudius Mamertinus, to thank him for his consulship, and the other by Latinus Pacatus Drepanius to Theodosius the Great, to thank him for delivering Gaul from the usurper Maximus. Mamertinus is obviously anxious to rival the independence of Pliny; like him, he assumes to be the chosen colleague of a patriot prince who is just closing an era of oppression and opening a new golden age to mankind. The parallel is not very exact: instead of being the colleague of the emperor, Mamertinus was the colleague of the barbarian Nevitta, whose nomination gave great offence, the rather that Julian had satirized his uncle Constantine for conferring the consulship on a barbarian whose rank and services both stood higher; and seven years after his consulship Mamertinus came to be deposed from office and tried for peculation. Even apart from the sequel, the speech is abundantly grotesque. The author takes immortal god to witness—he takes his pure conscience to witness, which he reveres as a god—that if Constantius, who was dead, or, as the author puts it, deified, were still alive, the Romans should see with what a steady spirit he would defend Julian against that emperor's flatterers, who had denounced the hero solely on account of the virtues which ought to have been pledges of permanent friendship. In the same spirit the author dilates on the great goodness of the emperor in giving unasked the consulship which he had hankered after all his life. He recounts with natural exultation the ceremonious way in which Julian did honor to the first magistrates of what had been a republic (other observers thought Julian's behavior a piece of childish antiquarianism in a monarch). He actually assures us, apropos of the emperor's official salutation, *Ave consul amplissime*, that he is, and means to be, quite

as well as was to be expected in the enjoyment of the favor of such an illustrious emperor as Julian, and felt that his "grandeur" was entirely unalloyed. Though he intends to spare the memory of Constantius, he emphasizes the fact that he brought the barbarians into Gaul to embarrass Magnentius, which rather lessens Julian's glory in driving them out. He succeeds better in bringing out the immense boon which an emperor with simple tastes was to the provincials. Julian kept no court, and he did not care about building, and so he was able to make largesses to the communities, and at the same time to remit taxes all along the road to Constantinople.

It is curious to find the same praise given to Theodosius, whom most historians represent as one of the most luxurious of the emperors. The praise of Drepanius¹ is not pitched so high; perhaps we may suppose that the habits of Theodosius on a campaign were a real contrast to the parvenu luxury of Maximus. Of course it is an embarrassing question why, if it was a glorious achievement to put down Maximus, he was allowed to enjoy his usurpation so long. Drepanius can only dilate on his madness in presuming on the forbearance of the emperor. The picture of the misgovernment of Maximus is not very characteristic; he is accused of the kind of things of which every ruler of the fourth century, except Julian, was accused when unpopular—of living upon confiscations, treating wealth as a crime, and trafficking in the marriage of heiresses—perhaps the oldest of all the incidents of feudalism. The only special trait is that he was more dependent upon his army, and had shocked a large body of opinion by putting some Priscillianists to death. Of this Drepanius speaks just as a modern writer might speak of persecution: he has not the least suspicion that the Priscillianists were heretics, and that Maximus had set an example which every orthodox emperor would have to follow.

¹ Drepanius came to Rome to offer his speech of congratulation. He belonged, like Nazarius, to the circle of Ausonius, who dedicates two of his lighter works to him. He was a native of the canton of which Aginnum (Agen) was the capital, and doubtless formed himself in the rhetorical school of Bordeaux, though he was not a professor there. He never rose higher in the public service than proconsul.

But, after all, there is little to choose between any of these writers; even their mannerisms are not really distinctive. They all make it their business to multiply ingenious exclamations at as many acts as they can of the emperor panegyricized; they all have the same grotesque affectation of patronizing independence as if they were the organs of public approbation, which doubtless springs in part from genuine public spirit, though it provokes a smile even in the younger Pliny. And the younger Pliny always preserves his self-respect; like every Roman senator of the first century, he could fall back upon the natural pride of traditional gentility, while it is difficult to think that any of his successors had any self-respect to preserve.

CHAPTER II.

THE HISTORIANS.

THE rhetorical activity of the time, imitative as it is, gives us an outside measure of its intellectual activity. It was barren in poetry till the age of Theodosius; it was barren in history till the age of Theodosius; it was barren even in compilations till we come to the second half of the fourth century, and then it is true that we have plenty which are good of their kind.

Three at least of the works of this period have come to be among the first Latin books put into the hands of schoolboys, and this shows that they are simple enough in style to be tolerably correct.

SEXTUS AURELIUS VICTOR.

The two most important of the compilers belonged at once to the literary class and the official hierarchy. Sextus Aurelius Victor, who wrote under Constantius, was the son of an insignificant father who was not over-learned, and owed the distinction of his own life to his studies. He was one of the few who did credit to the patronage of Julian, who sent for him on his way to Constantinople and appointed him "consular" of part of Pannonia. He wrote a short history of the empire to the death of Constantius, whom he mentions in the latter part of his work as *noster princeps*; his tone is commendably cool and impartial; he has no affectation of homage or independence, and closes his work without an intimation that the sequel requires higher inspiration than his. The work is clear and sober, and one can hardly draw any inference personal to the writer from the emphasis which he gives to prodigies. From Suetonius to Marius Maximus, perhaps from Marius Maximus to the compilers of the Augustan

History, the importance given to this part of life went on growing, and the conversion of the emperors and of the Greek-speaking parts of the empire naturally gave it for the time the more importance. Every one who clung to the old ways or disliked the new had an interest in knowing and believing as much as he could of tales which went to prove that inscrutable superhuman powers had given their sanction to the old religion of Rome.

His work was so popular from the first that it was felt it had to be completed in the fifth century. It had been bound up with a contemporary work, "*De Viris Illustribus*," which is a sort of biographical history of the regal and republican period, including several foreign notabilities, down to Cleopatra, whose lives were part of Roman history. The work begins with Proculus, the father of Numitor and Amulius. The principal sources seem to be Cornelius Nepos, Suetonius, and Florus. The author had not read Livy for himself. The MSS. incorporate a work of the fifth or sixth century, by a certain Victor of Africa, on the origin of the Roman nation, which is full of a parade of citations from works which the compiler had assuredly never read.

An epitome of the work on the Cæsars was drawn up a century later, and carried down to the death of Theodosius the Great; apparently the epitomist had some independent knowledge of the period before the death of Constantius.

EUTROPIUS.

Eutropius, who was an "Italian sophist," according to Suidas, followed Julian in his eastern campaign, which he calls a war against the Parthians, and may very well be identified with the Eutropius who was proconsul of Asia in A.D. 371, and, having escaped an accusation of conspiracy, attained the dignity of prætorian prefect from 380 to 387. His history covers the period from the foundation of the city to the death of Jovian, and it is dedicated to Valens, with a concluding observation that the reigns of such illustrious princes as the present rulers deserve a more extended record, which he hopes hereafter to supply with greater diligence than could be ex-

pected at the end of a mere compendium. Through the republican period Eutropius follows Livy, whom he knows at first hand, pretty closely, and represents him not inaccurately. Afterwards he takes Suetonius and the Augustan History for his guides, without apparently using Herodian or the numerous more or less trustworthy writers who wrote in Greek of the history of the emperors of the second and third centuries. He was translated into Greek himself by a certain Capito, a Lycian, and thus helped to suppress most of the books which he had not read.

Short as the compendium of Eutropius was, it was apparently too long for Valens, who commissioned a certain Sextus Rufus, of whom we know nothing else, to write a still shorter abridgment, which is too meagre to be readable. He, too, though aware that he is incapable of fine writing, and too old to do his best, expresses a hope that he will be able to celebrate the glories of his patron, whom in his dedication he calls an emperor better than good.

AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS.

Still, the period had one considerable historian whose ambition and natural intelligence are decidedly above the average of Roman historians. If he does not rise to the eminence of Cæsar and Livy and Tacitus, he is almost in substance the peer of Sallust. But Sallust's style, though affected, is admirable; that of Ammianus Marcellinus is, upon the whole, abominable: it leaves the impression that he might have been an eloquent writer if he had been able to write Latin, and that he might have learned to write Latin if he had not insisted on writing eloquently.

He took to literature late in life, for he started with a high rank in the household troops when he was sent to Antioch with Ursicinus in A.D. 353, and his work was probably not completed till after A.D. 395. He speaks of Theodosius as "a most excellent emperor, as he afterwards proved," which seems to imply he was dead when he wrote; but it is certain that all books up to the twenty-second must have been written before A.D. 391, which is the accepted date of the sack

of the Serapeum, for in the twenty-second book the author writes as if the Serapeum were standing.

Ammianus was a Greek of Antioch, and served through the Persian campaign of Julian, as well as the different expeditions to which Ursicinus was appointed, and from which he was recalled. After the death of Julian, A.D. 363, he accompanied the retreat of Jovian as far as Antioch, and was still there in A.D. 371, when the conspiracy of Theodorus was put down, and this is the last point at which we can trace him by his own writings. It is tempting to identify him with the Marcellinus whom we find in high office at Rome in A.D. 383, to whom two laws in the "Theodosian Code" are addressed. At any rate, we know that he settled in Rome and wrote his history there, and even recited it in periodical instalments with so much applause that Libanius could congratulate the author on what he heard of his success. One cannot make much of this testimony, as we know that Ammianus was disgusted with the high society of Rome—very likely he would have been a greater man at Antioch. Libanius's compliments sound as if he meant to make his friend contented. Rome is more like heaven than earth; you might be glad to live there if you only listened to other men, and you have actually an audience of your own. Besides, Libanius wished to think that Ammianus was doing his native city credit, both by his own reputation and by his report of its worthies.

He had the boldness to measure himself with Tacitus by continuing him. His work extended from the accession of Nerva to the death of Valens in 387. The first thirteen books have been lost, and the fourteenth begins abruptly with the tyranny of Gallus in Antioch in A.D. 353, so that eighteen books are devoted to the events of twenty-six years, while nearly ten times as many were crowded into thirteen.¹

¹ Hugo Michael (in a pamphlet published by Maruschke & Berendt, Breslau, 1880) argues that the 31 or 32 books (assuming that one has been lost between 30 and 31) deal exclusively with the events of Ammianus's own life, on the ground that, with the digressions referred to, the years from the death of Constantine would fill thirteen books, and that in the period after Constantine we have reference from one digression to another instead of repetitions; while the remarks on Egypt seem to repeat what

He is as independent in temper as Tacitus, but he is not in revolt against the monarchy, and takes a great deal of severity for granted. Constantius and the elder Valentinian ordered at least as many executions as Tiberius, and yet Valentinian is an excellent emperor on the whole, and there were many worse emperors than Constantius.

Here is a fair specimen of both the author's style and temper: it describes what happened when Procopius, the friend of Julian and his chosen successor, had failed in the rebellion into which he had been frightened. "When the deadliness of war had been rooted out by the fall of the leader, there was wrath upon many sharper than their errors had demanded, or their crimes, and chiefly upon the defenders of Philippopolis, who gave up themselves and the city with a very ill grace, and that not till they saw the head of Procopius, which was being carried to Gaul. Still some had gentler discipline to grace their intercessors: among these Araxius was conspicuous, having in the very glow of the burning-up of the world attained a prefecture, and on the intercession of his son-in-law, Agilo, being visited with insular punishment, in a little while escaped. But Euphrasius and Phronemius also were sent to the western regions and subjected to the judgment of Valentinian, and, while Euphrasius was absolved, Phronemius was deported to Chersonese, being more harshly punished in like case because he was favored by Julian of immortal memory, whose virtues the two imperial brothers depreciated, since they were neither like him nor next to him.

"Upon this came other things more grievous and much more to be feared than aught in battle. For the executioner and the hooks and the bloody tortures without any distinction of age and dignity were let loose through every rank and fortune, and under screen of peace abominable judgments were plied, till all with one consent execrated the ill-

had been said before in the reigns of Trajan and Severus. It would follow that we have the larger half of a work like the *Histories* of Tacitus, while the work corresponding to the *Annals* has been altogether lost.

omened victory more grievous than any war to the death. For while arms clash and trumpets blow the peril is lighter, since all have equal chance, and the power of martial valor either matches what it dared, or unexpected death, if it befall, has no sense of ignominy in it, and brings along the end of life and pain at once. But where right and law forsooth are made a screen to pitiless counsels, and judges are set down bedaubed with paint of sentencing, like a Cassius or a Cato, while that is done which is done at the beck of high-swollen authority, and the balance of life and death was swayed at the lust thereof for such as fall into the snare, there deadly and headlong destruction rolls its round. For as each at such a time, for whatsoever cause he would, hurrying to the palace, and burned up by the greed of plundering other men's goods, though citing one whose innocence was clear, he was received as a faithful retainer of the household, to be enriched by the downfall of others. For the emperor, being quick to hurt, open-eared to accusations, and welcoming the deadly brood of informers, burst out with loosened rein through manifold punishments, not knowing the judgment of Tully, which teaches that such are unhappy as have deemed that to them all things are lawful. This implacability in a cause most unrighteous and a victory yet fouler exposed many who were innocent to tormentors, or bowed them with bent heads under the rack or under the blow of a cruel executioner. They would have chosen, if nature gave leave, to spend ten lives apiece in fight rather than risk their sides torn open when they were clear of every fault; and with every estate groaning over them, to pay the penalty of alleged treason with their bodies torn aforehand with scourges—a doom sadder than any death. Presently, when cruelty had burned out, being overcome of calamity, proscription and exile and other punishments, lighter as some deem, though sharp enough, had to be borne by men of the highest rank; and, to enrich another, one of noble race, and haply worthier of wealth, was driven headlong from his heritage and thrust into exile to wear away with grief or eke out a living by begging alms, and no measure was set to pernicious miseries till

the emperor and his favorites were filled full of riches and slaughter."¹

The writer is trying hard to be eloquent, and it would probably be granted that he is eloquent, at the expense of being tedious and ungrammatical (the translation certainly does not exaggerate his incoherences and redundancies), but he is much more pained than indignant.

He forgets, indeed, that an officer who distinguished himself by his gallantry in storming Cyzicus in the interest of Procopius was allowed to retain his rank as well as his life when the rebellion was put down. He has a horror of Procopius's rebellion simply because it was rebellion, and with the same incoherence he notes in his obituary, both of Valentinian and Valens, that each displayed a most unprincely and unphilosophical greed for the gains of confiscation, while each distinguished himself by his unaffected zeal to keep down taxation, and to restrain provincial governors from undue exaction. In speaking of Valentinian, he adds that he was always glad whenever any judge of his appointment turned out severe, though he abstained from appointing judges for their severity. All these traits might be explained naturally enough by supposing that honesty was generally declining, and that Valentinian and his brother were resolved at any cost to have a cheap and honest government. Ammianus's comment is, that anger is always a proof that due fortitude has been lacking. It is curious that he praises Constantius for his diligence in upholding the "eminence of the imperial buskin," and setting "popularity" at defiance. Evidently it was increasingly difficult to find an emperor with resolution enough to be master, and not care about making things pleasant in his immediate neighborhood at the expense of the state; a kindred merit was that he maintained the regular order of promotion, and never allowed a great officer to become too powerful. It is remarkable that a really independent writer considers such things a real set-off to the ferocious suspicions which made every one insecure, and to the intimacy with eunuchs, who intensified

¹ Amm. "Marc." XXVI. x. 6-14.

the fears which fed their avarice. And this is the explanation of the high value which Ammianus evidently sets upon the imperial chastity of Constantius, Valens, and Valentinian. It has nothing to do with religion, for he remarks that Jovian, who gave the Christians their revenge on Julian, was given to wine and women, without the least attempt to triumph in the inconsistency. The real merit of imperial chastity was that there were no favorites of the most discreditable kind to extort favors or cruelties from their lover and bribes from every one else.

On religion Ammianus gives a very uncertain sound, and one can hardly tell how far he expresses his own sentiments or those which he expected his audience to approve. He is about equally displeased by the superstition of Julian and by the superstition of Constantius. Julian was economical in everything but sacrifices, and on them he wasted time and money as if he had never heard the epigram on Marcus Aurelius—

All we white bulls greet Marcus Cæsar well,
But if he conquer we may go to hell.

On the other hand, Constantius made the "absolute simplicity" of the Christian religion ridiculous by his endless curiosity. So far as Ammianus shows a preference for paganism, it is in connection with the ancestral rites of Rome, and the Roman aristocracy, on the whole, still adhered to what was left of these and regretted what was gone. The wavering attempts of Constantius at the suppression of paganism are marked as signs of his foolish belief that it was possible to make all men think alike; while Valentinian is praised for his perfect toleration. The great fight in the Liberian Basilica between those who supported and those who opposed the election of St. Damasus is used to discredit Christians rather than Christianity. Ammianus is decidedly careless of the details of ecclesiastical controversy: he confounds Didymus and Origen, does not know that St. Athanasius was contending for any doctrine in particular; when he mentions the banishment of St. Liberius, he tells us he provoked the emperor by refusing to concur in the sentence of other

bishops who deposed Athanasius from the jurisdiction which he had stretched beyond its proper limits. The truth is, he seems to be a theist, with no strong view about special forms of worship, except that they ought to be left to individual choice. He is more personally interested in what he takes to be philosophical speculations about the way stars shed souls as flowers shed seeds, and how the sun's heat fills them with prophetic light, since they are sparks from the sun (this is a perverse way of putting the fact that a sudden flow of blood caused by solar heat or otherwise gives temporary clearness to thought), and the mystical values of letters, which were a favorite device of pretenders to occult knowledge. When Valens put Theodorus and many who were and were not his accomplices to death, because a soothsayer had decided that the first four letters of Valens's successor should be Theod, his cruelty was no doubt mistaken, but the art of the soothsayer was not mistaken: the fates really intended to signify that Theodosius was to succeed Valens. So, too, though he ridicules Julian for the multitude of his sacrifices, he relates signs found in the entrails of beasts which were confirmed by the event.

The only alternative which he offers to this irrational seeking after signs is the tradition of experience embodied in philosophy: he seldom dismisses any one whose ambition has involved him in calamity without reminding us of a venerable text which might have saved him if he had known and heeded it. And calamity was never far off: one of the points which Ammianus brings out most clearly is that the higher officials hated one another, and those who pushed their way highest were almost certain to fall farthest.

One curious result of this demoralization is that Ammianus has no abhorrence whatever of treachery; he notices in the most matter-of-fact way that Julian kept Epiphany solemnly after the Christian fashion on the eve of his revolt, in order to make sure of his popularity, some time after he had decided that paganism suited him best. In the same way he applauds Julian for the cleverness with which he arrested the son of a Frankish king and a king of the Alemanni, who

was said to be in confidential correspondence with Constantius at the time of Julian's revolt. It is true that in both cases the persons arrested got off very easily. Vodomarius, the king of the Alemanni, had opportunity afterwards to display his talent for dissimulation as prefect of Phœnice, and even at first was simply sent to Spain without being roughly handled in any way. It is true, too, that Ammianus could not afford to be squeamish: he had been employed himself on the staff of his patron in one of the most questionable of the arrests of Constantius, for the person arrested was in an unusually good position to head a revolt, and Ammianus's patron sympathized enough with him to feel that under the circumstances to cultivate his intimacy for days together was hardly an honorable service. But Ammianus spends little more space on this than on explaining the admirable device of sealed orders which he seems to think was applied for the first time for the apprehension of Vodomarius. It is noteworthy that Vodomarius had defeated two of the reduced legions of the day, with the loss of their commander; and it did not occur to Julian to avenge the defeat openly, or to Vodomarius that after such an achievement it was very hazardous to cross the Rhine. On the contrary, he made a point of dining with the chief of the nearest garrison, and stayed there while the secretary who had the sealed orders went home to his lodgings to consult them. Vodomarius himself was a rogue, for he habitually wrote to Julian as *Augustus*, and his Lord and God to boot, while he was sending despatches to Constantius about "his *Cæsar* who did not know his place."

The account of the way in which Julian seized the empire is instructive as showing how much and how little the author knew of public affairs: the intercepted letters of Vodomarius were published; those of Constantius were left to rumor and conjecture. Julian published respectful letters of remonstrance: Ammianus knew of others which he had not been allowed to see, and would have thought it improper to reproduce if he had seen them.

His enthusiasm for Julian throws little light upon the

measures of his reign, though he treats it at disproportionate length: out of 608 pages of Erfurdt's edition, 320 are devoted to the seven or eight years of his administration as *Cæsar* and emperor, against 208¹ for the fourteen years of Valentinian. And, after all, we only know that he was enterprising and clever and good-natured, hot-tempered, vain, and a little haughty, and that good advice, of which he was patient, kept his hot temper from doing harm. One wonders to find that he was made a hero until one notices that he really had a single eye to the public service: he was so benevolent that it was thought he must be great. His promptitude was, so far as we can gather from Ammianus, his most valuable military quality, and it was not a sufficient provision for a Persian campaign. It is curious that, though Ammianus followed the Persian campaign, he is not a first-hand authority upon it. A minute comparison between his account and that of Zosimus shows not only that the two are connected, but that they both followed a common source, and that it is by no means always Ammianus that reproduces it more correctly. It seems to be ascertained that Zosimus followed Eunapius, who followed Julian's secretary.

It is in his geography that Ammianus is inferior to Zosimus; and yet he makes a considerable parade of it. He opens the account of Julian's campaign in Gaul with an elaborate description of the country, which is tolerably well done, but taken from old writers whom he knew through the compilation of Timagenes, and gives no impression of the actual state of the country beyond an enumeration of the principal cities, with a notice of casual traits like the vigor with which a Gaulish woman can throw about her white arms in a tavern brawl, or the singular aversion which the poorest, especially in Aquitania, showed to going about in rags. Still more curious is the dissertation on Thrace and the coasts of the Black Sea, which is inserted for no intelligible reason, when the author has to mention Julian's arrival at Constantinople, except that

¹ The author explains that in recent history there are two reasons for reticence: one is, that it is unsafe to mention some things; the other, that the press of matter is so great.

the reader might be rather tired of rhetoric on the felicity of Julian, even when it was relieved by stories of his sagacity or vanity. When Maximus, a philosopher, came to see him, he leaped up to meet him from the judgment-seat: when one townsman accused another of treason because he had ordered a purple cloak of silken pall, he ordered the mischief-maker to be presented with a pair of purple leggings, which he was to carry to his enemy to see if a complete imperial outfit could make an emperor. This is given as an instance of the emperor's justice. The principal instance of his injustice is that he always decided in favor of the municipalities against those who claimed exemption on plausible grounds. The author has nothing to say of the justice or injustice of the execution of several suspected partisans of Constantius, but as one of them was prefect of Egypt, and his death made the massacre of George of Cappadocia possible, we are treated to a long description of Egypt, which the author tells us is short compared to the history given under the reigns of Hadrian and Severus. In the same spirit the abortive invasion of Julian is made an excuse for an elaborate description, as bookish as the rest, of the eighteen provinces of the ancient Persian monarchy,¹ which would have been better placed as an introduction to the really important campaigns of Trajan or Galerius, or even Ælius Verus.

All the digressions of Ammianus are not so pedantic or superfluous. It is true that it would have been quite possible to say what had to be said about the merely civic history of Rome, without the brilliant pictures of the corruption of the people and the splendid imbecility of the nobles: but the pictures are brilliant; they are almost as good as Juvenal, better than anything in Claudian. The description of the tyranny of Gallus is also fresh and vivid. He seems to have been a cross between Nero and an abortive Haroun al Ra-

¹ The description of the inhabitants has more originality. The slender figures, dark-pale complexions, goatish eyes, and arched meeting eyebrows are all lifelike, and the union of sobriety in eating and drinking, with a hyperbolical ferocity of demeanor, is a trait which seems to be observed first hand. On the other hand, in the description of the Seres, it is clear the author does not know the difference between silk and cotton.

schid, going about disguised at night, partly out of love of mischief, and partly because he thought it ingenious to act as his own head-spy.

In other ways Ammianus throws light upon the condition of the empire. The number of barbarous names in high office is startling. We learn incidentally that Constantine was the first to open the consulship to barbarians, though he selected more distinguished candidates than Julian, who ridiculed his cousin in this matter. Again, the condition of Isauria in a state of chronic insurrection is described without the least surprise. All the tactics of the mountaineers and the troops which had to keep them in check are clearly described, with the admission that the mountaineers had the best of it while they kept to the mountains, but they could always be blockaded when too troublesome, and so starved into submission, as they could make no fight on the plain. Africa, again, was in a state of tumult all through the reign of Valentinian, being plundered alike by the governor and the barbarians. Yet the writer has no impression that the world is crumbling around him when he praises the buildings of Nicomedia: "it might be taken for part of the eternal city."

The crushing defeat of Valens with which the history closes is only a specimen of the constant inconstancy of fortune. He believes that the invasion of the Goths and their final defeat in Pæonia was prophesied in Greek verses engraved on a stone laid bare when the ancient walls of Chalcedon were pulled down to build a bath at Constantinople. Though he is indignant at the unprofitable treachery of Valens's lieutenants before the Goths had become hostile, he notes with grateful surprise that all the commanders of the troops beyond Taurus happened to be Romans, so that the energy of Julius, the commander-in-chief, could display itself swiftly and wholesomely by a massacre of all the Goths who had already reached their new quarters: the massacre was carried out without a hitch, and the provinces of the East were saved a great risk; and Ammianus tranquilly concludes by exhorting his successors, if he has any, to "sharpen their tongues to a loftier style" to celebrate the reign of Theodosius.

CHAPTER III.

POETS OF THE REVIVAL.

POETRY was the latest fruit of this last revival of the majesty of old Rome, as it was the first fruit of the outburst of national life which accompanied the Punic Wars. There are no works that one can assign with confidence to the days of Diocletian, and it is only the comparative correctness of the versification and the free use of mythology which leads us to put a swarm of little versifiers so early as the beginning of the fourth century. Reposianus wrote of the loves of Mars and Venus, and embodied a description of a wood, which was still, as in the days of Persius, a favorite subject for poetical apprentices. *Tuo* is once a monosyllable, and *gratiosa* must have the first syllable short or else the first two syllables must be scanned together. Pentadius (perhaps the friend of Lactantius, for whom he drew up the epitome of his great work) wrote some pretty elegiac trifles, and we have two school exercises in hexameters, one on the last letter of Dido to Æneas before her suicide, which is remarkable because the refrains, one of which is repeated nine times and the other eleven times, are each divided between two lines; the other on the speech of Achilles in the maidens' bower when he heard the trumpet of Diomed. The theme is well chosen—it is better than the common version that he betrayed himself by his emotion at the sight of arms; but the treatment and versification are tiresome and incorrect.

PUBLILIUS PORPHYRIUS OPTATIANUS.

Even more wearisome is the laborious trifling of Publilius Porphyrius Optatianus, who, if we may trust St. Jerome, was recalled from exile in 331 on the strength of a volume of

complimentary poems addressed to Constantine. There are twenty-six of them, and they are for the most part in hexameters; each line has as many letters as there are lines in the poem, so that each poem is a square, and on the square a pattern is traced by writing some of the letters in red, and by reading along the pattern we make out sentences which look sometimes as if they were, or had been, meant for verses; occasionally the writer condescends to the comparatively easy device of acrostics. The work is accompanied by a complimentary letter of Constantine's, who explains that if poetry is to be judged by its serious meaning there is no room for anything after Homer in Greek and Vergil in Latin, while for amusing ingenuity nobody surpasses Optatianus. There is also a reply of the author, who is grateful to the emperor for reading him. The first poem contains an allusion to his exile, but the prose correspondence does not mention it on either side.

JUVENCUS.

Optatianus was an orthodox Christian, as appears from the sentence we are to make out from the patterns drawn in red over his poem, but Christianity is no part of his inspiration. His contemporary, Vettius Aquilinus Juvencus, a Spanish presbyter of noble family, on the contrary, inspires himself exclusively with the Bible, and is certainly better worth reading than any Latin writer in verse between Hadrian and Constantine. His most famous work was a paraphrase of the Gospel History in about three thousand hexameters, rather arbitrarily divided into four books. He explains in his prologue that poetry is the one immortal thing in this perishable world (he seems to imagine that the final conflagration is at hand), and imagines, as so many writers have imagined since, that in dealing with the highest realities he may hope to produce the highest poetry. In fact, his versification is vigorous and easy, and readers whose taste was formed upon Vergil might without discredit find him pleasanter reading than the styleless Latin versions of the New Testament which preceded the Vulgate. He adheres as closely as possible to the text, and so escapes losing himself in amplifications, and his readers

at the time would not be scandalized at a paraphrase like *summi tonantis* for *Dei*.

Either Juvencus or some of his school undertook a paraphrase of the Old Testament, of which the greater part has only been recovered in the present generation; 165 verses of Genesis were long known and attributed in the MSS. to St. Cyprian, as the complete work on Old Testament history was in a Lorsch MS. of which the table of contents is preserved; the greater part of Genesis was published in 1733 from a Corbey MS., which ascribed it to Juvencus, and the first half of it—there are some 1500 lines in all—is said to be really in his style; the rest is disfigured by an excessive effort after abbreviation. Cardinal Pitra published from a Cambridge and two Laon MSS., all copies of the same original, the whole of Genesis and Exodus, the last nearly 1400 verses, and specimens of Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy, and the whole of Joshua, which only contains 586 lines.

It is noteworthy that, while in the Gospel History the canticles are rendered in hexameters, the canticles in the Pentateuch are turned into lyrical metres. Otherwise the better parts of the paraphrase of the Old Testament resemble the undoubted work of Juvencus, only the author or authors depart further from the original; in Genesis this tendency takes the form of abridgment, in Exodus it takes the form of selection and expansion. The work once included the book of Judges, the books of Kings, Esther, Judith, and the Maccabees; the author or authors used versions older than the Vulgate.

The chief mark of the decay of the language is that the quantity of vowels has become a matter of pure erudition, which Juvencus has not troubled himself to acquire. The vowels which the grammarians had settled were short or long were sounded just alike, and Juvencus scanned them as it suited him; but, as has been said, with this proviso the verses run really well. Two small and spirited copies of verse on Sodom and Nineveh are assigned to the same date, as also a ferocious declamation in which the "Mother of the Maccabees" is made to sacrifice her seven sons, less to their faith than to her glory.

AVIENUS.

The first respectable secular writer in verse is a whole generation later: his name was Rufus Festus Avienus, a descendant of the philosopher Maximus Rufus, who was pro-consul twice, in Africa in A.D. 366, and in Greece 371, before he published his works. We learn this from an inscription in verse addressed to Nortia, the goddess of his native Vulsinii, in which he dilates complacently on his offices, his good character, his numerous children, and his numerous poems. In fact, his complacency supported him through the most voluminous undertakings. He translated the "Aratea" for the third time, trying to be more accurate than Cicero or Germanicus, and to introduce a certain element of mystical learning. He paraphrased the "Periegesis," or tour of Dionysius, in 1394 hexameters, and is said to describe with more spirit than his original; he also described the coasts of the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, and the Caspian in iambic trimeters, and abridged Livy and the "Æneid" in the same metre. Allowing only a hundred lines to a book, the abridgment of Livy would have been one of the longest poems in the world; it has been happily lost, like the abridgment of Vergil and the greater part of the "Description of the Coast of the Sea." Several minor works of the same author are to be found in anthologies. Neither they nor the hymns and inscriptions of St. Damasus, who was pope from A.D. 366 to 384, need detain us. His longest work consisted of twenty-six hexameters on St. Paul, intended as a preface to his epistles.

AUSONIUS.

Decimus Magnus Ausonius is a much more interesting writer. He was the son of a physician settled at Bordeaux: he himself was a tolerable rhetorician, and according to his own account one of the first grammarians of his day, and without a superior in Gaul. This led to his being employed by the elder Valentinian to educate his sons, and, once established in the royal household, his promotion was rapid. He was appointed prætorian prefect for Gaul, Italy, and

Africa, and was made senior consul in 379, which was still an enviable honor. His book of epigrams has three dedications—one to Theodosius the emperor, one to Syagrius, whose descendant was the last representative of Roman authority in Gaul, and one to the younger Drepanius. The epigrams themselves are an imitation of the worst parts of Martial, his servility and obscenity, and of the duller parts of the anthology—inscriptions on statues and the like. One notices that he repeats Martial's unlucky experiment of epigrams in hexameters, and that he is not so impersonal as even Martial. Some half-dozen epigrams are spent in ringing changes on the notion that Sylvius Bonus, a Briton, cannot be both a Briton and good; as much space is spent on nasty imputations against a certain Eunus. The nastiness is gratuitous. Ausonius has a better right than Catullus or Martial to the stock defence of poets, that their life is better than their verses; he appeals to his wife, who ridicules his affectation of naughtiness. His verses to her are really tender and graceful:¹ "Wife, let us live the old life and keep the old names that we took in the bridal bower, and let no day bring with it the change of time, but let me always be your lad and you my lass, though I be further on in years than Nestor, and you run a race with me, and even pass the days of Deiphobe of Cumæ: let us never know what is ripe old age: it is well to remember time is a cheat, and ill to count his thefts." The wife to whom this was written died when she was twenty-eight. Several epigrams are occupied with enigmatical compliments on her skill in weaving figured stuffs. And Ausonius showed his respect for her memory by remaining single. The same graceful sentimentality, which is new in Latin literature, appears in an epigram to a mistress who had refused him in her prime: "Still give me an embrace, join with me in the joys you did not remember in time, give me leave to enjoy, if not what I desire, what I desired once." There is less novelty in the pretty verses on Bissula, a young German girl whom he received as a slave and brought up as a ward, and in the fluent lines to his pet secretary, who, as we can

¹ Aus. "Ep." xix.

easily believe, took down his compositions in shorthand faster than the author, who has no literary vanity, could frame them. The greater part of his writings are simply a grammarian's stock-in-trade, a *memoria technica* of cities and emperors, and heroes of the Trojan War and wise men of Greece. The so-called play of the Seven Sages, in which each of the seven by turns expounds the maxim which immortalized him, could only pass for a play in a schoolroom. Most of his playful verse, outside the epigrams, consists of centos and macaronic verse, where the only wit consists in tacking Greek terminations to Latin words, or beginning a verse in one language and ending it in another. Then there are sets of verses that begin and end with monosyllables. The series ends very appropriately with a Grammaticomastix on all the monosyllabic words that a dispute can fairly be raised about.

The commemoration of the different professors at Bordeaux is better; although the writer is complimentary, he is not indiscriminate in his eulogy. One of the most curious points is that several Druids who found their occupation gone took refuge in professorships. Sometimes a professor had ambitions like Ausonius, who affected to believe that for other men the safe rule was to stick to a purely literary career, which he rated so highly that he praised Jucundus for having aspired to it though unqualified. When Ausonius's own promotion came he wished to bequeath his chair to his sister's son, who is commemorated both among the professors and among the members of his family. He seems to have been exceedingly clever, but did not live to sow his wild oats and settle down, as Ausonius says he missed the turning of Pythagoras's letter.

Another quaint figure is Victorius, the deputy of Ausonius, who knew the pedigree of the priests of Cures before Numa, and the legislation of Themis before the days of Jupiter, better than he knew Vergil or Cicero, whom he did not live to study. The family epitaphs have less variety: the most noticeable figures are two aunts who declined on religious grounds to marry, one of whom practised as a doctor. His widowed sister was also a devotee, with skill enough to earn

her living and guard her honor with her spindle, teaching her household the rule of good-living she had learned herself, whose one care it was, and dearer than her life, to know the true God, and love her brothers above all the world. The poet's own attitude to religion is curious: he repeatedly wishes, and quite sincerely, that the manes of his friends may be soothed by his song; sometimes he wonders if they have any sense of what happens after their death; once at least he seems to anticipate a general resurrection and a last judgment, after which men shall share the days of gods; elsewhere, even when he speaks of the manes, he speaks as a monotheist.

At some time in his life, perhaps when he was appointed tutor to the sons of Valentinian, he conformed sincerely and solemnly to the new religion. His idyls are prefaced by a curious comparison between the heavenly Trinity and the earthly trinity of the three emperors, two of whom are partakers of the undivided power of their father. In another rather entertaining poem, on the employments of the day, we have a long prayer in hexameters, of which fifty-seven lines out of eighty-five are taken up with an anxiously orthodox invocation of the Trinity, and a detestation of idolatry and bloody sacrifices (which were forbidden by imperial authority). The prayer itself is like the prayers of Horace and Juvenal.¹ "Let me desire nothing and fear nothing, let me be content with what is enough; wish nothing base, never have to be ashamed of myself; do to none what in like case I would not were done to me; let no true accusation harm, no doubtful accusation blemish, me. Let me have no power to do evil, but calm ability to do good. Let my dress and diet be plain, let my friends prize me, and let me always bear the name of father, nor be wounded therein. Without pain of body or mind, let all my limbs do their work quietly; let me have all to use, with no pain to maim me; let me have peace and a quiet life, never believe in wonders on earth: when my last hour comes, let a good conscience keep me from fearing or wishing death. When by thy mercy I seem pure from secret faults, let it all be nothing in my eyes, since it should be my

¹ Aus. "Eph. or." 59 sqq.

only pleasure to wait for thy judgment; and while the time is prolonged and the day tarries, drive far away the cruel tempter with his flattering snares." The most distinctively Christian part of the prayer is that he looks to be heard in that he fears. He still retains enough of the old leaven to anticipate riding up the Milky Way to heaven. The prayer comes after a sapphic ode calling the page, and a shorter ode in dimeter iambs scolding him for loitering, and telling him to get the chapel open, where, the poet explains, no frankincense or sweet cakes or fire of live turf will be needed. After the prayer he goes out with evident relief to pay visits, and sends his page at ten to bring his friends—five friends, not more—to breakfast, and is left with the cook: the directions unfortunately break off just after the cook has been told to be sure and lick his fingers to find out whether his sauce is savory. The poem concludes with a lengthy description of bad dreams.

The most poetical of his works is a long idyl on the Moselle. There is a great deal of rather clumsy imitation of Vergil's praise of Italy, and a great deal of the matter which we should expect in a guide-book, amplified by being given in verse instead of in prose. For instance, we have a long catalogue of the fish of the Moselle, from perch and tench up to the shad, the river dolphin. Still, there are touches of genuine feeling and insight; the poet is glad to get out of the shadow of the Hochwald into the sunny valley of the Moselle, which reminded him of his own Garonne, as both were clad with vines. He recognized the peculiar character of the scenery of the Moselle, which strikes a modern tourist as a chain of lakes, only its depth and transparency in the enclosed reaches impress him more than the apparent absence of an outlet. His highest expression of admiration is to imagine that, while the rocks and shivering wood and hollow channel ring with the shouts of boatmen and vintagers, the satyrs of the field meet the gray-eyed naiads on the margin, till the tramp of the goat-footed Pan drives the nymphs to shelter under the water. Often, too, Panope rises from the river to trespass among the vineyards in company with the nymphs of the mountain, till the wanton Fauns chase her back. This

is real live mythology: the mist rising from the river to the hills and driven away by the wind is conceived in an anthropomorphic manner; so, too, the voluptuous day-dreams of the noonday haze, when the banks are solitary, translate themselves into dim visions of nymphs romping with satyrs and taking them at advantage on the water, ducking them first, and slipping through their hands while they are trying clumsily to swim. But the poet sensibly reflects that he has never seen such sights himself, and so proceeds to describe the beauty of the reflection of the wooded heights in the river, especially towards evening. Here he turns to the concrete picturesque of races and sham fights between flower-decked boats, which are quite as well worth seeing as those of the bay of Naples. The racers themselves enjoy the spectacle, for they can look at the reflection in the water, as a girl is deceived by her own image when her nurse shows her a mirror for the first time. Then we have a set of fishing-scenes, winding up with a mythological reminiscence: a boy who jumps into the water after a fish that has got back to the river is like Glaucus. So, too, the villas on opposite heights are like Sestos and Abydos, not to say Chalcedon and Byzantium; their architecture is worthy of all the famous builders of antiquity, from Dædalus and Ictinus down to the builder of the temple of Arsinoë, where Zephyr was made fast in the roof and held her iron hair by the help of a magnet. Apart from this cumbrous erudition, the description of the villas is lively and effective.

We may notice a certain æsthetic progress since Pliny's time, for Ausonius thinks not only of the view from the villas (though he observes that one looks down into darkness), but much more of the effect of the villas as objects in the landscape. One towers above the meadow like the Pharos of Egypt, another stands aloft on a mound of native rock. Others have their baths arranged so that it is possible after the hot bath to take a plunge straight into the river. In fact, the banks of the Moselle are a miniature Baïæ. Then comes a catalogue of the tributaries of the Moselle, and an apology for not enumerating the notabilities of Trèves, which he pro-

posed to do in a separate work like that on the Bordeaux professors. Happily we are spared this, and the descriptive classification of celebrities to be commemorated therein is adapted with real grace and dignity from Vergil's description of the inhabitants of Elysium. After a pompous description of the triumph of Valentinian at Trèves, the poem ends rather lamely with an enumeration of the rivers of Gaul, and the assurance that the Moselle is second to none.

The only other idyl which can make any pretence to poetry is on a painting in a villa at Trèves, Cupid crucified by all the heroines of antiquity who died for love. Ausonius has too good taste to describe the picture: instead, he has a dream of the whole story, ending with the descent of Venus to punish her son who has involved her in so many unlucky amours. She whips him with her wreath of roses, which turns redder as he bleeds; at last the heroines intercede, and the mother pardons, and the poet awakes. Cupid is not strictly crucified, he is simply tied up to be tormented to the myrtle stump where Proserpine had tortured Adonis because he was not willing to accept her as a substitute for Venus. The allusions are overloaded; now and then we get pretty images. All the phantom tale of Minos and of Crete goes hovering in a pageant as bodiless as a picture; Love's wings ply lazily under the thick night, the ghosts gather into a cloud and bear him down. Perhaps something may be said for the affectionate ingenuity of the verses addressed to his grandson when he was of age to begin his lessons. But, upon the whole, Ausonius is hardly a poet: he is always apologizing for his verses as a triviality or impertinence; it is an accomplishment which he feels he has but imperfectly mastered, although he is vain of it. His letters are filled too much with amiable importunities: he is the man of leisure who has made a large success, and expects everybody to be willing to take an interest in him, and to spend time and thought in intercourse with him. Paulus and Symmachus seem to have taken his attentions as they were meant; but his letters to Theon, another professor, and Paulinus, an old pupil who had retired first to Spain and then to Nola, are decidedly querulous though

good-natured. In the letters to Theon there is an attempt at banter; in the letters to Paulinus there is a parade of wounded feeling.

PRUDENTIUS.

The works of Ausonius were in the main the amusement of his old age, and something the same may be said of Aurelius Prudentius Clemens, who belongs to a younger generation, only there is also a desire to make amends for what has been amiss in the active part of his life. It is noteworthy that what he reproaches himself most for is "worldliness." He does not seem to have any positive vices to repent.

He was born, as he tells us, in A.D. 348, and published his collected works in 405, when he was fifty-seven. He had studied rhetoric and practised as an advocate, and was ashamed of both. Afterwards he was employed twice as provincial governor, and, like Dr. Arnold, he thought as highly of the office of judge as meanly of the office of advocate. It shows how firmly the monarchy had established itself that he thought it still higher promotion to be employed at court, near the person of the prince.

His works are varied in form and substance, but he succeeds decidedly better with his lyrics than with his hexameters: in the latter he is often labored and confused; in the former he is always spirited and often graceful, though generally exceedingly diffuse. All his contributions to the service of the Church have been centos taken from different parts of the same poem. To an eager reader he is exciting: to a reader without sympathy for his subjects he is tedious. Perhaps his highest power is rapid narrative: the hymn on St. Eulalia is more like ballad than almost anything in ancient literature, and has the honor of having suggested one of the very oldest of romance poems.

The earliest of his works was the "Cathemerinon." The title, which, like all Prudentius's titles, is Greek, fits best the six hymns which open the collection: these are for the six¹

¹ The seven canonical hours are made up by dividing the time between sunrise and sunset into equal divisions of three hours. So that the prayer before food is replaced by "terce" and "sext."

stated hours of prayer—cockcrow, morning, before food, after food, at the lighting of the lamp, and before sleep. The other six are for a fast and after a fast; a hymn for every season, on the wonderful works of Christ; on the burial of the dead; and for Christmas and Epiphany. The last two resume the thought which runs through the hymns for the day, that earthly light is the best symbol of the Light that lighteth every man. Only the imagery is taken from the annual instead of the daily round. The first two follow the precedent set by St. Ambrose pretty closely: they consist of strophes of dimeter iambs with four lines in each; but afterwards, partly for sentimental, partly for literary expansion, the limit is entirely disregarded. Even the shortest poem runs to as many as eighty lines. All the rest range from 100 to 226 lines, and are amplified by descriptions, for instance, of the different kinds of lights which the author knew of, or the different kinds of food which nature offers. It is noticeable that he strongly disapproves of flesh-meat, and regards vegetarianism as the ideal. He makes an exception in favor of fish and fowl, apparently because they do not lie heavy on the stomach, or involve the ugly accessories of butchers' shops. (It is important also to remember that rearing beef and mutton for the table was then an unknown industry.)

It is curious that these speculations are treated as mystical. He bids the muse despise the light ivy with which she is wont to braid her brows, and bind on a fillet of dactyls, the mystic wreath she has learned to weave, and speak out in light with a chaplet on her locks.¹ This blithe spirit runs through the whole series of poems: in the hymn for fasters we find,

Adesto castis Christe parcimoniis
Festumque nostrum rex divinus adspice—

and throughout fasting is treated as part of a system of transcendental hygiene, intended to liberate the spirit from the bondage of the corruptible body, rather than as a penitential

¹ Sperne, Camœna, leves hederas,
Cingere tempora quis solita es,
Sertaque mystica dactylico
Texere docta liga strophio.

discipline. In the hymn after the fast we have a tribute to the indulgence of the master—

Major exemplis famulos remisso
Dogmata palpes.

Nor is there any trace of the passion for pain which we find later in the "Peristephanon:" in the hymn for the Epiphany the well-known verses on the Innocents are singularly idyllic in tone when we remember that they commemorate a cruel tragedy.

The most graceful and pathetic of the hymns in the "Cathemerinon" is the burial hymn, which gives a perfect expression to the average pious sentiment about death, which has since prevailed. It is perhaps the earliest expression of the feeling that cremation is necessarily shocking to believers in the resurrection of the body: the metre, too, dimeter anapæstic catalectic,

Jam mœsta quiesce querela,
Lacrimas suspendite, matres,

moves with uniform ease and grace.

The sapphics are almost always wooden and prosaic, and the hendecasyllabics in the hymn after food are rather heavy: in iambics the writer never sinks too low, if it is difficult to rise very high. The catalectics in the hymn before sleep are rather like monotonous anacreontics: a line like "Procul hinc, procul vagantum" is rare, while the heavier movement,

Tali dicata signo
Mens fluctuare nescit,

is common. (We may note, in passing, that Prudentius has a great horror of dreams.) The dactylic metre, of which a specimen is given above, is very spirited and sparkling, but in the long-run there is something wearisome in the way one is brought up by the long syllable at the end of each line. The trochaic tetrameters on the works of Christ have not yet the assured majestic march of later hymns in the same metre.

Prudentius seems among his contemporaries and in the middle ages to have owed his reputation very largely to the

hexameter poems which he enumerates in his preface between the "Cathemerinon" and the "Peristephanon:" one of them attained to the honor of an illustrated edition, and the illustrations were copied in more than one MS. written in England before the Norman conquest. The two earliest are the "Hamartigenia" and the "Apotheosis," either of which corresponds to his intention to fight against heresies and discuss the Catholic faith. The former is an explanation of the origin of evil intended to exclude the dualism of Marcion: the second is an exposition of the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation, with express reference to the Patripassian, Sabellian, and Arian heresies, and the different forms of Gnosticism. In his reply to the Patripassian heresy he depends very much upon Tertullian: he is most original in his polemic against the Jews, but the whole exposition is confused and tame; though the declamation on the unbelief of the Jews, when all the world except Julian believed, is vigorous, and relieved by the tribute to the emperor who broke faith with God and kept faith with the world. Less use in proportion is made of Tertullian in the "Hamartigenia;" instead of the argument that the "Good God" of Marcion acts unjustly in intruding upon the work of "the just Creator," Prudentius insists on the impossibility of admitting more gods in any sense than one. Then he sets forth the ordinary theory of "temptation" and "probation," after a description of the tempter, which is too plainly modelled on the furies of mythology, as the description of hell is a compromise between the bottomless pit of the Revelations and the Jewish Gehenna and the Tartarus of the poets. Prudentius more than half expects to be condemned for bodily stains to the lower world of darkness, and entreats, if so, that his place may be far from the fiery face of the king of darkness, in some region of slow heat and soothing streams, which almost suggests that he was attached, or had been attached, to the hot bath, which is not mentioned in his formidable tirade against the luxury of the day, in which he declaims in the old-school style against the shows of the theatre and the circus, and the toilet excesses of men and women.

In the two books against Symmachus Prudentius combats with little generosity or insight the last attempt of the Roman aristocracy to take advantage of the fact that they had once more an emperor of their own, independent if not jealous of the emperor of the east, in order to revive some of the cherished ceremonial of the old religion. Of course Honorius resisted the attempt to set aside his father's policy, and Prudentius presses the young emperor to go further and abolish the shows of gladiators. In the first book all the old arguments against paganism figure once more, and due, perhaps excessive, stress is laid upon the perfect civil equality which the pagan aristocracy still enjoyed. They were deprived of the *sacra publica*; they were punished if they attempted to replace them by *sacra privata*, which as a rule they seldom cared to do; but they were at liberty to honor the old gods without sacrifice in their hearts, and no conformity to the new religion was required as a condition of promotion in the service of the state. The most important novelties are the express polemic against the worship of the sun, a god whose temple no emperor could shut, and the prayer put into the mouth of Rome that she may be a Christian city like the rest of the empire. When Prudentius wrote it is probable that Christianity had become the popular creed, for the conversion of the female aristocracy added immensely to the power of the Church as an institute for the relief of distress.

The second book versifies with more or less spirit and success St. Ambrose's reply to the memorial which Symmachus had presented with the same object to the younger Valentinian: he is able to carry the argument further by claiming the victories of the Christian Stilicho as triumphs alike of Rome and of the Cross.

The "Psychomachia" is not very distinctly mentioned in the preface, and it contains a curious parallel, pointed out by Ebert, to the nineteenth book of St. Augustin's City of God, which, if the ordinary chronology of St. Augustin's works is to be trusted, would imply that Prudentius, when a good deal over seventy, had read and imitated the last instalment of the great theological work of the day, or else that Prudentius, who

generally imitates Christian prose writers, for once in the way found a prose writer to imitate him without quoting him.

The poem itself, as Ebert points out, is the expansion of 393 ff. of the "Hamartigenia," where the poet enumerates the hosts of the prince of darkness that war against the soul. There the list is headed by Anger and Superstition, Sadness, Strife, and Luxury, and we are still in some measure on Stoical ground. In the "Psychomachia" the allegory is carried into great detail: it seems to represent the successive stages of the Christian's conflict through life. The first struggle is to be a Christian at all. "Faith" has to overcome the "worship of old gods;" one is a simple unarmed peasant (one that sees paganism has not yet been driven to its last refuge, the country altars), the other in the array of a Roman Flamen. This combat is comparatively easy, and the legion of Faith, made up of the thousands of martyrs, soon intones the song of victory, which follows every battle. The next struggle is between Chastity and the Lust of Sodom. Then comes the battle between Patience and Wrath, in which Patience has only to stand invulnerable till Wrath falls upon his own spear. Perhaps we are to understand that all these victories give an opportunity to Pride: an orthodox, clean-living, self-possessed man will not resign himself to be a poor, insignificant creature. Pride on her unbroken steed threatens to ride roughshod over Humility¹ and his lean train, needy Righteousness and poor Honor,² meagre Temperance, pale Fasting, blushing Shame, and bare Simplicity. It is true that Hope is with them, and it is Hope that encourages Humility to slay Pride when Pride has fallen into the pit which Treachery dug. Then comes the conflict with Luxury: when a man has given up pretensions he likes to make himself comfortable and amuse himself, and then sensuality revives. Love is the charioteer of Luxury, and the virtues are inclined to retreat from their artillery of flowers, till rebuked by Temperance, who sets up the standard of the Cross.

¹ *Mens humilis*, not *humilitas*: in a familiar word Prudentius knows the quantity.

² *Honestas*, not yet honesty, nor the best policy.

When the desires are all vanquished, men turn to money-making, and so Avarice, with all her train, appears to gather up the spoils of Luxury. First she makes a speech in which she boasts of her triumphs, and then decides to attack the Christians under the guise of Frugality, with momentary success, until Almsgiving¹ pummels her to death. At last the soul is at peace with itself and with all men, and, though Heresy may creep into the fold and seek to sow dissension, she is soon detected, silenced, and slain, and then the building of the spiritual temple can go forward to the accompaniment of songs of thanksgiving.

If the hexameter poems, including the "Psychomachia," form a continuous series, this would not imply a complete interruption of his lyrical activity. Each of the books has a lyrical preface, and one has a double preface, in hexameters, and in the metre of Horace's earlier epodes.

The "Peristephanon" is partly lyric in form, though the substance is often narrative and even dramatic, if long debates on polytheism are to be called dramatic. The poems are full of the passion of a struggle just decided, and they presuppose the same passion in the readers. Perhaps we might compare them in this respect to Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," though Aytoun, whose work possesses about the same degree of objective merit, was the poet of a losing cause.

Many of the poems turn on the sentiments of a pilgrim: for instance, at Imola Prudentius sees the picture of St. Cassian being stabbed to death with the "styles" of his pupils (he was a writing-master), and learns and tells the legend of his martyrdom: at Rome he learns that St. Agnes, whose legend is given in very spirited major alcaics, is the patroness not only of Romans but of strangers, and prays her to purify his heart. The elegiac hymn on St. Hippolytus is one of the earliest examples of mythology passing into hagiology. His martyrdom is evidently taken from the fate of his namesake, the son of Theseus. All the martyrs commemorated are Spanish or Italian, with the exception of St. Cyprian, who appears in the *Operatio*, which recalls St. Cyprian's treatise "De Opere et Eleemosynis."

appears because Christianity reached Spain from Africa. One of the poems, the eighth, is not a hymn at all, but an inscription in nine elegiac couplets for a place in Calagurris, where some martyrs had suffered, which was afterwards turned into a baptistery. In the hymn for St. Laurence,¹ Prudentius boasts in the same spirit that a Vestal enters his shrine to pray. Throughout one of the most remarkable features is the poet's exultation in the conversion, not merely of the empire, but of the actual city of Rome. This comes out very strongly in the hymn on St. Peter and St. Paul. His Spanish patriotism is equally strong: the eighteen martyrs of Saragossa are sure to deliver the city in the day of judgment.

The hymns are, upon the whole, shorter than in the "Cathemerinon," but those for St. Laurence, St. Vincent, and St. Romanus are longer; the two first are nearly 600 iambic dimeters each; the last is over 1100 trimeters: all the tortures of the saint are detailed, and his speeches before and after his tongue was cut out: besides, there is the episode of St. Cyriac, the child to whom he appealed for confirmation of his words, which was given so freely that the judge asked,

"Quis auctor," inquit, "vocis est hujus tibi?"
Respondit ille, "Mater et matri Deus."

This is in the best manner of Seneca's tragedies, where it would be hard to match this line on St. Eulalia, who at the age of twelve ran away from home to break down idols and be martyred—

Ludere nescia, docta mori.

That is worthy of Crashaw, but neither Crashaw nor Seneca would have sunk to the doggerel in which Prudentius promises to bear, in the midst of the choir, chaplets woven in dactylic measure, neither precious nor ever green, but good for a festival.²

CLAUDIAN.

A contemporary of Prudentius is an exception to the general inferiority of secular literature in this period. Claudius

¹ *Ædemque Laurenti tuam
Vestalis intrat credula.*

² "Perist." iii. 208-211.

Claudianus is a better writer of his kind than had appeared since Statius. His chief activity falls between A.D. 395 and 404. He wrote little or nothing after 408, the year of the death of Stilicho. By a curious irony of fate his admirable pamphlets in verse in favor of his patron and against Claudian's enemies are the principal source for the accepted history of the reign of Honorius. We do not know the circumstances which led a clever poet of Alexandria to attach himself for thirteen years to the fortunes of the barbarian generalissimo, for it was only three years after the connection began that the patron conferred any benefit upon his client, and then it was done in a manner characteristic of the age. Stilicho had married his daughter Serena to Honorius, and he provided for his client by getting him a letter from the empress to secure his acceptance by the parents of an heiress. When Stilicho fell, Claudian too found himself in difficulty and danger, chiefly from Hadrianus, the prefect of the city, whom he had offended when patronized by Stilicho. He apparently escaped with the loss of his military rank and emoluments, and was consequently in a rather destitute condition when he wrote to Gennadius that he could send him no verses because he had nothing to eat, and when poverty comes in at the door songs fly out at the window.

His first Latin poem was on the consulship of Olybrius and Probinus, A.D. 395, and in his distress he writes to each to ask why his letters remain unanswered. Perhaps during the last five years of Stilicho's life the prosperous poet may have occupied himself with a work too ambitious to be completed, on the Rape of Proserpine, in which he returns to mythology. He began with mythological poems: we have fragments both in Greek and Latin of a poem on the Giants' Wars: in the Greek there is a pretty conceit of Cypris going to the battle armed only with her beauty, and the Latin poem is in a certain sense spirited and original, though dreadfully pragmatic; the motive is that Earth is shocked to find herself inferior to Cybele. One merit is that there is no invocation; the narrative begins in a simple, business-like way. Again, there is a certain ingenuity in the imitation of Ovid. Pallas the giant

is turned into a stone snake at the sight of the Gorgon breastplate of Pallas the goddess; and his brother Damastor, looking round for a rock to hurl, takes up the petrified giant Echion, attacks the goddess, and is petrified too. Palleneus reaches out his hand to wound, while he turns his angry looks another way; she strikes him with her sword, and the wound is deadly to his human half; the snakes below are turned to stone by the Gorgon. The poem on Ceres and Proserpine is meant to be the author's masterpiece. In the neatly turned elegiacs prefixed to the first book he compares himself to a sailor to whom art opens the path which nature forbids, whose heart has unlearned the lethargy of fear, so that he can leave the shore and career at will over the open sea. The preface to the second book is less jubilant: the poet is another Orpheus, recalled to song after long and listless silence by another Alcides, whose Latin name is Florentinus; as Alcides had suppressed the ferocious Diomedes, so perhaps Florentinus had suppressed Claudian's persecutors. The opening of the poem itself is as disagreeable as the opening of the "Thebaid," only Claudian is a vigorous tyro in the line in which Statius is a master. Claudian stops again and again in his exordium of thirty-one lines, while in the forty-five lines of Statius there is no pause and nothing separable. The whole poem is made up of machinery: instead of being ornaments to a story of human heroism or passion, the intrigues of mythological deities are made the substance of the story. Even so, the story is incoherent: at the beginning of the poem Pluto threatens his brother unless he is provided with a wife; as the poem goes on we learn, first, that it was a great and difficult triumph for Venus to make Pluto in love with Proserpine, and next that it was a deliberate scheme of Jupiter to benefit mankind by sending Ceres over the world to teach men agriculture, as, so far, the suppression of the spontaneous plenty of the golden age had done more harm than good. This is explained at a synod of the gods, convoked to hear the pains and penalties which any god or goddess will incur who may tell Ceres what has become of her daughter. The elder rivers are allowed seats like all the deities of sky and

sea, but most rivers, like the nymphs and wind gods, have to stand. There are several Ovidian graces: when Ceres, having left her daughter safe, as she thinks, in Sicily from the courtship of Mars or Apollo, comes to take her ease with Cybele, that goddess stoops her towers to a kiss;¹ when Ceres finds her daughter's bower empty, the spider has woven a fringe round the unfinished broideries of a goddess.²

There is plenty of mythological allegory even in the historical poems. When Olybrius and Probinus, two brothers of the Anician family, are made consuls together, the poet asks the Muse, since he does not know himself, what deity vouchsafed such a rare favor. It was Rome who came to the pass of Aquileia, which only Augustus could force, to ask this grace for her sons. The journey of the goddess and the repose of the hero are splendid in their way. Father Tiber hears the news, and stands on his island to watch the procession of two consuls from one house, and to make a speech comparing them to the twins of Eurotas, and invites all the rivers of Italy to keep the feast with him; the poem concludes with the ordinary wishes for a seasonable year. There was little else to be said, perhaps, in honor of two nobles of high character and family, whose father, though often in office, seems to have been chieftly remarkable for his liberality. But when Mallius Theodorus is made consul, Justice descends from her place in the zodiac to urge him to return to the cares of active life, and when he accepts the office of prætorian prefect he gathers up four reins from the car of justice, each of which corresponds to one of the provinces under his care. And Mallius was a remarkable man: he had been governor of several provinces, and then employed at court as quæstor, then one of the highest titles in the state, as the officer who bore it had to draft the laws and decisions of the emperor. From this office he had gone back to his books and his farms, until it was necessary to find a civilian who would act with Stilicho as prætorian prefect. One doubts whether his administration was a success, for he was soon relieved of his functions by promotion to the higher rank of consul. The poet is anxious for the splendor

¹ "De Rapt. Pros." i. 213.

² Ib. iii. 156, 157.

and success of the pageants the new consul is to give, and sends the Muses over the world to collect Andalusian horses and Greek boxers and wild beasts for the arena. Perhaps we are to suppose that the new consul was poor, and that the splendor of his year of office would depend upon the liberality of Augustus; perhaps, that an elderly man might not be sufficiently lavish. Otherwise the poem is fine and serious: the reflections upon the value of rank as an addition to character, the comparative usefulness of the philosopher and the statesman, and the recapitulation of the studies of Mallius, are all sincere and dignified.

Almost all Claudian's other poems, in one form or other, are dedicated to the glory of Stilicho. The two most famous are invectives against the two ministers of the Eastern court, whose sacrifice the generalissimo of the West exacted before his own fall. When we see how bitterly a comparatively disinterested writer like Numatian spoke of Stilicho, we need not pin our faith to the interested though sincere invectives of Claudian. Both Rufinus and Eutropius had been employed and trusted by the great Theodosius. Rufinus was skilful, Claudian tells us himself, in the art of infusing suspicion, and the rate at which pretenders multiplied was a proof that suspicion was more often well founded than not. Claudian's indictment against Rufinus comes to this, when we confine ourselves to what he alleges as fact—that Rufinus preferred temporizing with the barbarians encamped within and without the Eastern empire to allowing Stilicho to coerce them; that he was suspected of provoking their attacks; that, like almost all ministers of despotic governments, he took care to be paid by the parties concerned for expediting public business, and that the cruelty of an Oriental despotism was plainly perceptible under his administration. How much of this was due to himself, how much to Theodosius, is a question on which Claudian is more confident than history. Of course the avarice of Rufinus is the text for a great deal of declamation in the manner of the Stoics. The debate on providence, with which the poem opens, is not Stoical: the writer consoles himself for the inequalities of human life, which contrast so strongly with the

admirable order of nature, not, as the Stoics, with the thought that character shines brightest in the conflict with adversity, but, as the ancient Hebrews, with the creed that the prosperity of the wicked only prepares their ruin; the punishment of Rufinus is the absolution of the gods.

There is endless imitation of the ancients. Alecto tempts Rufinus as she had tempted Turnus; the people exult at the massacre of Rufinus as they had exulted at the execution of Sejanus in Juvenal. The indignation of Stilicho at not being allowed to conduct the Eastern troops in person to the Eastern capital is very eloquent; but, as they massacred Rufinus, it seems rather superfluous. The contrast between the infatuated friends of Rufinus and his approaching doom is dramatic—all the more because Claudian discreetly omits in this poem any allusion to the part of Eutropius in the overthrow of his predecessor. The eunuch had saved his master from the match which the prætorian prefect had planned to secure his ascendancy: or else Rufinus might have ruled Arcadius as long as Stilicho ruled Honorius. The poem on Eutropius is certainly masterly, the more that the material is deficient. Rufinus was massacred in a tragic manner; his fall was a revolution. Eutropius was simply banished after a consulship granted in recognition of the successes he claimed in Armenia, because Stilicho chose to hold him responsible for the revolt of a Gothic chief in Phrygia, which his general failed to suppress with desirable promptitude. The scandals to which a eunuch is exposed are detailed with an evident imitation of Juvenal. This succeeds better in the description of the council held on the revolt of Targibilus, which is worth reading even after Juvenal's "Council of the Turbot:" the froward youths and wanton elders who value their villas on the Bosphorus above the glories of Rome; the Grecian Quirites and the Byzantine Fathers who are ready to applaud the eunuch consul, who think that peacocks and parrots and sturgeons must be delicacies because they are costly, are a worthy background for the more elaborate portraits of the ex-cook Hircus and the ex-woolcomber Leo, who are the seconds of the eunuch. There is a certain humor in Leo's bluster, all in terms

of his old profession: a web of woes is weaving while they sit spinning out the time, he is the man to sweat out the job, his hand was never slack at the iron; if the goddess of weaving and war will but bless him, the work begun shall soon be finished; though the fury of Targibilus lies heavy on the land, he will dress him till he is lighter than a ball of wool, and lay waste the renegade Guthrungi like sheep, and restore peace, and send the matrons of Phrygia back to their spindles. He is applauded to the echo, like an actor in the theatre, and the council begins with some lively gossip on the circus and the new ballets, until the president calls it to order by stating the business of the day. Claudian's horror at the indecorum is worthy of Juvenal or Cicero.

He is equally eloquent upon the turpitude of Eutropius, who actually contrived, not only that the garrison of Constantinople should go into summer quarters at Ancyra, but that their return should be a military spectacle. Of course there is a description of the boundaries of Phrygia, which is clear enough and dull enough for a book of geography. Of course Cybele makes a pathetic prophecy. Of course, too, Targibilus does not act upon the offence given him without supernatural instigation. Mars and Bellona, who is almost a Fury, hold high council how to clear the honor of Rome from the disgrace of a eunuch for a consul (throughout the condition of Eutropius is regarded as far more disqualifying than his character): "the stranger from the north is to avenge the violated laws, and barbarian arms to rescue Roman honor." The pure Roman feeling of Claudian is everywhere remarkable; it is a feeling not for the Roman Empire so much as for the city Rome; he is fond of every piece of Roman antiquity like the *cinctus Gabinus*; he more than hints in the "War of Gildo" that Rome would be very grateful to see more of her ruler: it was clearly a disappointment to him that the pageant of Honorius's fourth consulship passed away from Rome. It is the majesty of the Eternal City which conquers Gildo and Alaric: he has a sense that Rome has lost something because the fathers and the commons no longer grow their own harvests or fight their own battles; but for him she is still the mistress of the

world; her dominion has been neither shaken nor diminished; that barbarians were settling within it in ever-growing numbers is no reason for alarm; it is the glory of the reign of Honorius that so many tribes so hard to conquer voluntarily offered their allegiance to Rome.

This is not pure conventionalism: Claudian treats the first invasion of Alaric seriously enough: he hazards his own precious fame by writing, after a silence of two long years, on the campaign, which he compares to the campaign of Fabius against Hannibal, of Fabricius against Pyrrhus, of Marius against the Cimbri. He hardly exaggerates the merits of Stilicho's momentary pacification of the Rhine, since it enabled cultivation and building to be resumed upon both banks: even Claudian does not venture beyond a promise that in the future revenue would come in once more from the province of Illyricum. Historians have generally accepted Claudian's estimate of Stilicho, and rejected his equally honest estimate of Honorius. He describes him as a gallant, innocent, accomplished boy, with a precocious ambition to share his father's campaigns, and perhaps this precocity was the reason of his collapse into jealous timidity after the massacre of Stilicho and his family. We are told that he always wished to rule at Rome even when his father was only emperor of the East, and of course it is added that the usurper who overthrew the last relic of the house of Valentinian deserved well of the state, since the necessity of suppressing him prepared the way for Honorius.

After all, the sons of Theodosius were not responsible for the number of the barbarians encamped within the empire: it would have required genius beyond the measure of most hereditary kings to avert the resulting calamities, and Honorius after the death of Alaric recovered a considerable measure of authority.

They were almost the first emperors whom it is natural to try by the standard of hereditary kings who survive calamities they cannot avert, while the unfortunate emperors who had preceded them paid the penalty in person for the failures of their government. The great Theodosius appears to his son

in dreams to teach him the duties of his station; but in Claudian the great emperor is not a Christian, but a mixture of Stoic and Platonist; his sense of public duty and honor is fed by Stoicism; his hope of immortality is Platonic; there are two souls in a man, and only the soul which is lodged in the brain is capable of rising after death to heaven, while the soul that is lodged in the breast and the belly, and directs the higher and lower passions, expires with the body. Claudian is nearer being a consistent pagan than Ausonius to being a convinced Christian: the raciest epigram in Latin since Martial is on a certain "General Jacob," the "Master of the Horse," who was a devout client of all manner of saints. "By the ashes of Paul, by the shrine and the gray hairs of Peter, do not mangle my verses, General Jacob. So may Thomas be your shield to stay your heart, and Bartholomew go forth with you to war; so may the aid of saints keep barbarians from storming the Alps; so may Saint Susanna grant you strength like her own; so may every savage who swam the cold Danube in his pride be drowned even as the fleet horses of Pharaoh and his host; so may the sword of the avenging angel smite the Gothic bands; so may the blessing of Thecla shield the arms of Rome; so may you triumph at the fall of a comrade under the table, and see jars enough broached to conquer even your thirst; so may no foeman's blood stain your strong right hand: do not mangle my verses, General Jacob!" Apparently General Jacob's potations had brought on the gout, for there is another and very dull quatrain on a gouty person who mangled the poet's verses, turning on a series of puns on the feet of the critic and the feet of the verses criticised.

The versification of Claudian is beautiful, considering the age, and he is fond of experiments in all kinds of metre, under the guidance of grammarians rather than of poets, so that he disregards the wholesome tradition of stanzas: his choriambics on the marriage of Honorius are thirty-seven in number, his alcaics are forty-one. Horace's choriambics are always divisible into stanzas, except in one ode of the fourth book, which has thirty lines; and no poet, even of the silver age,

would have dreamed of writing a whole poem in major alcaics. Claudian is eloquent and sonorous, and obtains the greatest number of pretty images possible out of the universal admiration for the beauty, horsemanship, and archery of the young emperor. In the elegiac prefaces to his longer poems Claudian succeeds better: he is fluent and neat and ingenious; if his conceits have little charm or point, they do not sin against the genius of the metre. But it is only in hexameters that Claudian is a poet; and he is most, perhaps, a poet when he is most unreal, in the mythological pageantry which he uses to dignify the ideal aspect of contemporary politics. His apparitions and interventions of deities are decidedly the most Vergilian part of his writings, and though unreal they are never heartless; he is obviously straining after something which he can only apprehend in a figure; when he is combative and declamatory he comes nearer Lucan and Juvenal, though he never reaches the paradoxical exaltation of Lucan, and seldom the sarcastic eloquence of Juvenal, and falls often into the fault of all late writers, of mistaking memory for inspiration, and trying to conjure with long lists of celebrated names.

NUMATIAN. *NUMATIANUS*

Three years after the fall of Stilicho, while Claudian was perhaps still hoping to finish his poem on "Ceres and Proserpine," a smaller poet, Claudius Rutilius Numatianus, solaced himself in his Gallic retirement with the recollection of his visit to Italy, where he had been prefect of the city and marshal of the palace. He disagrees with Claudian in most things, except in his dislike to Christianity: he does not sneer openly at the saints, he does not avow a preference for the old worship, which would have been hazardous under an orthodox reign, but he criticises monasticism unsparingly. Monks are men who flee the light, so called, because it is their choice to live away from witnesses to their deeds; they shrink from the gifts of fortune out of fear of losses: who ever chose before to avoid misery by embracing it? and so on: they must either be runaway slaves, who cannot cheat the fate that dooms them to a dungeon of one kind or other, or else, like Bellerophon

when he hated the human race, they must be suffering from excess of bile. The Jews are as bad as the monks; it is a pity that they were ever conquered by Titus or Pompeius; as it is, the conquered nation is weighing on its conquerors; all that he knows of them is their addiction to circumcision and sabbatarianism, and their exclusive laws of diet, all which is mentioned because the Jewish farmer of a villa on the Etruscan coast objected to the poet's trespassing, though he did no harm. The Compitalia were being celebrated at the time without disturbance: the learned poet imagines they were keeping the festival of the resurrection of Osiris.

In his Roman patriotism he even goes beyond Claudian: the fact that Rome had been occupied six days, that Italy had been ravaged four years, by Alaric, only makes Rutilius more fervent in his loyalty. He is full of the splendor of the city, and finds it hard to tear himself away to restore his property in Gaul which had suffered in the disorder of the times. One of his friends was sent to Armorica to pacify the province, which had proclaimed its independence of the usurper Constantius, and probably of Roman civilization, for it would be the duty of the pacificator to deliver the provincials from slavery to their own servants. The roads and forests of Etruria were impassable, as a result of the repeated invasions, and so the poet had to travel by sea. At Pisa he found another friend, who had been driven from Toulouse by the capture of the city, whether by the usurper Constantius, or by the loyal Goths under Ataulphus, the successor of Alaric. With all this Rutilius believes that Rome will rally and assert her profaned majesty, as in the days of Hannibal: for himself, he constructs pretty little tirades about gold and iron, just as if he had been a contemporary of Tibullus. He is so self-possessed that he does not spend more than a dozen lines on the turpitude of Stilicho's proposal to quarter his barbarian troops to the south of the Apennines, the providential bulwark of Rome, and his profane audacity in burning the compilation which passed as the Sibylline Books. He even cherishes the tradition of the early empire; he congratulates himself on his good fortune in not having had to direct a single execution while prefect of

the city, and modestly boasts of his merit in having treated the sacred senate with respect and consulted them whenever it was possible. He philosophizes, while passing Sardinia, on the ill-omened house of the Lepidi, and concludes that of all the triumvirs Lepidus was the guiltiest, because the republic might have been saved after the battle of Mutina but for his intervention; and it is noticeable that he nowhere displays any enthusiasm for the imperial family, which would not have been incompatible with his view of the fall of the Republic; for, according to Claudian, Theodosius taught Honorius the republican theory of that event. The versification of Rutilius is smooth and not incorrect, but decidedly tedious, in spite of the pains taken to keep a purely dactylic movement in the early part of the first book.

MEROBAUDIS.

A better writer, though he has only reached us in fragments, is Flavius Merobaudis, who was the official laureate of Aetius and Valentinian the Third, as Claudian had been of Stilicho and Honorius. Like Claudian, he had a bronze statue in Trajan's forum; like Claudian, he was rewarded by rank; and as he had served in the army with distinction, he received higher promotion than Claudian, for it appears from the dedication to the panegyric on the third consulship of Aetius that he was raised himself to consular rank by the emperor of the East, which perhaps accounts for his name not being in the *fasti*, for the precedent set when Stilicho refused to recognize Eutropius would naturally work both ways: it would make the Eastern court more chary of creating a consul on the first of January, and perhaps more lavish in creating consuls at other times. Merobaudis is officially a Christian: in his pretty hendecasyllabics on Aetius's baby, he compliments the mother on having her boy baptized instead of dipping him in the Styx like Thetis; but perhaps he thought that being initiated into the mysteries of one worship was very like being initiated into the mysteries of another. It is certain that in the panegyric on Aetius's third consulship the most eloquent passage is a protest bolder than any of Claudian's against the abolition of

the old rites, which were the safeguard of the old honor. Some goddess of trouble has been nursing her wrath, all has been dishonored, and so has Osiris, for whom the peoples wail; but she is bent on vengeance, and will raise a storm that shall make famous havoc in the court. At the word she rides the west-wind to the sluggish pole, and pierces the chilly clouds of the Rhipæan mount. Here cruel Enyo, sitting beneath the hollow rock, had hidden a bier that skulked from aged peace. Her lamentation is that the world has nothing to lament; she groans in sorrow at gladness; foul dust lies thick upon her uncomely features, her raiment is stiff with gore long dry; the hand clasps hand idly on her upturned throat; the crest of her helm droops; the orb of her shield is ruddy no more with ghastly light, and the point of every lance rusts into nothingness. The goddess accosts her and bids her put on mortal weeds and hide her face under a visor, drive the grim squadrons to the war, and let the Tanais bear forth the quivers of Scythia to riot upon unknown shores. "Burst open the doors of brass and the shrines with metal covering that we have beheld throughout the Latin world (the temple of Janus, we are to understand, was shut in all men's sight); let all rush together unto arms, let the heavy baldrick glow with gold; let the quiver where the arrows lie be gilded; make ready golden plates for bit and curb; let steel be closed in jewels, let the light of flickering gold gleam on the flashing blades of swords (in time of war soldiers can get gold hilts and jewelled sheaths for their swords). Let no walls avail to keep out thy madness; let Rome and the very emperors tremble at the hum of wrath and guilt. Then drive from earth the dwellers on high and the deities whose tabernacle is with men; lay waste the gods of Rome; let no fire burn white over the hearth in sign that Vesta accepts the offerings which feed the flame. These be the wiles to arm me that I may go up into the wavering palace and drive away the fashions of our fathers and the heart of ancient days. Then also shall discernment utterly perish, that the valiant be contemned and the wise not had in reverence; let Phœbus be forgotten, and eloquence perish from Athens; let honor light on the unwor-

thy; let the springs of the world be swayed not by merit, but by chance and sorry greed; let men's spirits boil with maddening rage for cruel gold; and when all this is come upon them, let Jove take no heed, and let not the most high God regard it."¹

Fragmentary as the poem is, we learn something of the achievements of the hero. Aetius has received the submission of the tribes of both banks of the Rhine (i. e., the barbarians who had been independent on the east bank of the Rhine were still willing to confess themselves vassals in order to secure their settlements on the west). After twenty-eight or thirty years the enterprise of restoring order in Armorica had not yet been given up, although the settlements of the Goths were on the border, and the endeavor had been kept up with little success for twenty-five or thirty years. Genseric had established himself at Carthage; but Carthage was an old rival of Rome, and it was hoped that, with good management and an imperial marriage, he might be persuaded to be loyal. It appears by the prose dedication of the panegyric that the Goths had broken out against the authority of the court: by the analogy of Claudian we may infer that the poet thought they had sufficient provocation; however, the outbreak was triumphantly suppressed. The author tells us that the only question he asked when he heard of it was, how soon Aetius engaged the enemy, and how many of them were slaughtered.

His prose is even further from Pliny the younger than his verse from Vergil, but he is certainly less enigmatical and cumbrously allusive than Ausonius. There are one or two sentences which savor of the brazen age—where he speaks, for instance, of Rome with the prince forming him in brass to live, and boasts that the emperor nearest the rising sun has raised him to the name of highest. But, in the main, his prose is good and manly, and less loaded with epithet than his verse; his hendecasyllabics are musical and sonorous, but heavy and monotonous. His elegiac poems are a great falling off from Claudian, or even Rutilius. They are so para-

¹ Mer. v. 59-97.

phrastic, especially the first, that it is very difficult to ascertain his meaning. One of them is on the banqueting-room in Valentinian's palace, another on the decorations of his garden: the only one for a private person is on the garden of Faustus, one of the Anician family, who still kept up something of the state of happier times.

AVIENUS. or AVIANUS

A little earlier, or a little later, a certain Avienus experimented in Latin versification by some elegiac fables which he addressed to a certain Theodosius, who, it seems, was a patron of literature. He succeeds better in the favorite metre of tyros than in the prose preface which explains the scope of the work. The verses are smooth and elegant, and the diction and construction fairly correct; but the point often suffers both by amplification and indecision. For instance, in the author's first fable, about the nurse who threatened her baby with the wolf, he never gives the point about the folly of believing a woman, because he tries to explain that the nurse was not in earnest and had no reason to be, and to hint that the wolf got beaten for hanging about the cottage. Again, in the fifteenth, the quarrel between the high-flying crane and the gorgeous peacock is told as if it were only introduced to prove the assertion in the first couplet, that once upon a time the peacock asked the crane to dinner. More than once there are lines to which no meaning can be attached, though they are perfectly easy to construe. What does it mean that the husbandman who turned up a treasure when ploughing, and left the plough, "drove his bullocks to better seed?" Does it mean that, instead of ploughing with them, he decided to sacrifice them, as if the sacrifice would be the seed of more treasure-trove? Even apart from this, there are all sorts of *chevilles*: for instance, the tigress wounded by an arrow from an unseen bow is detained a long time by a she-fox who wishes to know what has happened. Even a couplet like this,

Juppiter in toto quondam quæsiverat orbe
Munera natorum qui potiora daret,

is a clumsy, roundabout way of saying Jupiter wanted to know

which creature in the world had the best children. So, too, in the fable of the ant and cicada, the latter is described and not named: and the tortoise, when he wishes to fly, promises shells of the pearl-oyster—by a periphrasis, shells from the red sands (i. e., from the sands of the Red Sea), whose value was enhanced by the pearl with shining rind. One curious trick is that the writer not merely identifies Phœbus with the sun, and the sun with Titan, but identifies Titan and Phœbus Apollo. Perhaps the prettiest of the fables is the oak and the reed:

Stridula mox blando respondit canna susurro,
Seque magis tutam debilitate docet.
Tu rabidos inquit ventos sævasque procellas
Despicias et totis viribus acta ruis.
Ast ego surgentes paulatim demoror Austros,
Et quamvis levibus provida cedo Notis,
In tua præruptus offendit robora nimbus,
Motibus aura meis ludificata perit.

The last couplet is, of course, a repetition of the two couplets before; but the last line is prettily turned, and the first line is a nice imitation of the sound of wind in reeds.

CHAPTER IV.

PAGAN CULTURE.

UP to the end of this period the grammatical schools and the aristocracy of Rome kept up the traditions of the old pagan culture.

FIRMICUS MATERNUS.

One of its most curious expressions was a work begun in the reign of Constantine, and completed some twenty years later under Constantius, by Firmicus Maternus, a Sicilian of rank, who addressed himself to Sollianus, a provincial governor of high reputation who had received the consular insignia. Maternus himself was a retired advocate, who had magnanimously renounced the gains of a profession in which he had personally found quarrels more plentiful than pay, in order to devote himself to astrology, on which he wrote eight books, which have reached us in a tolerably complete condition, though the mention of *Alchimia* (iii. 15) proves that it must have been interpolated after science, and what passed for science, had passed into the hands of the Arabs.

He seems to know nothing of Manilius; for he boasts in winding up the seven books which contain the exposition of his doctrine—the first is occupied with a defence of his science—that he had “delivered to men of Rome the method of a new subject.” His sources are, for the most part, suspicious enough, the “revelations of Mercurius and Euichnus to Æsculapius,” with “the explanations of Petosiris and Necepso, and the lessons of Abraham, Orpheus, and Critodemus.” Necepso, it seems, was in virtue of his science one of the most righteous emperors of Egypt; but he did not know the secrets of the “barbarian sphere,” which Maternus himself is able to expound. In other words, the later apocryphal literature was

fuller than the earlier. His work has been little read in modern times, and has not been edited since the middle of the sixteenth century, and then the editor was an astrologer. His style, he tells us, is not his strong point, and apparently he had not the mathematical knowledge to make a great calculator. His results are, of course, of little interest. His temper is curious and not unedifying. He feels much more strongly the solemnizing effect of the thought that our earthly life and all its actions are wrought out by the influence of the bright, pure spheres of heaven than the temptation to throw the blame of our misdoing on the stars: the knowledge that we are in the hands of heaven ought to make us study to conform ourselves to heaven. His science, which he calls *divina mathesis*, "divine learning," is neither Antinomian nor irreligious; there had been a time when, instead of propitiating the gods, men had sought to learn their fate from the stars; but to Maternus the starry influences only give reality and substance to the traditional worship: like modern writers, he maintains that piety is strengthened by accepting the results of science. And the priesthood of science are to lead a stricter life than the priesthood of the old official worship. They are above all things to beware of making a gain of their profession or handing their knowledge on to unsuitable recipients. Especially must they be careful to avoid private consultations, which might be on matters on which it was criminal to speculate, as public business or the personal destiny of the emperor, though every well-instructed astrologer ought to know and teach that the emperor is not subject to the stars: they in heaven, he on earth, are set to rule the world by the principal divinity; they and he are gods alike.

FIRMICUS MATERNUS.

Another Firmicus Maternus, also a Sicilian, wrote, probably after Sapor's unsuccessful siege of Nisibis, A.D. 346 (the only Persian defeat which fell in Constantius's reign), an impassioned appeal to the emperors to suppress idolatry, and to his heathen contemporaries to forsake "the error of their profane religions." His work is only interesting for its vehemence,

and for the numerous indications it contains of the point which the Eleusinian and other mysteries had reached in the middle of the fourth century.

JULIUS OBSEQUENS.

A little earlier or later, Julius Obsequens compiled from Livy all the prodigies recorded between 249 and 12 B.C., obviously intending to select wonders in support of the old faith which had occurred in the full daylight of history.

DICTYS AND DARES.

The same feeling found a fantastical expression in the translation of the apocryphal histories of the Trojan war by Dictys the Cretan, the official historian of Idomeneus, and Dares the Phrygian. Dares was selected to give the Trojan side of the story because he is mentioned both in the Iliad and the Æneid, where he figures as a braggart, and Dictys the Cretan is the contemporary Greek, selected because the Cretans were liars. Neither of these motives at all affects the translators, who take their originals quite seriously, especially the translator and abbreviator of Dares, who assumes the person of Cornelius Nepos, and explains, in a prefatory letter to Sallust, the stir the discovery of the work has made at Athens, where Homer is finally discredited, having always been regarded with suspicion because he described the gods as engaging in single combat with men. It is only Dares who competes directly with Homer, for Dictys confines himself to supplementing the Iliad. The translation of Dictys is rather in the style of Sallust; the translator is one Septimius, who dedicates his translation to Q. Aradius Rufinus; two statesmen of the name were in high office, one in A.D. 304-312, the other succeeded to his uncle's position under Julian in A.D. 363. The original was, according to the preface, discovered in the tomb of Dictys, in Phœnician characters, in consequence of an earthquake in the reign of Nero, who immediately ordered a translation into Greek. Dares was quoted by Ælian; the translator, having no style in particular, gives no clue to his date; he has carefully preserved all the

personal portraits of the heroes and heroines. He professes to have translated literally, following the simple style of the original, and, allowing for omissions, this may be tolerably true.

VICTORINUS.

A Platonic philosopher of this period has a reputation rather in excess of his intrinsic importance, because he once made a great impression upon St. Augustin, who heard, just before the final crisis of his own conversion, how the celebrated philosopher and rhetorician had publicly acknowledged Christ in his old age, and renounced his profession when Julian forbade Christians to teach the liberal sciences. His translations of Platonic writers have disappeared: they are a sign that the transfer of the capital had diminished the number of Romans who as a matter of course knew Greek. His translation of Porphyry's "Introduction to Aristotle's Categories" was still in the hands of Isidore of Seville; but apparently his reputation was that of a grammarian and rhetorician. He was rewarded for his success as a teacher with a statue in Trajan's forum, where celebrities of a certain magnitude found their way at this period with suspicious regularity. Several grammatical works have reached us with his name, of which four books on metre may possibly be genuine: it is a mere compilation, and is said to be founded on Juba, a writer of Diocletian's day. As the MS. ends with an inscription to Ælius Festus Apollonius, it has been observed that Victorinus may have done nothing more than abridge. After his conversion he wrote against the Arians, and on the epistles of St. Paul. St. Jerome speaks slightly of both works, because the writer knew the classics better than the Bible and ecclesiastical writers. The work against the Arians has reached us, with two treatises, one a reply to an individual Arian, Candidus, the other on "the reality of the Incarnation," addressed to Justin, a Manichee. A little tract on "The evening and the morning were one day" is interesting as anticipating an idea of St. Augustin's, that the evening figures the perception of the creature in itself, the morning figures the perception of the creature in God.

DONATUS.

Donatus, a contemporary of Victorinus, confined himself to grammar: he had the honor of being the master of St. Jerome, who in his chronicle puts the heights of his reputation A.D. 356. His grammar has reached us in two forms, a shorter which only treats of the eight parts of speech, and a longer in three books, which formed the foundation of the mediæval study of grammar: he also wrote a commentary on Terence. We still have an essay on comedy and tragedy, and a commentary on the *Heautontimorumenos*, which embodies a good deal of material from him, the principal source of the rest being Euanthius, a contemporary grammarian of Constantinople. He also copied Suetonius's *Life of Terence*, with some short additions. He commented on Vergil in a comprehensive spirit, though Ribbeck thinks that the extracts of Servius and Priscian suggest a very unfavorable view of the results.

CHARISIUS AND DIOMEDES.

As there was little room for more than one or two celebrated grammarians at a time in Rome, it is generally supposed that Charisius and Diomedes, who by their quotations cannot have flourished earlier, belonged to a later generation. In substance they, especially Diomedes, agree with Donatus, who no doubt followed substantially the same authorities, though he quotes less than Diomedes and much less than Charisius, whose five books are valued as containing the best record now available of the activity of Latin grammarians as far back as Palæmon in the days of Tiberius. He has been identified, by a not improbable emendation¹ of St. Jerome's chronicle, with an African who was sent for to succeed Euanthius at Constantinople in 361. His work is addressed to his son, who is not a Roman, and is intended to make him one in heart and speech, if not in race. There is a good deal of confusion in his work, of which the beginning of the first book, the end of the fourth, and most of the fifth is lost, because he cannot combine the old grammatical treatises on

¹ Charisius for Charistus.

comparison, declension, and analogy, and the like, with the new method of basing grammar on the eight parts of speech. Charisius and his sources were still excerpted in Carolingian times. Diomedes's three books are addressed to a certain Athanasius, and are said to be better arranged than Charisius, with whom there are many verbal coincidences; though Diomedes has sources of his own. He used Valerius Probus or some one who had used him, and in his third book on metre has preserved a good many excerpts from Suetonius's "Lives of the Poets." His knowledge of metre is so imperfect as to provoke his editors, and it is not surprising that the shorter, emptier, and earlier work of Donatus was thought more useful by posterity.

SERVIUS.

But at the time it is clear that the study of grammar was not declining: the point had not been reached at which teachers wished to save themselves and their pupils trouble, and to make the routine of study as short and mechanical as possible. Servius Honoratus, whose commentary on Vergil, even in the form that has reached us (the whole bears the name of Servius, but in the "Bucolics" and "Georgics" he is quoted by name), shows real learning, especially in the department of the religious antiquities of Rome, flourished at the end of the fourth century, in the midst of a circle of accomplished nobles, who recognized him as their equal because, young as he was, he was the most learned man of the day. More than one or two of the archetypes of our present MSS. of the classics was "read and emended" by a man of rank "in the house of Servius:" it is true that such MSS. do not inspire us with enthusiasm for the emendations of the fourth century.

His criticisms of the commentary of Donatus, on whose "Art of Grammar" he wrote a commentary, are for the most part unfavorable, and we may suspect that he has preserved the worst parts of his predecessor. Besides this, he wrote a book called "Centimeter," in which he describes a hundred metres with examples of his own composition, often distorted from classical passages in other metres, and a holiday task

on the metres of Horace, which is not worthy of his reputation, though it bears his name.

Servius nowhere mentions the younger Donatus (Tiberius Claudius Donatus), who wrote a Life of Vergil chiefly from Suetonius (who in his time had written chiefly from Antonius and Varro), and a commentary on Vergil, with a preface in the form of a letter to his son, Tiberius Claudius Maximus Donatianus, in which he expresses a desire to leave him a pattern for his own lectures. The commentary is purely explanatory, all the information about the subject-matter being reserved for a treatise which was never written, on the personal and other proper names, which would have resembled the work of Vibius Sequester (who, perhaps, took his *nom de plume* from Cicero, "Pro Cluent." iv. 25) on the rivers, springs, lakes, groves, marshes, mountains, and nations mentioned in the poets, in alphabetical order. He used Vergil, Ovid's "Metamorphoses" and "Fasti," Lucan, Silius, and Statius's "Thebaid."

SYMMACHUS.

The names of Symmachus and Macrobius carry us into the circle where culture still continued to be the chief interest of life. Q. Aurelius Symmachus was the son and father of a consul; his father was celebrated for his eloquence and learning, and was the leader of the senate in his time. His principal literary work was one or two tiresome letters to his famous son, enclosing dull epigrams in six hexameters apiece on distinguished men of the day, the only merit aimed at being to pack their titles and the like into the space; like his son, he was the head of the college of pontiffs, Pontifex Major, as the emperor since the days of Jovian declined the title of Pontifex Maximus.

The son was beyond dispute the first orator of his day, perhaps because he was the most eloquent member of the senatorian order. The fragments of his speeches, which are tolerably extensive, hardly show any superiority to the panegyrists of the day: it is true that the largest of the fragments are very early, being addressed to the elder Valentinian, who

appointed Symmachus *corrector*, something between a judge and a police magistrate, of Lucania and Bruttium in 365, when he cannot have been out of his teens; for in 360 Libanius speaks of him as a promising boy.

Perhaps one may notice an effort to be less inflated and long-winded than the schoolmen; but the only result is that he is artificial without being spirited: the only speech which has an interest on historical grounds is that in which he thanks Valentinian for restoring the debates of the forum, which it seems Constantius or Julian had suppressed in favor of written pleadings, which were certainly likely in that age to be more business-like, but were not so satisfactory to the parties. If a cause was decided on written pleadings, the loser had no guarantee that the pleadings on his side had been read; if the speakers on both sides were heard in open court, the loser knew his advocate had been heard, and what the public thought of him. The fragments of speech in the senate are meagre, which is to be regretted, because they belong to his riper years: the only one of any substance describes the fashion of appointing consuls in his time. The nomination rested with the emperor, the senate had the right of requesting the nomination of any particular candidate: there was, of course, great room for ingenuity in praising this insincere arrangement, which had the advantage that it enabled the senate to secure the promotion of its worthiest members—at the price of always demanding the promotion of any courtier when the master thought his turn had come.

There were other speeches published which have not reached us: one would have been interesting, in which the orator won a victory that must have been very easy over a proposal to revive the censorship, which had been in abeyance since it was revived in the middle of the third century for Valerian. We should have learned whether the proposal to follow this unlucky precedent was prompted by a passion for antique simplicity, or by a desire to revive the religious solemnities which would have been necessary to wind up the survey. It is possible that it was part of the proposal that Symmachus was to have been censor; we might infer this

with certainty from the title *repudiata censura*, if we had found the passage where the speech is mentioned in a letter of the younger Pliny.

The celebrated memoir addressed to the younger Valentinian, in support of the request for the restoration of the altar of Victory in the senate-house, does more credit to the reputation of its author. There is genuine dignity and pathos in the pleading of the ancient city to be allowed to walk in the ancient ways, and the familiar commonplaces of tolerance are well put, and with greater sincerity than they are always put by the losing side; for Symmachus had no feeling that in the ideal state of things every Roman should be compelled to worship the Roman gods. He would have been perfectly satisfied with the public establishment of all the old ceremonies; he would have been content if Valentinian the Younger had left what Valentinian the Elder had left. He shows great tact in the way he appeals to the example of such a bigoted believer as Constantius, who had not been able, on his visit to Rome, to resist the genius of the place altogether: he had made protests and suppressed some things, but he had sanctioned enough, especially the endowments of the vestals and other religious dignitaries, to establish the principle for which Symmachus contended. The weak point of the argument is the insinuation that the prosperity and virtue of the old days were due to the old rites. Symmachus was not appealing to an impartial critic, who might have thought this feeling the most respectable part of the case, but to a Christian emperor.

Symmachus, as was to be expected, lost his case; but he kept his position, which was not even affected by his over-ready recognition of the pagan rhetorician whom Arbogastes set up as emperor after the murder of Valentinian: he continued to be employed as prefect of the city under both Theodosius and Honorius; under the latter he had to keep the peace during the contested election for the papacy in A.D. 420. His official correspondence is decidedly creditable: it is independent and business-like, and superior to the younger Pliny's, who has always too much the air of taking Trajan's opinion because he cannot make up his own mind without help. Sym-

machus has the advantage of writing when official relations were better settled, and, though he is more self-reliant, he is also more courtly, never speaking of the emperor without an honorific periphrasis; in fact, he pushes his devotion to the verge of independence, for he is decidedly fond of reminding Theodosius of his deity. Next to the official letters to the emperor we may put the letters to the official representatives of the old worship, whom he was anxious to impress with a sense of their responsibilities. When a vestal compromised herself, he was consistently zealous that she should be called to account. His letters in general are trifling, and it is fair to remember that he is not responsible for their publication, for the collection includes fragments. He tells us himself that his secretaries, he heard, kept copies; and no doubt his son published what was in their hands after his death. When alive he asked a friend who kept his letters to keep them to himself.

They are simply the stock-in-trade of a polite letter-writer who has hardly anything to say. This, to be sure, is very much the character of Pliny's letters too; but Pliny has two resources which Symmachus has not—he has a strong taste and talent for describing the beauties of cultivated nature, and the background of Domitian's tyranny gives a meaning to all his anecdotes of the celebrities, such as they were, of the day, and any current gossip, if flavored with some hint of the improvement in affairs. Symmachus gives little news, and never talks politics; he confines himself to giving introductions and paying compliments, grumbling a little about pressure in hard times, which fell heavily in a declining society upon the richest, when revenue was largely paid in kind: it is the extension of credit and the multiplication of public securities which enable rich men now to tide over periods of depression without personal discomfort. A topic which recurs still oftener is his health: he suffered, like Fronto, from the gout in his hands and feet, although he personally was temperate; when he was driven from Baiae by a crowd of excursionists, he complains that they break in upon his "sober solitude." In the same spirit he likes to recognize *sanctitas* everywhere: it is true that with him this is something a good

deal short of "holiness"—it is the union of purity and dignity which springs from an implicit consciousness of higher powers. Although he was the official representative of paganism, Symmachus himself has none of the ardent personal devotion to separate deities which we find in a Julian or a Proclus.

PRÆTEXTATUS.

Something of this personal piety we do find in another member of Symmachus's circle, Vettius Agorus Prætextatus, whose personal position was perhaps even higher than his, though he was only consul-designate when he died, in A.D. 385. We learn from his epitaph that he was pontiff of Vesta, pontiff of the Sun, that he was one of the fifteen keepers of the Sibylline books, a member of the guild of Hercules; he was consecrated to Liber, and at the Eleusinian mysteries he was hierophant and sacristan. He had received the baptism of bulls' blood, which was the highest sacrament in the religion of Mithras, and was probably a transfigured symbol of the spring rains; and all these religious dignities come before his temporal honors. An epitaph in verse, placed on his tomb by the order of his wife, seems to prove that he was a really learned man in both Greek and Latin, diligent in translating Greek books and amending Latin ones. Macrobius tells us that he was the one man who understood the secret nature of the gods, and was able to express it in speech. We know from Boethius that he translated both the earlier and the later "Analytics," not directly from Aristotle, but from Themistius, who, like many Neo-Platonists, endeavored to reconcile Plato and Aristotle by mystifying Aristotle: it is thought that he may also be the author of a little tract on the "Ten Categories" which bears the name of St. Augustin.

MACROBIUS.

Prætextatus's learning and character and influence were very inadequately measured by his authorship: he is the centre of the society whose discussion of Vergil furnishes the framework to the "Saturnalia" of Macrobius Ambrosius Theodosius, who is generally supposed to have been prætorian

prefect in Spain A.D. 399, proconsul of Africa 410, and lord high chamberlain A.D. 422. The dates of his two chief works cannot be ascertained precisely, but they cannot be very early. The "Saturnalia" is addressed to his son, as if he were winding up his literary activity: he apologizes for introducing speakers who were not ripe for such conversation at the time of Prætextatus's death. He was not a Roman by birth, but his culture is chiefly Latin. His object was to put together all the results of his reading in an orderly and attractive form: there is a great deal of acknowledged and unacknowledged quotation, but it does not seem as if the author's reading was really very wide: his chief sources are Gellius and Servius (whose commentaries were hardly published when Prætextatus died), and Seneca and Plutarch. The seven books profess to be a record of a discussion of Vergil, held at the house of Prætextatus during the three days of the Saturnalia, before and after dinner, while the actual table-talk does not keep so closely to the subject. The general tone is a mythical, pietistic antiquarianism, with a strong feeling for plain living and high thinking. The speakers still assume the unbroken existence of the national worship, though it is probable that an official of the court of Arcadius or Honorius must have been required to conform.

The commentary on the "Dream of Scipio," also addressed to his son, is a principal source of our knowledge of the outline of Cicero's "Republic" and its relation to Plato's, though the principal object of the writer is to make the illustration of the finest passage of the work a sort of introduction to a course of Platonic philosophy and science.

The style of Macrobius has little of the elegance of Symmachus, who, though affected, is hardly ever cumbrous, and vindicates fairly enough his claim to coin new words, although he does not emancipate himself completely from the tradition that the language of Cicero was the standard which it was desirable to follow exactly.

CHAPTER V.

THE FATHERS OF THE PERIOD.

THE heathen and the Christian culture of this period culminated and collapsed together: the fall of Rome practically put an end to both. The greatest work of the period was inspired by the calamity which crushed the spirits of all who grew up to manhood after it. As might be expected, the collapse was more total upon the pagan side: the fifth century has no pagan prose writer to show on the level of Leo or Salvian, but even they represent an immense falling-off from St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, and St. Augustin.

ST. HILARY.

The beginning of the great theological movement of the second half of the fourth century, like the beginning of the great rhetorical movement of the first half, fell in Gaul, and there is a certain connection between the two. It is the eloquence of Gaul which St. Hilary of Poitiers endeavors as a matter of duty to consecrate to the exposition of the mystery of the Trinity. St. Hilary was born between A.D. 310 and 320, and converted himself to Christianity by the consideration that only revelation could give certainty, and only creation could explain the world. His position and his talents made him bishop of his native city soon after his conversion, and his personal interest in the doctrine of the Logos made him the chief of the defenders of the Nicene Creed when the propaganda of Constantius reached Gaul, where it would probably have succeeded, as it did among the barbarians, but for the energetic resistance of St. Hilary. This resistance led to his banishment to Asia Minor, where he composed a treatise on the faith, in twelve books, the number of which, perhaps

as much as the character of their eloquence, led St. Jerome to compare them to the "Institutiones Oratoriæ" of Quintilian. The style is unattractive and involved, and the new words and phrases which have to be coined to express new ideas do not harmonize with the semi-classical tone which the writer aims at and sometimes attains. The work marks an epoch in Christian theology, as the doctrine that the Incarnate Lord "emptied himself" is applied for the first time to meet the strong points of the Arian argument from Scripture, and the Unity (which earlier writers had rested chiefly on the doctrine that the Father is the fountain of Godhead) is defended from the doctrine that the Son is in the Father and the Father in the Son, each in the Spirit and the Spirit in each. This was not the only work of his exile: he composed pamphlets against the endless synods in which the semi-Arians elaborated the endless variety of their creeds; he composed a second memoir to the emperor (the first was written before his banishment) in defence of his cause and person, and when this failed he wrote an attack upon the emperor as Antichrist, which was published after his death, and is one of the most vigorous pieces of invective composed in Latin since the days of Tacitus: it represents a new side of the emperor's character—his diligence and ingenuity in cajoling individuals. On his return he wrote against the bishop of Milan, who also favored the Arian party, and composed his mystical commentary on the Psalms, which was founded upon that which passed under the name of Origen. The commentary, now lost, upon the book of Job was written in the same spirit as was the earlier work on St. Matthew, where the double sense is carried through with unusual originality and consistency: everything recorded is a prophecy of something in the future, and the prophetic sense is more important than the historical.

It is also attested that St. Hilary wrote hymns; but it is difficult to believe that any which have reached us under his name are perfectly genuine: the oldest-looking of them, the well-known morning hymn "Lucis Largitor splendide," offends against the rules of Latin prosody in a way not to be expected from an author whose literary ambition stood so high: it is

not merely that the conventional quantity of vowels is not understood, but that syllables which must be long because they contain two consonants are treated as short.

ST. AMBROSE.

The activity of St. Hilary was continued in all directions by St. Ambrose, who was apparently of Roman family, though born in Gaul, where his father was prætorian prefect. After completing his education at Rome, his success as a pleader was so brilliant that he was appointed first assessor to the prætorian prefect, and then consular of Liguria and Æmilia. In this capacity he had to keep the peace during the election of a bishop¹ at Milan in 374, which was hotly disputed between the Catholics and the Arianizers, and both parties united in pressing the office upon him; and, although he was only a catechumen, he had to accept. As bishop he did much to continue the work of St. Hilary in all directions, but with better success: if he opposed the desire of Justina, the empress regent, to have one of the churches at Milan assigned to the Arians, he was at the same time the protector of the young Valentinian: if his polemic against Arianism was less profound than Hilary's, it influenced the opinion of Italy, while it was rather the attitude than the argument of Hilary that decided the faith of Gaul. In hymnology, too, it was Ambrose rather than Hilary who gave a definite shape to the new impulse of worship; it was Ambrose rather than Hilary who naturalized the mystical exegesis of the Alexandrian school in the West. Above all, it was Ambrose who familiarized the West with the romance of chastity.

The most remarkable feature of his temperament is its cheerfulness and serenity: there is very little struggle in his strength. When the dispute about the Church was at its height he shut himself up in the building with the faithful and introduced a new style of chanting from the East: he never passes into the strained gloomy attitude of warning and de-

¹ The tendency of episcopal elections to degenerate into faction fights, which had shown itself in the third century, had more to do than is commonly remembered with the outbreak of the Tenth Persecution.

nunciation which we are familiar with in the later conflicts between Church and State. The famous penance of Theodosius, who was excluded from the services of the Church till he had shown repentance for a massacre with which he had avenged a tumult in the circus at Thessalonica, is not a triumph over the emperor or the empire: it is simply an assertion of ecclesiastical discipline. This personal calm and brightness of assured belief does much to explain his reputation for eloquence, which is abundantly attested by all contemporaries. A landscape is always beautiful in sunlight. It is worth noticing that, of the different Latin words for eloquence, the longest-lived, which come from *eloqui*, are almost exclusively applied to him, because *disertus* and the like were still in not unfrequent use; but they point to argumentative ingenuity, while St. Ambrose's strength lies in simple power of expression. It has been said that his controversial works degenerate into sermons, out of which they probably grew.

The earliest work of St. Ambrose which has reached us was written in the first year after his election at Milan: it is on "Paradise," and a very large proportion of his mystical expository works are on Genesis. It is obvious that he began at the beginning without waiting to choose.

He followed Philo, who had set the example of allegorizing the Bible as the Stoics had allegorized Greek mythology, and he seems to follow him at first hand. On the whole, the abstraction is carried further, for Philo is often satisfied with working up to the Law, while St. Ambrose does not rest in the letter anywhere. He does not always appropriate Philo's allegories without straining: the Fountain in Paradise is the Good, according to Philo, and the four heads into which it is parted are the four cardinal virtues. St. Ambrose keeps the cardinal virtues, but the fountain is Christ.

The exposition of Genesis comprises Cain and Abel, which is very closely dependent upon Philo, a treatise on Noah and the Ark (which was a figure of the human body), added later to complete the series, and a number of books on the separate patriarches. Abraham is treated twice over, once in a lecture or lectures addressed to catechumens as an example of *devotio*,

and again mystically as a type of the emancipation of the soul, which leaves its own familiar world of sense, and wanders through the unknown wilderness, till at last it receives the earnest of the possession of the promised land of spiritual truth. Isaac the willing sacrifice is treated as the spouse of the soul, who travails in birth with this world and the world to come. Jacob is treated as the type of the blessed life of the stranger and pilgrim; although within seventeen years of his death he said that the days of his pilgrimage had been few and evil. Joseph, the last of the series, is an example of chastity, or rather of modesty.

Jacob, in fact, is the true wise man adapted to the purposes of Christian edification, and the Stoic point of view reappears elsewhere. In the martyrdom of the aged Eleazar,¹ and the seven brethren whom St. Ambrose calls the seven Maccabees, far more stress is laid upon their courage than their devotion: even the distinction between suicide and martyrdom is not yet familiar: the mother² and her seven daughters who ran hand in hand into a stream and were drowned because their chastity was in peril in time of persecution are martyrs like St. Agnes, for whose beautiful legend St. Ambrose is the oldest authority.

In the same spirit he compares the story of Damon and Pythias to the devotion of a soldier who changed clothes with a maiden to save her from a worse fate than death. Of course he was put to death, and she returned to die with him.

The treatise on the "Good of Death" is perhaps rather Platonic than Stoic: the enthusiasm is rather for the emancipation of the body and the blessed life to come than for the triumph over the pains of death, though this element is not absent. There is the same eclecticism in the treatise "De Officiis Ministrorum," which is modelled upon Cicero's treatise "De Officiis," which in its turn was a compound of a work of the Stoic Panætius, and one of the Peripatetic Posidonius. The arrangement of the original is so overlaid with special discussions that we have to turn back to Cicero, whose own plan is not very luminous, to make out the scheme of the work.

¹ "De Vita Beatâ," II. x. 43, 44. ² "De Virg." III. vii. 34, 35; cf. ib. II. x.

Both works designedly stop short of the highest ground, and decline to deduce all duties from the idea of Stoical or Christian perfection; according to which the sage or saint always acts absolutely aright, fulfilling his own nature and his special part in the order of all; instead of this both Cicero and St. Ambrose take two external standards, the *honestum* and the *utile*, and examine what conformity to these requires, and how we are to be guided when they appear to come into conflict.

In this way it is possible to give a fuller treatment to subjects which form a large part of practical conduct, though they have a very subordinate importance for the perfect, such as keeping one's temper and respect for others, although the substance of the first book is still the cardinal virtues. The examples from ancient history are replaced for the most part by examples from Jewish history: for instance, the vengeance on the Midianites is justified as Cicero had justified the vengeance on Carthage and Numantia, though St. Ambrose naturally disagrees with Cicero as to requiting injustice by injury.

Of course, too, St. Ambrose refuses to treat virtue as its own end: it is a means to blessedness, on which there is a separate discussion at the beginning of the second book. When the discussion upon utility begins we find less disagreement with Cicero than might have been expected. As "glory" stands at the head of the "useful" goods for Cicero, so St. Ambrose sets himself to inquire how we may win the love, confidence, and admiration of men: it is, of course, of set purpose that both practically exclude riches from the valuable means of influencing others or promoting the owner's real good, although no such positions existed then as are filled now by large and popular land-owners or manufacturers. The ideal of St. Ambrose is a popular, cultivated, respected priest or bishop, whose personal position is almost independent of his place in the hierarchy, who is quite indifferent to promotion, and employs all the funds at his disposal in relieving the distress of the time. He is decidedly severe on avarice and ambition.

It is characteristic that this work was singled out for special praise by St. Augustin, while St. Jerome dwells on the three

books on maidenhood and the book on widows. Secular feeling in Italy ran strongly against ecclesiastical on the question of celibacy, and an immense amount of property was in the hands of women which could only come into the hands of men by marriage. And the feeling that this was proper was so strong as to obliterate the last trace of the old Roman feeling of the impropriety of a widow's marrying again. On the other hand, the religious sanction which the Church had given from the first to virginity met the aspirations of an increasing number of women with whom the sort of shrinking from marriage which we find in the *amœbæan* epithalamium in Catullus was coming to be more than a passing mood. St. Ambrose, who had been brought up by his sister, St. Marcellina, herself a consecrated virgin, threw himself with enthusiasm upon this feeling, and systematically took the part of maidens who refused to marry the partners whom their parents recommended. One of his first acts was to make the acquaintance of all the virgins of his diocese, and before he had been bishop three years he had written for their instruction, or rather in their praise—for, as he says himself, he teaches rather by example than by precept, and has learned from their conduct all that he recommends to others. It is noticeable that the legendary lives of the Virgin Mary and of St. Thecla are referred to as equally certain and equally authoritative. St. Mary is the pattern of how virgins should live; St. Thecla, of how they should be ready to die. A caressing tone runs through almost all his writings on this subject: he is inclined to humor his pupils by dwelling at great length upon their privileges, before he insists on their duties, which he is aware are stern enough, though he objects to excessive fasting. One of the most curious works of the series is upon the case of a virgin who had "fallen:" the writer is anxious to explain that it was not his fault, that he had taken every care of her, and seems to feel as a personal unkindness her obstinacy in declining to resume the vocation for which she found herself unfit.

This is decidedly the most original part of the writings of St. Ambrose: in a large group he leans decidedly upon St. Basil: the largest and most important work of this kind is

the "Hexaëmeron," a treatise on the work of creation, in which natural history, so far as understood, was moralized. There is nothing strictly mystical in the work: the old Roman indifference to exact science which we find in Lucretius and Seneca reappears in a more sharply accentuated form; just as they give incompatible explanations as alternatives which are quite indifferent so long as they purge the mind from superstition or fear. St. Ambrose proclaims his indifference to the question whether the earth rests upon the waters (according to the Jewish cosmology), or is poised in the centre as the heaviest body (according to the accepted Greek physics). Neither view concerns eternity (Seneca would have said neither concerns the blessed life), the only important thing is to know that it is established by the power of God. One can hardly call this a triumph of faith over knowledge; a point had been reached at which many minds found a concrete first cause more intellectually satisfactory than a series of abstract unverified hypotheses about second causes. Naturally the new conception of omnipotence was applied unsparingly: for instance, the paradox of the "waters above the firmament" is pressed to the utmost, and the assumption of a solid sphere to mitigate the difficulty is discarded: and we hear nothing of the other way of parrying the difficulty by giving a mystical sense to the waters as symbols of pure angelic intelligences or the like. The source of the work is St. Basil, whose source was Origen, who has also been used independently, and it is not unlikely that some use was made of the "Prata" of Suetonius. St. Basil supplies the substance of three other moralizing works, Elias on fasting, Naboth the Jezreelite, and Tobias. One learns from the treatise on Naboth that the encroachments of large landholders upon small went on as vigorously as in the days of Juvenal, and from the treatise on Tobias that usury was felt as a terrible evil, probably because an increasing proportion of borrowers were compelled to borrow by downright distress.

There is the same recognition of a gloomy background to life in the four books on the complaints of Job and David, in which the old theme of the disproportion between fortune

and desert is discussed with reference to a future life, though there is still a relic of the old Stoical arguments about virtue being best tested in affliction, and the prosperity which is due to ability and prudence apart from virtue.

The most important of the strictly dogmatic works are the five books "De Verbo," addressed to Gratian, the pious emperor who fell a victim to his taste for barbarian guards and field-sports, and they are what might be expected of an argument addressed to one who did not need convincing.

It is curious that we have no funeral oration on his death as we have on that of Valentinian II. and Theodosius: the second of these is little more than a panegyric on a devout and orthodox and successful emperor; the first has more interest, as Valentinian had come to cling to the prelate who had successfully resisted his government and supported his title. Another pathetic circumstance was that the young emperor, who was anxious to be baptized, had sent for Ambrose to admit him to the Church and to mediate between him and Arbogastes, the Frank commander of his bodyguard. Before Ambrose could arrive Arbogastes had settled the dispute by killing the emperor, and Ambrose could only express his regrets and compare the baptism of desire which Valentinian and Gratian had received with the baptism of blood which availed to martyrs who had missed the baptism of water. Both are inferior to the pathetic books on the "departure of his brother Satyrus," the first of which was delivered at the burial while the body lay with open face at the foot of the pulpit: the second, which is a sermon on the Resurrection, was delivered eight days afterwards. The first contains several curious traits of the manners of the time: the family had property in Africa, of which the proceeds were embezzled by the manager. St. Ambrose and St. Marcellina wished to leave him in peace and to abide at peace themselves, while Satyrus, who did not care more than they did about the money, could not reconcile it to his conscience to connive at fraud. He succeeded in compelling restitution; but on his way back he was shipwrecked and lost the money: he attributed his own preservation to having purchased the host

from a Christian fellow-passenger (Satyrus himself was still a catechumen). As soon as he was in safety he was baptized, and died, to his brother's great distress, just after his return to Milan.

Considering the depth of personal affection in this work, it is noteworthy that there are so few confidential letters; the chief are to his sister Marcellina: of these the most important is that on the discovery of the bodies of St. Gervasius and St. Protasius, which is the first chapter of as long a history as the penance of Theodosius. As there is a prophecy of many future miracles in the butcher who said he recovered his sight by touching the bones of the martyrs, to the great edification of the Catholics who knew that he was honestly blind, and to the scandal of the Arians who asserted that he was counterfeiting, there is a survival of old imaginative conventions in St. Ambrose's assumption that the martyrs who suffered less than a hundred years before he wrote were of a stature to shame the men of his degenerate day. The most interesting of the other letters are either little treatises like the 41st, in which the writer explains that Paradise ought to be understood of the state in which the soul had the intuitive vision of archetypal ideas; or state papers like the 17th and 18th on the relation of Symmachus, or the 40th addressed to Theodosius on the synagogue of Callinicum. The bishop of the place had instigated the people to destroy it, and Theodosius insisted that the bishop should restore the synagogue out of the church funds. St. Ambrose encloses a sermon in which, without discussing the question whether a bishop is justified in procuring the destruction of a synagogue, it is victoriously maintained that to apply church funds to the restoration of a synagogue would be horrible sacrilege. Modern readers will sympathize more readily with the 51st letter on the massacre at Thessalonica, though there, too, the strong side of the emperor's case is ignored: a very large mob was guilty, it was difficult or impossible to ascertain who had been foremost in the onslaught on the imperial officers who were butchered; under the circumstances Theodosius had filled the circus with another mob (composed in great part of the same persons), and massacred the whole.

The majority of the letters bear simply upon current episcopal business: we may mention also two confidential letters, 48, 49, to Sabinus, a brother bishop, to whom he communicated his unpublished works for criticism. The commentaries on St. Luke are almost entirely dependent upon Origen, and are noticeable chiefly as showing that the author accepts the Alexandrian tendency to get rid of the difficulty of apparently irreconcilable narratives by taking each as the symbol of spiritual truths between which there is no discrepancy.

The hymns of St. Ambrose are at once among the most important and the most doubtful of his works: three are attested by St. Augustin, which begin "Deus Creator omnium," "Æterne rerum conditor," "Jam surgit hora tertia;" a fourth, "Veni redemptor gentium," is attested by St. Cælestin in 430, and also in a sermon which may not improbably be by St. Augustin. It is tolerably certain that he wrote much more, probably as largely as St. Ephraim, whom he appears to have imitated; for the churches of the Eastern parts probably point to Syria. Bede, three centuries later, knew of a large number of Ambrosian hymns, and the oldest MSS. of St. Ambrose give a large and fluctuating number of hymns; but only twelve at the utmost satisfy the metrical standard of the four authentic hymns. In these we have four stanzas of four iambic dimeters, each perfectly regular in metre, except that a short syllable is lengthened *in arsi*; they conform, too, to the rule laid down for "Ambrosian hymns" by Bede, that the sense must close with a line, in order that the choirs may answer one another without a break. The first three are for the first three hours of prayer, the fourth is for Christmas Eve, and is probably a sample of the numerous dogmatic hymns which were the chief means of training the people of Milan to a zeal for orthodoxy. They all have the character of deep spontaneous feeling, flowing in a clear, rhythmical current, and show a more genuine literary feeling than the prose works, in which the tendency to popularize, for practical purposes, rather overpowers the author's real interest in the beauties of nature and declamatory pathos.

ST. JEROME.

St. Jerome has infinitely more of the genuine spirit of a man of letters than any of his contemporaries, except Ausonius, and he has infinitely more literary power than any, except his younger contemporary St. Augustin, who in most of his works is deliberately indifferent to style. What makes this more interesting is his extraordinary ascetical and polemical fervor, which at one time made him renounce the study of secular literature altogether, and ended by leading him to concentrate his literary interest increasingly within the sphere of biblical scholarship.

In another way he is singular. He was born in Stridon, in Pannonia; Latin was his mother-tongue, but both his names (Eusebius Hieronymus) are Greek, and one is tempted to suppose that his parents were Latinized Greeks, such as are still to be found among the aristocracy of Roumania. His education was entirely Latin, and it continued very long. He was born, according to the Chronicle of Prosper, in A.D. 331, and he did not retire to the wilderness of Chalcis till 374, and this may be said to mark the date of his final conversion and of his literary activity. We hear of his studying at Rome under the celebrated Donatus, and then going for two years to Trèves, where he perhaps felt himself more at ease than at Rome, for Trèves was in those days a capital where a foreigner from the frontier would not be oppressed by the traditions of superior culture. His youth at Rome was stormy, to judge by his own letters to St. Eustochium: he threw himself vigorously into all the dissipations of the city while still a laborious student; for he acquired his library by the arduous process of copying it. At Trèves he commenced his clerical studies by copying two works of St. Hilary of Poitiers on the Psalter and the Synods (which the Semi-Arians had multiplied); from Trèves he went to Aquileia, the frontier city of Italy, and there fell into a circle of young men, of whom Rufinus was the most distinguished, who wished to anticipate on earth what they imagined of the bliss of disembodied spirits. So far as material occupation seemed necessary they found it in the study of Greek

theology, which, especially in the biblical and historical departments, was built upon the labors of Origen; and at one time St. Jerome was exceedingly intimate with Rufinus, who seems to have been three or four years younger than himself, but already had settled down to a regular course of self-discipline. From Aquileia St. Jerome sailed to Syria, intending to visit the holy places and the eminent ascetics of the East; something had arisen to make it necessary for him to leave Aquileia, and it is natural to think of some scandal, or perhaps the first of his many quarrels; at any rate, he was rapidly disgusted with his former life. The climate of Syria did not suit him or his companion; the latter died suddenly; he himself was long prostrated by a severe intermittent fever. In his intervals of ease he found the Latin classics much more refreshing reading than the existing Latin versions of the Old Testament, and consequently one night (? when unusually feverish) he had a dream, in which his spirit was brought up for judgment. He appealed for mercy upon his sins, on the ground that he was a Christian, at any rate; and was told he lied—he was a Ciceronian, not a Christian; and was finally dismissed to do penance after being severely scourged. He renounced classical studies for years, and shortly after retired from Antioch to the wilderness of Chalcis, whence he wrote some curious letters to his friends at Aquileia, in which he deplores his inferiority to his companions, who have conquered their temptations, and expresses his own unhappy state by the help of biblical metaphors. It might fairly be said that his retreat at Chalcis marks an era in the progress of asceticism. St. Chrysostom, who not so many years before had been a sojourner in the same wilderness, wrote a tract to prove that the monks were the true philosophers, and their life the true philosophy; and this was still the dominant view, though many ascetics in Egypt had already arrived at the conviction that penitence, not to say remorse, was the mainspring of asceticism. But the doctrine, as a doctrine, “*Monachus non docentis sed plangentis habet officium*” (“a monk’s business is to be a mourner, not a teacher”), was new in the mouth of St. Jerome. It goes beyond the pessimism of Tertullian or St. Cyprian. With them

the object of austerity is to preserve the ascetic from the evil that is in the world; with St. Jerome it is to give effect to the ascetic's loathing of the evil that is in himself.

One of his austerities had very important results: he took up Hebrew as a hard and disagreeable study, under the guidance of a Jew, who he averred had been baptized, though, naturally, St. Jerome's enemies declined to believe that a Jew could be a Christian. His sojourn in the wilderness lasted five years; in the course of it he was involved in the ecclesiastical disputes of Antioch, where two rival prelates of unimpeachable orthodoxy contested the succession. He submitted his perplexities to St. Damasus, in terms which would have satisfied either a mediæval or a modern pope, and secured him an honorable recognition on his return to Rome.

In the course of his retreat he wrote two of his most brilliant works—a letter to Heliodorus, and the "Life of Paul," the first hermit. He had hoped that Heliodorus would have gone with him into the wilderness, and Heliodorus had stipulated that St. Jerome should write him a letter of invitation, and the promise was fulfilled. Throughout one is reminded of Seneca. "Affatim dives est qui cum Christo pauper est" is an epigram exactly in Seneca's style. The work deserved the success which it attained: a lady of fashion, Fabiola, learned it by heart, and repeated it long after to its author at Bethlehem.

He was driven back to the world because his controversy with the partisans of Lucifer (who had fallen into schism through his zeal against the Semi-Arians) had made him enemies in the desert, and after a short intercourse with St. Gregory of Nazianzus, then bishop of Constantinople, he returned to Rome A.D. 362, where long ago he had been baptized. Here he had the most brilliant moment of his life: he was taken up at once by the reigning pope, who made him his secretary, and by a society of noble ladies who had just entered on a life of asceticism, and were fascinated by his eloquence, his austerity, and his tenderness. He had his own favorites in the circle: he attached himself especially to Paula, a noble widow, who had five daughters all more or less in sympathy

with her tendencies. The feeling against second marriages had quite died out in Roman society: a rich widow was expected to marry again to please her family, or, if she were too old for this, to please herself; and the refusal of Eustochium, Paula's daughter, to marry or to be painted and dressed up according to her rank, was nothing short of a revolution. There were many who found his intimacy scandalous; and he was of opinion that such intimacies were scandalous, unless protected by the greatest austerity on both sides. He had a bad opinion of the Roman clergy, who seem, for the most part, to have taken up the profession as they would have taken up oratory or literature before the basilicas had been turned into churches. Naturally enough the most fervent thought he ought to be pope, and as naturally, when the time came for a new election, Rome was too hot to hold him. For one thing, it was universally believed that he had killed Blæsilla, a daughter of Paula, who was a widow like her mother, but young enough to oscillate between feverish amusement and feverish austerities; under St. Jerome's influence the latter impulse was victorious, and either the conflict or the victory was fatal. We know the story from himself: he wrote a letter to console the mother and to perpetuate the memory of the daughter. It is curiously arrogant and shameless and tender; his enemies, no doubt, said that he was canonizing his victim. It is impossible to doubt that he loved both the mother and the daughter, and that he felt for the mother's pain in the separation; but he was entirely without the natural feeling of pity for a charming woman dying with a great deal of suffering at two-and-twenty.

There is the same contrast in the letter to Eustochium on the preservation of virginity: the writer has the utmost respect, nay reverence, for his correspondent, and at the same time the want of common human feeling makes the letter read like an insult. The truth is, the letter is at once a treatise and a satire: Eustochium is warned against much that other virgins were likely to do, both in the way of dress and other imprudences; the author spares her nothing, not even the detail of his own temptation in the wilderness, his

own repugnance to Scripture, and his hankering after forbidden fruit. He probably thought that she might be in danger of having her good-will abused by the fashionable clerks whom he satirizes, and her austerities were probably severe enough to make advice necessary against over-acting her part, behaving as if she were too weak to speak above her breath, or to stand upright without support. Perhaps we might trace a criticism of Melania, another celebrated ascetic (to whom St. Jerome did not attach himself), in the warning against being ostentatiously shabby in dress.

Before leaving Rome he had written against Helvidius, the first of the reactionary writers who set themselves against the romantic asceticism of the day: he denied the perpetual virginity of St. Mary in order to depreciate virginity in general; and St. Jerome in reply deals much more in rebuke than in argument; so far as he does discuss, he discusses the merits of virginity and the authority of tradition, and is content to parry the argument from Scripture. He treats his opponent with more respect than in his subsequent polemic against Vigilantius, a Spaniard, who protested against the cultus of martyrs and the whole system of symbolical worship. Here the author rails at Vigilantius for his ignorance of letters sacred and profane, puns upon his name,¹ and, after all, extenuates rather than justifies the practices complained of. Throughout the fourth century it is obvious that theology came very short of devotion on such subjects. Another curious point is that he always assumes that Vigilantius is a personal enemy, probably because his personal enemies were disposed to take up as much of his case as they could, and the opinion of pagans was still important enough to be courted by lax Christians. A yet more formidable adversary who presented himself much later was Jovinian, of whom it would be interesting to know more. He had been through monasticism, and come out the other side: he had come to the conclusion that purely spiritual perfection is independent of austerities, which he enforced by the paradox that all who were in a state of grace were equal. This of

¹ Implying that he was no watcher, but a sleeper.

course reminds St. Jerome of Stoicism, and the doctrine that every baptized person is brought into a state of sinless perfection is obviously heretical; besides, the pompous self-complacency of a man who had finally got through his spiritual struggles was a fine field for sarcasm, and of course Jovinian was open to the charge of inconsistency, as he had once been a great ascetic.

But the most famous and interesting of all his controversies was with his old friend Rufinus of Aquileia. Rufinus had settled on Olivet, where he wrote for his monks a charming work in thirty-four chapters on what he had seen in his journey with Melania among the solitaries of the Egyptian wilderness, when Jerome settled at Bethlehem, and after a time they found quarrels spring up between their respective monasteries, and each suspected the head of the other. Still, these were passing storms, and the friendship still lasted in the eyes of the world when the patriarch of Alexandria thought it convenient to denounce the memory of Origen and excommunicate his surviving adherents.

St. Jerome, like everybody else, had up to this treated Origen as a great theologian who could not be followed in everything: he had translated his homilies on the Ephesians, leaving out what he thought objectionable; he admired the work of Didymus on the Holy Spirit so much that he retranslated it; St. Ambrose's translation was, he thought, too flowery. Unluckily, John the Bishop of Jerusalem was determined to screen Origen and his adherents, and even his doctrine so far as he could, and Rufinus was on the best of terms with John. Rufinus translated the principal speculative work of Origen on the same principle as St. Jerome had translated the homilies, leaving out all the doubtful phrases about the Trinity, on the ground that they were probably interpolated (it was a habit with Origen, who wrote much more than he could possibly remember, to complain of the interpolation of his works), and quoted St. Jerome in his preface as a precedent. The stroke was malicious, for the translator softened none of the distinctive doctrine of Origen, the pre-existence of souls, the restoration of the lost, the ab-

sorption of all things in the Most High. Still, it does not seem that Rufinus cared so much to compromise an old friend as to screen himself; he could not be expected to foresee that his friend would suddenly take the line that he always knew that Origen was a damnable heretic, and had always detested his heresy while utilizing his learning and admiring his industry.

St. Jerome burst out into the most pathetic and passionate declamation at the wrong done him in being represented as a fautor of heresy, and obviously believed his own case: he wrote letters to Pammachius and others; he acted as Latin secretary to Theophilus and St. Epiphanius, who was unaffectedly zealous against Origen's "blasphemies;" he even executed an exact translation of the "De Principiis," that every one might see how detestable it was. Of course Rufinus replied, but he was a great deal too discreet to publish: his own position was very precarious; he had paid a flying visit to Rome on his way back from the East, and had been well received by one pope, but another summoned him to give an account of his doctrines, and he did not venture to go. His replies to St. Jerome had to be circulated in confidence, but they were not the less effective or annoying. He could prove that his theological education had been more prolonged, more regular, and that his conduct had been more consistent and invariably decorous: he had not opened a grammar-school like St. Jerome at Bethlehem, where boys were taught Vergil and even Terence; and he had never had a vision of being scourged as a Ciceronian; he had never been taught by a Jew; he had never reviled the Roman clergy; he had never been disrespectful to St. Ambrose. St. Jerome could only reiterate distinctions between Origen's position as a commentator and his position as an heresiarch, and retort upon the paradoxical nature of Rufinus's regard for his relations; he could leave them for twenty years to practise asceticism in the East; he could not leave them when once he was safe back at Aquileia for the few weeks that would have been necessary to explain himself to the pope. He is very sarcastic upon the notion of calling a man

to account for a dream, and explains his later and maturer theory plausibly. He has also the great advantage of being thoroughly in earnest and unreserved: he rides on the top of the wave, whereas Rufinus was soon reduced to evasion, not to say tergiversation. The one point in controversy which to the last he asserts to be perfectly open is the pre-existence of souls: upon everything else he is forced to condemn, or seem to condemn, whatever had been imputed to Origen as heresy, only reserving the question whether it was to be found in his authentic writings. Rufinus's style is decidedly heavy and clumsy, and it is therefore the more noticeable that he is in his way a purist, and that St. Jerome, who writes a corrupt language admirably without contributing to its corruption, rallies him upon his periphrases.

Rufinus escaped better than most other adversaries of St. Jerome: he lived tranquilly at Aquileia under the protection of his bishop, occupying himself with translations¹ from the Greek, a text-book on the Apostles' Creed, and mildly mystical interpretations of Scripture, till he was frightened away by the barbarians to Sicily, where he died in peace, leaving few, if any, to share St. Jerome's exultation that "Grunnius," as he called him, was buried under Ætna like a new Enceladus.

The controversy led to another without literary interest. Pelagius, a rather self-complacent British monk, who was strongly impressed by Origen's doctrine of responsibility, blundered into heresy, having presumed to criticise a famous saying of St. Augustin, "Da quod jubes et jube quod vis." Like other Origenists, he made his last stand in Palestine, and some

¹ The most important of these were the Clementine recognitions, an Ebionite work on the missionary journeys of St. Peter and the adventures of St. Clement (which only survives in the expurgated translation of Rufinus, who seems to have thought the original a very edifying work, which in some passages was perplexing and perhaps unintelligible), and the ecclesiastical history of Eusebius, which he carried down from A.D. 324 to 395. There is the same tendency to omit what might shock contemporary orthodoxy, and compared with Eusebius he is uncritical. He omits documents and inserts miracles, and in the two later books, which are entirely his own, he sacrifices the connection and proportion of events, which Eusebius preserves very well considering his materials.

of his adherents were bold enough to sack St. Jerome's monasteries, and therefore St. Jerome wrote against Pelagianism with a sense of personal injury. His dialogue on the subject is tame: his preface to the prophet Jeremiah is eloquent and passionate in its exposition of human dependence, and has much of the tumultuous dignity which belongs to some of the best works of vigorous old age.

The preface to the "Lamentations" is remarkable for a splendid and unexpected expression of awe-struck sympathy with Rome, which had just been taken by Alaric. St. Jerome had never shown any loyalty to the empire or the emperors (because he was born on the frontier which was most weakly held?), but the first humiliating blow, felt so much more keenly than the heavier blows which were to fall, made him tremble as if the world were coming to an end with Rome.

His commentaries in general are tantalizing to a modern reader; they are very hurried; they date from the time when he was physically unable to write, and had to employ an amanuensis. He was ashamed of the necessity, which he thought fatal to concentration of style, and, when he could not defend a statement, fell back upon the fact that he told the amanuensis to put down the first thing that came into his head rather than let him come to a standstill. He is most at ease in the region of exhortation, though the antiquarian and historical interest is more prominent than in any other ancient Latin writer, and such notes as he gives are intended to be real explanations, not merely to enable the reader to get over what would otherwise be puzzling. It is true that erudition is pressed into the service of mysticism: the meaning of the Hebrew proper names is valued for its own sake, and no little pains are taken to give the different interpretations correctly, but every variant is equally good to be spiritualized.

Many of the letters turn upon the same kind of topics. Side by side with a letter to Ageruchia on the raiment of the high-priest, we have one to Fabiola, the learned lady who knew the letter to Heliodorus by heart, on the forty-two stations of Israel in the wilderness, each being allegorized as a station of the pilgrim wandering in the wilderness of this

world. Another letter to the same lady is more personal: she had divorced her husband on tolerably good grounds and married her intendant, knowing apparently that what the law sanctioned and society condoned was rather at variance with ecclesiastical discipline, but hoping that St. Jerome would rule that the second marriage, if irregular, was valid. She made a feint of consulting him on account of a friend, but the feint was detected, and she received an emphatic though not unsympathetic rebuke for her constructive apostasy, for it was clearly heathenish in such a matter to appeal to the secular law. But there is hardly more ethical indignation and a good deal less sarcasm than in a letter to another widow who required to be deterred from a second marriage. Here the writer throws all his strength into the contention that a widow who marries again only does so for one reason, whatever she may say or try to believe—that her servants will not obey her without a master; that her estates require a manager; that she cannot transact business with the government or in the law courts without a husband to stand by her; or, most ridiculous of all, that her children require a father; or, if she is childless, she cannot leave her heritage to strangers.

The fact is that human prudence always repels him except in one direction: he is aware that austerities can be carried so far as to affect the mind; he had carried his own austerities so far that for the last years of his life he could not kneel without raising himself by a cord; but Rufinus thought it possible to taunt him with not being strict enough in life to please Melania, and he warned Nepotianus against the melancholy which requires medical rather than spiritual skill for its cure. But there runs through all his writing a contempt for economy, and he praises Paula for leaving nothing but heavy debts when she died; the one provision for the future which he contemplates is to feed the poor and teach the young; and in this he seems to have no sense of paradox: the alternative to alms-giving is simply selfish dissipation, or an equally selfish scramble for the largest share of a total of enjoyment which appeared to be rapidly vanishing. Recklessness was general; even consecrated virgins were invited

to enjoy themselves by their gossips, on the ground that they had no children to save for.

One of the most interesting departments of St. Jerome's work was his panegyric letters on departed friends, and naturally that on St. Paula, the most intimate, is the best. The letter is full of tender contrasts between her rank and her humility, her blessedness and his loss, her false glory in the world, her true glory in Egypt and Bethlehem, for he has a naïve pride in the readiness of the most celebrated ascetics to admit a lady who had made greater sacrifices than most of them to the intimacy of their cells. No such stupid story is told of her as Rufinus tells of Melania, who presented a magnificent service of plate to a famous monk, and, when he sent it away to be sold for the poor, had the bad taste to tell him the weight. The letter on the death of St. Eustochium is less impressive; her character was less impulsive, and her biographer was older: he could not rally from the shock, and tells us little except the firmness with which she adhered to her vocation, her implicit obedience to her mother, and her gentle strictness with her nuns, whom she never hesitated to starve into a safe and peaceable frame of mind.

Of the formal biographies, the longest and most entertaining is that of St. Hilarion, who fled from his admirers from Palestine to Sicily and Cyprus, and was tracked everywhere by his miracles; it is a curious illustration of the difference between the real life of ascetics and the impression they made in the world. Another pretty story is that of Malchus, a monk who was carried away by the Saracens and compelled to accept a wife; he persuaded her to live with him as a sister, and at last was able to return with her to the Roman dominions, where they died in peace.

His historical works are not very characteristic. As Rufinus translated and continued the ecclesiastical history of Eusebius, St. Jerome translated, enlarged, and continued his chronicle from the twentieth year of Constantine to the death of Valentinian. Of the two it may be thought that St. Jerome's work is the more meagre and capricious:¹ except that

¹ For instance, the entry for one year is that a particular grammarian

the notes upon Roman writers are taken from Suetonius its sources have not yet been ascertained. More interesting is the imitation of Suetonius, a series of biographical notes on all the writers of whom an instructed Christian did not like to be quite ignorant, composed in A.D. 392 at the request of a certain Dexter, the prætorian prefect, who frankly explained he wanted something very short. Even for this work he is very dependent on Eusebius, who, at the end of each period in his Church history, enumerates the principal writers, and St. Jerome complains he very often had to copy him because he could find no historical or biographical materials elsewhere. Out of 135 authors named, from St. Peter to himself, only one, Juvenius (who turned the Bible history into rough and sounding hexameters), is a writer in verse. Commodian, an earlier and more original, if also a more incompetent, writer, is not mentioned, nor is Athenagoras, the most eloquent of the Apologists. Again, it seems very much an accident whether St. Jerome gives a list of any author's writings or not, though as he approaches his own time we get an occasional critical hint: he tells us that he had never seen a work on the Canticles attributed to St. Hilary. Oddly enough, St. Anthony appears after his biographer St. Athanasius, and his appearance at all proves that the general title "*De Viris Illustribus*" is more accurate than the special one "*De Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis*." Philo and Seneca come in, because Philo's work (if it be Philo's) on the "*Therapeutæ*" was taken for a description of the early Christians, and the apocryphal correspondence between St. Paul and Seneca was fully accredited when St. Jerome wrote. Neither insertion is particularly uncritical, for the Essenes have been identified with the Christians as a matter of deliberate theory, and the first expression of a recognition that Seneca had a good deal in common with St. Paul would be a tradition that St. Paul had converted Seneca.

But, after all, the most characteristic work of St. Jerome are had a high reputation at Rome; for another, that the clergy of Aquileia were regarded as a choir of angels, for the chronicle was written before the quarrel with Rufinus.

his letters, which strike every note from invective to the tenderness of grandfather. In a letter to Læta, a daughter-in-law of St. Paula, he offers to undertake the education of her infant daughter, and obviously looks forward to nursing her, though he puts the offer on the ground that, as she is to be brought up for the cloister, she will be safer with her grandmother and her aunt than at home: it is characteristic that he does not feel that he is asking the mother for a heavy sacrifice. There are letters of all degrees of intimacy, two among the most elaborate to ladies of Gaul, who only knew him by his reputation, and were encouraged thereby to send him all their scriptural difficulties. There are lengthy though not numerous letters to St. Augustin, who had taken alarm at the new translation of the Old Testament, and narrowly escaped having a quarrel fastened upon him; for St. Jerome was jealous of his hard-won reputation, and the letters in which St. Augustin corrected him were seen by others before they reached St. Jerome, who not unnaturally inferred that a younger man was trying to rise upon his ruins. It is impossible to speak adequately of the laborious work of translating the Bible single-handed: first he revised the New Testament, and brought it into closer conformity to the Greek, while to a certain extent he improved the Latinity: the Old Testament he translated directly from the Hebrew, after revising the Psalms, or rather translating them from the Septuagint, using his knowledge of the Hebrew to explain the Greek. This version of the Psalms still keeps its place in the Breviary: the Vulgate is a revision of the other translation, which was some centuries in finally displacing its predecessors.

ST. AUGUSTIN.

During the twenty years between his visit to Rome and his quarrel with Rufinus St. Jerome had been the literary dictator of Christendom. For some five-and-twenty years afterwards this authority passed into the hands of St. Augustin, the bishop of Hippo, then the second city of Africa.

His youth had been stormier than St. Jerome's, for, as his father was a heathen till late in life, his baptism had been de-

ferred, and the conflict between his animal and ideal nature exposed him to the fascination of Manichæism, a crude form of mystical materialism, which professed to rest entirely on reason and to dispense with authority. During the greater part of the period between his manhood and his baptism he was a teacher of rhetoric, first at Carthage and then at Rome, and was decidedly successful in his profession, in spite of his persistent spiritual distractions, which became more absorbing as he approached his mother's faith. While waiting for baptism he began to write on all the subjects on which he had lectured, but in most he did not get beyond the beginning, and lost his notes, though he believed that they were still preserved in other hands. The work on grammar was finished; that on music was completed after his baptism. We have extracts from the first, probably made by a Benedictine monk with an eye to the practical. We have the whole of the second, and we have the elements of rhetoric and dialectic—nothing more was written. From the elements of rhetoric we derive much of our knowledge of the ancient text-book of Hermagoras. But the main purpose of the author is to spiritualize secular knowledge, to show how each of the seven liberal arts leads up to the highest beauty and the highest good; and the exposition and the edification do not harmonize well. The work on music is very long, and there is little to be learned from it. All the works of this series, except the dialectic, are in the form of dialogues between a master and a pupil.

Something like the same form is adopted in a more happily inspired work, "*Contra Academicos*," which is an imitation of Cicero's "*Academics*," as St. Ambrose's treatise on the "*Duties of Clerks*" is an imitation of Cicero's treatise on "*Duties*." But the work of St. Augustin is fresher and more original: it is in great measure the record of actual conversations held when he was staying with his son and brother, with his mother and an old pupil, at Cassiciacum, an estate of the pupil's father, near Milan. The dialogues have a good deal of naïve scenery: for instance, St. Augustin's mother ends one of them by calling the company to dinner. In an-

other Augustin rallies the pupil on his inattention, because all the morning he has been able to make Latin verses at leisure, while Augustin and his brother have been hard at work on business letters. The main subject is the difficulties of certainty, and the need of faith to meet them, while incidentally the irony of Socrates and the "suspense" of the New Academy are vindicated as a protest against crude sensationalism. Other works of the same period are "*De Vita Beata*," "*De Ordine*" (a rather confused series of disconnected questions), two works on the Immortality and Immateriality of the Soul (the last sets out from the question of its quantity), and two books of "*Soliloquies*," in which Augustin converses with Reason, on topics treated with more passion and insight in the "*Confessions*." An earlier work on "*Beauty and Fitness*" is only known from the "*Retraction*" and the "*Confessions*" (IV. xiii.): it laid down and illustrated the distinction which is elaborately confused in the Greater Hippias.

In A.D. 388 he settled in Africa, and occupied himself with literary work, commenting on Genesis, and refuting the Manichees, while maintaining himself by monastic work upon a small farm which he had dedicated to the poor: after three years of this life he visited Hippo, where he was ordained presbyter in 392, and coadjutor bishop with the right of succession in 395. In the interval he wrote the celebrated "*Confessions*."

There is something like justification for Macaulay's odd criticism of the "*Confessions*:" they are not written in the style of a field preacher, but there is an extraordinary effusiveness and absence of self-control which are strange in Latin literature; there is a redundancy of suggestion, partly due to the author's rhetorical training, and yet unlike formal rhetoric; because, though the materials are accumulated with a profusion that savors of rhetorical fertility, they are not arranged with a rhetorician's eye to effect. The author multiplies questions in a way that can only be explained by the sincere exuberant curiosity of a generation which has exhausted its possibilities of actual science. Augustin himself

was not one of the few who had still mastered the encyclopædia of the day: he does not show any knowledge of the miscellaneous information about plants and animals and minerals that formed a sort of appendage to medicine, nor was he interested in geography, and so easily took over the conceit that between the tropics the earth was uninhabitable, and that any men who lived at the antipodes could not have the same ancestors as the inhabitants of the northern temperate zone.

When he has to mention the passage from infancy to childhood he is exercised by the word "*pass*."¹ "Did not I in my journey hitherward come to childhood, or rather childhood came of itself to me, and took the place of infancy? And infancy did not pass, for whither did it go away? and yet it was no more. For I was not an infant without voice, but a child that could speak." And then he goes on to notice how unlike the process by which he learned to speak was the process by which he learned everything else. He is not struck by anything mysterious in the fact that children learn to speak by calling for what they want, and imitating their elders without being taught. He is much more puzzled by the consideration that the naughtiness of babies is so like the naughtiness of their elders, and yet they are never scolded for it. Again, he is puzzled at his reluctance to learn his lessons, and the laughter of his elders when he was whipped, after praying to be delivered from the consequences of his neglect to learn them. He naïvely wonders whether there are any saints so perfect as to laugh at the natural fear of the torments of criminals or martyrs as adults laugh at children's fear of the rod. He is puzzled again at his elders' anxiety that he should learn to be a rhetorician: the play for which he neglected his lessons was innocent by comparison, while the graver play of the rhetorician was mischievous as tending to vainglory; yet it was wrong to neglect the preparation for the guiltier play. He is also astonished at his reluctance to attend to anything except to poetry and to learn Greek, though Homer is a most delightful vanity. As he advanced in life

¹ "*Conf.*" I. viii. (13).

he found more matter of astonishment in his joining in an expedition to rob a pear-tree, though neither he nor his companions wanted the pears, and in fact threw them to the pigs after just tasting them. He analyzes the absence of temptation in order to aggravate his guilt through several chapters with an emphasis rather disproportionate to the brief but bitter record of his short lapse into debauchery. 'This was followed by a genuine love-affair,'¹ of which we are told little except the eagerness with which he prepared for it, "being in love with loving before yet he loved," and the inconveniences of love which is not meant to end in marriage. He was faithful for nine years to his mistress, and when they parted she was faithful to his memory. He reproaches himself keenly for having taken another mistress while waiting till his mother could find a suitable wife; it did not occur to her or to him that, if he were to marry, the mother of his son was the proper person. There is the same curious combination of delicacy and brutality in his lamentations over a school friend who died suddenly; life seemed unendurable after his loss, and yet he says honestly he would rather have lost his friend than died himself, and doubts if even the chance of saving his friend's life would have moved him to give up his own. So, too, after the exquisite description of his mother's holy death, after the description of his laborious self-control, and the late tears which brought relief, he not only apologizes for those tears, but boasts of the tears which accompanied his anxious prayers for the repose of her soul when he wrote.

Other curious traits are to be found in his intercourse with St. Ambrose, who spent the greater part of his scanty leisure in reading to himself. Any one might enter unannounced, but few interrupted.² Augustin expresses great surprise that in reading to himself St. Ambrose never read aloud, and suggests two different theories to account for such singular behavior: he may have been afraid of being interrupted to explain difficulties, or he may (which appears a simpler and more creditable hypothesis) have been simply anxious to save his voice, which

¹ "Conf." IV. ii. (2).

² Ib. VI. iii. (3).

was always liable to be hoarse. It is curious to find that his mystical interpretation of Scripture was the principal source of his influence with St. Augustin, whose difficulties as to the conduct of Old Testament saints were removed when his attention was called from the moral anomalies of their actions to the transcendental meanings which it was possible to extract from them. His faith in Manichæism had been already shaken by the discovery that its astronomy did not agree with Greek science, the science of Ptolemy. He was aware that many orthodox Christians held the same erroneous views of physical matters, and if they made their error a part of their belief they were to blame; but, as their bad astronomy was really separable from their true belief, it did not discredit their creed. So, too, he rules that it is safer to hold that any passage of Scripture means anything and everything which is true, suggested by the words to any orthodox believer; and though he half endeavors to establish the bold proposition that the original author had present to his mind every sense for which his authority was hereafter to be rightly adduced, he falls back upon a belief that, if he only had one sense in his mind, that no doubt was the highest.

The book contains the most impressive, if not the earliest or the fullest, statement of some of the leading speculative ideas of the author, especially the most original, that in the highest subjects we always have to begin by believing an authority which somehow is able to impress us without convincing us, and that understanding in the natural course of things comes afterwards. This differs from the ordinary antithesis of faith and reason, because it does not divide the two spheres; it is not that human reason is from the first adequate to some religious truths and inadequate to others till the last, but that submission to the traditions of an institution is rewarded by growing insight into its large and coherent system of ideas. Another important notion is the essential goodness of everything so far as it has a substantial existence, and that evil only arises from the perversity of the creature's will. This leads naturally to the conception of good coming out of evil. As he puts it, God uses evil well. The dissertations on time and

eternity and memory (in books xi.-xiii.) are extremely ingenious, and the latter contributed largely to mediæval psychology; but the ingenuity runs to waste—the writer plainly prefers the unintelligible aspects of every subject, and likes to start questions rather than answer them.

The disquisitions are a natural appendix to the "Confessions," for he wishes to give the measure of his attainments in the pursuit of truth, as in the tenth book he had summed up his attainments in the pursuit of virtue. This part of the work is exceedingly naïve and interesting: we learn, for instance, that he reproached himself keenly for not completely conquering the carnal curiosity which led his contemporaries to the circus: he never went there nor wished to go; but when he met a hare with the dogs after her when he was out riding, he found that he could not help looking how the chase went, if he did not actually turn out of his way for the purpose. In the same spirit he debates whether church music tends to edification or not: sometimes he finds that the music helps him to feel the words, sometimes the pleasure of the sound distracts his attention from the sense.

Perhaps the most influential of his minor writings was the "De Doctrinâ Christianâ," though its form is quite accidental and unworthy. A Donatist grammarian, Tychonius, had written a book on the difficulties of Scripture which professed more than it promised, for its title was "On All the Difficulties of Holy Scripture." It was addressed to the large class of believers who wished to read the Bible and know something more of their religion than was contained in the baptismal formula. Tychonius thought enough was done when he had enabled this class to read the unfamiliar literature of the Old and New Law as currently as their own classics. St. Augustine's work has essentially the same object, but he intends to be, and is, more thorough in treatment. He begins by dividing the preliminary knowledge which a reader of the Bible needs into a knowledge of signs and things, and subdivides the knowledge of things into a knowledge of ends and means, or rather of things to be enjoyed for themselves and things to be used with a purpose beyond themselves. This distinction

afterwards suggested the framework of Peter Lombard's work on the Sentences, which is an introduction to the doctrine of the fathers for purposes of debate, as the "De Doctrinâ Christianâ" is an introduction to the Bible for purposes of inquiry.

The work looks like a fusion of some hand-book on the Creed with a hand-book of a very elementary character to the Bible. The first three books, upon the whole, are devoted to the knowledge of things, the last of the four is a discussion of the proper style of Christian preaching; the author condemns the free employment of rhetorical ornaments, and wishes, as a general rule, that preachers should restrict themselves to a musical arrangement of words: his own style depends increasingly upon the effect of verbal suggestions and antitheses, so that the architecture of phrases becomes superfluous. He is more indulgent to the study of heathen authors and heathen science generally. The commentaries on Genesis suffer in another way from the author's over-fertility: they are neither of them finished. The commentaries on the Psalms and the Gospel of St. John were delivered as sermons at Hippo: the strain of ingenuity is less, and when the author is ingenious he is often profound, as in the well-known passage where he raises the difficulty that John was the beloved disciple, while Peter loved the Master best, only to turn it by making Peter a figure of the life which now is, and John a figure of the life of the world to come, which is to tarry till the second advent.

The controversial works form a very large portion of his writings: those against the Arians, who still annoyed the faithful, are perhaps the least interesting; those against the Manichees the most, although the latter are to a considerable extent resumed in the "Confessions." The part which is freshest is the discussion of the moral character of the Manichees: the worst charges of child-murder or debauchery are neither affirmed nor denied, but there is a sharp criticism of their idleness, vagabondage, and gluttony; the last proceeded directly from their creed, as every one of the Perfect who ate a vegetable whose life he had not destroyed was supposed to liberate the divine element imprisoned therein. The contro-

versy with the Pelagians is interesting chiefly for the conception of freedom: according to St. Augustin the self-possession and self-control which are lost by sin are restored by grace; the question whether the will decides freely between different alternatives, which was prominent in the controversy with the Manichees, retires into the background, while the purely physiological theory of hereditary corruption is a return towards Manichæism which may be compared to Wesley's return towards High Anglicanism in his old age; though to the last the distinction that evil lay in the will, not in the nature, is re-asserted with emphasis.

The controversy with the Donatists is remarkable for having produced a doggerel alphabetical psalm, on the necessary mixture of good and evil in the visible church, in accentual trochaic tetrameters which seem to rhyme a little, and for the first weighty assertion that force might be used in aid of orthodox Christianity. This question had hardly been raised in the suppression of paganism: the closing of the temples had been a measure of police, and private sacrifices had always been viewed with jealousy by the state, and any nobles or literati who cherished the old belief were free to believe in the gods, and to worship them, and risked little or nothing by offerings of wine and incense at the family shrine. The Donatists raised the question directly: their propaganda was a perpetual breach of the peace, and St. Augustin was led by experience to alter his original opinion, and admit that it might be a good thing to repress the outrages of fanatics, and even to put some pressure upon them to give a fair hearing to the Catholic case. Even then he maintained emphatically that capital punishment was out of the question; no bishop could denounce a Donatist unless assured that the heretic's life should be safe. It is noticeable that though in controversy with the Donatists he leans more upon Scripture and less on Church authority, the seat of which was the matter in dispute, than in the controversy with the Manichees, the author's own belief is fixed by the maxim, "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*"

The work on the Trinity in sixteen books was written at

intervals during many years: it marks the completion of the movement, which began with the Council of Nice, towards transforming the orthodox representation of the doctrine from the shape which could be caricatured as tritheism into the shape which could be caricatured as Sabellianism. The author himself shrinks from such conceptions as Person and Substance and Hypostasis, regarding them as at the best necessary evils; his own inclination is to explain the matter so far as possible by psychological analogies, and to make the notion of being in man correspond to the Father, while thought, reason, consciousness represent the Son, and the will, which presupposes both being and thought, corresponds to the Spirit, who is the love wherewith God loves himself and the world, as the Son is the wisdom wherewith God knows himself. One of the most interesting and important of St. Augustin's ideas is the constant identification of choice with love, which is decidedly beyond the Platonic doctrine of Eros, and had an abiding influence upon the sentimental and speculative culture of the middle ages, and still colors much refined asceticism.

The correspondence of St. Augustin is mainly diplomatic, bearing on the business of a bishop who was practically the leader of the African Church: for instance, every decision of an African synod required to be accompanied by a letter of St. Augustin. Some space, too, is occupied by letters of exculpation:¹ one of the most curious is that in which he explains how he had allowed his people to force him to ordain a son of Melania presbyter rather against the will of the young man and his wife, who lived with him as a sister, because, once ordained as presbyter of the town, the canons would prevent his leaving it and carrying his alms elsewhere. The letter shows a strange want of perception of the shabbiness of the whole transaction. In the correspondence with St. Jerome about the dispute between St. Peter and St. Paul at Antioch, which resolved itself into a debate on the limits of permissible dissimulation, St. Augustin shows to more advantage, as he upheld the stricter view; and even in the correspondence on the translation of the Old Testament he hardly comes off second-

¹ "Ep." cxxvi.

best, for though his thesis, that an ecclesiastical translation ought to be based on the consecrated authority of the Septuagint, was hardly tenable against St. Jerome's appeal to the "Hebrew verity," an unlucky mistake about "Jonah's gourd" almost turned the tables. St. Jerome had found out that the plant in question was not a gourd, and as the Palma Christi, or castor-oil plant, of which the Hebrew writer was speaking, was unknown in Italy, he fell back rather capriciously upon Aquila, who had gone by the similarity of sound between *κισσός* and "ciceion." Consequently St. Jerome translated "ivy" instead of "gourd," and would not see that the matter was of consequence, even when informed that the Jews of Africa followed the older and more plausible mistake embodied in the Septuagint and most modern translations.

Like St. Jerome, though not to the same extent, St. Augustin had to answer the queries of correspondents who brought to him all the theological questions that their reading or reflection had suggested. The questions themselves are sufficiently naïve, such as a Sunday-school teacher has to meet, or more commonly to silence, but the treatment of them is different and freer. The author never is in a hurry to admit that a question is insoluble: if no text or fragment of ecclesiastical tradition occurs to him which may throw light upon the question, he says he does not know; but he never lays down that it is "an unrevealed mystery beyond the power of human thought." Even when he is most despondent of ever seeing the way to an answer, he always reserves the possibility that some one else may be wiser or better instructed.

His great work, the "City of God," was written in reply to the attacks of the Pagans, who held that the sack of Rome in A.D. 410 was a punishment for the suppression of the national worship, to which Rome owed her greatness. It is to be remembered that at Rome itself much of the old worship had still been kept up by the influence of the aristocracy, who were still able to fill up the old priesthoods and to maintain the Altar of Victory till after the conversion of St. Augustin. The Pagans had much more recent grievances than the conversion of Constantine. The main scheme of the book is impressive:

the first five books prove that Paganism is not a condition of temporal prosperity, the next five that, supposing temporal affairs to be subject to vicissitudes on which piety has no influence, it is useless to maintain that polytheism had the promise of the world to come. The next twelve books are constructive: the first four deal with the origin of the City of God and the City of Earth; the next four deal with the history of the two cities; and the last four deal with their ends. But the execution is unworthy of the conception: the author was nearly sixty when he began, and he was over seventy when he finished, for large treatises were interrupted both by his duties as bishop and the demands of current controversy. We expect a philosophy of history, and at first it seems as if we were to have it: the Stoical distinctions between the prudential and practical conditions of success, and the moral conditions of spiritual worth, is used vigorously and with a great deal of perspicacity; for instance, the self-complacency of the Stoics is consistently treated as another form of the self-indulgence which they condemned: much is said, and well, of the value of secular virtues in clearing the way for the establishment of true religion, and in furnishing elements to enrich religious ideals. But from the first secondary questions come in. The first book is taken up with taunting the Pagans for their ingratitude, as Alaric had respected the churches, so that such Pagans as escaped owed their escape to Christianity, and with discussing the very sore question whether a Christian woman was justified under any circumstances in killing herself to avoid dishonor. The fact that Christian women, and among them consecrated virgins, had been dishonored, was one of the most telling arguments of the Pagans. There is more point in the contrast between the standard of the moralists and statesmen of the republic and the actual prosperity of the golden days of the empire which the Pagans regretted, with endless splendor and luxury and servility, with no loyalty or discipline or dignity. The Romans themselves held that their true greatness had been founded on the ancient discipline, which luxury had undermined, and the gods had done nothing to uphold. The gods, if they could be thought

to meddle at all, would seem to meddle in the interests of evil: Marius was very "pious," very wicked, and very prosperous; Regulus was righteous and unfortunate. Yet this inference will not hold. Metellus, a most virtuous man, was prosperous, and saw his five sons consulars, and Catilina was as miserable as he was wicked. If the false gods have any power, it is only lent them in order to enforce a qualified belief in the value of earthly good. St. Augustin is not sceptical as to their power being actually exerted; he quotes all the prophecies of Sulla's success as if they were entirely trustworthy. Of course the familiar arguments about the immoralities of the gods, and the display of these at the theatrical shows held to propitiate them, recur to prove that the gods could not have promoted the virtue or the true prosperity of Rome. The belief of Cicero and Polybius, that the religious temper of the ancient Romans was the foundation of their prosperity, is never discussed, though the value of the relative good faith and honesty which, according to Cicero and Polybius, flowed from that temper is amply recognized.

The argument in the fifth book against the different forms of fatalism, astrological and logical, is well sustained, and it would be impossible anywhere to find a less incoherent statement of the doctrine that the issues of human affairs are foreseen and controlled by Providence, while human choice is not only an effective agent, but subject to responsibility in the strict sense. The next five books are divided between a criticism of current theology, as divided by Varro into civil, poetical, and physical, and a criticism of the theology of the New Platonists, with especial reference to the doctrine of demons of intermediate nature, who manage the intercourse between gods and men, and are responsible for all imperfections of the spiritual order. According to others, some demons were good on the whole, others evil. To both views St. Augustin opposes the doctrine of one God and one Mediator, and good and evil angels. There is a splendid passage on the spirituality and sublimity of the Supreme God as set forth by Platonism,¹ and a very trenchant criticism of magic, based upon Porphyry,² who

¹ "De Civ. Dei," I. vi.

² Ib. X. ix. sqq.

himself is sharply handled¹ for failing to see that the admission how few have leave to attain perfect purity of heart through perfect intelligence is a confession that salvation is a matter of grace, much more freely accessible under the Christian dispensation than it could be thought to be under the Platonic.

The whole discussion is interesting and powerful, but it has little to do with the original scheme of exhibiting the contrast between Christianity and Paganism as a contrast between the two cities and their citizens: there are, besides, all manner of little digressions, as, for instance, on the difference between the Christian reverence for martyrs and the Platonic reverence for demons. The next four books are really a discussion on the creation and fall of angels and men; and, as the author was full of original views on the subject, he pursues it into all manner of side issues, such as these: Whether the blessedness in which the fallen angels were created excluded anticipation of the possibility of their fall? Whether there is anything in the knowledge of angels which corresponds to morning and evening? This last question found its way into the library of Pantagruel, so it may be well to say a few more words upon it. St. Augustin found it easiest to conceive creation as one eternal act, and therefore was disposed to understand the six days of Genesis as the successive stages by which the realization of the divine fiat was manifested to angelic intelligences. From this point of view it was a congenial and luminous theory, that at each stage it was evening when the angels contemplated the creature revealed by God, and morning when they contemplated God manifested in the creature, the work of his hands. The discussion remains throughout on this level of dignity and suggestiveness, though it is somewhat disconnected, or rather the connection is subjective: one question grows out of another, but the matter as an objective whole is not orderly presented to the reader, and can scarcely have been present to the mind of the writer.

In the next four books there is a great falling off: the substance of them is a comparative chronology of sacred and pro-

¹ "De Civ. Dei," X. xxxii.

fane history, to which all the fathers attached what we may think disproportionate importance, because it showed, as St. Justin observed, that Hebrew culture was older than Greek. And, as if this were not enough, there are dissertations on the ages of the antediluvian patriarchs, and the polygamy of Abraham, Jacob, and David. There is more interest in the question how far the conquest of Canaan or the peaceable reign of Solomon could be taken as a fulfilment of the promises, though little original is said of Messianic prophecy. The last four books have even more completely the character of a collection of questions: the two chief subjects are the resurrection and the everlasting punishment of the wicked, which was practically as great a difficulty then as now. On the former we have such puzzles as, What will become of embryos and idiots? What age will infants or decrepit dotards be in the resurrection? Does the well-known passage about "coming to a perfect man" imply that in the resurrection all the redeemed will be of exactly the same age and stature as the Redeemer? If such questions are to be started, it must be admitted that they are treated with discretion, and the last is answered in the negative. The criticism of Origen's theory, that all spirits from the highest to the lowest pass repeatedly through all stages of existence, departing from God only to return, and returning only to depart, is absolutely crushing. According to this, all spirits pass eternity "inter falsas beatitudines et veras misérias," since no blessedness could be real which was certainly sooner or later to be followed by a fall. The author does not succeed so well with the popular objections which turned upon the feeling that it was too terrible to be true, that if God had said so he would be better than his word, a comfortable belief which rested itself on a verse of a psalm—"Quam multa multitudo misericordiæ tuæ, quam abscondisti timentibus te." If the devils had sinned beyond repentance, at least all men would be saved, or, if not all men, at least all Christians; or, if not all Christians, all who remained to the end of their lives in communion with the Church; or, if not all Catholics, at least those who had given alms. Upon this last point St. Augustin is compelled to compromise: he

admits that there is a class of Christians not good enough to be saved for what they are in themselves, and not too bad to be saved by the intercessions which their alms have purchased for them. All the other views are rejected, and we can hardly say refuted, for when the author has shown the defects of the exegesis pressed into their support, he is content to exclaim at the presumption of men who would be more merciful than God.

The chapter on the Beatific Vision is pale after the rapturous colloquy with St. Monica, recorded in the ninth book of the "Confessions:" the author had outlived the passion of his eloquence, though not his hopes. The peroration, with its recurring catchwords and assonances, is certainly lofty and musical:

"Ibi vacabimus et videbimus: videbimus et amabimus, amabimus et laudabimus. Ecce quod erit in fine sine fine? Nam quis alius noster est finis, nisi pervenire ad regnum cujus nullus est finis?" The key-note is taken from a text quoted some way further back: "Ibi perficietur 'vacate, et videte quoniam ego sum Deus'—"Be still, and know that I am God."

Quite incidentally we have a remarkable argument about miracles. After affirming the great paradox of the resurrection of the body, St. Augustin is led to reflect on the wonderful means by which belief in this wonder came about, and this again leads to a contrast between the states of mind in which the apotheosis of Romulus and the Godhead of Christ were accepted. It was the Romans' love to their founder which made them believe him a god; it was the Christian belief in Christ's Godhead which led Christendom to love Christ. And as the belief in this wonder was independent, it must have been due to divine power rather than persuasion. Then comes the question how it is that the same divine power is not continuously exerted. And here we have a twofold answer: (1) It is quite true that miracles were necessary to found such a belief, but their repetition is not necessary to sustain it. The author does not take up the position of eighteenth-century apologists: that belief always rests upon historical proof

that miracles happened long ago. Rather he maintains that the truth of the belief is proved by its power, and its power is a proof of its miraculous origin. (2) In fact miracles are as frequent and as remarkable as ever, but they make less impression, which St. Augustin thinks the fault of those who benefit by them, to be corrected by ecclesiastical diligence, of which he himself is one of the earliest and most illustrious examples. The miracles he records are of the kind familiar in processes of canonization—especially those which occurred in connection with the “memorials” to St. Stephen recently introduced into Africa, in consequence of the supposed discovery of his relics, and those of Gamaliel (who, according to the “revelation,” had buried him), in Palestine. St. Augustin himself vouches for one very curious story, which he tells at great length, of a pious elderly gentleman who was operated on for fistula: the doctors left one wound to heal itself, and the patient fretted over this, feeling sure that another operation would be necessary, and that it would kill him; after some considerable delay, as the wound did not heal, they admitted that the operation would be necessary, and the patient determined to call in another surgeon to perform it. He, with proper professional feeling, did not like to interfere with a case in the hands of competent professional brethren. No doubt a new operation would be necessary, but the previous operations had been admirably performed. The operation was fixed for the next day; the patient waited in an agony of prayer; when the time for the operation came the doctors pronounced it unnecessary, as the wound was replaced by a very firm scar. The only point in this story which at first sight seems questionable is the interval between the second opinion and the day fixed for the operation, for St. Augustin is writing between thirty and forty years after the facts. On the other hand, we know only what the patient—evidently not a very reasonable patient—told his spiritual counsellor that the doctors had said: we do not know how far the doctors among themselves said the same as they were reported to say by the patient—a very religious man, who at the time was entertaining St. Augustin and Alypius, who had given up their

property to the poor and were living on charity themselves until they were ordained.

One characteristic work remains to be noticed, the “Retractations,” in which the author about three years before his death went over all that he had hitherto published, in order to correct the bad effect of any inadvertences which might have escaped him in works many of which were circulated without the author’s sanction. His anxiety descended to minutiae: he thought the conjecture in the “Confessions,” that his fear of death when his friend, who was one soul with him, died, might have come of an unwillingness that his friend should die altogether, savored more of the lightness of declamation than of the gravity of confession. He also holds that he was over-bold in pronouncing that the waters above the firmament were spiritual and the waters below the firmament material, as the passage is exceedingly mysterious. In the tenth book of the “City of God” he ought to have remembered that the flame from heaven which ran between the victims in Abraham’s sacrifice appeared in a vision, and consequently was not strictly miraculous. In the seventeenth book he ought not to have denied that Samuel was of the sons of Aaron, because his father was not a priest; whereas the father of Samuel was a son of Aaron in the same sense as all Israelites were sons of Israel.

PART X.

LITERATURE OF THE DECLINE.

THE fifth century is a period, upon the whole, of decline, but at the beginning of it we meet two or three not unworthy survivors of better days. The earliest of these is Maropius Pontus Anicius Paulinus, whose popular reputation reached its height after he was made bishop of Nola in 409, where he distinguished himself by his devotion to the local martyr St. Felix, who he hoped might love him a little as a master loves his dog. Paulinus originally belonged to the circle of the rhetoricians of Bordeaux; he composed a panegyric on Theodosius, dwelling especially upon his piety. Fragments of this have been edited; but such of his works as have reached us are chiefly letters and poems. Most of his poems date from the period of his retirement, which seems to have been determined partly by the fact that his marriage was long childless and that his only child died prematurely, partly by the fact that he was vexed by an accusation of fratricide, which drove him from Spain, the country where his wife's property lay, as his own restlessness had driven him from Gaul. He made a great impression upon his contemporaries, as the first man of rank and breeding who had given up his secular position in the West for voluntary poverty, though he retained enough control over the property which had been his to build and decorate a basilica. His poems are chiefly remarkable for their diffuse amiability of feeling, and for the tendency, which was not uncommon, to slay the slain polytheist.

A really clever lady, Faltonia Proba, who had written upon Constantius's victory over Magnentius, afterwards amused her-

self and her children by constructing a cento from Vergil to tell the story of the creation, the fall, and the deluge and the gospel history: such things have no merit for any public but that which knows the original by heart.

A more interesting writer was Sulpicius Severus, who was born about eleven years after St. Augustin; like Paulinus, he belonged to the school of Bordeaux; like Paulinus, he made a rich marriage; and when he lost his wife early he retired, like Paulinus, from the world. His principal works are a short chronicle carried down to the consulship of Stilicho in A.D. 400, and two treatises on the "Life of St. Martin," one in the form of a history, the other in the form of a dialogue in two parts. The chronicle is very carefully and well written: the author's object is to convince the educated classes that the Old Testament history is trustworthy by a free use of synchronisms, and to conquer their prejudices against the style of the Hebrew records by as many reminiscences of the Roman classics as possible: for instance, the destruction of Jerusalem is taken from Tacitus; but even where he has no better source than Eusebius (he is not given to name his authorities) his style is more than creditable. His style shows to equal advantage, in spite of his protests that he had forgotten all his rhetorical skill, in the "Life of St. Martin" and the two supplementary dialogues. Both are remarkable for the resolute acceptance of many miracles which are not all of a character to convince posterity; and it is worth inquiring how the judgment of an intelligent and cultivated man who had been intimate with his hero came to differ so far from our own. For one thing, Sulpicius was fascinated by St. Martin's love of poverty. Sulpicius was by birth and education a gentleman, which in the judgment of several contemporary bishops St. Martin was not. People on different social levels either idealize or depreciate each other. Then it is clear from the operation on the eyes of Paulinus that St. Martin had great gifts of healing as a skilful empiric, and ascribed his gifts to the Giver; moreover, he operated upon the natives of the country parts of Gaul who had never been operated upon before, and they naturally treated such cures as miracu-

lous, and spread exaggerated stories of all kinds about the saint, which was the easier as his austerities had led to visions which seemed in that day the greatest of all wonders,¹ unless they seemed proofs of unsoundness of mind. It was natural that believers should begin by accepting every wonder upon about the same evidence as they accepted any other fact of which they heard. And in the second dialogue the author evidently thinks he has done enough to silence scepticism when he gives in the vaguest form the names, often very obscure, and the addresses, often very remote, of the persons upon whom the miracles were wrought. Besides, the works of Wesley show what curious results even a keen investigator may reach by taking the same evidence on such subjects as everybody would take upon common subjects. It is to be noticed, also, that the wonders which Sulpicius gives upon his own knowledge in the life are less grotesque than those which he gives upon the authority of a certain monk of Celtic nationality in the dialogues. They are held in the presence of Severus, who calls upon the monk to tell what he knows to an Oriental visitor, by way of proving that St. Martin in his own person surpassed all the achievements of the Oriental ascetics together. He believed in his own miraculous powers, for he felt that they were impaired after he had been induced to communicate with two bishops, at whose instigation Maximus, then emperor beyond the Alps, had put Priscillian and some of his followers to death. There is also a very lively narrative of the devotion of Maximus's wife, who insisted upon being permitted to serve the saint at table.

Sulpicius Severus was reduced to silence by the Pelagian controversy, in which he took the side which could not prevail, though Gennadius does not inform us which form of the heresy he was disposed to advocate, whether he wished to protest against the doctrine of original sin, or whether he wished to maintain the efficacy of the human will. A very discreet writer, who inclined to the same side, made a reputation out of his discretion, which has been very much exaggerated by recent writers. Vincent of Lerins was a monk of the mon-

¹ St. Augustin's caution was exceptional.

astery of Lerins (an island off the harbor of Marseilles): being an ingenious person, he was exercised by the problem what a man who travelled and came in contact with all the different theological views which were or had been current in the Roman Empire ought to think of them. He elaborated, purely as a matter of private speculation, the maxim that the one safe way was to hold fast to that which had been taught always, everywhere, and by all. In his mind this was not a negative but a positive canon: he does not question every current doctrine, but only those which seem to come into collision with his rule; and no questionable doctrine is to be admitted unless it satisfies it; which the author evidently felt that the doctrines of predestination, original corruption, and inability for good works, which he supposed St. Augustin to hold, did not. He is inclined to make capital out of the perplexity which a pious person might have experienced while the Arian, or rather semi-Arian, controversy was at its height, and out of the scandal which had arisen out of the posthumous controversy then raging about the views of Origen, to discredit what he supposes to be the private speculation either of St. Augustin or of those who misquoted him. He nowhere implies that he is republishing an ancient rule for the guidance of contemporaries: on the contrary, he is anxious to maintain that the rule to which his own meditations have led him does not hamper the progress of orthodox theology; though his own instincts lie in the direction of a rather rigid conservatism. His favorite metaphor is that the theology of a later age ought to compare with the theology of an earlier year, as the stature of a grown man compares with the stature of a boy: everything in the later stage is anticipated in the earlier stage, only upon a smaller scale. His work became celebrated in the controversies of the Reformation, and in those of our own day, rather beyond its intrinsic importance.

A more considerable writer was Cassian, who entered a monastery at Bethlehem, and apparently about A.D. 390 left it to travel for ten years among the monasteries of Egypt; thence he went to Constantinople and was ordained deacon by St. Chrysostom. When St. Chrysostom was banished he went

to Rome to advocate his cause, and about ten years later he founded two monasteries at Marseilles, one for men and one for women, and settled there and began to write, being then probably between forty and fifty. His first work treats briefly, in four books, of the elementary rules of monastic life; we learn, among other things, that the rule in Egypt was that the religious should meet for psalmody at night, while in Syria the rule was that they should meet at fixed times in the day: in Cassian's houses both practices were combined, and this is the earliest mention of the "Seven Canonical Hours." The rest of the treatise is taken up with remedies of the eight capital vices, which are the original form of the seven deadly sins. The number eight is made up by counting despondency, *tristitia*, and *acedia*, listlessness, separately. As industry is the great remedy for both, they were combined under the name of sloth by later moralists. Another curious trait in the book is the way in which implicit obedience is idealized. The reason is obvious: it was only the minority of monks who were willing to live under any rule at all; the majority, in a spirit of enthusiasm or of spleen, withdrew themselves from the discipline of civil life, and refused to submit to any other; they were simply selfish old bachelors, and the chief difference was that the weaker were simply self-indulgent and disorderly loafers, while the stronger developed into misers.

This was followed by a very interesting book entitled "Collationes Patrum," in which the author dresses up his recollections of his intercourse with the most famous ascetics of Egypt. One notices throughout a curious tone of elaborate courtesy, both in the homage of Cassian to the ascetics and in their patronage of him and his companions, which contrasts oddly with his own sincere self-distrust: he seems to have had the natural anxiety of an able man to make himself felt, and to have been distressed because this anxiety was not compatible with his idea of humility. The colloquies are twenty-four in number. In the thirteenth the author expounds his differences with St. Augustin: the particular point at which he differed from him was upon human responsibility, which he endeavored to save by a rather mechanical

distinction which corresponded to nothing in experience. He held that throughout their Christian life men needed help and received it, but that their first conversion and their final perseverance were their own acts. His opinion was afterwards condemned, but his personal position, and even his posthumous reputation, were not seriously damaged, especially as his last work was a refutation in seven books of the Nestorian heresy. A more thoroughgoing and a keener-sighted opponent of the great African doctor was Julian, whose opinions cost him the bishopric of Eclanum in Campania. We have still six books of a work to which St. Augustin replied paragraph by paragraph, not always victoriously. There is no perceptible divergence on the doctrine of grace; Julian reserves all his strength for an attack on what he considers a materialist and Manichæan theory of hereditary corruption.

The disciples of St. Augustin were as inferior to their master as the defenders of Pelagius were superior to that amiable but empty heretic. The principal of them was Orosius, a Spanish presbyter, who wrote a universal history in seven books, much esteemed in the middle ages, with the object of meeting the impression which was general after Alaric's occupation of Rome, that Christianity had brought ruin to the world. Consequently his work dwells rather disproportionately on the calamities of the Pagan world, and the narrative is complicated with an arbitrary theory of the four empires. Rome is to be the heir of Babylon, and the expulsion of the Tarquins is made to coincide with the capture of Babylon by Cyrus, so that the death of Babylon coincides with the entry of Rome on her first youth; but as Rome was not ready to enter on her heritage, Macedonia in the east and Carthage in the west were appointed her tutors. This has the disadvantage of leaving out the Persian empire altogether, though it is the intention of the author to make up the four empires of Daniel.

Prosper of Aquitaine contributed more energetically to the Pelagian controversy; he composed a dull poem in hexameters against the ingratitude of the monks of Southern Gaul, who were more conscious of the efforts they made than of the assistance they received; he also wrote a chronological work,

which with some accretions enjoyed great authority in the middle ages.

Fulgentius, bishop of Ruspe, wrote upon most of St. Augustin's topics, with an amount of heavy earnestness that almost warrants a hope that he was not the grammarian who wrote upon mythology, and invented quotations from authors he had not read, who had not always existed.

Another African writer who apparently belongs to this period is Martianus Capella, who amused himself one winter on holidays in stringing together his hand-books of the seven liberal arts, in a framework of tiresome luxuriance borrowed from Apuleius. The subject is the wedding of Mercurius and Philologia, and all the parade of mythology and fine writing is intended to exhibit the ideal aspect of the business by which the author got his bread: his profession had its shabby side; but, after all, it might be symbolized by the marriage of a god and a goddess.

At Rome there was still a great ecclesiastical writer in St. Leo, who was bishop of Rome from A.D. 440 to 461. His works consist of letters and sermons: of the former the most important is the well-known treatise on the Incarnation, which is addressed to St. Flavianus, then bishop of Constantinople; the sermons are remarkable as the earliest which were preached to a Roman audience. Until the fifth century the Roman clergy had been confined strictly to an unusually narrow share in the ritual; for they had not been allowed to celebrate the eucharist, but had communicated at the bishop's eucharist. The sermons are very vigorous and (considering the age) pure in style, but their substance is curiously rudimentary.

A later Roman man of letters was Vettius Agorius, who was a grandson of the celebrated pontiff and prefect of the city. He distinguished himself as an editor of ancient books; not a few of our MSS. are copies of those which he issued with his own corrections under the countenance of Felix, the orator (*i. e.*, the official professor of rhetoric) of the city of Rome: the emendator shows little taste or judgment.

There was a considerable activity in versifying the Bible.

Claudius Marius Victor, a rhetorician of Marseilles, who died under Valentinian III., composed a paraphrase of Genesis, down to the death of Abraham, for the edification of his son, and very consistently complained (in a letter in hexameters on the vices of the age to the Abbot Salmo) that women were as bad as men in preferring the Pagan poets. Sedulius, a poet of something the same date, bears witness to the same taste for poetry: he writes partly for his own edification, and partly because his contemporaries will not read prose attentively. His paraphrase of the Gospels is vigorous and scholarly, and more original than that of Juvenius. It is, therefore, the more curious that his work in verse was practically suppressed by an inferior work of his own in prose, where the language shows much stronger traces of the degeneracy of the times. Happily Asterius, who was consul A.D. 474, republished the "*Carmen Paschale*," the title of the gospel history in verse, and enabled us to compare it with the "*Opus Paschale*," then more largely circulated.

D. Sedulius also distinguished himself in hymnody. His alphabetical hymn in honor of Christ, of which two sections, for Christmas and Epiphany, passed into the Breviary, marks a certain progress in form, as, though quantity is still carefully observed, the conflict between the metrical and the grammatical accent is in the way to disappear.

The interest of Dracontius in poetry is more personal: he persevered with it in spite of the Vandal conquest of Africa, and nowhere shows any contrition for treating Pagan topics. In the "*Satisfactio*," an elegiac poem, in the manner of the "*Tristia*," addressed to King Gunthamund, we see how completely the author belonged to this world: he was an advocate at Carthage, had a flourishing business and a large family, when he got himself into difficulties by dedicating some work to a foreign authority. Accordingly he writes in the most humble strain to the potentate whom most African Christians thought an Arian tyrant; this was followed by a rambling poem in three books of hexameters, each seven or eight hundred lines long, generally illustrative of the goodness and severity of God, in the hope that Gunthamund will

imitate the former as he has imitated the latter. The first book treats most of creation, and the greater part of it was circulated separately, under the title of the "Hexaëmeron:" there is a good deal of ingenuity of the kind which won a reputation for Dubartas, though Dracontius is simpler and in better taste; besides, he is really musical, though the music is monotonous and suits the cloying sweetness of the descriptions, which are overloaded with epithets, and never get beyond the obvious aspects of nature, and yet show a certain freshness of perception. The second book treats of the work of Christ, and has a relatively brilliant passage on the descent into hell. The third treats, as far as it can be said to have a subject, of our duty of gratitude and repentance, and the reward we may expect if we fulfil it. Incidentally Dracontius declares that he and his contemporaries are a perverse generation, and he is their chief something beyond a sinner. His secular poems, which include versified declamations, and epithalamia and compendious little epics, had disappeared completely from the knowledge of men within some half-century of their composition, together with the greater part of the poem on God. The "Hexaëmeron" and the "Satisfactio" were separately edited, and the rest forgotten.

Avitus, a contemporary of Dracontius, wrote, besides episcopal letters and homilies, a poem in five books on the events of spiritual history. The first three treat of the same subject as "Paradise Lost," and anticipate several of the points of Milton: the last treat of the deluge and the passage of the Red Sea, each of which in a different way is a type of baptism; besides which, it was desirable on typical grounds to have five books on subjects taken from the Pentateuch. He also wrote a quaint poem to his sister, who had been dedicated in her cradle to a single life, partly in praise of her state and partly in mitigation of its hardships. It is a naïvely original commentary on the venerable saying, "She is happier if she so abide," dwelling alternately upon the privileges of maidenhood, and upon the practical inconveniences of marriage, in a strain that found frequent echoes through the middle ages. It is curious that reticence and decorum had so completely

died out in some of the highest circles of Gaul, for Avitus became bishop of Vienne in A.D. 490 by something like hereditary succession, and held his post forty-five years, during which he had the satisfaction of passing from the dominion of the Arian Burgundians to that of the Catholic Franks, and of knowing that his influence both with Clovis and the Christian provincials had counted for much in the transfer. Another peculiarity in the case is that it was settled so quickly that parents had a right to bind their children who might perhaps object to be bound.

There is nothing of this crudity in another great noble of Gaul, whose promotion came eighteen years earlier, Caius Sollius Apollinaris Sidonius, who became a bishop in middle life, almost as he might have become an augur, except that in becoming an augur he would not have felt called to renounce poetry. He never did quite renounce it: besides religious verses and inscriptions, he occasionally improvised a compliment to a friend, which was preserved among his letters. His poems are for the most part an empty echo of Claudian and the "Sylvæ" of Statius: so far as he aims at originality he aims at it by metrical tricks, ending one elegiac couplet with the hemistich with which another began, and the like. But they are, for the age, correct, and written with a genuine enjoyment; their weakness is not that they are dull, but that they are diffuse; the subject disappears for the most part under its illustrations. And there was no check upon such faults, as they were produced not for a public but for a coterie, who flattered and interested one another. Even in the poems there is every here and there a certain fresh perception of the new circumstances. These are brought out much more vividly in the letters, which are composed in imitation of Symmachus: there is the same extravagant politeness, but there is a great deal more material information. No one would think of treating the letters of Symmachus, except his official correspondence with the emperor, as important historical documents; but Sidonius's letters give a complete and curious picture of the condition of southern and central Gaul during the period which preceded the Frankish conquest.

The indomitable good-humor of the man is as remarkable as his readiness to admire others and ask their admiration; he makes the best of his critical position on the frontier between the Romans and the Goths, who had settled at Toulouse after the death of Alaric; the author had seen an attempt of the men of Auvergne to set up an emperor of their own in the person of his uncle, he had seen him dethroned by Majorian, and had managed to keep in high favor with both. When the fall of Majorian left the Goths decidedly the strongest power in Gaul, he was the favored guest of Theodoric. His letters give a curious picture of the court, which copied that of Rome, and later on they are full of ecclesiastical politics, telling how, for instance, in two watches of the night he composed a speech to the people of Bourges, who were excited about the election of a bishop, and he and several neighboring bishops had come to restore peace; finally it was settled that the bishops should appoint, and that Sidonius should announce the appointment.

Most of Sidonius's friends were poets, and two of them were philosophers—Faustus, the bishop of Riez, and Mamertus Claudianus, a presbyter of Vienne. The bishop, who was one of the last leaders of the semi-Pelagian party, oddly enough had enunciated materialistic views about the soul, and Claudian answered him about four years before his death, about two years before Sidonius became a bishop. The work is decidedly ingenious, fencing with distinctions that, though the soul was not everywhere at once, it was whole at every point in the body, and, though there was so much of it and no more, this did not prove that it was material, but simply that it was a finite spirit, and all the "authorities" of Scripture, Plato, and the poets are happily harmonized.

Sidonius singles out as the special distinction of Claudian that he was as patient and forbearing as he was wise: this is hardly a praise for Salvian, an eloquent presbyter of Marseilles, who wrote two vehement denunciations of the age, one in his own name and the other in the name of Timotheus, before the final downfall of the Roman power in Gaul. The latter was written earlier, and is an attack upon avarice. The

writer feels that all wealth ought to be in the hands of the Church: the best thing is that it should be given in life; failing this, it ought to be bequeathed at death; for the one good use to which it was possible in such times to put money was the relief of distress. The failing vitality of the age only inspires his contemporaries with an incidental complaint or an incidental rebuke; but with Salvian it is the main burden of his thought. He dilates upon the vices of his age with an energy which approaches inspiration. His work, in eight books, on the "Present Judgment of God" goes much further and deeper in this direction than the great work of St. Augustin: he is not content with contrasting the final ruin of the world with the final triumph of the Church; he insists that the ruin of the Christianized empire is no argument against Providence, but tells strongly the other way. The Christians of his day are inferior in virtue both to their pagan ancestors and to their barbarian conquerors. They have all the vices of the pagan barbarians, and others of their own. They lack the great virtue of chastity, which is common to all the heretical barbarians. Their vices are the one thing which they retain out of the prosperous past: prosperity engendered their vices, and adversity only made them cling to them the closer. The picture of the vices is colored a little by the writer's asceticism; the eagerness for public shows is denounced with the severity which the Church inherited from the Porch, though there is something in the feeling that the frivolity which pursued pleasure seriously in such times was ruinous. But he could hardly be too severe upon the sensuality, the indolence, the envy, the treachery, the anti-social temper which characterize in ever-increasing measure the unvenerable old age of an effete civilization. There is nowhere a sign of hope: in looking to the future the author does not imagine that either the monks or the barbarians are to regenerate the world; his only aspiration is to save himself and his house from a crooked and perverse generation. Of all his miscellaneous works, which were numerous, as we learn from Gennadius, there is nothing left but nine letters, of which the most interesting is written to the parents of his wife, who were shocked at his separation from

her, though she appears to have been quite as willing to live single as he, and anxious that their daughter should live single all her life. In his style Salvian is one of the best writers of his age: his passion excuses his redundancy, and when, as in the above letter, he writes simply, he does not miss being pathetic.

With Salvian we may take leave of the provincial literature of the fifth century, and turn to Italy, where, under the rule of the Ostrogoths, there was still a sort of Indian summer of literature, associated with the names of two Italians and a refugee from Gaul.

PART XI.

LITERATURE OF ITALY UNDER THE OSTROGOTHS.

CHAPTER I.

BOETHIUS.

ONE is surprised to find an unmistakable improvement after the final downfall of the last successors of Honorius, especially as the connection between orthodoxy and obscurantism had already been established. There can be no doubt that Boethius comes nearer to the feeling and tone of the writers of the first century of our era than any of his predecessors after the younger Pliny, or any of his successors until we come to Petrarch. His position is as singular as his achievements. He was born four years after the senate had sent back the imperial ornaments of Augustulus to Zeno; he was put to death in prison, at the age of forty-five. Apparently he was something like a professional man of letters and science; he had the intention of translating the whole works of Aristotle and Plato, and demonstrating their harmony. He mastered the tradition of arithmetic and music, of astronomy and mechanics, and undertook to transmit it all to posterity. And all this was quite disinterested: he was not in the position of a Frontinus, who, when he was appointed to an office, read up the subject, and then set himself to test his knowledge by writing before he had to test it in practice. On the contrary, it was his speculative reputation which led to his being consulted when practical occasion arose, when the king of the Ostrogoths wished to astonish his Burgundian namesake with an ingenious combination of a water-clock and sundial, or to edify the

king of the Franks with a well-selected company of lyric artists. One must suppose that the aristocracy was a good deal impoverished when one of its most conspicuous members could find nothing so interesting as study; for Seneca made his reputation as a philosopher long before he made his fortune. Boethius was a member of the most illustrious family of the later empire, the great house of Anicius, whose founder had seen the war of Hannibal, and whose representatives in the fourth century had acquired the right to display the images of all the great families of the Republic. He himself was successful in public life: though an orphan, he married the daughter of his kinsman, Q. Aurelius Anicius Symmachus, and, like him, attained consular rank, and after flourishing for some dozen years fell a victim to the growing suspicions of Theodoric.

That ruler had established himself in Italy with the sympathies of the court of Constantinople, which had often tried after the death of Honorius to have their own emperor at Ravenna, and, failing this, were not indisposed to have their own barbarian; but as his rule consolidated itself there was a feeling both at Rome and Constantinople that he was using the people who had intended to use him. He, on his part, became suspicious: and Albinus, one of the most conspicuous senators, was accused of corresponding with Constantinople when such correspondence had become treasonable. Boethius, who, among his other gifts, was a rhetorician, undertook the defence of Albinus, and declared with perilous courage that, if Albinus were guilty, he and the whole senate were guilty too. No doubt they all wished to keep up the fiction that Theodoric was the king of a nation in alliance with the Roman state, who held a general's commission in the Roman army under the emperor of the East. But the senate was always servile; and, as Boethius could hardly be condemned upon the ground of treason, they were ready to condemn him upon the ground of magic. His scientific studies were the indispensable conditions of such a crime, and it is unlikely that any astronomer of the period could have refrained from casting the nativity of the reigning sovereign, even if he had no evil intention towards him. Boethius was imprisoned, tortured, and executed A.D. 525. During

his imprisonment he wrote the "Consolations of Philosophy," which King Alfred translated into English.

Of his other works the most important were the writings on logic, especially the elaborate commentaries on the "Isagoge" of Porphyry, and the treatise on "Interpretation" from the "Organon." The first occupied five books, and he had already written two books of dialogues on the version of Victorinus. In the same way he wrote twice on the "Interpretation" for beginners and more advanced students. He commented, too, upon Cicero's "Topics," and translated Aristotle's, and also his "Categories." He marks a distinct stage in the preparation of the great problem of the earlier middle ages, the nature of universals, which grew out of the endeavor to reconcile the metaphysical difference between Aristotle's and Plato's doctrine of ideas by transferring it to logical ground. It is true that Aristotle's logic got much confused in the process, although Boethius's own translations of Aristotle were not colored by his misapprehension of the subject. His treatise on music in five books was the classical text-book of the middle ages: his treatise on arithmetic was a paraphrase, as he tells us himself, of Nicomachus. A work on geometry fathered upon him can hardly be the translation of Euclid on which Cassiodorus congratulates him, and his translation of Ptolemy's Astronomy has been certainly lost. It is probable that his reputation as a Christian martyr (due to the accident that Theodoric persecuted the pope just after upon theological grounds) favored the disposition to father theological works upon him. There is no contemporary evidence that he wrote upon such subjects, and the style of his alleged theological works does not agree well with that of his secular ones, though the treatise on the Trinity is quite worthy of his reputation for universal knowledge.

In his great work, the "Consolations of Philosophy," the starting-point is not exactly Christian: the author moves within the limits traced by the intersecting circles of Pagan and Christian edification. Even when he hints that men may rise to gods and sink to beasts he does not Platonize beyond the measure of Origen, hardly beyond the measure of St.

Gregory Nazianzen, who formally in one of his poems holds out the prospect of becoming a god in the shining train of the greatest of gods, as the one thing which could satisfy the desire of his soul. On the other hand, there is nothing of the sense of sin which we find even in Seneca, nothing either of the rivalry between the sage and the gods which is so wearisome in Seneca and Epicurus. On the contrary, God is the supreme good to which mortals have to aspire, and they deceive themselves when they look for any other in wealth or power or pleasure.

The beginning is not promising. Boethius is in exile, and spinning elegiacs about his misery and the constancy of the muses who have followed him into banishment, when Philosophy appears, in the figure of a woman with very keen eyes, who sometimes seems to be of human stature, and sometimes lifts her head into heaven out of sight; and she wears a dress of her own spinning, with Π at the bottom and Θ at the top (for practical and theoretical philosophy), and pieces are torn out of her dress (which is dim like a statue that is left in the smoke and never dusted) by those who desired to clutch the whole for themselves. (This sounds like an echo of the orthodox complaints that heretics rend the "Seamless Robe.") She scolds away the muses of poetry. So far neither the invention nor the style is of a kind to do credit to a pupil of Apuleius; but when Philosophy has Boethius to herself matters mend; we feel that for the style we are in the hands of a pupil of Cicero, though the vocabulary is not scrupulously purified. The verses are quite worthy of Seneca at his best, and sometimes remind us of Horace at his dullest.

Such as they are, they are plentifully distributed and abruptly introduced, in the fashion of Petronius, and no doubt other more respectable writers now lost. We are told expressly that Philosophy sings her first song on the falling away of Boethius; and further on Boethius, when he concludes his protestation of integrity with a denunciation of the inequalities of fortune and the prosperity of the wicked, marks the beginning and end of his tirade in the narrative; but the narrative breaks into verse without notice, when Philosophy

folds up her dress to dry his eyes, and he recovers sight; and so, too, Philosophy breaks into verse at the end of her speech on those who have suffered in her cause, and then subsides into dialogue, with no more notice of the change than an inquiry whether her song is thrown away upon him like music on an ass.

The first book carries us no further than the statement of the problem. Boethius thinks that everything is well ordered in the world except the lot of men, and Philosophy explains that he is too excited to hear reason on the subject at once, though he is sure to recover himself sooner or later, since he knows that the world comes from God, and is ruled by God, though he does not yet know or remember by what means or to what end.

In the second book we have a discussion, deliberately limited to rhetorical ground, of the question whether Boethius can be considered unhappy in his exile, and his peril of execution, seeing that his life has been prosperous as a whole, and that his family have shared his prosperity, and have not yet shared his misfortunes. Fortune is brought in to plead her own cause against the unreasonable complaints of a fortunate man, and her pleading reminds us of Seneca—there are the same crisp suggestions of syllogisms, something of the same neatness of antithesis; but there is not the same eagerness of conviction. The Stoics and Epicureans had only "torn away the utmost skirts of Philosophy's vesture to wrap themselves in." Another contrast is that Seneca finds blessedness independent of fortune in this life, while Boethius looks for it beyond (not without a periphrastic allusion to the martyrs), since it is always in the power of Fortune to end our earthly life.

After a poem in which we are warned to build, not on the tempest-stricken mountain or on the shifting sand, but on the lowly rock, the argument goes deeper. The question is now whether what Fortune can give and take away is really to be thought a good; the main point is that all such things are uncertain, trivial if one considers the magnitude of the universe, and within the reach of the worst; which is really de-

cisive, since to possess true good would make the possessor good, just as the possession of an art makes the possessor an artist. This is clenched with a poem on the turpitude of Nero. Boethius, who has said little hitherto since Philosophy began her course of instruction, now vindicates his ambition, since it is unworthy to "let virtue wear away in silence." Philosophy's reply shows how far thought had travelled since the days of Pliny the Younger: it is not only that astronomy is called in to dwarf all things terrestrial, but there is a clear feeling how small a part of earth fame can fill, how small a part of time it can last. These arguments are better set forth in verse than in prose: the poem, written in trimeter and dimeter iambics, has something more than an echo of Horace, and an unmistakable anticipation of the mediæval sentiment which is summed up in Villon's ballad with the burden, "Where are the snows of yester year?" Horace had said long ago that high and low must die alike, but he never said Death tramples high renown: he had said we are dust and shadow when we have gone down to Tullus and Ancus, but he never asked, "Where do the bones of the incorruptible Fabricius lie now? What is Brutus or the unbending Cato? Their fame lives on to seal up an empty name in very few letters." He thought that his name would live while Pontiff and Vestal went up the Capitol to pray, and therefore he could not die wholly. Boethius, or rather Philosophy, maintains that, if a man's name outlives him, he only dies twice, when that is forgotten too. The book concludes with a short defence of Fortune, or rather of Misfortune, who, when she shows herself in her true colors as everlastingly uncertain, shows us who are our real friends; and then follows a panegyric on Love, which "binds in one this frame of things governing earth and sea, and bearing rule in heaven." "How happy mankind would be if the love, whereby heaven is ruled, could rule their minds!"

The third book does not carry the argument much further. Boethius is now fit to listen to serious arguments, but the greater part of the book is devoted to an abstract proof that no external goods are intrinsically desirable: each is an iso-

lated, and therefore a misleading, reflection of some one aspect of the one true good which is blessedness, which in itself contains by its definition the satisfaction of all our desires. The illustration of the shortcomings of different worldly goods is copious, and the experience of actual life is combined, not unhappily, with an imitation of Platonic dialectic. In the second part of the book, which is ushered in by a prayer of Philosophy in hexameters, that the Father of light will enable her to instruct Boethius, the argument turns for the present upon God as the one perfect, simple Being, who is the Ruler and First Principle of all things: being good he is the Chief Good, and blessed because he is Blessedness. The tone of thought throughout is elevated, but the catechetical form becomes rather tedious. All things seek Good, therefore he is the end of all: evil vanishes into nothing, since it is contrary to the nature of the One Almighty Good; and the book ends with a pretty poem on Orpheus and Eurydice, applied to all "who seek to lead their mind to upper day:" they will lose their understanding as Orpheus lost his wife, if they suffer their eyes to turn back to the lower world.

In the fourth book Boethius renews his complaint of the prosperity of the wicked, and Philosophy proves that it is impossible they should really prosper, or the good be really afflicted, with a superabundance of abstract dialectic; and Boethius is rewarded for his docility by a shower of paradoxical corollaries like this, that the wicked are less wretched when they are punished, even if they are not reformed, because it is a good thing (being just) that they should be punished, and any real good must make their case less wretched, so that their apparent and short-lived impunity is really the severest part of their punishment. Still Boethius insists that no wise man would choose banishment or calumny for his own portion, or object to high office and uncontested applause, and it is a matter of fact that evil men obtain what the wise would not refuse, and that good men encounter what the wise would not desire.

The answer is really an appeal to our ignorance: there is a complicated and settled order, which we ought not to wish

to see disturbed: whether it depends on the ministry of certain divine spirits, or whether the soul or the whole of nature is pressed into service, or whether it is the motion of the stars in heaven, or the virtue of the angels, or the manifold cunning of demons, or none of these or all, whereby the destined course of the world is woven, it is clear, at any rate, that Providence is the unchangeable and simple model of what shall come to pass, while Fate is the changeable bond and temporal order of what the simplicity of the Godhead appointed to come to pass. This leads up to a "demonstration" that whatever is right, whatever we may naturally be disposed to think. "The gods approved the cause which won, Cato the cause which lost: and who can boast of being wiser than Cato?" And then the whole inexhaustible doctrine of "discipline" and "compensation" is unrolled. The book closes with a song, whose last words are "to conquer earth wins heaven."

In the fifth book the speculative interest predominates for the first time. The discussions on chance, free-will, the subordination of fate to Providence, the relation of freedom to foreknowledge, have no reference to the personal situation, and for this reason we see more of the writer's real acuteness. The exact conception of chance is clearly explained from Aristotle by the familiar example of treasure-trove: it is always possible to give the reason why the finder was digging there, or why the original owner buried his treasure there: the inexplicable and important point is just the coincidence, and this is referred to Providence and illustrated by the case of the Tigris and Euphrates, which flow from one fountain (as all chains of causation depend upon the First Cause), and meet again lower down by following each their appointed course.

So, too, there is considerable acuteness in the criticism of the crude sensationalism of the Stoics, who thought that "images" given off from objects impressed themselves upon our passive organs, and the necessity for recognizing the spontaneous activity of the mind in perception is set forth in clear and ringing verse. This comes in as part of the argument for the existence of free-will, which is inseparable, ac-

ording to Boethius, from the idea of a reasonable being. The difficulty how anything can be certainly foreseen unless it is predetermined is discussed thoroughly, without stopping short at the familiar evasion that the foresight of an action does not necessitate it. At last the author takes refuge in the transcendent nature of the divine foreknowledge to which all things are present. It is possible for us to see clearly what is going on without there being any need to suppose that some necessary cause determines it, and if we imagine that the divine omniscience is entirely independent of time, it follows that actions may be entirely free and yet their issues certain. The discussion is purely metaphysical, and nothing is said of the empirical arguments in favor of scientific prevision and determinism. The author is more concerned to prove that the divine foreknowledge is unlimited by contingency or human mutability. "What, then, you will say? Shall God's knowledge be changed at my disposal, so that when I will, now this, now that, it too should seem to shift its knowing about by turns? Not so. For whatever shall be is prevented by the insight of God drawing and recalling it to the perpetual present of his own knowledge. It does not take it, as you deem, turn and turn about to foreknow now this, now that, but at one stroke, abiding unmoved, prevents and comprehends your changes. This present comprehension and vision of all things comes to God, not of the course of future things, but of his own simplicity. And here is the resolution of the hard saying you laid down but now, that it is unworthy of God if we are to say that our future acts supply God's knowledge with its cause. For the power of this knowledge, since it embraces all things in a present intelligence, rather settles of itself the measure of all things than owes anything to what comes after." Here the writer has almost betrayed himself into contradicting his doctrine of free-will: so he hastens to reassert it, and then concludes his treatise with an eloquent peroration on the moral value of a belief in responsibility and prayer.

The interest of the work lies rather in the separate discussions than in the march of the argument as a whole. Boethius

seems to be stringing together the favorite topics of his happier days by the machinery of dialogue, and this explains the repeated allusions to the doctrine of "reminiscence." Boethius is only learning over again what he has forgotten twice—once when he fell into a fleshly body, and once when he fell into despondency.

CHAPTER II.

ENNODIUS.

THE superiority of Boethius to his contemporaries is as marked as his superiority to his predecessors, though in their own day two of them, at any rate, had a very considerable reputation, and the reputation of one lasted far into the middle ages. Ennodius, bishop of Pavia, is even a completer type than Sidonius Apollinaris of the man of letters turned bishop by the force of circumstances. His full name was Magnus Felix Ennodius. He was practically a refugee from southern Gaul. He managed to marry an Italian heiress, and when through bad luck he could no longer count upon her heritage, he entered the clergy and she retired to a convent. The natural interest of Ennodius lay in the direction of puzzle poetry, but the greater part of his poetical works appear to have perished, because neither he nor others thought them worth preserving. We have two books of his poems, of which the first is made up of complimentary copies of verses, to which some editors add a dozen tame hymns; the second consists of 151 epigrams, partly inscriptions of no interest, partly the latest echo of Martial's uncleanly jests. The poems of the first book correspond in range with those of Ausonius: it is noteworthy that in a poem on the thirtieth anniversary of the consecration of his predecessor he quotes the example of Orpheus with as little embarrassment as earlier artists had represented it upon the walls of the catacombs.

The most curious part of his works are those which he composed in the way of business as a rhetorician: oddly enough, he did not think it necessary to destroy them upon his conversion, though he felt it necessary to renounce poetry and apparently to destroy his poems. There are regular school de-

bates on the old stories of stepmothers and tyrannicides and brave men, and the gods are invoked, but one sees the decay of the art in the comparative prominence given to its easiest branch, in which the speaker had not even to give advice, but simply to express the feelings of a real or imaginary speaker in a traditional situation. A still stronger proof of decadence is the panegyric on Theodoric, which is as far below the panegyrists of the fourth century as they are below Pliny, or the "Eucharisticum de Vita sua" below the "Confessions" of St. Augustin. It is true that the falling-off in the "Eucharisticum" is largely due to the poverty of material. Ennodius has nothing to tell but his thankfulness for having been led from a secular to a spiritual life. Besides, we have a bulky collection of letters, which occupies nine books, and tells us little or nothing of contemporary life compared with Sidonius Apollinaris, or even Symmachus. There are also lives of St. Epiphanius, who distinguished himself by his endeavors to keep the peace between the Goths at Toulouse and Italy, and Antonius, a Pannonian of good family, who had settled in a hermitage near the Lake of Como, and when pilgrims refused to leave him in peace retreated to Lerins to live as a common monk. There is also a treatise on education, addressed to young men, in which there is a curious medley of Christian ethics and pagan rhetoric: rhetoric is the crown of the sciences and the mother of the arts, and is able to make white black and black white.

CASSIODORUS.

Cassiodorus, like Ennodius, was loyal to the Gothic dynasty; and though he survived its fall he never appears to have done homage to Justinian; indeed, he spent the last thirty years of his life on his estate of Bruttium, where he founded a monastery, which he intended to be a university. He would have liked to see a high-school of Christian studies established by public authority at Rome as the existing high-school for classical studies had been, and, like Bacon, he was reduced to attempt to carry out by himself a work which was too extensive for any private person. The greater part of his works were

written during his retreat, and have something of the prolixity of old age, for he tells us himself he lived to be ninety-three, and went on writing to the last.

He was in the official service of the Gothic kings for something over thirty years, and under Theodoric his action as private secretary gave him a real influence in politics. He continued to draft official documents as late as the reign of Witiges; he was once consul, in 514, four years after Boethius, and thrice prætorian prefect, but he lost part of his influence after the death of Amalasuntha, Theodoric's daughter, who carried her father's policy of conciliating the Romans further than he had done, and was put to death because she showed an intention of bringing up her son as a Roman. Like every one else, he commenced his career as a rhetorician, and some fragments of his panegyrics have been recovered and edited at Turin. But the most important work of his official life was the twelve books of letters, mostly official in character, which, after Cicero's, are the most instructive that have come down from antiquity, though they are about the low-water mark both for sense and taste, being often so clumsy and pompous as to be barely intelligible: their general style is like the worst parts of Ammianus Marcellinus.

Besides the letters he wrote a history of the Goths in twelve books, which was completed about A.D. 533, and is now, unfortunately, lost, having been superseded by an epitome compiled less than twenty years later by a Goth of the name of Jornandes, or Jordanes. We derive some information about it from a letter which Cassiodorus wrote in his own honor in the name of Athalaric in 533. Athalaric speaks of the surprise of the Goths that a Roman should have read what the oldest of them could hardly remember, and is delighted that the royal descent of his own family, the Amals, is established for seventeen generations. He tells us that Cassiodorus had brought together what had hitherto been scattered over the wide fields of books. This compilation was not altogether well inspired. It is clear from Jordanes that Cassiodorus identified the Goths with the Getæ, and with all, or almost all, the tribes who had occupied the same territories; and the information about them

and about the Amazons and the Scythians of Herodotus is mixed up in Jordanes, at any rate, with the national traditions of the Goths, in a very confusing manner. The history ends with the death of Athalaric in 534, and was probably published the following year. An earlier work was a chronicle from the creation of the world to the consulate of Eutharic in 519, covering a space, according to the author's reckoning, of 5271 years. It is only for the last sixty-four that Cassiodorus tells us anything that is not better said elsewhere; it is only for the last twenty-four that he appears to write from his own knowledge, though during the whole of the period during which the Goths were in contact with Rome it is noticed that he seems careful to mention everything to their credit, and to pass over everything that tells against them. Up to the first consuls he follows the Chronicle of Eusebius as enlarged by St. Jerome. For the rest he follows Livy in an epitome down to 9 B.C., and then Aufidius Bassus for forty years, after which he returns to purely Christian sources: from A.D. 455 to 495 he follows the Chronicle of Ravenna, which he gives in its full form; from 495 he seems to be an independent writer. The early part of the work is astonishingly capricious: for instance, the third Punic war is not mentioned, and the institution of state mines in Macedonia (ten years after the overthrow of Perseus) is: so, too, the Decemvirate is set down as having lasted forty years, because the compiler does not care to mention the military tribunes.

The same inattention to system appears in the commentary on the Psalter, which was the first work to which he applied himself after his "conversion," *i. e.*, his retirement from the world, though the "De Anima" was finished sooner, just after the publication of the letters. This work is arranged in twelve chapters, because twelve is a sacred number, and this kind of arithmetical mysticism has great attractions for Cassiodorus: in substance it is taken from Claudianus Mamertus and St. Augustin, and is rather a collection of excerpts than an original work; the most characteristic part of it is the tenth and eleventh chapters, which treat of the signs whereby the good and evil are to be known. Practically the evil man

is a place-hunter, whose looks betray him, whatever care he takes of his body, because he is always anxious and cross; and the good man is an ascetic, who is always crying, and always cheerful, and the like. The passage seems to be modelled upon the description of the apostles in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, while the philosophers are included among the evil, quite mechanically, because St. Augustin had set the fashion. In spite of St. Augustin's authority, the soul is identified with light, though the doctrine that it has no special shape is maintained on the principles of Mamertus, the notion being that its principal seat is in the brain, but that it extends throughout the body—which might be a description of the nervous system.

The commentary on the Psalter is based upon St. Augustin, but makes a certain show of independent criticism. According to the preface the commentary ought to fall into six divisions, explaining (1) the title; (2) the divisions of each Psalm; (3) its historical, mystical, or spiritual sense—these last are not clearly distinguished; (4) the special virtue which it teaches; (5) the significance of its number; (6) a summary, and a polemic against heretics: as a matter of fact, the fourth and fifth heads are commonly mentioned, when they are mentioned at all, under the third.

Before the Psalter was finished, the author had written several other treatises, especially two on education. One is an introduction to sacred literature, divided into thirty-three sections, in honor of the years of the Lord's life, and is comparatively original, the object being not so much to give a summary of the writer's knowledge as a guide for independent study, everything being brought to bear upon the Bible, which Cassiodorus assumes to have been the source of everything valuable in Greek or Oriental culture. We get incidental information on the translations of Josephus and the three Greek ecclesiastical historians, Socrates, Sozomen, and Theodoret, which Cassiodorus had procured to be made. The second part of the treatise gives an outline of the seven liberal arts, and is intended to save monks the trouble of learning them in the old fashion: accordingly we have little but a tire-

some compendium of compendiums. There are numerous concessions throughout to intellectual laziness: it is taken for granted that it is always pleasanter to read a foreign book in a translation than to learn the language. Extracts from St. Augustin, compiled by Eugippius, are recommended as a substitute for the original. The aspirations of monastic culture do not rise above those of the secular culture of the time. The remarkable thing is the very ideal of a monastic society carrying on the whole of what still passed for respectable in the heritage of ancient civilization. It is quite true that what seems most precious to us in ancient civilization is left in the shade; art is nowhere, poetry is only represented by Vergil. It is also true that ancient philosophy sacrificed art and poetry very much as Cassiodorus sacrificed philosophy: it was a moral relief to be rid of the one, it was an intellectual relief to be rid of the other. But it was still a great thing that the copying of MSS. should be considered the highest and most meritorious form of manual labor; higher even than the agriculture which enabled the community to give alms, and was itself considered in Egypt an unsuitable employment for monks. The summary commentaries upon different books of Scripture are even less interesting than the commentary on the Psalter, and they were very little used in the middle ages, during which the commentary on the Psalter was exceedingly popular. The Epistle to the Romans was treated more fully: the author was anxious to combat the Pelagian heresy still raging in Dalmatia. The latest work of which we have any knowledge is a set of excerpts from twelve books of seven writers on orthography, and in the preface to this he enumerates his other works.

A little more ought to be said of the collection of letters, which give a very curious picture of the actual state of society and of culture. One point which comes out very clearly is that the different parts of Italy were as much "provinces," compared with Rome, as they had been before all Italy was admitted to Roman citizenship: the Gothic monarchy was conceived by the analogy of the Roman empire; Lucania and Liguria took the place of Africa and Gaul. Another curious

point is the position of the senate, which practically was expected to petition in favor of every appointment the government intended to make in the old official hierarchy: often the candidate himself wrote to the senate asking them to petition because they knew that his promotion was intended for the public service. Both the old branches of the official hierarchy were retained: the distinction between the offices instituted by the emperors and those which had descended from the republic was not effaced; but side by side with these the organization of the Goths among themselves persisted, and was applied in the regulation of the relations between the new dynasty and the old society. The *Saius*, or *Saio* (it seems that in the nominative the title ran in the second declension, and in other cases in the third), or king's messenger, is one of the most important personages of the day: he figures more than once or twice in the two books of "formulas" which are one of the most characteristic parts of the correspondence of Cassiodorus. It is astonishing how low he descends, and how copious he is: he provides a complimentary letter for the appointment or discharge of the functionary whose business it was to seal the king's letters, and also for the functionary who had the key of his desk; to say nothing of letters for the bestowal of every dignity, from the consulate downwards, which had been recognized or invented by Constantine. Another interesting feature of the collection is the diligence with which the author labors to conciliate Justinian, under the reigns of Theodahad (who put his wife, the daughter of Theodoric, to death) and Witiges, who lived to be led in triumph through Constantinople. In writing to the senate of Rome under the same kings Cassiodorus always makes his master for the time being take the language of an independent sovereign, but in writing to Constantinople he makes his masters and mistresses take the tone of vassals, who are always appealing to the "clemency" of the emperor and empress; for the queen of the Goths as well as the king had to write to Constantinople after the reconquest of Africa. But this does not imply that Cassiodorus at any time identified himself with the Roman party. One of his most enthusiastic letters is written in the

name of Theodoric, to congratulate the senate on the promotion of Cyprian, whom Boethius denounces as a *delator*, whom it was one of his own chief merits to have opposed at all costs. It is the more noticeable that the kings flatter the senate by reminding them of the old routine which made admission to the senate a promotion to all who had entered the imperial service. "Hoc tamen curiæ felicius provenit, quod nobis et impolitus tiro militat, illa vero non recipit nisi qui jam dignus honoribus potuerit inveniri." In the same spirit, when Tulus, a Goth, was to be made a patrician, Athalaric writes to the senate (viii. x.) asking to be thanked for the appointment he announces. Apparently it was still as difficult as ever for a civilian to enter the military service, for we find in a decree of Theodahad (xi. xlii.): "Atque ideo edictali programme definimus ut quicumque contra violentas insidias propter ineluctabiles necessitates suas mereri desiderat fortem Saionem officii nostri pœnali se vinculo cautionis astringat ut in præcepta tristia jussionis immissione plectibili Saius quem meretur excesserit."

The meaning appears to be that it is very objectionable for a civilian to serve as a "gallant henchman," but that it is to be permitted when the applicant is really forced to the step; provided always that he gives the most ample security against abusing the office. Phrases like "edictali programme," for edict, and "immissione plectibili," for penal process, make these parts of Cassiodorus very difficult to understand, though he appears to have thought them due to the majesty of the king of the Ostrogoths. Cassiodorus valued himself upon his ability to adapt his style to the person speaking and to the person spoken to; he takes pains to rise, as he thinks, with the occasion; and when the occasion is not too solemn he even aims at levity: for instance, the second letter of the first book is addressed to Thriscus, who had charge of the royal purple, which was not very satisfactory; and, after Thriscus has been bantered upon the consequences to which he has exposed himself, the letter goes off into a little history of the origin of the dye. It is no part of Cassiodorus's creed that familiarity breeds contempt: he makes the king pay the most

elaborate compliments to his nominees, and naturally some of the choicest are for himself; for instance, on occasion of one of his appointments as prætorian prefect we read, "Auspicatus es militem cum implere potueris cognitorem," which reveals a fine confusion of metaphors and ideas. Cassiodorus was able to fill (the place or the person of) a judge, and yet he began (only Cassiodorus cannot reconcile himself to making a king say "began," so he makes him say "auspicated") as a soldier, meaning an advocate, for the warfare of the forum was a familiar metaphor, and a tolerable one if it had been fully expressed by itself. Cassiodorus is almost as solemn in a citation to one Brandila, whose wife was gravely suspected of having beaten the wife of Patsen: it is implied that the simplest and most proper course would have been for Brandila to beat his wife; but as he apparently objected to do so he was to bring her up to the king's court for judgment, putting away every pretext of delay, and is gravely assured that whatever the decision may be he ought to be satisfied with it. Apparently it was in his favor, for in the next letter Patsen's wife figures, very much to her disadvantage, in connection with the upset of a boat, and compels the king to exclaim at the impudence of women.

After these there are letters on still more trivial themes. Theodoric commissions Boethius to see to a water-organ which is to astonish the weak mind of a Frankish king, or grants a dispensation to enable two cousins to marry. When Cassiodorus writes in his own person he fully deserves the compliments which he makes Witiges pay him upon his disinterestedness and good temper. There is not the least trace of discontent or depression in any of his writings, either before his retreat or after: he wishes his monks to profit by the works on agriculture in their library, in order to keep up the old Roman husbandry for the benefit of merchants and pilgrims, and enforces his wish with a description of a famous fair in Lucania, then held in honor of St. Cyprian, at a fountain formerly sacred to Leucothea, which gave occasion to a good deal of brigandage. But Cassiodorus has less to say about the brigandage than about the fountain, which he tells us al-

ways sprang up at Easter, in readiness for baptisms, whence we may infer that it was fed by the melting of the winter snow in the Abruzzi. There is not a touch of sentiment at St. Cyprian's superseding Leucothea; nothing of the feeling which is so strong in Boethius, that nothing earthly lasts.

MAXIMIANUS.

Cassiodorus's tranquil reliance on the stability of what was left of the old world is even surpassed by Maximianus, a noble of Etruria, who in his old age composed half a dozen elegies, which have a certain mawkish pathos and sweetness: the best of them is the first, which is full of his regrets for his lost youth, in which he felt himself possessed of all the talents and all the virtues of all the heroes and all the sages; he found himself hardy, and thought himself a Stoic. The rest of the poems are consecrated to a very outspoken narrative of his amours, in most of which he played the part of dupe: in the first we are a little surprised to find that he had conscientious scruples, as he did not contemplate marriage, and more than surprised to find that they were removed by the authority of Boethius. One can hardly imagine Cicero giving such counsel to Cælius or Curio; one cannot imagine Seneca giving such counsel to any pupil but Nero.

The cynicism of a declining race is too strong for the unmistakable progress in religious ideas, and the undeniable progress in speculative ideas, which is not disproved by a falling-off in speculative power. It was time that Latin Literature should retire into the cloister, that Latin civilization should become a memory.

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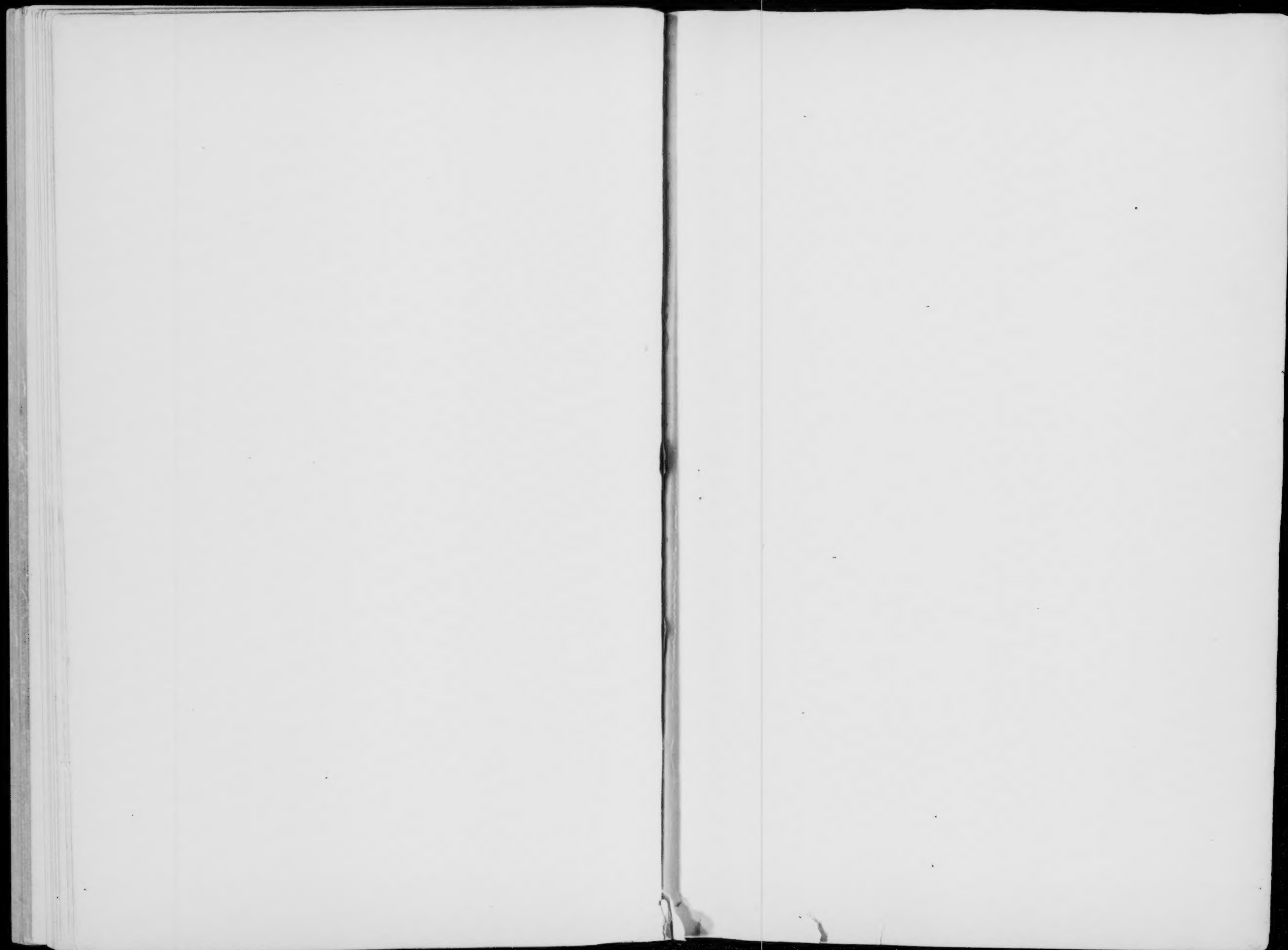
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